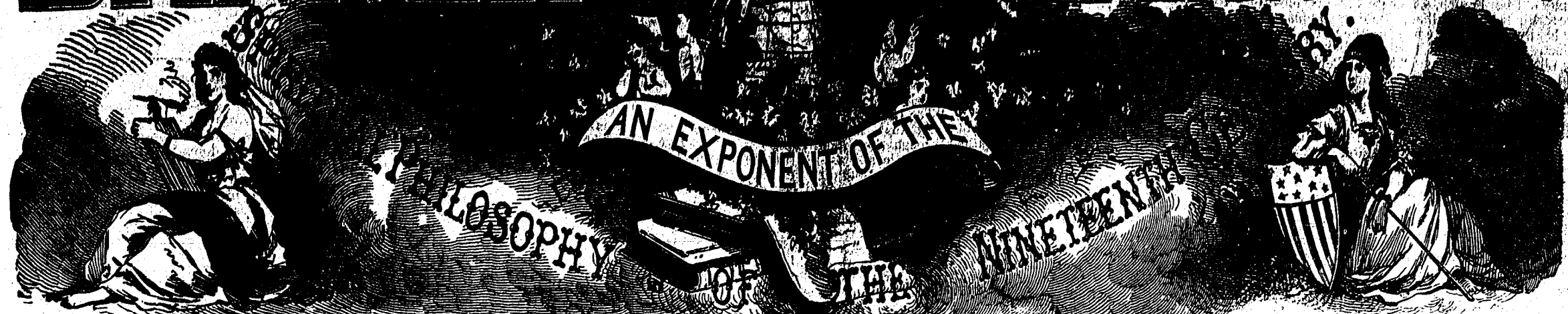


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 76.

COLBY & RICH,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895.

(\$2.50 Per Annum,
Postage Free.)

NO. 20.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SPIRIT HOMES.

BY STEPHEN H. BARNSDALE.

Hasten, hasten, mortal, hasten,
Days are passing swiftly by;
Use them now before they're numbered—
Build a home you'll love on high.
Every thought, wish, word and action,
Whether wrong or whether right,
Helps to build a home of sadness,
Or a home of joy and light!
Every wish and every effort
To raise ourselves and brother,
Will to our heavenly treasures
Most surely add another.
Homes in spirit-life are fashioned
By our good and by our sin;
And we'll find they'll match exactly
With the kind of folks we've been.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

THE OLD YEAR.

A Lecture Delivered before the First National
Association of Spiritualists, Washington,
D. C., on Sunday Evening, Dec. 30, 1894.

BY DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]



HERE is a belief prevalent among the colored people of the South, I am told, that the season of Christmas and New Year is not belong to time; that it is a time at Christmas and begins at New Year. If there was a pause in the natural order of events, a silence of the revolving wheels of time, a hush in the music of the spheres.

May there not be a possible truth underlying this superstition? Is not something of this consciousness felt by us all? Is there not at this season of the year a sort of silence of the soul, a looking backward and forward to find what has been and what is to be? Is not this retrospection natural to the spirit? We love to call up beautiful pictures in memory's wonderful gallery, and hang them about with golden and rose tinted draperies; and oh! how we linger about the shrouded shrines filled with the treasured memories of our loved ones gone, and try to find the golden glow of a divine joy even there.

Yes, memory, thou art a part of the spirit's being; the life of all that has been is with thee, and it is a part of what is now. I have enameled tablets, golden and black, beautifully wrought; the golden brightness in them twined about the black, and one was not perfect without the other. Life is just such a tablet. The golden setting encircles the dim shadows; the delicate tracery of light is within and around all the darkness.

The heart turns backward to find what has been, and lingers over the past to make it significant of what is to be. Perhaps this is not wise. It is said to be wise to live in to-day; but living in to-day cannot shut us off from yesterday, for we have taken into ourselves all that was the life of yesterday. The soul of the past has entered into our soul, and makes us what we are. Is it not so? Has not the past its sure record in the present? The science of psychometry declares this to be true.

The earth had revolved ages on its axis before there was the first recognition of the great law of waste and supply, and science declared that no particle of matter was ever lost, but that the economy of nature was perfect, and all that seemed lost was forever flowing back through some channel. This is recognized now as a fact not to be disputed, but it is only in our day and generation that the working of a similar law has been recognized in the world of thought.

The higher life evolved from matter called electricity has come to be considered as an element; but it is still regarded to too great an extent as a blind force in nature, rather than as an existent substance. The higher magnetic life is still less understood, and thought is considered by most men as having no inherent power, and only existing through its expression. But as true as it is that no atom is without its perpetual significance in the world of matter, so true is it that in that higher world of existent life—the world of thought—nothing can be lost. Facts have rapidly accumulated to prove this. It has been tested again and again that each individual is linked to all his past individual existence; that even through his handwriting can be traced every event of his life, not only up to the time when the writing was executed, but to any future period, proving that we give enough of our own individual self to a slight transcript to hold us forever chained to it. It is thus that the past has its sure record in the present. One fact would be sufficient to establish this great law, yet we have volumes of them. And though we do not know just how the law operates, yet we are certain it is universal.

We do not understand just how all the exhalations of the earth return to it again, or how the gases rise and become the food of plants, insects and animals. But we can trust the universality of every law that has been declared and tested. We know that the past bears its relation to the present through what we term memory or consciousness, and we have been led to believe that that which memory does not retain can have no existence in the mind. But here again facts have enlightened us.

I knew a gentleman who, in a moment of imminent peril at sea, in one instant of time remembered every event of his past life—the perfect record of all that was seemingly forgotten existed somewhere. Made perfectly clear and plain was all that which by no effort of memory could be possibly have brought to light. There have been many instances of this wonderful psychological phenomenon.

Then there are two records; the one made constantly on all that receives of our life, and which holds its sure link to us wherever we may be, the other within our own selves, with which our own consciousness holds some a perpetual relation. We know that the keen scent of a dog will detect his master's footsteps in a crowded thoroughfare, although thousands of steps may have crossed and recrossed it, and he will se-

lect his master's garment also from a large pile of garments. This proves that there is a constant emanation, individual in its character, from every person.

A clairvoyant from a single shred of a garment, or from a lock of hair, will take hold of the mystic thread of life and come into direct sympathy with the person to whom it belongs. This also proves that there is an existing life, individual in its character, going forth from every person, which holds its sure connection with each.

Written history is merely a record of the past. But the past is still living, and has its vital record in the present.

At this season, when about to commence a new record, we incline to look back. By years we measure life. Events are designated by times and seasons—they are milestones on the way. We commence the first steps with a sort of solemn earnestness. We recall the past, and estimate its good and ill. We bring up in memory its glowing pictures. Images of beauty flit before us. We feel a renewal of joy at the memory of all that has brought us gladness; with fresh, unsoothed pain we live over again what has brought us woe. Only the record of sorrow seems stern and unchanging.

It is well to let the past thus speak to us, and through our memory to take lessons from it. The dead past will never bury its dead, for the living present holds also the living past. It is a solemn lesson to learn that all that we have been lives in what we are, but it is a glorious knowledge to gain that we hold certain links to all our past individual existence, and to know, if memory fails us, the divine law of existence cannot fail us, and that by it is our means of redeeming the past.

We live in a wonderfully active age. Stirring events mark the days and the years. If we review but one year, how full of import it is. Science, art and literature make their full and significant marks. We are constantly being taught some new truths. We take the gifts that all climes bring to us, and rightly esteem ourselves wiser for every enlarged view of men and things. We have come to consider a new discovery, no matter how wonderful or brilliant, as quite a natural and to-be-looked-for event, and wonder it was not discovered before, and we read with perfect calmness of that which would have filled our forefathers with wondering admiration or superstitious fear.

The stupid past gets no credit for the marvellously brilliant present. And yet this living present is but a subject of the past, a recipient from it.

All the forces of nature act so harmoniously that we can scarcely detect the change from one form of life to another. Each distinctive type seems individual, yet each higher holds all the lower. Decay and reproduction go on, and all mineral and vegetable and animal life as it exists to-day is the result of all the ages that have passed since life took on creative power. We feed to-day on food whose elements antediluvian ages stored for us. All that we touch and handle has on it the record of times that history can tell us nothing of.

We are filled with wonder as we read of the grand old monuments of the past. We are filled with awe as men tell us of trees whose first shoot reached heaven's light before the dawn of the Christian era. But the little flower that blooms and withers in a summer day has in it the life that is older than those years. In living transcript are all those ages recorded, and the to-day of nature holds within its grasp all the yesterdays that have ever been. To outwork, to reorganize, is the constant of life of Nature.

We have shown how thought fixes its indelible seal on all that it produces, and thus unites the individual to each individual expression of thought-force. This thought is evolved from the spirit. The indwelling spirit of man gives life to it, and thus individualizes the record. Then there is a constant and unbroken chain of life that unites all spirit to that which it has produced. Behold how Nature operates here. The same unchanging law of life force produces from all that has been what is. I am taking from all the centuries of thought and feeling that have preceded me. In each age there has been a life, upspringing and active, and even though I realize it not, yet it is surely mine.

But the history of individuals is more wonderful and certain still. Each one of us is the constant producer of that life which represents himself, and makes the record with unvarying certainty upon all that he does. Is this a solemn lesson to learn at the close of an Old Year? No more solemn than it is glorious, for not merely unto that which produced the thought is the record forever bound, but to all that shall henceforth spring therefrom. All that I have done I am closely linked unto. Then it must be through living bonds. All that lives is active. There must of necessity flow along these myriad threads the living present. Then if all that has my impress on it is bound to me, of necessity it receives constantly of my life.

Suppose that one year ago a man lived a profligate, worthless life. The record of that life was made sure and undeniable. Through myriad links he connected himself with the testimonies of all he then individualized. But within this year he has come unto a nobler and better life, and to-day he stands up in the strength of his integrity. Yet he has lost no hold upon his past; unbroken chains bind him to it still. Is this pitiable to learn of? Yet see how his redemption is thus perfected. Flowing back through all the wrong and folly of his past is the influence and power of his present. Its good bears the blessing with it. Does this strike you as being visionary? The facts of psychometry, the power of mind to read all that has been in the past life of an individual, from any slight connection with him, through any object imbued with his life, demonstrate the truth to a certainty. If I give to a slip of writing enough of my individual self to enable a person of acute sensibility to declare what I then was, and also what I now am, then the numberless acts of each day must make up my recorded history.

If we recognize this as a law of spirit, we can readily understand how the spirit-world is linked unto this world, and that there is perpetually flowing unto us an influence therefrom. As the spirit puts off more and more of this grossness, the links that bind it to mortality must become less and less distinguishable to mortal consciousness; and with more certain blessing comes the divine current.

This great unchanging law of spirit-force is overlooked in the history of the world, and we can scarcely hope for its full recognition yet. But it has been revealed to the Christian world in the record of the life it has studied as the grandest of all lives. The connection of the spirit of Jesus with all his past life is plainly declared therein. The blessing was his friends back in even greater measure. His friends could do even greater works than he did, because of the direct influence that should flow back to them from his spirit after he had entered within the veil. It was thus he became

the redemption of those he had taught. Not through his death, or by his death, but because his very life flowed back to them from his living spirit after death, had emancipated it from his mortal body. There is no end to the prayers that are offered up for the redemption of the world. They are offered up in ignorance of the law of redemption or how it operates. Let men learn this simple yet grand law of life we are striving to unfold to you, and they will learn that redemption is to be lived for, not merely prayed for.

Every soul that lifts itself above its low desires, and comes into a condition superior to its past, redeems that past up to its present condition. Each step of progress sends its redeeming influence back. We accustom ourselves to estimate life in to-day. The activities of the present engross thought and feeling; and this is right, for the present is all of life. We look back to yesterday, we anticipate to-morrow, but we live in to-day.

Let us seek to review in a few words the active life of this closing year. Art, science, literature and mechanics have kept busy their magic hands. Art has brought us new creations of beauty and grace. Active brains have created ideas and willing hands have outworked them. Some men think lightly of a picture or a statue; but let them remember that it is the ideal, the thought of grace and beauty, that seeks to express itself; and men and women by such expressions testify that in each child of God is the creative desire, and that each effort is a human attempt to express objectively this divine inner power, and they will find a significance in the fine arts that is infinitely beyond the mere admiration of the senses.

Science has stepped grandly forward this past year, and has made fresh discoveries in higher fields of research. And we know more of the finer forces of nature, more of the principles of life, and understand better control ling causes. In mechanics, too, the trend has been onward, and nerves and muscles yield their labor to wood and iron more and more. In all that is achieved we find the daily increasing effort to control matter, and the splendid inventions of the day challenge our admiration. Miracles of human ingenuity are they, by means of which what the tolling hands once achieved by weary drudgery, comparatively little labor now accomplishes like magic.

The literature of the past year has in it more of the glowing life of the spirit. It is no longer dead and formal, going back to the past, but it tells of a spirit-power in the living present. There is scarcely a book that makes any mark upon the times, but has the vital faith of spiritual presence and spiritual power in wrought as its brightest, most glowing figures.

The faith that is so dear to us has wonderfully infused itself into the literature of to-day. We read it in all sermons of consolation. We know that it is preached from many of the Evangelical pulpits—from Unitarian and Universalist pulpits—and it is a fact of most profound significance that the attitude of the secular press of the country has changed toward our movement; some of our largest leading journals are not only respectful toward us, but are many of them publishing articles that, not long ago, we could not have dared them to admit to their columns. I do not know how much more popular it is to be called a Spiritualist to-day than it was a year ago. That matters nothing. It is a trifle of the supremest insignificance. But I do know that Spiritualism to-day is taking a tremendous hold upon the heart of humanity, and silently and secretly working everywhere, and making its power felt as never before.

See how splendidly woman has stepped forward during the past year into the arena of public life, and what a splendid work she has done therein. Look at the magnificent reform that is going on in New York City. Do you realize how much of the success of that movement is due to the noble, heroic efforts of the women of that city? [Applause.] All over the country woman is making her redemptive influence felt to-day as never before, politically and socially, and this fact is the golden bow of promise set in our political sky. I tell you there can be no great work carried on to perfection in any direction until the masculine and feminine intellects combine and create that perfect fruit that is to be the golden harvest of the future. [Applause.]

I believe it to be impossible for any nation to be otherwise than agitated and convulsed so long as justice toward woman is ignored, and the true attitude that man and woman should hold in the State is unrecognized. So long as the interests, the powers and the saving forces of woman are held in abeyance by one-sided, coercive masculine force, and woman is denied equal power with man in framing and administering the laws to which she is held equally amenable with him, neither this nor any other nation can cease to be torn with dissension and strife. [Applause.]

I believe that it is just the trouble with the nations to-day. I believe that had woman's voice been as distinctly heard in national affairs as man's; I believe that had she been permitted to freely lay her loving hand upon the national administration of power to modify the national laws, and with her rare tact in housekeeping, had she been allowed to oversee our national housekeeping, affairs would not be in the dilapidated, unprecedented and altogether anomalous state they are in to-day. But I see a bow of promise in the sky. I do believe that our legislators are beginning to awaken to the fact that the great demand of the time is justice in this one direction; that the great evils that press so heavily upon us arise from this violation of the eternal law of justice in their attitude toward one-half of the race.

I am almost ready to exclaim, we can do without intellectuality; we can do without spirituality better than we can do without justice, for without justice we are overwhelmed by a sea of evils whose resistless tide we beat against in vain. Let us cry aloud for an influx of divine justice to invigorate our government and its administrators, and regenerate our unjust, one-sided methods. [Applause.] We have seen a great political revolution this past year. It is not for nothing. All this agitation, all this overturning, I believe is tending toward one great issue. Shall we as a nation love justice, maintain free speech, free thought, free suffrage, freedom in every sense, not as a democratic sentiment, not as a Republican sentiment, but in, of and for themselves alone? What think you the man who is seeking power only—political power, political aggrandizement—cares for human rights?

Is it not strange that men cannot see that principle does not require party? The time is hastening on when it will be country that shall become the rallying cry; when it shall not be deemed best to make a party answer for individual responsibilities. This throwing one's influence upon one side or the other as policy demands, is not acting nobly or well. Stand up! Be men! or else the voice of the highest. In our relations to the human family we must not suffer our ideas to become dwarfed [Continued on seventh page.]

Literary Department.

"BERTHA LEE;" OR, MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

LEARNED, the next day, through a letter from my mother, the cause of Mr. Gray's trouble. My father's estate was much involved; he had speculated in railroad stocks, and there was little left, only a pittance for his widow. I did not feel this trial as sensibly as Mr. Gray; he said it was because I had no proper sense of the value of money. My father had always given him to understand that he should leave us a competence at his death, and, however I might view it, the future would probably show that it was a loss for me, as well as for others!

It was this anxiety for others, that had troubled my father so much. Now I understood the lagging step and anxious look. Oh! how I regretted that I could not have eased his anxiety by telling him how much more precious was one day of his life than money to us.

Aunt Paul laughed, really laughed a merry laugh, when she heard the cause of Mr. Gray's trouble.

"Well, I'll give him a text," said she, "for next Sunday: 'Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away.' And I shall add, that he must be a little more prudent of cigars!"

Helen's marriage and this disappointment must have affected my husband's temper; for after Aunt Paul went away he became more and more morose. Her presence had been a restraint upon him, and now there was a reaction upon myself. I was more sensitive and irritable, and had it not been for Lily I should have made home unhappy. But her smile, and the very sight of the darling, made me better and happier. But here I made a great mistake: instead of trying to soften Mr. Gray, and win him from his study, I sought to be happy without his society. There was always a welcome for me at Elmwood. Mr. Gomez fancied that Lily was better when I was there, and I would gladly have remained with them more had my home duties permitted; but I could lend Lily, and that made sunshine for them. Mr. Gray was right when he said they would pet her too much, and had she been older, I should have feared the result, but she was a baby yet; when she got older I would have it different.

One day when I went in, Lily, with a great air of mystery, took me to her own little boudoir, and acquainted me with a bit of information that elicited my sympathy and joy.

"Now, don't you think, Bertha, this is the reason of my cough, and what Mrs. Green calls my illness?"

Yes, I did, seriously; and my own fears were quieted. But when Mrs. Green was informed of it, she shook her head, and looked dubiously wise.

"It's death or life now," she said, "and the chances are all against us."

Summer came in with its fullness of life, and its garments of beauty. My own spirit was refreshed, my health was better, and though Aunt Paul was gone, yet Lily was so well nursed and cared for at Elmwood, that my domestic duties were light. True, a country minister's wife has many perplexities, but the unexpected arrival of brother ministers and agents did not annoy me as it seems to have done some "shady-side" pastors' wives. If there is a class of patient, self-denying, hard-working men in the world, it is Vermont ministers. With small salaries and large families they struggle on, having little treasure here, and looking forward for rest and reward.

There were, perhaps, half a dozen ministers in the association to which Mr. Gray belonged, and had become familiar with their families, and had become some precious friends among them. This summer they seemed to have more kindness and sympathy for me than usual. One old gentleman, the oldest in the association, and a venerable Father in Israel, said to me—

"My daughter, we all have our trials in this world, and we must learn that it is our Heavenly Father who sends them to us in love."

Thinking he referred to the loss of my father, I replied: "I have thought, sir, that these trials are gentle cords, that draw us nearer to our home in heaven. I am sure the spiritual world seems nearer to me now than ever before in my life."

"That is it, that is it, my daughter; thank God that you are not losing the benefit of trials."

He said this as he was about leaving, his horse being at the door.

"Come and see us," he added; "you know you will always be welcome at Westford; and we would like to have you come in August, at our next association meeting; but no, on second thought, it might not be as agreeable then—come and bring the baby when there is no one but my wife and myself there; my good woman will be a mother to you, and give you love and sympathy."

I thanked him from my heart; and I was glad, as he left, that I had tried to make his visit pleasant. I had cooked my fattest chicken, and had made a nice dish of ginger tea for his cold when he went to bed, and had mended, with my greatest skill, a rent in his well-worn overcoat. In return, he had prescribed for Lily's earache, and hushed her to sleep in his arms when she was suffering from the pain. The dear, good man! Silver and gold had he none, but such as he had he gave to me.

About this time I noticed that many of the parishioners did not call on me as formerly; some of my most precious friends kept aloof, and I feared I was remiss in my duty. I was too timid to ride much after Prince; for notwithstanding his transient disposition Mr. Gray had retained him, but in the spring, having a good offer, he sold him, and we were now without a horse. Lily's carriage was at my service daily, if I wished, though I had the pleasure of seeing my darling Lily's bright face peeping

from it every morning, and her little hand waving a kiss as an adieu. Lily was never happier than when she could dress the baby according to her own bright fancy, and ride out in their open landau, and the old family coachman divided his admiration between his pretty freight and his fine horses. At such times I busied myself in the kitchen, preparing our dinner, happy in thinking of my loved ones.

Now I resolved to accept one of Lily's invitations, and make a regular round of visits upon the congregation. I was disappointed in my reception: in some places I was met with decided coolness—in others with an appearance of sympathy amounting almost to pity, which annoyed me as much as the coolness. Among other places we called at the milliner's shop, where there was a room full of girls sewing. As we went, and were passing along a porch which ran past the windows, we heard one say: "Pity her from my heart!"

"I don't pity her," said another. "Why, her own handwriting was in the sermon."

"What can it mean?" said I to Lily.

"Oh! I don't know," she replied; "something or other about one of your husband's sermons. I suppose, that I overheard Mrs. Green and the gardener this morning talking about. I thought they said your husband didn't write his own sermons, but father said that could not be, for Mr. Gray had talent enough to write all the sermons he had ever heard him preach, and they had better find something worse than that about him, before they talk of dismissing him."

My heart was suddenly filled with apprehension. It had never occurred to me before that we might be obliged to leave Vernon. I knew we had often been told that ministers' houses should be set on wheels, but I had looked upon my home as permanent. I had settled there very reluctantly, but now I had taken root, and like a vine, my heart had sent out its tendrils, and twined around the people and the spot, till it would be like tearing my heart-strings to leave them. I wanted to hasten home to ask Mr. Gray what it all meant.

I was impatient for tea-time to come, and as soon as I had poured out his cup, I asked him if he had been accused of preaching other people's sermons. He started, colored, looked at me searchingly, and then said—

"People are often accused of things of which they are not guilty."

"I'm sure," I added, "they would not say so if they knew how much time you spent in your study."

"You need give yourself no uneasiness about it," said he; "I can defend my own cause. If you will confine yourself to your domestic duties, and let gossiping alone, you may save some trouble."

"I do hope, Mr. Gray, that nothing will happen to make us leave Vernon. I love the place too well now to wish to leave it."

"As well as you would India, I suppose."

This was cruel, but I had no reply to make, for my eyes were half open to the fact that my missionary fever was not, after all, the true self-denying spirit required by the Savior of his followers.

The next morning Lily came in to have a frolic with the baby. It was a rainy day, and we could not be out of doors, but the two children, as I called them, never minded the weather if they could be together. Now they were sitting on the floor rolling a ball, then perhaps dressing a doll and rocking her to sleep, and now playing horse in the rocking-chair.

Lily had no more idea of the serious duties of life than her little pet; she ignored all care. Mrs. Green was housekeeper, and she filled her place admirably; the other servants had been long in the family, and were thoroughly trained. Mr. Gomez had always shielded his child from every rough wind, and guarded her feet from all rude paths. Since her marriage she had double watch and ward. Every luxury of land and sea that she could desire was brought to her, and it never entered her little head that anything more was required of her than love, as indeed there was not. She worshipped her husband, but even that was not sufficient to induce her to cultivate her mind, that she might be a companion as well as wife. She could sing like a bird, and her sweet voice was warbling delicious music half the time, and now and then she would read a story, a bit of poetry, or a romance.

"But, oh! dear," she would say, "Bertha, how can you find any pleasure in reading such solemn books? Let me see: Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying.' What's the use of putting that last word on? If we live well, won't we die well? Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' I tried to read that once to please Charles, and fell asleep over the tenth line. 'Ruskin's Works'—that's another of my husband's books, but I asked him what the use was of reading about pictures when we have them all around us? No, no—I'll not mope over books, though and here, for a moment, an expression of sadness and regret passed over her pretty face. I do wish I knew more, on Charles's account. I cannot talk with his visitors, I cannot talk with him, only just to tell him I love him with all my heart, and ask him to tinkle with me. We can sing together—he has a glorious bass voice, and I enjoy music when he's there. But, Bertha (and she lowered her voice), I'm afraid I don't even love Charles well enough to do what you do."

"What do you mean, Lilyan?"

"Why, ain't you mending stockings?"

"To be sure."

"Well, I wouldn't like to mend stockings."

"Why, it's nothing more than one kind of embroidery stitch."

"Bah! I don't fancy it; and then, don't you cook all the meals?"

"Yes, now I do."

"Well, I should get tired of working like that for my own noble husband. I know I should! Oh! Bertha, just think of it—cooking three

meals a day for a husband! That would be a stronger love than to be a martyr!"

"I called for a thought of the bright world in which she had always lived. Could I ask such for my own child?"

Lily was sitting on Lillian's knee, and trying to pull out her brooch, a delicate and rare metal. "No, no," said Lillian, laughing, and placing her own little white hand on the forbidden object. "The child still tried to gain it, graving Lillian's hand away. 'No, no, no,' she said again, shaking her curls, and looking demure as possible. The little thing put her own hands down, and pursed up her little lips, and reached them up to kiss her friend."

"You precious darling!" exclaimed Lillian, as she bent her head for the salute. "There, now, you shall have the pin, you shall, for asking so prettily," and she took it out, and fastening it to a little ball of worsted, gave it to her.

I thought nothing of the incident at the time, though I recalled it vividly enough afterward.

When Mr. Gray came down to dinner that day, he looked weary and depressed. He threw himself in the rocking chair, after eating much less than usual, and sat as if absorbed in thought, while I was clearing the table and washing the dishes. Lily was playing on the carpet. The salt spoon dropped on the floor, and she picked it up to play with.

"She must not have that," said Mr. Gray, "she will spoil it. Here, Lily, give it to me."

Lily looked up, still holding it in her hand.

"I say, give it to me," he added, sternly. She still held it, and putting up her lips as I had seen her do to Lillian, as if wishing to kiss him.

"She wants to kiss you," I said.

"I cannot help what she wants; I intend that she shall obey."

"Well, let her kiss you, and take it from her; she will yield it."

"No; I wish to make her understand that she must bring it to me."

He then took it from her, and laid it on the carpet.

"Bring me that spoon," said he in a loud voice, and with a stamp of his foot. The child opened her eyes wonderingly at him, then crept toward me, and hiding her face in my dress, burst into tears.

"Put her back," said Mr. Gray.

I did so, saying, "Lily, darling, give the spoon to papa—that's a good girl."

My voice reassured her, and she was picking it up, when Mr. Gray said:

"I can enforce my own commands!" and laid the spoon back upon the carpet.

"Now bring that spoon to me!" he exclaimed, in a voice that made my own heart tremble.

The little thing was, by this time, thoroughly confused, and I sincerely believe did not understand what was required. Her father's manner and voice frightened her. She sat still, looking from one to another with a troubled look.

"Bring it to me!" repeated Mr. Gray, at the same instant giving her a hard blow on the side of her face.

It was the first time she had ever been struck. He excited and alarmed her. "Stop crying!" said her father, as he struck her again. She seemed to understand, or was too frightened to cry, but held out her arms imploringly to me, crying, "Mamma, mamma!"

"Pick up that spoon!" said Mr. Gray; but she seemed to have forgotten the spoon, and kept holding out her arms to me.

The window was open. He reached out his hand and cut a stick from a tree near by.

"Oh! do not, Mr. Gray, please do not! wait a little while, till she gets quiet, and I think she will obey you."

"I shall subdue the child, and at once!" was his reply.

"Come, Lily, pick the spoon up, and hand it to papa!" I said.

"Stop!" exclaimed my husband, "I wish no interference with my authority!"

"But, surely, Mr. Gray, you are not going to whip that babe?"

"Not if she minds me."

He again commanded her to pick up the spoon; but she did not move from her position, nor did she seem to know what he said, but was more and more alarmed at his voice and manner. Her arms were held out in mute appeal to me. He seized her roughly, and applied the stick; her cries distressed me, and I begged him to wait awhile. At this he took me by the arm, and put me out of the room, locking the door after me. I went away, thinking at first I would go where I would not hear my child's voice, but I could not stay away, and returned, crouching down on the floor. It was alternate blow and commands, the child, I truly believe, being so excited and frightened that she had no idea of what she was required to do. One minute I would stop my ears, and go to the fourth end of the room, then I would return and beg of him to stop a little while. His own feelings were so wrought up that he was not aware how thick his blows fell on the tender child. My own agony was so great that I longed for strength to burst the door open. At last her cries ceased. I thought she was subdued, as he would term it, and had handed him the spoon. I tried the door, but his hand was opening it from the other side; at the same instant I caught a glance of his face—he was very pale—he went to the pump for water. I rushed to my baby—she lay on the floor motionless, pale as a snow-draw, and apparently lifeless. I caught her in my arms, but she fell back like a dead child. Her father sprinkled water on her head and face—in a second she gasped. I then turned to him, and it seemed to me that no words could express the deep, bitter, concentrated hate of my heart for that man.

"God may forgive you," I said, "but I cannot!" and with my poor, bruised babe in my arms, I sought my chamber. I bathed her, and gave her a little wine and water, but she was so weak and exhausted that she took no notice of anything, only once, when I raised her in my lap for an instant, she tried to put her little arms around my neck, but she had no strength to do it, and her head fell on my bosom. I held her in my arms, and rocked her, singing low, because she seemed to like to hear my voice, though God knows the music was only throat-deep—there was no harmony in my heart. The bitter waters were welling up in a full, strong tide.

It rained without, a steady, dreary, pitiless rain; below stairs the dining-table, half cleared, stood in the middle of the room, and the unwashed dishes in the unswept kitchen. What cared I? At last Lily slept; but I still held her in my arms, for it was a troubled, restless sleep, and the little lips still quivered, and the little heart every now and then heaved a sigh.

My poor heart—there was no forgiveness, and of course no peace within it! I was glad Lillian could not come over—she would be so pained, and so indignant, that I feared the effect upon her; and yet I was so lonely—no comforter to turn to. But God was more merciful to me than I deserved.

When I had been sitting there perhaps two hours, who should come but an Auty Paul! I burst into tears. She laid aside her bonnet at once, and sat down in a low chair. She thought Lily was sick.

"I have dried and warmed myself below, by the kitchen fire," she said; but she warmed a blanket and laid it in her lap, and then I placed Lily on it. She examined her carefully—the marks of Mr. Gray's heavy hand were yet visible on the side of her head and face. I drew up her night-dress and showed her little body all covered with black and blue marks, while in two or three places the skin was broken. Auty Paul examined the child carefully—her pulse, her skin and her mouth, where the gums were red and swollen from the irritation of her double teeth, which were just coming through.

"How long has she been asleep?"

"Over an hour."

"Did you give her any paregoric?"

"Yes, a little."

"I am sorry; we must wake her soon."

"Why, Auty, is there any danger?"

"There would not have been at any other time, perhaps, but her head is already affected by the irritation of her teeth, and I am afraid she will suffer a little from this undue excitement of the brain. Come, Lily darling!" and she stood up upon her feet in her lap. The child opened her eyes, and seeing Auty Paul hid her head on her shoulder, but I observed she did not smile. She wanted to sleep.

"Where is Lillian?" asked Auty.

"At home; it is too rainy for her to come over, and then we must not tell her of this; it will almost kill her—I am afraid it will me. I could not live through another such scene."

"My poor child!" said she, looking at me gravely; "this is but the beginning of trouble, have foreseen it, and I have prayed for you, that your faith fall not!"

"Faith! Auty. I've no faith, scarce none at all!"

"It's dark now," she replied, "but you'll find light by and by. Come, wrap the baby up very carefully, and I'll take her over to Lillian; she'll be the best nurse this afternoon."

"But you'll not tell her—say she isn't well."

"I shall tell the truth; that is, all I know of it. Remember that you have not told me the particulars, and you need not tell I return."

Auty was gone but a few minutes, and on her return the house was put in order, and we sat down together for a few minutes, neither of us, however, feeling inclined to talk much. I could not sit still long for thinking of Lily, and ran over to see how she was. I found her asleep in the Fairy Room, and Lillian sitting by her side, looking very grave and thoughtful. I thought the child looked better; her cheeks were red now, and she lay quiet while we sat by her. Lillian did not understand what was the matter; in her delight at having Lily brought to her, she had taken her from Auty Paul's arms, and ran directly up stairs with her. But her paleness and her bruised face led her to suppose that she had met with an accident.

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

"Only think!" said she, "I could not make her smile; she was not like herself, poor darling! I kept her awake while, as Auty Paul said I must, but it was cruel to do so longer. See how pretty she looks with those red cheeks!"

ALTRURIA.

BY JOSEPHINE HAND.

To the tune of "Maryland."

The dawn is breaking in the skies,
Altruria! Altruria!
Men turn to look with eager eyes,
Altruria! Altruria!
Shall death in life no more hold sway?
And is it true that prophets say?
That we at last shall greet the day?
Altruria! Altruria!

Our hearts within us glow and burn,
Altruria! Altruria!
As with new hope to thee we turn,
Altruria! Altruria!
Thy light is shining on our way,
Columbia hastens to obey
The glorious mandates of the day,
Altruria! Altruria!

We see our land from darkness rise,
Altruria! Altruria!
To catch the gleam from other skies,
Altruria! Altruria!
From every chain we would be free;
With face toward Heaven and Liberty,
We take our onward march to thee,
Altruria! Altruria!

Columbia's sons and daughters sing,
Altruria! Altruria!
With praises let the welkin ring,
Altruria! Altruria!
And let the prayer, "God speed the day
When Truth and Justice hold full sway!"
Be on the lips of all who pray,
Altruria! Altruria!

The Fatherhood of God above,
Altruria! Altruria!
The Brotherhood of Man in love,
Altruria! Altruria!
For these thy glorious name doth stand,
We hear thy praise through all the land,
God bring us by thy path to the land,
God bring us by thy path to the land,
To know, as thou, Altruria!

—The True Story Paper, Baltimore, Md.

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.

Maine.

AUGUSTA.—A correspondent sends us the following: "Some two years ago a number of ladies who were interested in the grand truths of Spiritualism formed a reading club. We made it a very informal affair. We take our sewing, and meet on Thursday afternoons, and while some one of our number reads, the others sew. We sometimes speak of ourselves as the 'White Apron Club.'"

The first year we took the *Psychical Research Review*, and read partly from that, and from Abby Judson's book, "Why She Became a Spiritualist." We would read one of the chapters, and after some discussion, we would, if there was time, read some articles or a lecture from the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *The Arena*, or such works as Carlyle, Peter's, and Sidney Dean's "Psychic Phenomena."

We enjoy the articles from Dr. F. L. H. Willis and W. A. Cram, who was a former Unitarian minister in Augusta; also Albert Morton of California, who is a native of our city.

I cannot say how far the influence of our club has extended outside of its immediate members; but it has been very interesting and instructive to those who have met from week to week to read and study on psychic matters.

I would advise any number interested, to try this method. There is no expense connected with our meetings, unless we choose to buy some book, or subscribe for some magazine or paper. Occasionally some member will make a tea-party, when we all stay through the evening.

On New Year's we celebrated an anniversary occasion of one of our members, which was a very enjoyable affair.

There have been public meetings held by Spiritualists in Grand Army Hall ever since the early part of September; Mrs. Hattie C. Mason was here for three weeks, followed by Rev. E. Andrews Titus, Dr. C. H. Harding, who beside speaking in the hall held some very interesting parlor meetings.

A lady who with an invalid daughter has become very much interested in Spiritualism, kindly opened her parlors, and invited in a pleasant company, and on Friday evenings we have a meeting, with music, a short, bright lecture, and then tests, followed by a little social conversation.

There are quite a number of local mediums who have made good progress in development.

The present month we again have Mr. Titus for three Sundays.

Our only regret is that larger numbers are not interested in the grand truths of Spiritualism.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—F. A. Heath writes: "The case of healing of a gentleman, well known to the musical public in Boston, Prof. Joseph C. Hudson, has come to my knowledge, and I wish to give a plain statement of the facts."

Prof. Hudson has had three "runs" of typhoid fever, and following the fever, sores of a most malignant character broke out upon the extremities, which have troubled him all through the last fifty years. After trying several well-known physicians and receiving no benefit, going to the Massachusetts General Hospital, he came away, and allowed nature to have free sway.

Dr. E. A. Blackden became interested in the case, and has given him treatments for the past three years, simply by manipulations, working the impurities of the blood entirely out of the system by the magnetic power of the hands. The Professor is seventy-five years old, and we consider this cure as one of the greatest victories for spiritual science the world ever saw. Dr. Blackden is a very quiet, retiring sort of man, but a cure like this, of a malignant disease, which has baffled the skill of several of the best physicians in Boston, should be placed before the people and the law-makers at the State House.

Dr. E. A. Blackden may be found at 219 Tremont street, Boston.

LOWELL.—Florence F. Pickup writes: "Your paper is sold at our meetings with success. We have in Lowell a Lyceum of fifty members, and we are having success. After a fourth trial we have really begun a Lyceum which we see is growing every Sunday, thanks to our angel friends, who encourage us in our work by speaking of it in glowing terms to our afternoon and evening audiences of Spiritualists."

New York.

TROY.—William Jones, of 143 Eighth street, Lansingburgh, writes: "Miss Georgianna Reynolds is one of the finest test mediums that I ever saw or heard of. She holds three meetings a week, and people crowd to hear her. Her tests are wonderful, and she heals the sick with great success. We are holding meetings at 22 Vanderhyden street, Troy."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Charlestown District (Boston), Mass., Dec. 24, 1894, Capt. David Hill, aged 83 years and 3 months.

The deceased was at the outset of life a Universalist by belief, but later accepted the truth of spirit return on phenomenal evidence which appealed to his reason without the power of a doubt. He was a close student of spiritual literature, an interested attendant at the old "Music Hall" meetings in Boston, and an appreciative reader of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* for years. He leaves a widow whose life finds cheer in the assurance of Spiritualism's promise of future reunion with him who has gone from her sight.

His funeral was attended Dec. 27 by Mrs. R. S. Little—Mrs. Mary F. Little, and the Rev. Mr. J. W. D. The editor of this paper was once a resident in Capt. Hill's family, and has of him only pleasant and respectful memories as "a good man in Israel." J. W. D.

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

FIELD NOTES.

BY MOSES HULL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

WANT of time on my part has saved your waste basket many an infliction. I hardly read a number of THE BANNER that I do not feel a little condemned that I do not report oftener through its columns; I now feel to run briefly over the field as I have seen it during the last three months. It was my good fortune to spend the months of October, November and December in Cleveland, O., and it seems to me that I would be remiss in my duty if I did not briefly refer to some phases of the work in this city.

Mr. T. A. Black was not only the engine and engineer, but he was the captain, crew, and about all hands of that particular department of the work where I was called to put my oar into the water. If Bro. Black's purse would justify all the promptings of his heart, no department of the work would suffer for lack of means to carry it on; and if he had strength in proportion to his energy, no one else would be invited to expend strength in behalf of the Cause he loves.

I spoke for the Progressive Thinkers, on the West Side of the river, and for the Union Spiritualists, in Weisgerer's Hall, on the East Side. Our meetings were well attended from the first; but the audience increased in interest, and somewhat in numbers, to the last. I was first engaged for only two months; at the end of the second month the hall on the West Side was too small by nearly one-half to hold our audience; and though on the East Side the audience could be comfortably stowed away in the hall, every seat was occupied, and some stood through the entire evening.

This was probably occasioned partially, if not wholly, by the presence of Miss Maggie Gaule. She had visited the city previously in behalf of the other Society, and during the visit had attended two of our afternoon meetings; and being called upon, gave such astounding tests that our people wanted more. After we had her two more evenings the people seemed to want her more than ever. I have worked with Maggie several times before; her tests have never failed, in my presence, to give perfect satisfaction. She enters so thoroughly into particulars that there is no mistaking a test that she attempts to give. I think that if it had been known at that time that I could have returned to Cleveland for December, and if Miss Gaule could have been induced to return, there is not a hall in Cleveland that would have held the people who would have attended. The general cry was for more of that kind of talk and tests.

When I returned home I found that letters had been sent to me while in California—probably during the strike—that I never had received. These letters had asked me to change the date of my engagement at Indianapolis. To my surprise I learned that I had no appointment for December. I telegraphed the facts to Bro. Black, and in two hours had the answer, "Come on; we'll do the best we can." The next Sunday found me at my post, and at work in as warm a hearted audience as ever greeted a mortal. All were sorry that Maggie Gaule could not return at that time, but it was out of the question.

Our third month, all things considered, was quite as successful as the first two were. Mrs. Hill was with me part of the time, and assisted much with her music, invocations, poems, and little after-speeches; but she was called away to the bed of her afflicted mother, and had to, for the time being, lay down her part of the work.

Mr. Black does not intend to let the work stop; he has some kind of a surprise to spring on the people nearly every Sunday, and will, with such aid as he can get, keep the ball rolling for some time yet. Our homes, while we were in the city, were with Thomas and Tillie Lees, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Benedict, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Russell. I want to recommend these homes to weary, way-worn spiritual pilgrims. No better can be found in this land of shadows.

Thomas and Tillie Lees go right along, as they have for a quarter of a century, working in their quiet way for the Cause. The most of their work is, as it should be, in the Lyceum. They are always found on the right side of every question that comes to the front. Once in awhile the people come down heavily upon them, but a sober second thought has never failed to lead them to see that the two Ts were always in the right.

At present writing I am in Columbus, the capital of Ohio, preaching to Rev. W. R. Colby's congregation; and judging from the audience that met me last night, and the enthusiasm manifested, I shall be disappointed if a genuine revival does not develop itself. Beside my Sunday work I have appointments for every week-day evening, except Saturday evenings, until I start to Boston. I suppose THE BANNER has heard before this that I am to speak for the Temple Society the five Sundays of March. I would be willing to go out and do some week-day work during my sojourn in the "Hub," if desired.

The 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th of February I am to have a debate with Rev. J. H. Becker, D. D., at Dayton, O. I believe the reverend gentleman is a bishop in the United Brethren Church; and I am informed that he is a man of great ability. A glorious discussion—not a quarrel—is anticipated.

Every spare moment I get is put in on my new book, "The Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism." The book will contain not less, it is estimated, than one hundred more pages than was anticipated; yet I intend to let it go to its subscribers for one dollar, as advertised. Our printers promise to have it ready to mail the first of February.

I get very little time to read, but whenever I find time to pick up THE BANNER, I find that, like cheese, it improves with age. May it continue to do so for the next thousand years.

I see a great commotion east, west, north and south, about materializing mediums; I hope it will continue until the question is settled after Charles Sumner's recipe. He said "no question is settled until it is settled right." If our materializing mediums are genuine, they should be defended to the last; if they are frauds, there can be nothing gained by defending or apologizing for them. That there is a tremendous amount of fraud practiced by some who pretend to be mediums, I do know; and that Spiritualists themselves should be the exponents of the fakirs "who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," I fully believe.

January Magazines.

THE ARENA.—A portrait of Longfellow, taken when he was at his best, is the frontispiece, which precedes a paper by Rev. W. H. Savage, who brings out some of the choicest bits of poetry, showing the religion of the most famous of American poets. Virchand R. Gandhi writes about the "Christian Missions in India." Editor Flower, in "Wellsprings and Feeders of Immortality," second paper, writes of "Lust Fostered by Legislation," and makes forcible arguments in favor of a repeal of certain laws. "Japan; Our Little Neighbor in the East," by Helen H. Gardner, and contains many illustrations. "The Shame of America—The Age of Consent Laws in the United States," is written about by Helen H. Gardner, Frances E. Willard, Will Allen Dromgool, on the women's views of the subject, and by Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., O. Edward Janney, M. D., and Aaron M. Powell, on the part of the men. Fine portraits of these defenders of the home are also presented with the papers. "The New Politics" is by Richard J. Hinton. T. E. Allen has a paper on "Experimental Telepathy." "Politics as a Career" is in two letters, with W. D. McCracken as the author. James G. Clark describes "The Coming Industrial Order." A Drama in Tatters" is a story by Walter Blackburn Harte. Adeline Knapp has a sketch from life, "The Dignity of Labor." Rev. Frank M. Goodrich describes the "Sweating System in Philadelphia." B. O. Flower, in writing of "The Century of Sir Thomas Moore," describes "The Reformation." "Charity, Old and New," is by Rev. Henry C. Vrooman. In the "Books of the Day," Miss Abby A. Judson's work, "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," has

a notice of William Lloyd says well feel proud. The critic says: "Into the kaleidoscope just presented you can put the latest product of the fine and high mind of Abby A. Judson, and behold the beauties of a noble nature. It will find lodging in the choicest of libraries, and will be handled with the daintiest of hands. It will be a success so far as the extent of its sales and kind of purchasers are concerned." The *Arena* has several other papers, including poems. The *Arena* Co., Copley square, Boston.

THE CENTURY.—The frontispiece in this number is Elise, eldest sister of Napoleon, followed by the third installment of Prof. Sloane's admirable sketch of the great general. The period covered by this account is important, and should be thoroughly read. "Scenes in Canton," by Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., shows up the punishment of criminals and the river population. Next in interest to these is the paper by Hiram S. Maxim, describing his experiments in aerial navigation. "Festivals in American Colleges for Women" brings out Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Wells, Mt. Holyoke and Bryn Mawr, in interesting portrayal. "Glimpses of Lincoln in War Time" is by Noah Brooks. The serials, "An Errant Wooing," by Mrs. Burton Harrison, and "Casa Braccio," by F. Marion Crawford, continue to increase in interest. "A Lady of New York," by Robert Stewart, is a pretty story of metropolis life. "Their Cousin Letty" is a humorous story. There are several poems, all good. The attractions throughout are among the best in modern literature of the magazine order, not forgetting to mention the three departments of "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "In Lighter Vein." The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

PLANETS AND PEOPLE.—This is a new monthly devoted to the science of occult forces, astrology, vibration, magnetism and life. It is convenient in form, beautifully printed on fine book paper, with good-sized type and plenty of it. Some pages are printed in two columns, while others are printed in double measure. It has forty-eight pages, which includes a liberal space devoted to advertising. The editorial promise much, but judging from the first number the promises will all be redeemed. It purports to be a work to teach the simple way that leads to the true science of the stars. The new magazine will undoubtedly be largely read by persons who have never given the subject of planetary influence upon human life and character any consideration. To those who have a deep insight into the planet system the book will have special value by reason of the rich truths which it briefly yet interestingly presents. "Occult Forces" is the leading paper, followed by "Astronomy Lesson No. 1," most instructively presented. "Knowledge is Power" is another pleasing article. The advance weekly report commands special attention.

One of the best features of this magazine is "The Oracle," in which many intricate questions are satisfactorily answered. Sprinkled through all parts of the current number are *bon mots* of different subjects, humor being constantly introduced. F. E. Ormsby is editor, and E. Sprague manager, at 163 Jackson street, Chicago.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.—"Great Passions in History," by Ouida, is continued in the fifth part, and treats of Francesca di Rimini, fully and beautifully illustrated. Pasture is described by Jean Martin Charcot. "The Theatrical Season in New York," by James S. Metcalf, is complete in detail of the prominent dramatic events in the metropolis. The other features are: "The Cathedrals of France," Barr Perce; "The Bamboo," J. Fortune Nott; "A Parting and a Meeting," W. D. Howells; "A Three-Stranded Yarn," W. Clark Russell; "The Story of a Thousand," Albion W. Tourgee; "Humboldt's Aztec Paintings," J. J. Valentine. There are poems by John Allan, John B. Tabb, Bliss Carman and Laura S. Porter. "In the World of Letters," and "The Progress of Science," there are many interesting articles. John Brisben Walker, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

MCLURE'S.—The notable features of this magazine are, "Napoleon," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Letting in the Jungle," by Rudyard Kipling; "Concerning 'Ships that Pass in the Night,'" by Beatrice Harraden; "The Battle of Marengo," by a soldier of Napoleon; "Mr. Moody; Some Impressions and Facts," second paper. Prof. Henry Drummond; "The Green Flag," a story of Sudan, A. Conan Doyle; "Three Men and Two Bears," by Warran; "A Lonely Soul," a story, Majorie Milton; "The Dramatic Season," new plays, the opera, notable actors and singers of the year, fully illustrated by Edward Marshall. The assortment is large enough to please every one. S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD (Dec. 15).—The contents are: "Within and Without"; "Sacrifice"; "The Soul's Consolation"; "A Natural Science in its Relations to a Natural Mysticism"; "The Elimination of Evil"; "The Brotherhood of the New Life"; "Our Intellectual Relation to the Unseen," and other interesting and instructive matter. James Elliott & Co., Falcon Court, Fleet street, London.

It Don't Cost Much

To get well,
Only a dollar or two and a little faith.

The case of Mrs. Lillie Meyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an example.

Some time ago she began to feel sharp pains in her abdomen, with bearing-down feeling and pains in her back. She tried doctors, and got no relief.

At last, a friend told her of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using it, the pain left her, and menstruation now comes without suffering.

Your druggist will tell you what a great medicine this is, and the price is only one dollar. You see, it don't cost much to get well. It will expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development.

THE ELIMINATOR;

OR,

Skeleton Keys to Sacerdotal Secrets.

BY DR. R. B. WESTBROOK.

Profoundly reverent, but thoroughly radical; exposing the false claims of ancient Judaism and dogmatic Christianity, containing many startling conclusions never before published, showing clearly the mythical character of most of the Old and New Testament stories, and proving that Jesus was a man, an impersonation and not a person. A genuine sensation.

Price \$1.50.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

A History of Religions:

Being a Condensed Statement of the Results of Scientific Research and Philosophical Criticism.

BY ELIZABETH E. EVANS.

12mo. paper covers, pp. 128. Price 75 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

What They All Say.

Beautiful Women Give Some Wonderful Information Concerning Female Beauty. We do not Think it Will Take Women Long to Act Upon This Idea.

The poet and philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, says:

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

Beauty of feature and elegance of form have ever been the desire of the feminine mind. And it is a perfectly laudable and natural ambition. Women are born to sway the hearts and minds of men as much by their beauty and attractiveness as by the subtler charms of goodness and purity.

And yet how few women attain the beauty which should be theirs, and in those few who are beautiful how quickly their beauty fades! This is wrong. Women are naturally beautiful—at least of pleasing and attractive appearance—and in nearly all the cases where women lack these physical charms the fault is their own.

Good looks and beautiful forms are entirely dependent upon good health. One must have strong nerves and pure blood to be beautiful. Failing to have these is to fall of good looks and fine figure, and the woman

For further information I will willingly, cheerfully and promptly respond."

Miss Della T. Shea, of 210 Lexington street, East Boston, Mass., makes the following statement:

"About seven years ago I began to feel very uncomfortable after eating, so much so that I found it impossible to keep the lightest food on my stomach. I grew worse for three months, so I was obliged to give up work and go to the hospital.

"I tried many remedies and doctors, but they did me no good. A friend advised me to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"I began using it, and after a week felt much better. When I had taken four bottles the weakness in my stomach was all gone, and I could eat anything without distress, while a short time before I found it impossible for weeks at a time to even drink a glass of milk and keep it in my stomach.

"I was unable to wear anything but a loose dress, and I did not go out of the house for months at a time. I am now cured of my troubles, and am well and strong. My cure is wonderful. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has done what the hospitals, doctors and other medicines could not do.

"It is a splendid medicine, and I urge every suffering person to use it. I love to think of the good it is doing, and wish every one who is not perfectly well would take it."

Miss Rose McCarthy, of 347 East 87th street, New York City, writes as follows:

"For a long time I was troubled with nervousness and violent headaches. I would lie awake nearly all night, and was in constant misery. Previous to this my complexion was a very healthy



who becomes broken in health, even in the slightest degree, will see her beauty gradually fade.

The moment women realize this, that moment will they understand that physical beauty is a matter within their own control. And just how it is to be done, Mrs. Frances Lytle of 2 Hunter Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.,

"I was very pale and delicate," she says, "and had no color, and had female weakness with leucorrhoea, and suffered great pain at my periods. I am now well, thanks to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. My face is plump and my cheeks red, and my complexion pure. When I began the use of this remedy I only weighed 81 pounds, and now I weigh 115 pounds and am still gaining. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is a wonderful medicine. I have not had any trouble since I began taking it."

Miss Emma Marlett of Oak Ridge, N. J., says: "I have been a sufferer for ten years, and the victim of a large tumor weighing twenty pounds, which I had removed, and I suffered untold agony for many months after."

"I tried the skill of many physicians, all of whom utterly failed to give me any relief."

"I then used that wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and after using a few bottles I was entirely cured."

"To those who have been suffering from various diseases, and have failed to find any relief, I am to-day a living testimony and witness to the wonderful and marvelous curative powers of this great medicine. To persons suffering from various diseases, I earnestly recommend the use of this remedy if they would be cured."

Dashed Against the Rock.

A Scientific and Mystical Novel,
Dealing with Spiritual Law and the Latest Attainments in Practical Science.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This book embodies statements of priceless value to every truth-seeker and scientific experimentalist. The story is exceedingly rich in incident, and will entertain and edify readers of all ages and conditions.
316 pages, with diagrams, cloth, \$1.00. In extra heavy paper covers, 50 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

MARGUERITE HUNTER.

A Narrative Descriptive of Life in the Material and Spiritual Spheres,

As Transcribed by a Co-operative Spirit Band Combined with Chosen Media of Earth.

The subject translated through independent spirit-writing, and the illustrations in oil painting on porcelain plate by spirit artists. It is not a fiction, but a narrative of real life, without a precedent in its origin or a parallel in the literature of Spiritualism, being a clear and succinct exposition of the philosophy, religion and science of Spiritualism. The book contains 260 pages, with six illustrations in half-tone and twelve pages in original independent writing, beautifully bound in blue silk cloth, stamped in silver.
Price \$1.55.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

REPLY

TO

Rev. Dr. Snyder's Comments on Spiritualism.

A Lecture delivered in St. Louis, Mo., Sunday, May 27th, 1894, by DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS.
36 pages, 12mo. paper covers, 25 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Re-Incarnation.

BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

A timely production. The subject is thoroughly presented from a scientific standpoint.
Price 25 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

A Book which Everybody Should Read.

NORA RAY, THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A work which gives a remarkable experience of spirit power through the wonderful mediumship of a little girl. She goes off into unconsciousness while on board ship and tells of shipwrecked sailors adrift in a boat, and by her utterance guidance they are saved. Each page of the book speaks with the brightness of spiritualistic power, bringing hope and comfort to mourning hearts.
176 pages, good clear type. Price 35 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE

Spiritual Philosophy.

ISSUED WEEKLY

At 9 Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), Corner Province Street, Boston, Mass.

Published by

COLBY & RICH.
ISAAC B. RICH AND JOHN W. DAY, PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH.....BUSINESS MANAGER.
JOHN W. DAY.....EDITOR.
HENRY W. PITMAN.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
Aided by a large corps of able writers.

THE BANNER is a first-class family newspaper of EIGHT PAGES—containing PORTLY COLUMNS OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING—embracing
A LITERARY DEPARTMENT
REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL LECTURES,
ORIGINAL ESSAYS—Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, which treats upon spiritual and secular events.
SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT
REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, and
CONTRIBUTIONS by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE:
Per Year.....\$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Three Months......65

Postage Free.
Specimen copies sent free.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Banner will be sent to New Trial Subscribers for Three Months upon the receipt of 50 Cents. To
Until further notice we will accept clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston, or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of COLBY & RICH, is preferable to Bank Notes. Our patrons can remit the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—and fees pre-ferred.

ADVERTISEMENTS published at twenty-five cents per line, with discounts for space and time.
Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.
When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and be careful to give in full their present as well as future address.

COLBY & RICH

Publish and keep for sale at Wholesale and Retail a complete assortment of

Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory, and Miscellaneous Books, as per Catalogue, which Catalogue will be sent to any address free.

Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Publishers who insert the above Prospectus in their respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT one year, provided a marked copy of the paper containing it is forwarded to this office.

Have you promised yourself the Rare Pleasure of **LIFE** Reading this Beautiful **LIFE** Work by the good old-time IN writer, Hudson

2 SPHERES

Tuttle? Price, 50 cents. Contains a fine portrait of the Author. Send to us for it.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTION.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., are now publishing a complete and up-to-date list of all the books and pamphlets that are being published in the Spiritualist movement. This list is being published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and is being sent to all the subscribers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, free of charge. The list is being published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and is being sent to all the subscribers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, free of charge.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Bowdoin Street, corner Province Street,
(Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Published by
COLBY & RICH.
ISAAC B. RICH AND JOHN W. DAY, PROPRIETORS.

Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager.
John W. Day, Editor.
Henry W. Pittman, Associate Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, 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 & RICH.

The Persistency of Good.

Mr. Samuel R. Scrotton, who is conceded to be the ideal representative of the colored people of Brooklyn, N. Y., in educational work, and who is a member of the board of education, enjoying the highest esteem of all the members of the board, recently addressed a crowded house at the Metropolitan Literary Union of the Nazarene Congregational Church in that city, in relation to the subject of spiritualistic belief. We cite some of the salient points of the paper read by him, which, as reported in the *Brooklyn Standard*, are as follows. He said:

There is much in life that would afford us infinite subject for thought, infinite pleasure, if we would but stop to think. There is scarcely an ill that one may be subject to, that might not be relieved if we were but to stop and think. And so it is with the evidences of the continuance of the life of the spirit of man. These evidences are not wanting to us each day and hour; but while we see them, feel them and speak of them, we fail to give the subject that profound thought which shall fix them in our minds as an indisputable, provable fact.

He said he did not believe that any people were ever more fortunately situated than the colored people of this country to note the proof of the assertion that the spirit of man lives. To those who have traveled over a wide area in this country the proofs have been given a thousand times. In asserting that the spirit of man lives, he meant after his body lay mouldering in the dust. What does the preacher in the pulpit mean when he says: "I know that the spirit of Christ lives"? He means that he sees in the struggles of mankind to reach the zenith-light of the evidence of the living spirit of Christ. Do I know that Christ lived? Do I not see the evidence every day of the life of him who has impressed himself and his spirit upon mankind? Do I know that Mahomet lived? or Buddha? or Confucius? or Charles Sumner, Garrison, Phillips, John Andrew, Theodore Parker, Emerson, and that host of Heaven inspired, God-given men? He had a thousand evidences that the spirits of all these men still live.

It is the living spirit of those noble, liberty-loving Quakers who settled Philadelphia in the early colonial days that makes its public sentiment different from that of New York, Baltimore, Wilmington and Washington. How great an acquisition to the cause of human liberty in New York was the advent of Henry Ward Beecher, that great apostle of liberty. The spirit of Beecher still lives. So do those of Bryant, Tappan, Greeley, Cheever, and the rest of the leaders and apostles of liberty who have lived among us. The difference between the spirit of good and of evil is that the first grows, increases, overcomes, while the latter is by steady strides diminished, overcome and annihilated. The spirit of Clarkson and Wilberforce still dominates British sentiment. Despair not; the spirit of good is positive, is eternal; the spirit of evil is negative and limited. The star of hope is the star of love, made radiant by the lives and living spirit of blest ones who served others.

We shall in our next issue print a memorial sketch of LUTHER COLBY, prepared for THE BANNER by HUDSON TUTTLE.

More Light from a Pulpit Lantern.

Another preacher has publicly proclaimed his personal omniscience on the subject of Spiritualism. This time it is Rev. Dr. McIntire of Denver, Col. As we find him reported in *The Denver News*, he said that Modern Spiritualism was ninety-nine per cent. humbug and one per cent. real. He was obliged to admit that it bears emphatic testimony to the existence of a world of spirits; that, he considered, was the single grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff. Yet he regarded Spiritualism as vastly superior to atheism, materialism or agnosticism. The Spiritualist, he said, believes something; he has a desire to know spiritual things, and this is implanted by God. But [always a but] he thinks all good things can be degraded. "There is no good thing that the devil does not use for a trap. The craving for spiritual knowledge has been seized on to degrade men and women."

God forbids necromancy—and Spiritualism impudently insults God (so says Rev. Dr. McIntire)—by saying that his revealed word is not enough. Both the living person and the spirit beyond the vale are sinners, engaged in disobeying God. He had to admit that some of the phenomena are inexplicable to him—for which admission Spiritualists will feel to say "Thank you for nothing!" The active phenomena and resultant philosophy of Spiritualism will go on, in the world of human acceptance, "conquering and to conquer," when the red "danger signals" so frantically waved from credulity pulpits shall have been extinguished forever!

Our Public Schools.

We join heartily with *The Post* in saying that no other department of the entire municipal system of Boston is so important as that which is engaged with the education of the children, and no other department in this city so much needs attention. It has become notorious that for some time past the school accommodations have been inadequate to the needs of the pupils. Many of the school buildings are in a dangerous condition in case of a fire, and the sanitary accommodations are defective.

There is in Boston a perfect army of children who do not go to school—for the reason that there is no place for them to go to. Consequently compulsory education, over which much boasting is made, amounts to nothing, practically. We are unwilling to believe that the tax-payers, whose money regularly supports the public schools, are desirous of the longer continuance of such a condition of things. Not only will they approve of an expenditure adequate to its removal, but they will absolutely demand that removal at once, and with no further delay. The crying want is for better school buildings and for enough of them.

The children to be schooled to-day are the ones who have the future of our city and our country in their hands. It is for the future, therefore, that we now provide. If we are wise we shall not stop to count the money cost, where so much is at stake. THE BANNER has never hesitated to advocate the true interests of the public schools. As it opposes all attempts, however concealed or disguised, to make them sectarian seminaries, so it also favors the utmost liberality of expenditure on these compatible with the ability of a tax-paying community.

Decease of James Burns.

A line written us by Bro. J. J. Morse (then in Liverpool) conveys the intelligence that James Burns, veteran editor and once publisher of *The Medium and Daybreak*, London, passed to spirit-life on Sunday, Dec. 30, 1894. Mr. Burns' reputation as an able journalist in the spiritualistic field is world-wide. The veteran editors are "going home," one after another, but the work they wrought abides!

The Medium and Daybreak for Jan. 4 records of its former chief that he was at decease sixty years of age:

"Let us rejoice that another noble soul has been emancipated and removed from this material world (which he was so sadly out of touch with) to that higher state of life where he will reap his reward, where harmony reigns supreme, and that peace abideth which passeth all understanding."

Light, London, Eng., for Jan. 5 says:

"It is not too much to say that, but for his [Mr. Burns'] self-denying labors, Spiritualism in this country would not have reached the position which it occupies to-day; and Spiritualists should honor his memory accordingly. To his bereaved wife and family we tender our cordial sympathies. They have suffered a severe loss—while he himself has experienced a delightful gain."

Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng., says:

"Mr. Burns fought manfully for Spiritualism in the early days of the movement, and placed all Spiritualists under a debt of gratitude for his devotion and zeal at a time when great courage was required to advocate the truth of spirit-return."

So does the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Election at Onset, Mass.

A correspondent informs us that the Onset Camp-Meeting Association held its annual meeting on Wednesday, 9th inst. Dr. H. B. Storer, the President, presided. Reports showed the Association to be in a prosperous condition. These officers were elected: President, Dr. H. B. Storer, Boston; Vice-President, J. Q. A. Whittemore, Boston; Secretary and Treasurer, Major C. F. Howard, Foxboro; Directors, O. A. Miller of Brockton, Mrs. H. J. R. Bullock of Boston, Lewis E. Bullock of Boston, Major T. B. Griffith of Boston, William F. Nye of New Bedford, Charles Whittemore of Newton.

"A Strong Staff."

Mrs. Ella Cowden, writing from Harbor Creek, Pa., to renew her subscription to THE BANNER, says: "I find it a STRONG STAFF to lean upon in old age. Long may it continue to comfort others. Success attend you."

People who are so ready to raise the shout of scientific bigotry against Spiritualism and Spiritualists should remember that the greatest teachers of truth the world has ever known have all been regarded in their own generation as fools or impostors, and every system of philosophy, every fact of science first proclaimed has been considered an imposition upon human credulity.

We received on Monday, Jan. 14, a pleasant call at our office from the widely-known public test medium, Edgar W. Emerson, who is now doing good work for the Berkeley Hall Society of Spiritualists. He will officiate for the society two more Sundays in January. The Boston friends should be sure to improve the present opportunity to hear him.

An article written for our columns by Mr. G. W. Whitney (of Boston), describing phenomena witnessed by him at the séances of Mrs. W. H. Allen, Providence, R. I., will be printed in our next issue.

Books and Binders.

THE BANNER gives each week an announcement by its publishers concerning a GRAND OPPORTUNITY of the choice of interesting works given to old subscribers for securing new ones to this paper; and also regarding a novel appliance for the preservation of the paper for the year, by the use of stout and ornamental BINDING COVERS, which is included among the OFFERINGS FOR CHOICE. We trust that our readers will give attentive perusal to the notice made; we feel that any one complying with the offer will be much pleased by the result. Try it!

"REV. MR. ALLEN AND THE WORTH OF SPIRITUALISM" is the title of a discourse delivered before the Spiritual Thought Society, of New York, by JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER—a report of which (specially prepared for our columns) will be printed next week.

LIFE WORK OF CORA L. V. RICHMOND, by Harrison D. Barrett (a press copy), has been received, and will be reviewed later. In the meantime, the friends of this well known lecturer, and Spiritualists all over the world, should secure copies of the book before the first edition is exhausted. Colby & Rich hope to have the work on sale in a few days.

Attention is called to the logical essay on "Materialization," by E. J. Bowtell, which will be found on another page; also to the outspoken letter of J. C. F. Grumbine (White Rose), which latter we copy this week from the columns of the *Christian Register*.

Charles T. Wood has a paper on "Early Education" (sixth page) which was read by himself recently before the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, at Red Men's Hall. The attention of Spiritualists who are parents is earnestly called to its practical suggestions.

President Barrett, National Spiritualist Association, has an announcement of his intended labors for January at St. Louis, Mo., and vicinity, etc., on eighth page. His good wishes for THE BANNER are cordially reciprocated.

W. J. Colville's Work.

W. J. Colville lectured in North Abington, Mass., on Monday evenings, Jan. 7 and 14, in Cleverly Hall, to deeply interested audiences.

He will speak in Lowell, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 20, at 7 P. M., in Exchange Hall. His work in New York and Brooklyn re-commences in Union Square Hall, New York, Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 3 P. M., and in Singleton Hall, 118 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 3 and 8 P. M.

Lectures, etc., may be addressed care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, or 32 West Twelfth Street, New York. Commencing with Monday next, Jan. 21, W. J. Colville will deliver a course of six Monday evening lectures in the lower audience room of the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, at eight o'clock, on "The Theory and Practice of Occultism." Subject next Monday, Jan. 22, "What Do We Know of the Masters?" All seats free. Collectors at all services.

W. J. Colville lectures on "The Divine Science of Health and How to Demonstrate It," at 18 Huntington Avenue, every Monday, at 2:30 P. M.

Benefit by Mrs. Twing.

As will be seen by a notice under "Meetings in Boston," Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, a noble woman and a grand medium, will give a complimentary benefit to the Ladies' Aid Society, at its hall, 1031 Washington street, on Friday evening, Jan. 18.

ALBERT A. WHITNEY, born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1821, a resident of Battle Creek, Mich., for forty years—and in Chicago for three years—passed to the Life Beyond Jan. 7, his last hours on earth serene, sustained by an unflinching trust, and cheered by the loving presence of a wife, a daughter and a son. He was a veteran Spiritualist, brave and true, tender and loving, holding fast to his own faith, and respectful of the honest faith of others—a man strong and steadfast, held in high respect and loved sincerely by all who knew him. A large audience of citizens and of Masons attended the funeral at the Independent Congregational Church in Battle Creek Jan. 10. Giles B. Stebbins spoke at the church, and the Masonic services were held at the cemetery, where the body was brought from Chicago for interment.

Dr. Ellen Goodell Smith of Pansy Park, Dwight, Mass., points to the danger of tuberculosis spreading among cattle, by means of the silo, the *Hampshire Gazette* voicing her views in an extended article. Too limited space for the cattle, dampness, putrefaction of ensilage, uncleanness of stables and barns, impure water and bad air contribute to the spread of the dread disease, just as they would to the destruction of human beings. Dr. Smith's paper is pointed, readable, and should command attention throughout the agricultural world. Lack of space precludes the publication of the entire article.

Mrs. Abbie K. M. Heath, whose advertisement appears in our paper, has long been favorably known as a reliable clairvoyant, a powerful healer, and an excellent public test medium. More than two years ago—while occupying an office in THE BANNER building, and conducting public meetings on Sundays in Dwight Hall—while on her way to one of those meetings she was thrown from an electric car, and seriously injured, not having been able since to do any public work. She has now recovered sufficiently to resume her private practice; all who desire written communications can correspond with her as per card.

The tributes to Dr. George S. Bronson of St. Albans, Vt., by his personal friends, G. W. Fowler and Dr. George A. Fuller, cannot fail of meeting with a response in the hearts of those who knew our arisen brother, either as a good husband and father, a kind neighbor, an upright citizen, or a benevolent friend. He gave of his substance to the needy, cured the sick, was helpful always to his fellowmen, and, finally, forfeited his life in their service.

A testimonial benefit will be given to E. J. Bowtell, Spiritualist lecturer, at Elysian Hall, 820 Washington street, Boston, Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, 1895. We trust the friends will show their appreciation of this true-hearted worker for Spiritualism, whose services have been always freely given, without price, to all who asked. A fine entertainment, music, singing, recitations, etc., may be expected. Many of the best mediums in the city are, we are informed, pledged to be present on this occasion. Tickets fifteen cents.

WM. STURGIS, one of the oldest of New York's merchants, a firm and earnest Spiritualist, for many years a reader of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, and a correspondent thereof, passed to the higher life from his home in that city on the morning of Thursday, Jan. 10, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. Since 1861 Mr. Sturgis had retired from the active participation in business. His spirit at last passed peacefully away; and he saw a broader mid-day dawn on the Other Shore.

Edwin Wilder of Hingham, once President of the former Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association, has been united to learn, been a stricken invalid for the past year. He is now improving in health, and made us a visit last week as an ocular demonstration of the fact. We wish the spiritualistic veteran renewed strength, and the upbuilding offices of hope that come in its train.

Mrs. S. B. Johnson has an advertisement on our fifth page, to which attention is called. We are informed that this lady is a teacher of occultism, a good clairvoyant, etc., and deserves well of the public.

Contrary to his expectations, Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler is to remain in Boston for a while longer, much to the gratification of his many friends. He can be visited at 581 Tremont street.

Passed On.

L. Macchyneth writes: "Miss Roxalana L. Grosvenor passed into spirit-life Wednesday morning, Jan. 8, between the early hours of 12 and 1. She was the most beautiful character I have known, and I can conceive of nothing so human or angelic life more consecrated and sanctified than she. I am richly indebted that I have known her. Death has lost its terrors for me since she has passed through it and awaits me on the other side."

She was buried from the First Spiritual Temple, corner of Essex and Newbury streets, Friday morning, Jan. 11, at 11 o'clock.

[An article in memory of Miss Grosvenor, and reporting the funeral exercises, etc., will appear next week.—Ed.]

Mrs. A. B. Severance of White Water, Wis., has for many years occupied a place in the very front rank of psychometrists and clairvoyants in the United States—and her reputation for excellence and trustworthiness in her special gifts is not confined to this country, by any means. She has a card on our seventh page, to which the public attention is called.

THE OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY (office and factory at Chicopee Falls, Mass., branch houses in Boston, Mass., and elsewhere) has gotten up a fine pad-calendar for 1895, handsomely fitted for office use, a specimen of which will be sent to any party forwarding 10 cents, and addressing the firm at Chicopee.

W. L. Jack, M. D., of Springfield, Mass., wishes to notify his patrons and patients that to insure a reply to their inquiries, all letters must positively have a two-cent stamp enclosed.

Verification of Spirit Messages.

IN THE BANNER for June 9, 1894, is a communication (through Mrs. B. F. Smith's mediumship) from Dr. LELAND S. GRAVES. He resided near to me in Claremont; I was personally acquainted with him. His wife's name was Caroline—she passed to the spirit-world before him. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and too set to be "a frequenter of other churches." Mrs. S. M. CHELLIS.

Claremont, N. H., Jan. 3, 1895.

I read with great joy the message given in THE BANNER, Dec. 29, (through Mrs. B. F. Smith's mediumship) from my dear mother, ALVIRA ROBERTS, which I fully recognize. I have been a great believer in spirit-communication, and this will strengthen my belief. I hope the good work may ever continue.

WEST ROBERTS.

Gaysville, Windsor Co., Vt., Dec. 29, 1894.

We wish to acknowledge the communication given in the Banner of Light Message Department, and published Dec. 8, 1894, from Mrs. JOHN M. WILSON of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wilson was a near and intimate friend of ours for the last thirty years; every word in that message is true to the letter as to herself and mediumship while here. She was a splendid medium in every way—clairaudient, healing, prophesying, etc. Hundreds could testify to benefit derived from her healing powers, and prescriptions given. It is five years or more since she passed away. Her husband also entered spirit-life three years since, leaving two grown-up daughters, settled in Philadelphia.

J. & M. SHUMWAY, 1426 Bowden street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 27, 1894.

Dr. C. E. Watkins's

New Home and Field of Labor.

We understand that Dr. Watkins starts for San Diego, Cal., February 8, 1895. Dr. J. M. Peebles and Dr. Watkins will open a large "Health Home," and hereafter continue the practice together. Dr. Watkins has often said that he did not believe that any physician could cure more patients of chronic disease than himself and his guides, unless Dr. Peebles were the man; and now they are to work together as one for the good of the thousands of sick. Dr. C. E. Watkins stands to-day, without doubt, as one of our most marvelous of spiritual workers; he is one of the best independent slate-writers in the world, and a most reliable medium. As a physician, his cures prove that he is without a peer, unless Dr. Peebles is considered. Dr. Watkins will be missed from the East, but we can recommend him to the people of California as a true Spiritualist, a warm and true friend of all honest mediums, and a man who, by honest dealings and hard work, has accumulated some of the wealth of the world. In business he is a successful man; in fact, he stands to-day as a living example of what a spiritual medium can do. Like hundreds of other sensitives, he has in his early days of medial labor had his trials and struggles; but he has rounded out into a manly man, whom it gives us pleasure to call our friend. We wish him and our old friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, the best of success in their work on the Pacific Coast.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The month of December was so broken that I felt almost like a homeless wanderer, though the effect was somewhat lessened by the kind treatment I received nearly everywhere.

After a few days in New Bedford, and a week in the beautiful residence of a lady in Providence, whose acquaintance I had formed through our common interest in our "longer brothers and sisters," who cannot speak for themselves, I made a happy little visit in Abington with that faithful friend of Spiritualism, Mrs. Mary A. Stanley, speaking in that town three times, and pleasantly heralded there by the newspapers as the "missionary of liberalism."

My next move was to Boston, and it was with no ordinary emotion that I visited this city, which I am inclined to call, for a number of reasons, "the Mecca of Spiritualism." On my way into the metropolis I met a little side-street, and finding the building consecrated by there being published there the oldest Spiritualist paper in the world, "the dear old BANNER OF LIGHT," my only regret was that I could not have made my first visit before Luther Colby had passed to the more spiritual mode of existence.

That fact, familiar to me through the photograph eagerly purchased by me just after finding out that Spiritualism is true, can now be seen in Bowdoin street only by clairvoyant vision. But the work he did so well, and carried on so heroically and bravely, and as long as the planet retains its physical status.

Though not a week in Boston, the friends I met will not be forgotten, nor the kindly reception from the Ladies' Industrial Society, the First Ladies' Aid Society, Berkeley Hall, and the First Spiritual Temple. It was a great pleasure to meet Mrs. Lillie's royal heart, during her short turlough from her great work in Cincinnati.

The last Sunday in the old year was devoted to Melrose Highlands and Malden, and my temporary home was with Mr. and Mrs. D. Evans Caswell, in the former place, where I met high spiritual influences, that were very helpful to me in my work.

In Melrose Highlands the theme was, "Shall We Know Each Other There?" The glorious fact of personal recognition beyond the grave was put upon a scientific basis, and tears on many faces attested to the earnestness awakened in our hearts by the anticipation of meeting our loved ones by-and-by—not as uncanny ghosts, not as denuded souls, but as truly, as really, as naturally as when we dwell together in the earth-life.

In the evening a very large audience greeted us in Malden, many of whom were church-people, drawn to the hall because they were to hear the daughter of the missionary whose tablet decks the walls of the First Baptist Church in Malden, where he was born in 1788. I read them the letter I was inspired to write, and which was read at the centennial in 1888, and widely printed in the Baptist newspapers, the readers never dreaming then that it was written by a Spiritualist.

This letter is printed in the introduction of "Why She Became a Spiritualist." The subject of the address was, "The True Nature of Spiritualism." One Baptist doctor of divinity who was present has since written me that he has no prejudice against my kind of Spiritualism, though he differs from my view of Jesus, and that if all kinds of Spiritualism used my methods it would advance with wonderful rapidity.

I will add to what he said that as he receives more and more of my kind of Spiritualism, every old dogma

of a personal God, embodied in a Jesus, will drop away from him, and leave him wholly untrammelled—a free soul, ranging in infinite space, and progressing, just so far as he adapts himself to the movements of infinite soul, expressed to our comprehension by natural law. As to my "method," those familiar with it will know that it consists not so much in lighting the old errors as in filling the heart and soul so full of light and truth, that the errors are gradually pushed out by the new truth; just as the temporary teeth gradually give way as their place is taken by the new, permanent ones. What would we think of a dentist who fastened the screaming, struggling child of six years in his chair, and brutally tore out all his first teeth before the others had come? Natural growth, normal development, in what is needed.

Besides the Sunday's work, I gave a lesson on development in each place, that was enthusiastically received by those who crowded the parlors of Mrs. Caswell and Mrs. Butman.

A delightful personal feature was taking tea at the house of Mrs. Wilson, who owns the parlors where my father was born. Built more than two hundred years ago for Rev. Joseph Emerson, great-grandfather years ago for Rev. Joseph Emerson, great-grandfather years ago for Rev. Joseph Emerson, thousands of memories cluster around it, the most touching to me being that there my father was born, and that his floors responded to the patter of his little active feet till he was four and a half years old.

I cannot close this letter without, adhering to the grand work carried on in Melrose Highlands by Dr. Evans Caswell and his devoted wife, during the last and the present season. Beginning in their home, the crowds came so thickly that a few loyal souls pay the rent of Rogers Hall and the music, Mr. Caswell's inspired lectures, and active and noble work, being freely bestowed without pecuniary remuneration. Last week he gave all the lectures; and this winter he gives perhaps half, and is aided by such talent as Rabbi Schneider on "Nationalism"; Prof. Frank Parsons of the Law University on "Corruption in Politics, and its Cure"; Abby Morton Diaz on "The Family, as Related to the Individual and the State"; and Judge Pettigill of Malden on "Abraham Lincoln."

The meetings will continue till May 1, and Mr. Caswell will probably present them speakers who will treat of Cremation, Vegetarianism, and the Kindly Treatment of Animals. His object is to broaden and liberalize the community; and his intrepid work, as well as his genial spiritual nature, have greatly endeared him to his fellow-citizens.

I am spending the month of January in Lynn, hard at work for the First Association of Spiritualists in Cadet Hall, and am hospitably entertained at the home of its President, Mr. James Kelly. I will give a full account of the work here at a later date.

My general address is always Cincinnati, Ohio, and letters and orders are forwarded to me punctually wherever I may be.

ABBY A. JUDSON.

"The Mortal has put on the Immortal."

A funeral address delivered as a tribute to the memory of Mr. RICHARD PARKINSON, of Paterson, N. J., Jan. 9, 1895.

BY JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

"We are assembled here this day to recognize the passing on to a higher sphere of activity of Richard Parkinson, our neighbor and our friend. He has for many years been among you, and you know him, his life, motives and works, through long association, better than any words of ours can possibly express, and it is not for voicing words of eulogy or criticism that we are here, but rather to express, as he has many times done, his knowledge of the purposes of life, and its ultimate destiny."

He was, as you all know, an earnest and devout Spiritualist. Amidst the work and worry of life he found time to look into the Beyond, and to solve the mystery of that silence that shrouds us all when the spirit takes its upward flight. And through the intimations he received from time to time he began to recognize that world and those who dwell therein as actual realities.

The heaven of the Christian became to him the abiding place of those who had lived on earth, blessed by higher impulses, nobler aspirations and diviner purposes. Thus every day became holy, every deed sanctified by the presence of the unseen, and every thought even a possible reflection from higher powers. We may not agree in our peculiar interpretations of religion, may differ as to the conditions of its attainment and the law of progress after death, but we are all touched by the same affections, moved by the same sympathies, and at times like this turn our minds most earnestly toward any source that can dispel the shadows and cast even a ray of light over our pathway.

Spiritualism teaches that the body is but the house in which the spirit lives for a few brief years to outward purposes that shall strengthen and uplift; that death is a recognition that the desired end has been attained; that chemical and physical attractions have; even before the higher demands of the spiritual world, and that now the spirit has left its tenement of clay to enter in upon a fuller comprehension of life's purposes.

That this same spirit retains full consciousness of all that has been, and can under right conditions still move through the old scenes of its earthly life, look upon those with whom it has lived, joy in your joy, sorrow in your sorrow.

That mediumship in the open doorway between the two worlds, over whose threshold the ascended souls cross with noiseless footsteps to mingle again and again with those who are yet treading the earthly pathway.

That love is the one eternal and immortal principle of life, and that where the treasure is there the heart is also; thus, as love is the fulcrum of the law, the treasures being on earth the heart still seeks its own, and perforce is ever attracted to its own wherever they may be.

That creeds, rituals and forms of belief count for nothing, but that life, effort and endeavor are the all-important factors in the scheme of existence. That here is the source, there in the great Beyond the reaping; here the end, there the result; here the laying the foundation, there the glorious up-building of the temple.

Such was the religion of our friend, which sustained him on earth, and made his passage from this to the other life as smooth and placid as a summer's sea. His dear wife—the companion of many years—and his two children, will fully understand that their loss is not a husband and father; that he has gone to the brighter country, there to make a home for them, and while they wait for the call to join him, he will be able by frequent visitations and constant communion to strengthen them in the performance of life's unfulfilled duties, and their neighbors, friends and associates, must not feel that he is out of their sight; "the same busy life that held him in the past holds him still, and when you are assembled together your old companion and friend will be in your midst; he has simply dropped the mortal for the immortal, the physical for the spiritual, the earthly for the heavenly; and what you need is the long consoling to earth, over which the snow now lies, the joy of heaven, the last tear is shed, you will find him waiting upon those eternal shores, radiant and the joy of heaven, bidding you all welcome to the life, and not made with hands, whose light and joy and glory are one with God himself."

During the entire service the closest attention was paid to the address, which was delivered with that intensely sympathetic oratory which so distinguishes the efforts of this speaker. Few had ever heard a Spiritualist before, but it was the unanimous verdict that if

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the
**Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS**
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkali or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in the manufacture of our pure and delicious BREAKFAST COCOA. It is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.
Jan. 10. cowly

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—George H. Green, Secretary, writes: Miss Abby A. Judson again occupied the platform, much to the satisfaction of two large audiences.

At 2:30 P. M. she took for her subject, "What Is God?" Disclaiming all thought of a personality, as represented by a Buddha, a Brahma, a Hebrew Jehovah, or a Jesus, she said God is simply infinite life working from lower to higher, and promotes the advancement of its offspring. Furthermore, that "John was right when he declared God to be love."

In the evening her theme was, "There Is No Death." She showed clearly that it is only the garment that perishes; that real life or personality continues. Her recitals of clairvoyant experiences, and the transition of individuals to spirit-life, were thrilling, and made strong impressions on the audience.

Miss Judson will continue with us the remainder of this month.

Brother Kelly led the singing, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly rendered a duet.

Mrs. E. D. Merrill, Conductor, writes: The Lyceum session was held in Providence hall Sunday, the 13th, and was fairly well attended. The lesson was of deep interest to all.

Recitations were given by Charlie Woudy, Bertie Metzger and Flossie Merrill; Miss Amy Adams sang "Only Me" very prettily. Readings by Miss Mariana Estes, Mrs. Annie Whitler and Mrs. E. D. Merrill, were followed by remarks by Messrs. Woudy, Furbush and Fernald.

Lecturers visiting Lynn are invited to take an interest in our Lyceum. We are only too glad to welcome all who have the Cause at heart.

Salem.—Mrs. G. R. Knowles, Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Jan. 13, Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth, the well-known platform test medium, was our speaker. Mr. Stiles prefaced his séances with invocations and well-chosen remarks.

In the afternoon his subject was "The Mission of Death," coupled with the words "To die is gain."

Mr. Stiles paid a warm tribute of love and respect to our ardent brother, Edwin A. Hall, who departed this life very suddenly a few weeks ago.

In the evening, after a short discourse, Mr. Stiles gave two hundred and twelve names of people who have passed to spirit-life. Altogether, afternoon and evening, he gave two hundred and fifty names, most of them being recognized.

Jan. 6 we had Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Worcester, who gave two fine discourses. We consider Dr. Fuller one of the finest lecturers we have on the spiritualistic platform.

Our singing both Sundays was excellent, as usual. The singing of "Shadow Land," by Miss Bailey, was exceptionally fine, and highly appreciated.

Mrs. Baker, one of our local mediums, holds a test séance every Wednesday evening at 23 Elm street.

Next Sunday, Jan. 20, our platform will be occupied by E. Andrus Titus of South Abington.

Lowell.—E. Pickup, Sec'y, writes: Our Lyceum met at noon Sunday, 13th, as usual, Miss Brainerd acting as Conductor, and Mr. A. B. Plympton presiding over the young men's debating class in connection therewith.

At 2 and 7 P. M. Dr. Drisko (Lynn) gave an eloquent and instructive lecture. After each lecture Mrs. Cutler of Philadelphia gave a number of psychometric readings, and was very successful in her clairvoyant vision.

Mr. C. F. Hill ably presided at the afternoon and evening meetings.

Prof. I. S. Jackson sang several solos.

Next Sunday, Jan. 20, Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn will give tests in the afternoon at 2 P. M. In the evening, Mr. W. J. Colville will answer questions and improvise a poem.

Marlboro.—S. L. Hard writes: The first Sunday meeting of the new organization known as the Ladies' Progressive Society was addressed, Jan. 6, by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston with great satisfaction.

The same encouraging results followed our monthly social on Thursday, Jan. 10, when Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston favored us in lecture and tests. One very marked test was that of giving the name and clear description of the manner of death of a sailor whose friends were in deep anxiety concerning his fate, and quite overhauling the one who recognized the name and circumstances.

Mrs. Hortense G. Holcomb of Springfield will be here Sunday afternoon and evening, Jan. 20.

Worcester.—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Sec'y, writes: Mrs. H. G. Holcombe of Springfield was speaker for our Society Jan. 13. She is a graceful speaker, and one who commands the close attention of her audiences.

The speaker for Jan. 20 will be Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon and evening, Jan. 18, with Mrs. Hastings, corner of Chandler street and Park Avenue.

Haverhill and Bradford.—"E. P. H." in speaking of events before the Spiritual Union last Sunday to that city, says the platform was held by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston, whose evening audience was a very large and highly gratified one.

Her inspiration awakened the most pleasing hopes to those seeking for light and consolation, and the comforting responses from the other shore were convincing, strengthening and assuring, as given in mediumship exercises.

The speaker next Sunday will be C. Fannie Allyn.

Malden.—S. E. W., Sec'y, writes: At the First Spiritual Association Sunday, Jan. 13, Mrs. E. Clark-Kimball of Lawrence occupied the platform. She gave many tests, very clear and accurate, which were readily recognized.

The meetings are well attended by people earnestly seeking the truth.

Next Sunday there will be a lecture by Solomon Schindler of Boston.

Stoughton.—Mrs. G. E. Morse, Secretary, writes: Sunday, Jan. 13, C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham occupied the platform afternoon and evening, giving two able and interesting discourses, taking subjects from the audience.

The improvised poems were especially fine.

Next Sunday, Jan. 20th, we expect to have with us Dr. W. A. Hale of Dorchester, Mass., who will speak afternoon and evening.

Lawrence.—Dr. C. A. Stevens writes: Mrs. S. B. Craddock of Concord, N. H., was with us Sunday, Jan. 13. She gave two able lectures from subjects presented by the audience, namely, "Work," and "Evolution." She also gave many tests, which were recognized.

Dr. George A. Fuller will occupy the rostrum Sunday, Jan. 20.

OHIO.

Cleveland.—T. L. writes: The Cleveland Plain-Dealer of Jan. 7 says, regarding the Children's Progressive Lyceum, "A public installation of the officers of the C. P. L. for the coming year took place yesterday morning in Welsgerber's Hall. The following are the officers installed by Mr. Thomas Lees: Conductor, B. F. Bellows; Guardian, Mrs. Carrie L. Hopkins; Secretary, Samuel Russell; Treasurer, Joseph Fischer; Musical Director, Hans Russell; Librarian, Albert Derby; Postmistress, Jennie Thayer; Watchman, Nellie Cook; Guards, Arthur Derby, Hiram Cook, Edgar Emerson, Harry Taylor; Trustees, Samuel Russell, Thomas A. Black, Arthur J. King. Mr. King, on retiring from the Conductorship, thanked the Lyceum for its support during the two years of office, and bespoke the hearty cooperation of all for his successor, Mr. Bellows."

A very pleasing incident followed, the presentation of a silk stars and stripes to the new Conductor, with a highly eulogistic and patriotic speech by Miss Lily Root, the entire Lyceum singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The installation exercises were followed by the Lyceum tendering a public reception to one of its returned members, Miss Eva Davies, now engaged professionally in Chicago, here on a three weeks' vacation.

tion. Congratulatory speeches were made by Mr. Bellows, Arthur J. King, Mrs. Hopkins, Thomas Lees, Nellie C. Thayer, Tillie H. Lee and Thomas A. Black, to all of which Miss Davies joyfully responded.

A literary and musical program, in which a trio was beautifully rendered by Misses Eva Davies, Nellie Thayer and Alice Doolittle; a piano solo by Miss Alice Engbert, and reading by two of Cleveland's most talented young ladies, Miss Mabel McClellan and Miss Lily Root.

The exercises closed with singing, and a grand march by the entire Lyceum.

Next Sunday Miss Edith Slade has volunteered to give the little ones a chaff talk, and the new Conductor announced that a series of Sunday evening Past Meetings would be inaugurated, under the auspices of the Lyceum, and continued until further notice.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington.—F. B. Woodbury, Sec'y, writes: After the recent grand convention in Massachusetts it was my privilege to attend once more a meeting of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, where I grasped all the dear old friends by the hand and went through the ordeal of endeavoring to make a speech.

After three days' hard work we departed for Washington, and arrived just in time to be present at the quarterly meeting of the board of trustees of the National Spiritualists' Association.

At this meeting much important work was accomplished, and some elegant pictures were received for our headquarters, the gifts of Brother Hill and Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader.

Sunday morning we attended the session of our Lyceum, at which the election of officers and the arranging of a program for the celebration of Thomas Paine's birthday, on the last Sunday morning of this month, were the chief topics of discussion.

After the Lyceum we listened to a fine lecture by the veteran Dr. Willis. The President, M. C. Edson, alluded to the fact that the BANNER OF LIGHT had held its forms back one day to print an almost verbatim report of the Massachusetts Convention, and in less than five minutes after the meeting closed all the copies of the BANNER at the bookstand were sold, and order issued for more.

We then departed for Baltimore, where we were received with great hospitality by the officers of the Regio-Philosophical Society, which has just made arrangements to secure a temple for the permanent home of its society and the Baltimore Spiritualists.

A regular jubilee session was then inaugurated. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Cadwallader, Maggie Gaule and your humble servant made speeches, which were interspersed with music.

The Baltimore Lyceum filed an application for a charter in the National Spiritualists' Association.

After a social dinner with the friends, we visited the Spiritual Church and were cordially received. L. V. Moulton delivered one of his brilliant lectures, which was supplemented with speeches by all our party.

The action of the BANNER in regard to the Massachusetts Convention was heartily applauded at all these gatherings.

Prof. Chapman, of Washington, a man highly respected by all who were acquainted with him, lately entered spirit-life.

Recently Edgar W. Emerson made a brief visit to the Capital City; he will return early in the spring to fill a month's engagement with the First Association.

Mrs. H. V. Ross is at present holding séances at 113 H street, N. W.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are in town at 612 E street, N. W.

Prof. Carpenter is giving his exhibitions of hypnotism before large audiences at Odd Fellows Hall, Seventh street.

Mr. F. M. Donovan has been in town for several weeks, and though quite ill part of the time gave several remarkable slate writing séances.

Prof. H. D. Barrett's address for this month is St. Louis, Mo., 2839 Olive street.

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

Edgar W. Emerson will be in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Jan. 20, 27; Danversville, Conn., Jan. 23; Watertown, N. Y., Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24; Potsdam, N. Y., Feb. 20, 27; New York City, March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; Washington, D. C., April 7, 14, 21, 28.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter concluded, Sunday, Jan. 13, a successful course of lectures in Meriden, Ct. He will occupy the desk of the Norwich Society, Ct., the remaining Sundays of this month. Mr. Baxter's fields of labor during last week were Lakewood, N. J., and Meriden, Ct.; this week he is lecturing in South Deerfield and Greenfield; Sundays of February will find him in Berkeley Hall, Boston.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, of Boston, called on us one day last week, and reported matters spiritualistic to be harmoniously and successfully proceeding, as far as herself was concerned. She spoke in Haverhill, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 13, and is ready for engagements wherever her services are desired.

Mrs. E. Cutler has returned North from Trenton, N. J., where she spoke during December—and located in Lowell, Mass.; she speaks for the local society there Feb. 3. She will answer calls to speak and give platform tests wherever her services are desired. Address her 13 Tyler street, Tyler House, Lowell, Mass.

Lyman C. Howe can be addressed at Hotel Plunkett, Philadelphia, Pa., until Jan. 27. He is open for engagements after January. Permanent address, Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. Julia E. Davis, inspirational speaker and platform test medium, has a few open dates, and would be glad to correspond with secretaries of spiritual societies with regard to engagements. Address 14 Portsmouth street, Cambridge.

F. Alexis Heath, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, has open dates. Will accept calls wherever his services are desired. Address 83 School street, Egleston Square, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Mary L. Goodrich, platform trance test medium, accompanied by Master Sammie, the twelve-year-old boy medium, would like to correspond with societies for engagements for the season of 1895; terms reasonable. Address 44 Brown street, Portland, Me.

A Public Letter from Dr. C. E. Watkins.

To My Patients in New England:

It is true that on March 1st I shall open an office in San Diego, Cal., with Dr. J. M. Peebles. I shall continue to treat my present patients at the same price they are now paying me. Your medicine will be prepared by me and shipped in bulk to my office at Ayer, Mass., from which place it will be packed in boxes and forwarded to you just the same as heretofore—and thus the express charges will be no more.

My laboratory at Ayer is in charge of my brother, who has always put up my medicines after they were made in bulk by myself. It is needless for me to say that each case will receive the same care and personal attention it has always received. Besides all I gain by being associated with Dr. Peebles, you also gain. There is no physician in the world to-day who has so thorough a knowledge of chronic diseases and how to cure the same as Dr. J. M. Peebles; and he no doubt will be of great benefit to me and to you. Although I have the fullest confidence in my guides' ability to cure you, still I myself can only do about so much work.

Dr. Peebles is a man whom my guides endorse, so there will be perfect harmony between them. As far as I can say myself in reference to their choice, there is no one that I have so high a respect and love for as Dr. Peebles; I might say I have known and loved him as a father from childhood to the present time.

It is well known that for years I have been more or less connected in a professional way with some of the best physicians of the day in the diagnosing of disease before I myself graduated in medicine; and I yet have to meet the equal of Dr. Peebles as a physician and as a man. I desire to say to others who are sick, that all who come under my treatment before March 1st will be taken at the same price per month as I have been accustomed to charge.

I write this letter and make it public, as in getting ready for the change, I have no time to answer the many questions as my regular patients and office workers must be attended to; so please remember your medicine will cost you no more—nor the express charges—and all who may become my patients between now and March 1st will be taken at my regular rates per month.

DR. C. E. WATKINS.
Ayer, Mass., Rox 491.

To Correspondents.

S. S. ALBANY, N. Y.—We understand that Phillips Brooks was a nephew of Wendell Phillips, and was given his Christian name by reason of his mother being of the well-known Phillips family, and a sister of Wendell Phillips.

R. B. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Space falling in this issue, your article will appear next week.

For Over Fifty Years

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

To Correspondents.

S. S. ALBANY, N. Y.—We understand that Phillips Brooks was a nephew of Wendell Phillips, and was given his Christian name by reason of his mother being of the well-known Phillips family, and a sister of Wendell Phillips.

R. B. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Space falling in this issue, your article will appear next week.

For Over Fifty Years

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

To Correspondents.

S. S. ALBANY, N. Y.—We understand that Phillips Brooks was a nephew of Wendell Phillips, and was given his Christian name by reason of his mother being of the well-known Phillips family, and a sister of Wendell Phillips.

R. B. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Space falling in this issue, your article will appear next week.



Mrs. J. G. Clark

Fainting Spells

Caused by heart failure, sleeplessness and that dreadful tired feeling, and piles, made my life misery. Captain Clark urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has built up my whole system. The piles are gone and I am able to work hard and sleep soundly at night. I shall ever praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. J. G. CLARK, Ash Point, Maine. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. Try a box. 25c.



NATIONAL Spiritualists' Association Headquarters,

600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

OFFICE and Library open daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., also Thursday Evening. Spiritualists invited to call. Copies of Convention Reports for '94 and '95 for sale—25 cents each; also Mrs. Matteson's Occult Physician (donated to N. S. A.) \$2.00 each. Wanted—address of all mediums and their phase of mediumship; also name and location of every Society and Lyceum with addresses of Presidents and Secretaries of same. Donations of books for the N. S. A. Library are respectfully solicited.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Secretary.

Mary T. Longley, M. D.,

DIAGNOSES and prescribes for all forms of disease—chronic cases specialty. By mail or at her office. State agents for all symptoms. Psychometric readings. Consultation free. Fee, \$1.00. 66 Synner St., Dorchester, Boston, Mass. Jan. 19.

"Occultism."

MRS. S. B. JOHNSON, Illuminated Clairvoyant and Teacher, gives private instruction for the development of Mediumship; also organizes classes in towns adjacent to Boston. Lessons by correspondence. 319 Shawmut Avenue. Jan. 19.

Mrs. F. Stratton,

BUSINESS and Test Medium, 33 Clarendon street, Boston. Circles Wednesdays and Saturdays. Jan. 19.

WILL MRS. JOHNSON, formerly of 1004 Washington street, 31 Common street and 11 Paul street, Boston, send her address to care of F. G. TUTTLE, BANNER OF LIGHT. Jan. 19.

Adelaide E. Crane,

TRANCE and Independent Writing Medium. Circles Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, at 8. Developing Circle Sundays, at 11 A. M. 413 Shawmut Ave., Boston. Jan. 19.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler

Is still at 587 Tremont street, Boston, for Independent Slate-Writing daily. 19* Jan. 19.

DR. CARPENTER, Eclectic and Magnetist.

Consultation free. 80 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 19. 19*

New and Enlarged Edition.

Price Reduced.

The Spiritual Wreath,

A NEW COLLECTION OF WORDS AND MUSIC FOR THE

Choir, Congregation and Social Circle.

BY S. W. TUCKER.

CONTENTS:
Angels, Come to Me. Shall We Know Each Other There?
The Happy By-and-Bye. The Son's Death.
The Angel of His Presence. There Is No Death.
The Soling Love. The Better Land.
The Music of Our Hearts. The Freeman's Hymn.
The Yarned. They Will Meet Us on the Shore.
The Eden Above. The Other Side.
I'm Called to the Better Land. Will You Meet Me Over There?
I Thank Thee, oh, Father. Who Will Guide My Spirit?
My Spirit Home. Whisper Us of Spirit-Life.
Nearer Home. Waiting On This Shore.
Happy Thoughts. Waiting 'Mid the Shadows.
Reconciliation. Welcome Home.
Repose. Welcome Angels.
She Has Crossed the River. Strike Day Hays.
Some Year of Days.

NEW PIECES.

Rest on the Evergreen Shore. Ready to Go. Sweet Rest at Home. They're Calling Us over the Sea. We'll Know Each Other There.
We'll Meet Them By-and-Bye. Will Bloom Again. When Earthly Labors Close. Leathertide cover. Price: Single copies, 20 cents; per dozen, \$2.00; 50 copies, \$7.00; 100 copies, \$13.00. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. Ja. 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, Easton Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

READ THIS! THEN ACT.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY Never Before Offered

Of securing, ABSOLUTELY FREE, your choice from our Extensive Collection of works treating on the

Spiritual Philosophy,
Astrology,
Theosophy,
Mesmerism,
Psychology,
Hygiene,
And kindred subjects.

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.

This is a grand opportunity, never before offered, of securing absolutely your own choice of books or pamphlets without making any cash expenditure, and should be eagerly taken advantage of.

Florida Camp-Meeting.

THE "Southern Cassidaga" Camp-Meeting at Lake Helen, Florida, will open Feb. 16th, 1895, continuing at least four weeks.

First-class Mediums and Speakers will be employed, and an entertaining program furnished. A Lodging House, pleasantly located, is being erected upon the grounds, with comfortable rooms and good beds, at from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per week. Rooms with privilege of light housekeeping at reasonable prices. Meals 25 to 35 cents. Reduced rates for board by week or month.

Ground for tents free. Lake Helen is situated on the A. and W. Div. of the J. St. A. and L. R. Ry., commonly known as the East Coast Line. Close connections are made at Orange City Junction, with trains on the J. T. and K. W. Ry. line, which gives passengers a choice of routes from Jacksonville to Lake Helen.

Parties desiring to attend, and wishing information regarding accommodations, etc., are requested to address the Corresponding Secretary, FRANK J. HUFF, Drawer 1, Lake Helen, Fla. GEO. W. LEWTON, Pres. 2w Jan. 19.

Develop for Slate-Writing.

SEND Ten Cents in silver and a stamp and get my 9-page S Pamphlet giving instructions for the development in your own home of Independent Slate-Writing and the best means for obtaining successful results in a brief time. Address, for prompt response, PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER, Lily Dale, Chautauque Co., N. Y. 19* Jan. 19.

NOW READY.

THE LIFE-WORK

OF

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

PROF. H. D. BARRETT,

(PRESIDENT N. S. A.)

Comprises an amount of valuable spiritualistic reading that cannot be estimated. Not only is it a complete statement of the public work of Mrs. Richmond from childhood, but it is also, in a condensed form, the history of Modern Spiritualism. Professor Barrett has spared no research in collecting his facts and data, and has recorded the work of this chosen instrument of the spirit-world from her earliest commencement as a child-speaker.

The files of the spiritualistic and secular press have been placed at his disposal, and every item bearing upon his subject has been carefully gleaned by the author. From piles of letters that have generously poured in from every hand Mr. Barrett has culled those best calculated to forward his work, and has made a general digest of the others.

No home or library of Spiritualists will be complete without this book.

OUTLINE OF CONTENTS.

Parentage; Place of Birth; Childhood; School Experiences; First Mediumistic Work; Letters and Statements from Relatives and Friends.

Hopedale, Mr. Scott in Massachusetts; Removal to Wisconsin; The Ballou Family; Adin Ballou's Work; Work of Spirit Adin Augustus Ballou.

Outline.

Other Controls; The Guides.

Work in Cuba, N. Y.; Buffalo Pastorate; Workers in Buffalo; Thomas Gales Forster; Sarah Brooks; Horace H. Day; Removal to New York City, 1886; Philadelphia; Boston; Baltimore.

NEW YORK CITY CONTINUED.
Prof. J. J. Maps; Hon. J. W. Edwards; Dr. Gray; New York Editors and Clergy; Other Places in the East; Meadville, Pa., 1884; Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Washington, D. C.; Reconstruction; Senator J. M. Howard; George W. Julian; Gen. N. P. Banks; Nellie Colburn Maynard.

England; Robert Dale Owen; George Thompson; Countess of Cathness; Mrs. Strawberry; Mr. and Mrs. Tebb; Mrs. Nosworthy, et al.

Work in England Continued.

California Work; Other Visitors.

Chicago Work, 1878 to 1880; First Society Chartered, 1880.

Camp-Meeting Work; Cassadaga; Lake Pleasant; Onset Bay; Lake Brady, etc., etc.

Literary Work; Hesperia; Volumes of Discourses and Lectures; Psychopathy; Soul Teachings; Poems; Other Literary Work.

Literary Work Continued; Lecture on Gyroscopes, 1886; The Shadow of a Great Rock in the West, 1889; Heaven's Greeting to Columbia (poem); Other Selections in Prose and Verse; Work of William Richmond.

Letters from Personal Friends; Appreciation of the Work. Mrs. Richmond's Experiences while in the Trance State, never before given to the Public, written by herself.

PLATES.
Three Portraits of Mrs. Richmond—in 1877, in 1878 and in 1884.
Bound in cloth, pp. 729; price \$2.00.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

A Complete Stock

OF Works on Hypnotism

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of such 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 of publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so to speak, 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 Séance held Nov. 23, 1894—Continued from last issue.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Linetta Holt.

[To the Chairman:] You did n't know I was here—you did n't know I was comin', did you, sir? [I thought a little girl might come.] Do you want to know my name? [Yes; what is it?] Linetta Holt, and I lived in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

I want you to tell the people that my teacher is Mrs. Almira Pike. [Did you know her here?] No, sir.

My throat hurts a little. That's 'cause I had the scarlet fever when I went away. I was only four years old then; Gran'ma Holt says I'll be eight next time. I don't 'member much about livin' here.

I want you, please, to tell Uncle Jimmy I'm takin' lessons on the piano.

My gran'ma and my mamma live where I do. She was Elizabeth, but I'm Linetta. She went away 'cause she had some trouble with her stomach. There's always something, is n't there? [Yes.]

We sing nice in our school. There's eleven of us, an' we have nice times.

Ethel Grant is here. She's another little girl. She says she lived in Chelsea, Mass. Ida Pitman comes here, too; she's another little girl; she's been here before, she says, but not to talk.

Henry Revett.

I gladly made way for the sweet little child who has just spoken, for it is a pleasure to watch them as they personate themselves so perfectly in their own innocent way.

As I am interested in the subject of materialization, I desire to touch upon it on the present occasion. I have in memory no happier hour than that in which Lizzie and myself materialized at the very séance in which Theodore Wray manifested, who spoke to you a short time since. My father was called from the audience on to the platform, and conversed with us the same as though we were still in our mortal forms. We were indeed fortunate in having our father present to claim us, and he was glad and happy to greet his children in that crowded hall. Dr. Ewer of Washington and Dr. Stevens were both present, and materialized most satisfactorily. I can say before heaven that Mrs. Williams is a true medium, with fine spiritual powers.

Lizzie is here with me to-day.

I am Henry Revett of New York City.

Mr. Chairman, I wish mortals could realize how we spirits appreciate the kindness of those mortals who have provided this means of communicating with our friends. Many spirits come here and send messages to their friends that arouse their interest sufficiently in these things to cause them to seek to investigate the claims of Spiritualism when they could not be reached in any other way. I am happy to say that my people gratefully accept its truths.

I wish to make the statement that spirits are trying in every possible way to make the phase of materialization more and more perfect. If the master, Jesus, materialized after the crucifixion, and was seen by his disciples, why may not other spirits in the nineteenth century use the same process to manifest their presence to their friends? But there is no account, in the records of those spirit demonstrations, of medium-grabbing.

I would say to investigators, Be honest in your investigations, knowing you are dealing with holy subjects. Sometime you will pass through the portal termed death, and there may then be some loved one on earth left desolate by your departure, whose aching heart you will long unutterably to comfort. You will then rejoice with exceeding great joy, even as we do to-day, that there is a way by which you may return bearing consolation and hope to the beloved ones of your household, and, like us at this hour, you will praise God for the boon of spirit-communication, for he is no respecter of persons, and all are permitted to come. Then, dear mortals, meet us half way when we try so hard to make our presence known, and we will never cease in our efforts until the doorways of communication are multiplied, so that all who will may receive the light and knowledge the spirit-world has to bestow.

Milo S. Ives.

[To the Chairman:] I speak to-day with the

hope that some one upon the material plane may gain one spark of information thereby concerning the life to come. We know we live; but that is not all—we are active, intelligent entities.

When in mortal life I knew nothing of what lay beyond the vale of death, but hoped within my spirit that I should gain what was called heaven. I have gained the heaven my life built—my mansion in the skies. But, sir, I find that though a home is presented to us when we reach the spirit-land we are obliged to furnish it ourselves, and if we are not satisfied with the furnishings we have provided by the lives we have led on earth, we can, through progression, refurnish it as we desire. This is very different from what I was taught when on earth, for then I was told there was no progression beyond the grave. I find it all progression.

In Willimantic and New London, Conn., which are not so very far away from good old Boston, I was well known, but was not known as a Spiritualist, as you will readily understand by what I have just said.

I really cannot tell you what my belief was. I had a hope that after the turmoil, the disappointments and discouragements of earth we should reach some kind of a heaven—a place free from all the troubles of this life.

The statement is often made that we shall be done with time when we cross the river of death, but I would assert that we are never done with time. When we are done with material labor we are not done with material affairs. Our friends and their interests, as well as old occupations, attract us frequently to the earth-plane, as they do me to-day.

My name is Milo S. Ives. When in the mortal I visited Boston many, many times. I have reported here before; but still the attraction brings me again.

I am grateful, Mr. Chairman, for the privilege of speaking here to-day, and trust my message will meet the eye of some one who will be interested to know I have returned to communicate in this way.

Charlotte Worthen.

I have been greatly interested in watching the people gathered here, among them so many anxious to make themselves known. The thought never before presented itself to my mind to come here and send a message, but as I was urged, not by mortals but by immortals, to speak, that perhaps my words might have some weight or bearing upon some one, and, yes, perhaps, upon my children, I gladly accept the invitation of the Spirit President of these circles.

Martha stands beside me, and Harry is here, too. Children, your father Harry is with me. I so much desire that you should all know we can communicate with you. We send you loving greetings, and we know you do not forget father and mother.

Yes, Adelaide, little Arthur, not little now as he was when he passed on, but grown to manhood in spirit-life, asks to be remembered to mother.

Uncle Richard comes forward and says, "Charlotte, don't forget me, for Charles would like to know I am here." I also would say, "Charles, if you find fraud in one place it does not prove but what there are genuine materializations, etherizations and transfigurations; we know there are all three. Hold fast to the truth as it has been presented to you—not by hearsay, not by what others may say, but hold fast to that which has been presented to you, and which your own judgment and reason permits you to accept."

Martha wishes to be remembered to you, Charles, Jennie, Annie—all of you.

Eddy, I am pleased to see you in the halls sometimes attending the meetings, and I wish I might see Nellie and the rest of you there. It is well to learn all you can while here of the life to come.

Not one particle of the love I bore my children have I lost.

Frank, fear not; we come not to make you afraid, but because our love draws us to you.

Not a day passes but what I am with you, dear children. Sometimes my visit is of short duration; sometimes I remain long. When the time shall come for you to lay off the garment of flesh, mother will come to open the gate for you. Your father also sends loving words to you.

My friends in Lynn, Mass., will learn of my coming through Charles, for they are often together.

I am thankful to say that Charlotte Worthen was asked to send a few words to the children, for some of them are just beginning to become interested in regard to the other life. Some are timid and hold back a little, but in time all will have the desire to seek and know the truth.

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. 30.—Mary A. Morse; Margaret A. Norton; Olive Hill; John Bellows; Charlie Elms; Ed. S. Wheeler.

Dec. 1.—Amos Walker; Hattie L. S. Harris; Susan P. Fay; Susan E. Holden; Maria Howland; Tom O'Reilly; Clara Wellington.

Dec. 14.—Nettie J. Wentworth; Matilda S. Grantman; Theresa A. Metcalf; Jonathan Hesper; Charles Hayward; Mary A. Wheeler; Wood; Louisa Theobald.

Dec. 21.—Harry L. Taft; Capt. John Lindsey; Alexander A. Campbell; Thomas Moon; Annie Maria Osborn; William S. Sloane; Emma Sloane.

Dec. 28.—Sarah J. King; William H. Brown; Hannah E. Lucas; Theodore Grant; Hannah Constantine; Charles Wray; Hannah M. Bates; John W. Harris; Isa Richardson.

Jan. 4.—Horace Treat; Henrietta Weston; Morris Marks; Andrew Anderson; William Brown; Lucy Ann Holden; Ethel Parker; Mary Merrill.

Jan. 11.—Dr. Charles F. Woodruff; Mary G. Wyman-Perrin; John Wooster; James Burke; Ellen A. Sloan; John H. Leigh; Hannah E. Markham; Homer W. E. Metcalf.

EARLY EDUCATION.

The matter of early training apparently does not receive sufficient consideration by our Spiritualist brothers and sisters. They forget the old maxim that "as the twig is bent so the tree is inclined," and a large majority of them either allow their children to remain away from all religious instruction, or send them to the school of some one of our churches, where they are taught what their parents have long years ago outgrown, and learned to regard as an education belonging to a past age.

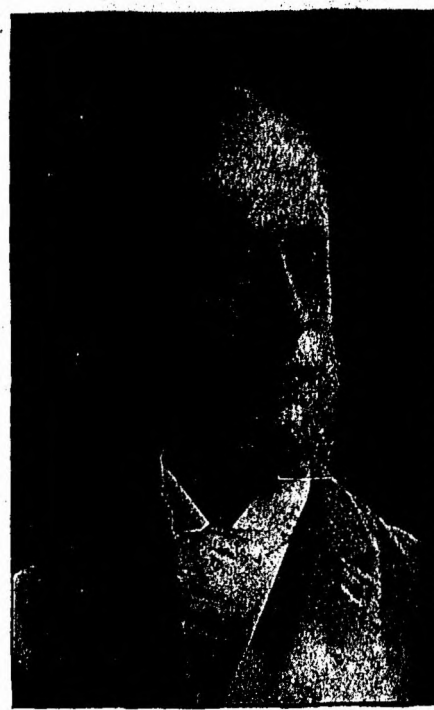
We must keep step with the march of time, and if we would not have our children wallow through all the stages of development which have been our experience, let us see to it that they are early in life taught the beautiful truths of spirit communion, and a proper unfoldment of their inner self. Let them learn by an easier method than we have done the inexorable law of cause and effect, so that when they arrive at manhood and womanhood they may be prepared to take a position far in advance of us.

Let parents visit the Lyceum—examine the course of instruction there given—and if they find it is such as they can endorse, let them use every possible means to support it, morally and financially, and give their children the benefit of a school second to none in the world as a means of calling out and cultivating the best that is in these dear ones who are to come after us, and so make our philosophy in its results what we claim for it in theory.

CHAS. T. WOOD.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Leonard Macomber, Brooklyn.] Where does the trance state differ from the "dream" state? Can any one enter the former at will? and how? If so, what benefit arises therefrom?

ANS.—There are various kinds of trances, as well as many different uses of the word trance. As the lowest interpretation of phenomenon is usually the commonest, and the commonest form of trance is a state of unconsciousness, or subconsciousness, the word is usually rigidly applied to such a condition. The higher definition of trance is a state of superconsciousness, wherein the temporarily liberated or exalted spirit is capable of communing with friendly intelligences and guardian angels uninterrupted.

A. J. Davis wrote much on the "superior condition" nearly fifty years ago, and it is claimed by advocates of his "Harmonical Philosophy" that the higher state can be entered at will when men and women have reached a superordinary degree of control over ordinary emotions. Dr. Baker Fahnestock, in his work on "Statuolence," claimed that people possess the power to put themselves into any mental attitude they please, but they must learn to use this power by diligent exercise.

The usual idea of trance, as something quite mysterious, and entirely beyond our own control, is based upon the undoubted experiences of sensitive or mediumistic persons whose first experiences are always wonderful and incomprehensible at the time of their occurrence. Later on, if the sensitive becomes a student of the law regulating spiritual phenomena, these experiences, though none the less real, are far less marvelous, because the law of their production is at least partially discovered. All spiritual manifestations are according to law, but so long as the law remains unknown phenomena seem lawless. The majority of Spiritualists are not self-educated to the point where they know how to so cooperate with their friends in the unseen state that they can communicate with them at will; therefore we often hear that spirits are striving to reach their friends on earth, and do not succeed, and, on the other hand, many earnest seekers after spirit communion are, through ignorance of law, deprived of the consciousness of it, though in an interior sense they who seek it are never without it.

The word trance, as used in the New Testament, opens up a wide field of research. The story of Peter's vision at Joppa, and his visit to Cornelius (vide Acts X.) in consequence of a double vision, illustrates many important and highly interesting phases of the "superior condition." The facts, very briefly stated, are as follows:

Cornelius, a Roman centurion, is engaged in prayer continually; i. e., he does all his work in an aspirational frame of mind, and though a soldier by profession, is a kind, noble hearted, peace loving man, devoted to works of benevolence. He sees in a vision (not a dream) an angel who not only answers him that his good deeds are acceptable in the eyes of heaven, but declares to him the exact whereabouts of Simon Peter, from whom he needs to receive further instruction in spiritual things.

So fully satisfied is Cornelius that his vision is reliable that he sends messengers, who arrive at the house where Peter is lodging on the following day; and while these messengers are at Peter's door, he is enjoying one of the most significant and remarkable visions of an allegorical character ever recorded in any history, a vision whose symbolism is so suggestive and exact that it can afford a fruitful text for any number of discourses on universal fraternity, and the inherent goodness of all things to this very day.

The narrative relates that Peter had gone to the housetop to pray, and became very hungry before he became entranced. During his trance he beheld the wondrous vision of the vessel and all its contents let down and taken up again into heaven; then when he awoke from his trance and was meditating on the vision the spirit said unto him, "Behold, three men seek thee," and three men were at that instant seeking an interview with him at the door of the house.

The great difference between dreams and visions is this: Dreams are borderland experiences, while we are passing from one state of consciousness to another, and are, consequently, neither wholly in one state or another, and therefore liable to see confused images produced partly on one plane and partly on another. The dream-state may be compared to crossing the bridge between New York and Brooklyn: While you are on the bridge you are going from one city to the other, but you are in neither. During your passage you see something of both, but when you are at work in one of the cities you are oblivious to the other. So when we are wide awake on the outer plane we are asleep to the inner, and vice versa. Dreams generally occupy only a few minutes at most, and usually occur just as you are falling asleep or just as you are awaking.

In Du Maurier's fascinating story, "Peter Ibbetson," the faculty of dreaming true is constantly spoken of; but if that thrilling romance is in any degree an authentic record of actual experiences (and we believe it to be largely such), the experiences of the hero and heroine are not correctly named. If a man confined for nearly thirty years in an English prison can enjoy uninterrupted nightly communion with the woman who, were it not for his imprisonment, would have been his devoted wife, so that, regardless of whereshe may be traveling, he and

she meet at a chosen rendezvous in trance where they spend their childhood together, such an experience is not dreaming—it is a state far beyond the dream state which yields such marvelous results.

Du Maurier deals quite philosophically with the subject, and there are many scientific hints scattered through the narrative. The great feature of the experience is that these two persons were tenderly devoted to each other and thoroughly wrapped up in each other's welfare.

To enter a "superior state" at will, one must have gained complete control over one's thoughts, to the point of having outgrown all disposition to distraction. This state, by calm, deliberate perseverance, can be attained by all.

Q.—[By J. P. A. R., New York City.] What is the immediate condition of a good moral man, in the prime of life and good health, who is driven from the body by an accidental fall from a great height?

A.—The mere fact of casting aside the material body having no effect on character, and character being all that determines states in the spiritual world, the mode of exit from the physical state is unimportant, the only important matter relating to the true status of the individual.

The universe being governed by law, and consequently there being no room for the play of chance, there are no accidents, seemingly accidental occurrences being merely results or effects of unknown causes. We reveal our condition through what befalls us. Where one man would be able to skillfully manage a horse, another would be thrown from the animal and his bones broken; likewise, where one man would swim safely through the water to land, another would sink under the billows. There are no immediate consequences proceeding from the fall from the horse which can be carried over into the spiritual state, but the fact that the man fell simply proved that he had not risen to where he could command the circumstance in which he was placed.

Whenever one meets with a so-called accident, a certain amount of weakness is displayed, and as all weakness pertains to the terrestrial, not to the celestial degree, those who are suddenly driven from their earthly forms in such a manner are for awhile in the earth's atmosphere because of their own unreadiness to leave it. A fall from a height is due to a lack of balance in the individual who falls. Feet do not slip after perfect inward equilibrium is attained.

A vigorous man in the prime of life, with many ties binding him to friends and kindred, would feel at first a little surprised when the realization came to him that he was no longer in the flesh. Our first experiences in spirit life are no shock to us whatever. We do not at once realize that we have given up the flesh, as we are on the subjective side of the same things to whose objective side we have been long accustomed. It is only gradually that the spirit awakes to a knowledge of its changed condition; then if it turns toward spiritual realities it very quickly accommodates itself to the new state; if, however, earthly longings are intensely keen, it is detained of its own volition in the earth's atmosphere.

MATERIALIZATION.

AMONG Spiritualists generally there is very little of the critical spirit. They believe in Spiritualism, not because it has been proved, but because their faith is so strong that they do not require proof.

This, from *The Christian Register* of Nov. 29, is the most absolute contradiction of actual experience that could well be put into words. To be truthful it should read thus: "Among Spiritualists generally there is a predominance of the critical spirit. They accept Spiritualism because it has been proved to them, and not because they possess one particle of faith in the testimonies of others."

There is an old proverb advising those who inhabit glass houses to refrain from throwing stones. The professed Christian, however liberal his sect may claim to be, should be moderate in demanding proofs from others. Some time since an Orthodox clergyman declared that where Spiritualists utterly failed was in identifying the spirits from whom they received communications. Then, without any apparent difficulty, he identified them himself, and said they were "all from the devil." This same clergyman probably preached what he called the word of God every Sunday, and gave communications, alleging them to be from the "Holy Spirit," as frequently as he could find listeners; yet he would have been astonished had he been told that he utterly failed in establishing the source from whence those communications came.

Whether our opponents, however, can consistently require us to furnish proofs of our belief or not, we should be ever ready to give them. More than that, it is a duty we owe ourselves to obtain such proofs, not only of spirit return in general, but of each phase of mediumship in particular. If every alleged materialization up to the present time were shown beyond doubt to be fraudulent, it would not be ground for asserting that no real materialization would occur in the future, and much less that other phases of mediumship were not genuine. Each phase must rest on its own merits, and has a right to be tested honestly. This is where the difficulty and danger have to be encountered. The writer quoted at the commencement of this article professes an interest in the Psychical Society, and ought to be sufficiently acquainted with psychic science to know this: In all spiritual manifestations, besides the spirits desiring to manifest there are two parties present, the medium and the sitters. According to the elements they bring will the manifestations be. Let the medium be sincere and truthful, desiring only to be an instrument for genuine phenomena, and yet let the sitters, or some of them, give false names, ask for relatives they never had, or for friends they never knew to exist, and the elements of fraud are there. This life keeps the next well supplied with foolish and mischievous spirits who will readily make use of these elements. A young man, for instance, who to show his "smartness" as an amateur detective, or out of idle frivolity, on the most solemn of all possible occasions may ask for the dear sister from the other side who has not yet been born on this, will, a few years later on, impersonate from the other side the dear sister of some other foolish youth with a like silly request upon his lips.

If you carry to the séance-room a mouth filled with falsehoods and a brain loaded with designs to cheat and to entrap the medium, only false and deceitful spirits will build up forms composed in part of your emanations, and only such spirits are likely to manifest to you. Test conditions are always one-sided. The mediums are stripped and searched; the cabinet, the walls and floors of the room are examined and sounded for secret doors and traps in all possible and impossible places; but the sitters walk in from the street, and no one ever thinks that in any one of their pockets may be a wig or a mask or a little wax doll. When such articles are found in a so-called "exposure," the only question usually asked is: "How did the medium succeed in getting these things into the cabinet?" It might be well, also, to inquire where would be the difficulty of some other person introducing them?

It is certainly not necessary for good results that all who attend materializing séances should believe in materialization. It is necessary that they should refrain from trickery, bring an honest mind to a sacred function, and give the same fair dealing that they claim. Whatever their disposition may be, they will probably sooner or later learn that "with the

measure they mete, it shall be measured to them again."

It is also necessary that when any gentleman who professes an interest in psychical investigation takes up his pen to attack mediumism, he should remember that only through mediums is it possible to investigate.

E. J. BOWTELL.

[From the Christian Register, January 3, 1895.]

SPIRITUALISM: A REPLY.

To the Editor of the Christian Register:

In the editorial in *The Register* of Nov. 20 on "The Duty of Spiritualists," much—in fact, too much—emphasis was placed upon "fraudulent" spiritual manifestations, or, rather, too much emphasis was placed upon all spiritual phenomena as fraudulent, especially those received through professional mediums. The strong point in the article, and one which Unitarians, Spiritualists, and all earnest, true students of the occult receive, is the appeal to accept only the genuine in all that comes from the spirit-world through the media. That the phenomena exist is granted, but the degree of the genuine is to be established; and the manner of establishing evidence as proposed by the editor is the one that every true Spiritualist has used. He has applied test conditions, and received all that he had hoped for and more than he had anticipated. That a percentage has deceived itself maybe is true, and that another percentage has been deceived by alleged mediums is also true. That, however, has naught to do, here nor there, with the facts of spiritual phenomena. The danger of credulity and gullibility exists, and few there are who are not susceptible to some form or phase of them; but that does not destroy the facts of spiritual phenomena. Let us be careful in all investigations of any line of truth, for that is our duty; but that carefulness or scrutiny will not destroy either the conditions for receiving nor the facts of spiritual phenomena.

First, let it be said, in reply to the editor, that he is very much at sea or misinformed, or he has been very much deceived himself, when he says that materialization is a fraud. I have attended over thirty séances for materialization, most of them under strictly scientific and test conditions; and I make bold to deny that I was deceived, since there was no possibility for being deceived. At these séances there were genuine materializations of exanimate spirits. I have had over two hundred slate-writings with the best mediums in the world; gotten paintings in oil between slates held in my own hands, and under test conditions; gotten the writing on the rostrum when the slates were brought, washed and hung on a string from the ceiling by a skeptic; gotten it on slates hung from chandeliers, above and under the table, anywhere and everywhere, in Greek, Hebrew, Egyptian, Chinese script, and when neither the medium nor myself could read a word of it (at a later time I had to have it read for me, or I had to dig it out as best I could from my past knowledge of the dead languages); gotten it at night between slates in my own bedroom. And are all these manifestations of the spirit to be set aside as fraudulent? Would I so deceive myself as to write the message in a script altogether different from mine own, draw a beautiful face that I could not do when awake, or sign the name Elizabeth Barrett Browning to the message? I know that Spiritualism is true; that its phenomena are genuine; that the spirit, in and out of the body, has power over matter, and can manifest through and in matter.

That many Spiritualists care more for the phenomena is true; but are there not many of our denomination [Unitarian] who are still bound to materiality? Who should throw the stone? Still, what is to be done to elevate the world, whatever may be our creed or faith, by our spirituality, then by our love, life and charity? The spirit is ready and willing to manifest to any seeker after truth; it only asks you to give it the necessary means and conditions. If you say, Let the dear ones now gone from your midst come to you, then you will believe, very well. Make the conditions in your own home, and patiently await results. As Jesus said, "To him who asketh, receive; who knocketh, it shall be opened unto him; who seeketh, he shall find." Neither God nor spirit is a respecter of persons. Choose, then, between materialism and Spiritualism; but drop all hypercriticism, egotism, caste, self-love and self rightness.

J. C. F. GRIMMIE, Minister.

In Memoriam.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The translation of Dr. GEORGE S. BRONSON of St. Albans, Vt., Dec. 13, demands something more than a passing notice.

In years long ago, being of a very skeptical mind, he was loth to believe in the return and communion of the then so-called dead; but the evidences he received, not only through various well-known mediums but through his own organism, in which, later in life, were developed marvelous phases of mediumship, compelled him to believe, and when once convinced he always after had the courage of his convictions, and many an honest inquirer and hard-headed skeptic received from his lips those loving messages—"those glad tidings of great joy"—which were indeed to them unmistakable proofs that their long-lost loved ones still lived and loved them.

Though somewhat positive in his opinion, and aggressive in the defense of his principle or moral question—which always received his courageous support—he was very genial, kind and warm-hearted, never neglecting an opportunity to extend tangible evidences of his sympathy, either through his mediumistic gifts, or money, when needed.

While the State of Vermont has produced many mediums of rare talents who have done and are doing valiant work for our Cause, I doubt if any have made more converts to Spiritualism than he, because of his unusual opportunities. Being often called into the homes of skeptics and church-members, and where prejudice did most abound, there his vision seemed to be the clearest, and his mediumship to find its best expression—and almost invariably to good acceptance.

He was one of the founders and promoters of Queen City Park camp-meeting, giving generously of his services and money, and, being chosen to act upon its board of directors, his voice was ever raised for wise and judicious management.

His genial presence and kind-heartedness, manifested in so many ways, will be sorely missed, but at our annual gatherings at camp-meetings and at the Quarterly State Conventions—upon which he was always a reliable attendant, and in which he did much to make them a success.

In his family he was a faithful husband and indulgent and loving father, and among his townpeople and neighbors there was no one more loved and respected than he, even by those who differed in religious or political opinions.

At the bedside of the sick and the dying, he has for years been a welcome attendant. Being possessed of remarkable healing powers, coupled with his mediumistic gifts and unerring clairvoyance, he has, with the aid of his invisible guides and attendants, by and through which his marvelous cures were wrought, restored persons to perfect health.

His practice extended over a wide territory, and it was from one of his periodic visits, made to a remote part of the State, that he returned, worn and weary in well done, and yielded to the ravages of a severe cold, suffering from complete nervous and physical exhaustion, that he passed out to the higher life, to receive a royal welcome, and hear the plaudits, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Surely we can truly say, "A good man has gone," and we are confident that his family, and his brother and family, living in Hartford, Conn., all well known to the writer, will receive the sympathy and condolence of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Funeral services were conducted on the 16th ult., by Hon. A. E. Stanley of Leicester, Vt., in a very acceptable manner, bringing such consolation to the bereaved ones as only our beautiful philosophy can afford.

A large number of relatives and friends were in attendance, many coming from a long distance. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, typifying the high esteem in which he was held.

G. W. F.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During the month of December, while filling my lecture engagement with the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, I attended a private circle in Camden, N. J. Among other things the medium said to me, "A very intimate friend of yours has recently passed to spirit-life, and a written communication to that effect is on the way to you, and I think you will receive it on Monday." This was a Saturday evening, Monday afternoon I received a telegram, stating that it came from my home by mail, stating that Dr. Geo. S. Bronson of St. Albans, Vt., had passed to spirit-life, and asking if I could attend the funeral on Sunday.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. From a Che
Diary. By G. M., F. T. S.
Paper. Price 25 cents.
For sale by OOLBY & RICH.

