

## 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 XXX—CONTINUED.

It was a strange sight to see Mr. Gray, hitherto so self-reliant, humbling himself thus, shrinking from the future, with no strength to do right in the present. His former energy and decision had suddenly forsaken him, and I felt that I must turn comforter instead of accuser.

"Lost, lost," he repeated, "I believe there is no more mercy for me!"  
I did not then understand that this state of mind was one of the many phases, all bad enough, but this the most terrible, produced by the oft-used stimulant.

For while his distress was very great, and hoping to divert his mind to another subject, I asked where we would go when we left the parsonage.

"Where, indeed! I know of no place, but suppose I must seek another parish," and suddenly recollecting himself, "no; the doctor commands rest and quiet for three months, if I do not wish to lose my eyes."

"Well," said I, "you have saved a little something against a rainy day; let us hire some small house, and live retired and quiet for awhile. It will give you an opportunity to conquer this bad habit which is making you its slave."

"Something saved! No, Bertha; the money your father gave me on your marriage day, and the sums which he has added since, were all invested in the railroad, and you may know how valuable they are, when I tell you that they were quoted yesterday at sixteen cents, so that the two thousand to which it amounted in all, is now worth only one hundred and twenty-five. We are rich, are we not?"

How old and worn he looked, as he said this, with his head thrown back against the high rocking chair, as if he were sinking into an uneasy sleep. I made no reply, for I wanted time to think, and he sat thus, now and then muttering something incoherently, and starting as if disturbed by bad dreams.

I took my sewing, and set my poor little head, all unused to such work, to planning for the future. Nothing tangible presented itself, and feeling disinclined to sleep, I went down stairs for a book, and on my way observing Aunt Paul's light glimmering through the crack of her door, I tapped gently. She opened at once. She was reading her Bible, of course. I sat down, and told her all our troubles.

"This is sad, indeed," she said; "but there are greater sorrows in the world. Let us think a moment. It is certain that Mr. Gray needs rest, and that he ought not to preach in his present state of mind. Still he needs employment, something active to keep mind and body interested. I have it! Yes, it is just the thing, if he is disposed to it. His mother left a small farm; it is now let to a tenant, but the house is vacant, and the large garden surrounding it is carried on herself. Why not move there for awhile? The house, though old, will be a comfortable shelter, and the profit, and of health, too, perhaps. At least the place will be a refuge for while until you can find a better."

The plan suited me; at least it was better than any which I could propose. To be sure, it was a lonely spot, remote from neighbors; the house was old and crumbling, but it was a shelter—we could try and make it a home. I returned to my chamber, relieved. Mr. Gray was dozing stupidly, but not so far gone in sleep that he could not understand the plan.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that will do till my eyes are better. I am glad you like it; we'll move at once."

Another week found us in the little brown farmhouse. It was not many miles from Vernon, and that pleased me. I was not far from the precious graves. Aunt Paul went with us, and remained till the house was in order; then she left for her own home with her children.

Let me describe our "Refuge," as we called it. In going from Vernon to B—, there is a fine, much-traveled road, thickly scattered with pleasant farms and neat homesteads. About midway a road turns to the right up a steep, to the eye at first, almost perpendicular hill. This road leads to the small farming town of Becket, where a little white meeting-house, a red school-house, and the sign "Post Office," over one of the doors of a brown cottage, indicated that though few inhabitants are to be seen, there are some scattered over the neighboring hills and valleys. The school-house is at the meeting of two roads; taking the left hand we ascend another hill, and when at the summit turn into a narrow road, evidently not much traveled, and for good reason, because its termination is the house we seek—our home. It is a one story, unpainted building, with neither blinds nor door-yard. A giant butternut tree, now in its summer greenness, flings its branches far and wide, sheltering the southern side of the house, while an old mossy apple tree stands sentinel by the old well, with its long-antiquated sweep, from which is suspended the dripping oaken bucket.

I was happily disappointed when we came in sight of it. Nature is such a skillful painter, that when she sits at her easel, dipping her brush in sunlight, touching hill and meadow, tree and stream with her rare tints, we cannot help admiring and wondering. Strange how she transforms the brown, weather-worn house by a beam of light here, a shadow there, a touch of green moss on the roof, and a golden glint on the small windows, till we fancy that if the house were other than it was the picture would be spoiled.

The poetry, however, was somewhat marred by the interior view—the low rooms, with an old damp smell about them, the pantry, with that peculiar cheesy scent that always hangs about a farmhouse "buttery," as the natives call it, and which is peculiarly annoying to my olfactory; the parlor, with its coarse, large-figured paper; the small bedroom, with but

one window, and that admitting but a thimbleful of air—were at first a little repulsive. But Aunt Paul made sundry improvements, not the least of which was a thorough purification and whitewashing.

I hoped much for Mr. Gray in this retreat; but when the excitement of moving was over, I was sorry to see that he returned to his old stimulant, and when remonstrated with, he would say—

"Yes, yes, I mean to quit it. I will do so; it is a shocking habit—no Christian should indulge in it."

Then again he would weep like a child when he referred to it, showing too clearly that his nerves were sadly shattered. More frequently the least allusion would irritate him, and bring out harsh words that fell heavily on my heart.

I think the hardest trial of my life, the most difficult for me to bear, was the semi-atheism into which my own soul was thrown. However I might not have had the feelings which every woman should have toward the man she marries, I believed he would be a guide for me to a higher and better life. I felt myself weak and ignorant. Oh! how densely bitter was the stern reality when the mask fell! I lost faith in man, faith in myself, faith in God. Yes, I write these three last words deliberately. I was wandering in darkness that might be felt. This state of mind commenced with Lily's death; it increased till during my residence in the farmhouse it became a settled mood. I read the Bible mechanically, once a day; it was a habit with us, and I read aloud to Mr. Gray, but I found no living waters there. Jordan was driven back; there was no dew on Hermon, nor rain in the mountains of Gilboa. I was in a land of drought and barrenness, of darkness and despair. I had prayed and prayed till I was weary, for one token from Lillian or Lily—one whisper from the spirit-world—but none came to me, and my heart felt sick in its despair.

Lily, my precious Lily, was then my only source of joy. Oh! human love! thou art precious. I could not see thee that thou wert the shadow of God's love, but so it was; and I was kept alive by this one tie, as the poor prodigal was kept alive in his wanderings by husks, when in his father's house there was rich food awaiting his hungry soul.

As if in judgment to me—but it was mercy behind a cloud—Mr. Gomez sent entreatingly for Lily to be brought to him. He had wanted many months to live, and one sight of her bonny face would make death less grievous. If I would only come out with her and pass the winter, it would be esteemed a great favor. He sent means for this purpose, but I could not leave Mr. Gray, whose eyes were no better, and he was averse to a sea voyage. Mrs. Green, the housekeeper, therefore took my place, and was to return when the spring opened. Charles Herbert met them in Vernon, and to my joy—for my anxiety was exceedingly great—I learned of their safe arrival.

I do not like to look back upon the feelings with which I entered upon that winter; it makes me shudder even now. But one incident soon occurred to break the sad monotony of our life. I have said that Mr. Gray was very neat and methodical in all his habits; his books and papers were always arranged with great accuracy and precision. Since our removal they had lain unpacked, waiting for him to put them in the little room he called his study. But he had neglected it, waiting for his eyes to be stronger; but thinking he might feel more at home with a study, I proposed doing it for him. He assented, saying that when I had unpacked his books and papers, he would give me directions how to arrange them.

One stormy day I undertook the task. I opened first the boxes of books—his theological works—and he amused himself till he was weary, placing them upon the shelves which he had prepared. Then came a trunk of pamphlets, all numbered, dated and stitched together in volumes, with indices. Then a box of sermons similarly prepared. By this time he was tired, and told me to open the remaining trunk, and lay the contents upon the table while he rested. In doing so, my eyes fell on some large books, bound like account books, but marked "Journals"; these, without opening, I laid on the table, but what lay beneath these attracted my curiosity too strongly to treat in the same way. An old worn paper, yellow with age, bore this inscription—

"Papers of Simon Mudgett, relating to Mary Lincoln."

I did not wait for a second thought, but opened the package, and read eagerly, seated upon the floor beside the open trunk. It was as follows:

"I, Simon Mudgett, commit the following narrative to writing, thinking it may, at some time, be of use to the parties concerned.

In the month of September, 18—, I was living near the beach at Rockford. I kept two or three fishing boats, and went out almost every day on the water. One day I returned earlier than usual, for there were signs of a storm, and my wife said to me—

"The equinoctial is coming on."

"Yes," I replied, "and there'll be the devil to pay among those vessels near the shore."

The storm increased, and toward midnight blew a gale. We thought we heard screams and groans; but whether it were dying men on the wall of the wind I could not tell. I was on the beach a part of the night, but it was very dark; the waves rolled in shore tremendously, and I knew no vessel could live through the storm, unless she put out far from land. Once I thought I saw a vessel trying to do so, but I could see nothing distinctly, and hearing no cries for help I returned to the house. With the first break of day I was again on the shore. It was too true that a vessel had been near us all night; the wreck was now to be seen with men still clinging to her side. I got out my

boat at once, and managed to put two or three in; one a woman, with an infant lashed to her. My wife took the woman and baby into the house, while with the aid of two neighbors, I tried to bring to life the other two bodies which I found. I succeeded with one, the Captain, but he was dreadfully bruised and mangled, and died the next day. One of his first questions, on coming to, was for the woman and child. My wife had succeeded in restoring them, but the poor woman had been so terrified all that dreadful night that she was never quite herself again. The Captain told me that she was entrusted to his care—that she had come out to meet her husband, who had committed some crime, and could not remain in England for the present.

"His name," he said, "was Robert Knox; and maybe he will learn that his wife lives. She is of good family in Lincoln, England, but her friends were so angry at her marriage with Knox, that they have disowned her; and her father, a stern old man, will never forgive her. She is an only child, and his property goes to distant relatives on his death."

This was what the man told me at first. Just before he died, he added—

"Tell Robert Knox I lost my life in saving his wife. Had it not been for them, I should have been ashore without these terrible bruises."

The woman never recovered her reason, but wandered about after her Robert. While she was with us the papers gave an account of a trial in England of some highway robbers; the gang were transported; but the leader—Robert Knox—was hung. My wife said we must not tell the woman (and never reveal it to the child); but we always thought she read it for herself, for she died soon after—wandered away, and was brought home a corpse.

My wife said so much about writing to the woman's friends, that I did so at last; but her father was dead, and the man who had the property sent a hundred pounds, and added that he never wished to hear again from one who had so much disgraced their name. I took the money and bought this house, and the land belonging to it, and this was what I wished to confess to the parson. Perhaps it was wrong; but as we always took care of the girl as if she were our own, and as I leave it to her in my will, perhaps it will not be brought up against me. Mary has been a good child, and we have never told her the dreadful end of her father, and my wife says we must never do so. I shall not do so till I die, and then commit the history of her to some one who will not use it to her injury. SIMON MUDGETT."

At the bottom of this was a little note in the handwriting of Mr. Gray, as follows:

"Received this from Mr. Mudgett, at midnight, Oct. 15, 18—. How used—Journal No. 2, page 56."

Mr. Gray's papers were thus arranged so systematically that he could turn to whatever he wished at any moment; but hitherto he had kept everything under wrig and ward. His desk was never left open, and most of the time his study was locked when he was not in it.

It is astonishing how many thoughts can rush through the mind in one moment of time. When steam is at high pressure the velocity of the engine is wonderfully increased. As I finished this my mind involuntarily recurred to Mr. Harper. Can it be? Would my husband reveal this to Mr. Harper? If so, here then is the secret. I have the key to the mystery which has separated these two. Mr. Harper's pride will not permit him to unite his fate with the felon's child. Without stopping to consider right or wrong, I turned to the journal.

"WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 18.—Oh! the vanity of earthly greatness! I have wandered today amid the splendors of our national capital, but I have learned to say 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' I am much pleased with Mr. Harper; he is noble-hearted, generous, and, as the world goes, honorable; but then he has no true sense of his state as a sinner. I must warn him.

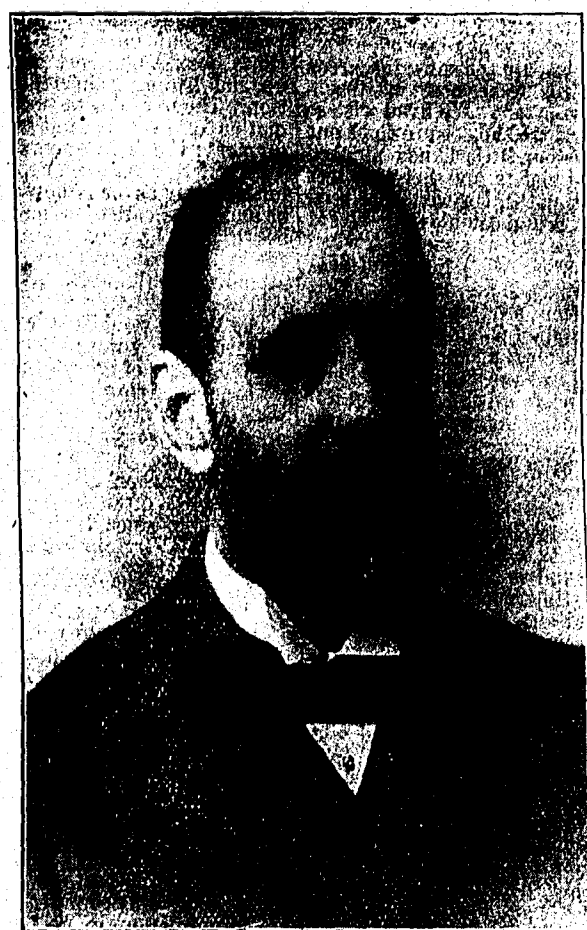
Evening.—Have been considering what is my duty concerning the story of Mary Lincoln. Strange that I can't write that name now without my hand trembling. If I thought—but no, she will never alter her mind—she is too firm for that. But if I thought I could win her for myself, I should not waver. There is something in this Harper that makes me think he would hesitate to marry her when he knows these facts. These Virginians have a terrible deal of family pride. As for me I would do anything but sell my soul to Satan for this girl. Oh! Mary Lincoln! if you knew the power you have over me! God knows that you could have molded me to your will; you could have excoriated the demon that is gaining such power over me. I think you have yielded if your two friends Bertha Lee and Addie Harper had not influenced you. No man has a fraction of a chance when two young girls are making fun of him all the time.

Never mind, now; I'll have my revenge on one. And yet, what strange feelings I have toward her! She is so pliant, so self-sacrificing, that one cannot wish to harm her. She does not love me—one can see that very plainly. Her whole heart belongs to Charles Herbert, but that will be over soon, for she has sense and principle. But if she does not love me, she does what is next best to a man, obeys and reverences me. I shall have a subject—I will be her master. Our marriage! Ha! ha! a union of kindred hearts! What a mockery! You, Mary Lincoln, are responsible for this. But I will mold one woman to my will. Bertha Lee! you will learn that my will is stronger than yours, and you will soon understand what the word husband means in its full import.

Thursday.—I have decided that my duty leads me to show Mudgett's papers to Mr. Harper. We must do our duty at all hazards; he will suffer—well, more than I have, I wonder? No, he is rich and famous, he can find another bride. But Mary—ah! there's the rub, for I know how that girl will love the man to whom she gives her hand. Oh, my God! Could I have had that love, I should never have been the stern old man, that people call me. Why should I shrink from giving her pain! Have I not suffered through her more than she can now do, even if her hopes are disappointed? Her heart will not break—no, it is too firmly anchored in heaven for that.

Evening.—I have done it! It was a terrible blow; I spared nothing—do a thing well when you are in for it. I added that from what Mudgett learned in his letter from Lincoln, this Knox must have been a low, desperate villain. His family are living somewhere in Scotland now, probably vulgar and degraded. I hoped he would excuse me, but I would do by him as one gentleman would do by another. I added that Mary herself was aware of her birth, which was stretching the truth a little; but a little, however, for in my disappointment I had communicated them to my Aunt Garland, her teacher, with the liberty to tell Mary. Mr. Harper didn't say much—but when I added this last, he turned as pale as a corpse, and there was a livid paleness about the mouth. It struck home. Well, why

(Continued on second page.)



J. J. MORSE,

AGENT IN ENGLAND FOR BANNER OF LIGHT.

SPIRITUALISTS who have read the BANNER OF LIGHT for any considerable period are conversant with the name of Bro. Morse, as that of an able contributor to our columns; there are hosts of friends in America who remember him as an eloquent speaker in halls and at camp-meetings in nearly every portion of the United States; and we feel that the above excellent likeness of Bro. Morse will be appreciated both by the new and the older generation of Spiritualists.

The record for good work which he has left in America is, of course, less in volume than that in England, since there the major portion of his active life has been passed. We are indebted for many of the following facts, and the above picture, to the courtesy of Light, (London) and a pamphlet entitled "A Spirit Interviewed," a copy of which we have received through kindness of the publisher.

J. J. Morse was born in 1848. His ancestors were Berkshire yeoman, and several of them were enrolled in the army of Cromwell, fighting at that early day for the rights of the masses against the tyrannical demands of the classes. In those old days his forefathers displayed a crest with the motto "Mors Janua Vitae," literally translated "Death is the gate of life"—a truth which their descendants, this renowned trance medium, has been engaged so many years in demonstrating to the men and women of the nineteenth century.

Four years after his birth his mother passed to spirit-life; and at ten his father died, leaving him in almost utter penury to the kind offices of the world in general. An uncle, however, did what he could for him; and commencing the life of a sailor Bro. Morse (through an accident) passed successively through six months in a public infirmary, and a period of service in a public hospital, where he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Hopps (mother of Rev. John Page Hopps, editor and publisher of that fine magazine, *The Coming Day*), who lived near by; and through her agency, aided by other circumstances, he became acquainted with Mr. Cogman, a veteran worker for the Cause, who may be said to have initially developed Bro. Morse by spirit aid, and was subsequently his warm and faithful friend. Bro. Morse had many a struggle with the unseen powers which were making use of his organism—the sturdy independence of his ancestors asserting itself—but finally all things in that direction became harmoniously coordinated, and this mortal life had for him a new meaning and a new value.

He then attempted various mercantile pursuits, but those who at the outset had prophesied that he was to become a "grand medium" and "do great good in the world," showed him distinctly that his way was barred in business lines by repeated failure, and he finally accepted the invitation of the late James Burns, editor and publisher of *The Medium and Daybreak*, London, to establish a weekly seance at the Spiritual Institute, at which he was to be the medium; he subsequently commenced work as an assistant of Mr. Burns in his publishing business, and practically entered on his public career. This was in October, 1869.

These seances were the first for trance-mediumship which had been established in London; press and people became much interested, and great success attended them.

Mr. Morse's first sustained public address, under control, was delivered in April, 1870, in the hall of the St. John's Associates, Clerkenwell; three months later he conducted his first regular Sunday service—a trance address in the Cavendish Rooms.

Mr. Morse has had many interesting experiences as a medium, aside from his trance addresses. One of the most remarkable of these, as detailed by himself, is the following:

"One Sunday evening I was present at the ordinary circle held in my friend Mr. J. S. Steel's house. It was in the winter, and there was a good large fire burning in the grate. Whilst sitting about five or six feet away from the hearth, I was seized with a great desire to turn my right hand into a poker. I mentioned the fact to a neighbor (Mr. Towns, the medium), whose encouraging remark was 'Well, let the influence have its way.' I should certainly not have done this had not the power that was on me got the best of my resistance, and most reluctantly I was impelled to go forward, deliberately insert my hand into the blazing mass, and stir it up much in the same way as a poker."

"Did you have any sensation of burning whilst performing this operation?" [asked the reporter conducting the interview.]

"Not the slightest. What I touched felt neither hot nor cold, in fact there was no feeling at all about it. I was then forced to pick up a glowing lump of coal, about as large as two good sized oranges together, and make the entire circuit of the room with it on the extended palm of my hand. As soon as it was returned to the grate the control left me, and I felt as

one returning from the dead. My hand was unscathed and unburnt in any way."

Mr. Morse on Oct. 6, 1894, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his public mediumship [as noted by THE BANNER]. In answer to a question by the interviewing reporter, as to how many trance addresses he (Mr. Morse) thought he had delivered during the twenty-five years of his public career, he replied that about five thousand would be well within the number.

"Tien Sien Tie," "The Strolling Player," and others of Bro. Morse's controls will be pleasantly remembered by our American Spiritualists. To the assistance of these guides he thus fully bears witness: "I say in all humbleness, that my mental and spiritual development has been accomplished almost solely by their influence."

Being asked for his opinion as to mediumship and its development, Mr. Morse replied: "Willingly. It has been stated often before, and is the result of my experience, but I am far from attaching any more value to it than that experience seems to justify warrant. In the matter of mediumship I am essentially a one-department man. In my view the surest way to produce the most successful working result is to develop the most marked feature, and let the rest go by the board. It may cover only a limited range, and may not be sensational, but it will have the merit of being readily utilized by the controlling power, will be susceptible of exercise with the least degree of exhaustion, and will generally be safer for the subject than a miscellaneous development."

The interviewer above referred to thus introduces his report of Mr. Morse and his work—past and present:

"No living man, I should say, has so completely, and for so long a period, given his whole mind and heart and soul to the advance of the Cause; no man, probably, is owed so much by, and at the same time himself owes so much to Spiritualism as Mr. Morse. That it has been the making of him—in a different sense, a higher sense, than the meaning usually attached to the phrase—he admits cheerfully and with gratitude; and in the making of the position which Spiritualism occupies in this country to-day Mr. Morse has had a substantial share."

His appearance is an index to the character of the man. Bright, alert, clear-eyed, he gives the impression of enjoying excellent health, notwithstanding the harassing strain that his public work continuously imposes. The Morse occupies a commodious house about two minutes' ride from the Strand, in Osborn street, London, N. W. 1. It is a private hotel for Spiritualists, the only establishment of the kind. I believe I am right in saying, in existence—at any rate on this side of the Atlantic. There are Spiritualists who keep hotels; but none of these are necessarily hotels for Spiritualists more than for other people. In addition to the present time, Mr. Morse conducted one of the best of the Spiritualist periodicals, *America and Australia*, both well represented, and prominent among home publications being copies of *Light* and *The Two Worlds*. Miss Florence Morse, a pleasant and attractive young lady, has charge of this department, and appears to be very popular with the guests, whilst Mrs. Morse superintends the general arrangements of the hotel. The hotel, by the way, seems to be thoroughly well patronized. [Reporter to Mr. Morse.]

"I suppose you find your Institute—which seems, from its popularity, to fill a great want—imposes a heavy tax on your time and energy?"  
"Oh! no, my daughter saves me all but the smallest trouble in connection with it. To all intents and purposes she runs the concern herself. In winter we have weekly meetings open to the public, with an average attendance of about sixty, at which Tien and the Strolling Player give addresses or answer questions, or other mediums than myself fill the evening. The winter last season opened with an 'Invitation' social, and three other 'socials' were held, in addition to a gathering on March 31 in celebration of the Forty-Sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. We have a similar series this winter."

F. L. H. WILLIS—A Noble Discourse.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the BANNER of Jan. 19 is a discourse on "The Old Year," given in Washington, D. C., the 30th December, 1894, by Dr. Willis, of rare merit as to deserve wide and thoughtful reading. Its range of thought is extensive, its insight clear, its inspiration high, its language finely eloquent, its common sense and self-poise as noteworthy as is its beauty of style.

Every one of your patrons should read it, and it ought to be in a tract, or in a thousand journals and magazines.

I wanted to take the writer's hand and thank him for the enjoyment and help his reading gave my wife and myself.

The thanks will reach him through your columns, and this message will thus reach many others. Yours truly, GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 20, 1895.

A little girl had a kitten. She was very fond of it, and it was a great delight to her to hear it purr. One night she was restless, and her mother said, "Oyn-tha, why don't you lie still and go to sleep?" "I can't," answered the little one, "papa purrs so loud."

THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP. A Spirit Interviewed: Being an account of the life and mediumship of J. J. Morse, with a full report of an interview with his chief control, Tien Sien Tie (etc.). Thomas Olman Todd, publisher, Sunderland, Eng.



## "BERTHA LEE."

(Continued from first page.)

shouldn't others suffer as well as myself? At any rate, I have only done my duty."

I shut the book, and bowed my head for a moment, overcome by a strange tumult of feelings.

"Bertha, Bertha," called Mr. Gray from another room, "it is tea-time; I would like my supper."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

MARY LINCOLN.

"My joys have been by sorrow crushed; My heart's sweet tones have long been hushed; Its strings are strained; and thus the grave Will welcome me, by land or wave; But still my heart to earth will cling, As long as trees and blossoms spring, And rocks, and hills, and land, and sea, Are tried and silent friends to me!"

It was a lonely life in the old farmhouse with Mr. Gray, whose eyes became no better, though he was otherwise well, save the shattered nerves and alternate depression and elation of spirits occasioned by his favorite stimulant. There are those who know what his torture was, and can therefore understand why I, whose only duty it was to wait on him and be patient, could bear up, and feel that my task, however heavy, was light compared to his suffering.

I had lived through the summer even happily, for Lily and I had air and sunshine, green grass and singing birds, to her precious teachers, to me sweet comforters. We lived with so much simplicity that we had leisure to be out of doors, and while her little hands plucked the dandelions and violets, and her tiny feet printed the garden paths, I sowed beet seed and lettuce, cabbages and cauliflowers. I did not raise garden flowers; why should I, when nature had scattered far more beautiful ones all around me? Beside, it was necessary that I should make my time profitable peculiarly. Mr. Gray had a patch of potatoes and an acre of corn. We had apples and currants for dessert, and Lily and I had our brood of chickens. Surely God was good to us, and I was not left quite to despair, though there was a feeling in my heart akin to it.

But when "the baby," as I called her, was taken away, it seemed as if the sunshine went too—which indeed it did, for as the winter came on it did not shine into the long, narrow, red-painted kitchen, as it had done during the summer. But I found it came more broadly into the corner sitting room, and I therefore made a kitchen and sitting-room of that, and tried to make it cheerful by books, and two or three plants, and my little rosewood secretary.

But it was hard being cheerful while Mr. Gray had such gloomy views of himself and the future. Sometimes he would be, as I have heretofore described him, very sociable, childish, puerile, and now I could not get away from it. We were blocked up with snow, and I could take no long walks. I could not even go to church, as I used to for weeks after the baby went away, to divert my mind from trouble. I walked two miles, but I did not mind the distance in those bright September days, when a golden haze was on the landscape, and the old woods were bright with their autumn foliage.

Once my good old friend from Westford preached; and his sermon, which was from these words, fell like oil on the troubled waters of my heart. "Faint not, neither be weary." He walked home with me, and on the way he gave me a history of his own life, chequered by many disappointments and trials, and closed with this remark—

"You may think it strange, Mrs. Gray, but now, almost at the close of my eighty years' pilgrimage, I look back upon my trials with more satisfaction even than my bright days, for I see that they have led me by a nearer path to God."

We found Mr. Gray that night in one of his depressed moods; he was a castaway—a lost soul—he had committed an unpardonable sin. I thought it rather strange that the good man did not contradict these assertions, instead of letting Mr. Gray talk on, while he was a silent listener. But when he prayed he was so earnest, so humble, so importunate for the afflicted man, that I could not help weeping. He said to me on leaving—

"I think it will be of no use to administer consolation to Mr. Gray, while he is ruining mind and body by this stimulant. My dear madam, we must pray."

He thought the advice of a physical physician, who should point out the physical effects of opium, and its results upon the brain, might be of use, for Mr. Gray was still accessible to reason.

I thought of Dr. Cameron, whom I had once heard speak of De Quincey's book, and relate, also, Coleridge's experience. I remembered his saying, too:

"I have supped on horrors from this very cause myself, and could tell of visions and of dreams that would frighten any sane man from trying the effects of this drug upon himself."

I wished he were with us; and, as if my wish had been the prayer of faith, I had a letter that very day from Helen, in which she said:

"My husband's business increases here daily. His skill is appreciated, and you will understand it when I tell you that he says, 'the effort to redeem oneself carries happiness along with it.' He leaves for the East to-day to attend a medical convention, and has promised that he will not return without seeing you. I wish it were possible for me to be with him."

I counted the days when the doctor would come, and even Mr. Gray, to whom little events became great in this, our exile from the world, was impatient for him, thinking that he might bring relief.

The snow lay thick on the hills, and deep drifts were in the valleys; it was all around us, and only a narrow path to the road and the barn from our house. I do not like the silence and solitude of a country farmhouse in our northern winters, unless, perchance, it is filled with a group of boys and girls, and has at least one cow to be fed, and a horse who likes the jingle of sleigh bells. Such solitude as ours, in a waste of snow, was not agreeable, and when Mr. Gray sank down into his despondent moods, my soul often cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

I had mourned over Mr. Gray's unfortunate appetite for opium; but one week during that winter I would have given the watch (for it was mine now, and the most valuable thing I possessed) for one half-ounce of it. A terrible storm came on and continued three days, blocking up the roads, and effectually blocking almost every farmhouse situated off the main road. The man who carried on the farm, and who lived in a small house some twenty rods distant from us, was sick. Mr. Gray had no opium! Three days, yes, four passed, and not a grain could be procured. I think he lost his reason on the third, and on the fourth I had strong fears lest he should take his life. I saw him once go into the bedroom, unsheath his razor, and draw his finger across the blade. The expression of his countenance was that of intense misery, and so worn and haggard! It was nearly dark. The snow had ceased to fall, but the wind had risen, and was whirling that which was already on the earth, making the air thick with its white flakes; the branches of the great butternut tree creaked and groaned, and the wind swept down in fitful gusts from the deep gorge that led to a little hamlet north of us. For an instant a horror of great darkness was on my own soul, but it passed away, even while the glittering blade flashed before my eyes, and I spoke calmly, as if I were unconscious of danger:

"Mr. Gray, wouldn't you like a cup of strong coffee?"

He started, dropped the razor on the floor, and appeared like a child caught in some wrong act.

"Yes, I should," he replied.

I was not long, I assure the reader, in making a cup strong enough for any person, save an opium-eater. I knew then that he must have the opium, if I risked my life for it, and I lay awake a great part of the night studying a way to procure some.

The next morning the sun shone bright, the sky was blue, and with the smile of heaven light came to my heart. Our house stood so high that I could see a great distance, and about nine o'clock I told Mr. Gray that I was

sure I saw a man with oxen and a snow-plough coming up the road. His eyes were in such a state that the snow was very trying; he could not look upon it without great pain.

"Bertha," said he, in a tone plaintive and petulant as a sick child, "you will get some, will you not? You know what I mean. I shall die if I don't have it."

"Yes, yes," I answered, for I had but one feeling for him—a great compassion.

I watched those oxen ploughing their way along—meek, patient creatures—with more interest than any dweller in the city watches the railroad train, or the steamship. They came slowly up the hill, and soon I perceived that a man on horseback followed. He did not look like one of the farmers of the neighborhood, for they all wore blue linsey-woolsey frocks. This person was enveloped in furs, and rode a horse superior to most of the animals of all-work around us. I gazed earnestly. He was coming toward our house, and seemed to be pointing to it, and telling the man who managed the snow-plough where to drive the oxen. As he approached nearer, I recognized the familiar countenance of Dr. Cameron. Yes, he had not permitted the storm to keep him from us.

It seemed as if God had sent him to us at that time. How differently he looked from ever before. He had grown portly, and his face expressed peace and hope.

I do not know what he prescribed for Mr. Gray that produced so quiet and pleasant an evening, but he sat in his easy-chair, sometimes dozing, and now and then brightening up, and listening cheerfully to our conversation. The next day he made a thorough examination of his eyes, but gave us little encouragement; the disease was deeply seated.

"Alas! Bertha," said he, "I know of no help for Mr. Gray as he is now situated; he should be under the care of a man who has the firmness to deny him his stimulant, and strength and skill to manage him in the crisis that must attend the denial of it. Even then the result is doubtful."

The doctor would not leave us until a faithful farmer's boy was procured to stay with us the remainder of the winter.

I cannot tell how pleasant it seemed to talk with one who could tell me much about the great world from which I had been so long excluded. I had, in return, little to tell him, but one evening when Mr. Gray had gone to rest early, as was often his custom when his eyes pained him, some little incident led me to speak of my Virginia friends and of Mary Lincoln.

"Mary Lincoln!" repeated the doctor, quickly. "Have you a friend by that name?"

I told him her history. It was pleasant for me to dwell upon our school days, and I added what I had lately learned about her, but not how I had learned it.

Dr. Cameron had risen while I was talking, and was walking rapidly back and forth, keeping his face turned from me, which I thought was very strange in a gentleman, and not at all in harmony with the doctor's usual deportment. When I told him that Simon Mudgett, on his death-bed, revealed the fact of her father's death, and its mode, the doctor wheeled suddenly round, exclaiming:

"Robert Knox is not dead! though God knows that he deserved death as much as the poor fellow, who, finding he must die, took that name to prevent search being made for his captain, who only had a right to it!"

There was something in the doctor's manner, in his voice, and now, as I looked eagerly at him, in the expression of his face, that arrested my attention at once. He was a strong man physically, with nerves that could bear intense pain without a quiver; and, as he had often said, fear was a stranger to him; but he now turned toward the mantel, leaned his elbow upon it, and rested his head upon his hand. He was pale, and trembled like a sick girl.

"Doctor!" I exclaimed, "you are ill; what shall I get you?"

"Nothing—no, it is nothing; only the heat of the room, perhaps—go on."

"No, I have nothing more to say; nothing, at least, that ought to be told. She is with Mrs. Green, as I told you, or rather awaiting her return from Europe, when she will come and visit me. Oh, how much good it would do me to see her again!"

"You have not told me how she looks," said the doctor; "the color of her hair, her eyes—everything—I should like to know every thing."

I smiled at his interest, and drew a word-picture for him, as minute as was in my power.

"One thing more—do you know the date of the shipwreck?"

"Yes, I believe so; but stop—as I have told you so much, there can be nothing wrong in your seeing the paper itself; I will fetch it." When I returned the doctor was walking the room in great agitation.

"What can this mean?" I said to myself; "this is something strange."

The reader will not be as stupid as I was. Now I studied his face for some solution of the mystery. What did I see there? Something which I wondered I had never seen before, it was so like—*Mary Lincoln's eyes!* They were that peculiar tint of deep blue, large, with long lashes. I stopped short with the paper in my hand, like one suddenly turned to stone—my gaze fixed. But at the same instant I saw it all; it was revealed to me without one word from the doctor, who was eagerly reaching out his hand to grasp the paper.

"And you, you," I stammered, "are Mary's father!"

"God grant it be so," came from the depth of his heart. "I dare not hope; it was published and believed that the vessel with every soul on board perished. I have never forgiven myself for trusting such precious freight, without my own protection, upon the sea; and I have observed the anniversary of that day in a darkened room, with a spirit bowed in humility and sorrow."

He read the paper deliberately, carefully, and on folding it said:

"God's goodness is great toward me, Bertha. I believe there can be no mistake. I go to-morrow to seek my daughter. Surely, you have been a guardian angel to me. Good night! I must be alone with my great happiness."

[To be continued.]

## Late January Magazines.

THE METAPHYSICAL.—This is a new magazine devoted to a scientific examination of the laws of being; to a study of the operations and phenomena of the human mind, and to a systematic inquiry into the faculties and functions, the nature and attributes of the soul. That is what the prospectus claims for it, and the promises are well carried out in the first number by a corps of contributors whose fitness none can gainsay. We have only to mention Prof. Elliot Coues, Alexander Wilder, W. J. Colville, Abby Morton Diaz, Adolf Brodbek, Countess Ella Naralkow, Henry Wood, Ezra Norris and Alice D. LePongnon, to show that metaphysics in all points of inquiry and observation is well represented. The editors are Leader E. Whipple and J. Emery McLean, who show fine discriminative powers in the selection of matter, as they do in the editorial comment. The subjects in the order of the authors we have mentioned are: "The Telekinetic Theory of Levitation"; "The Antecedent Life"; "The Ethics of Mental Healing"; "The Religious Training of Children" (first article); "The Ideal of Universities"; "Abolish Capital Punishment"; "The Nature and Uses of Pain"; "The Power of Mind"; and "Occultism Among the Mayas." We bespeak for the new venture success and a long career. The Metaphysical Publishing Co., 603 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES.—The questions and answers are on very interesting subjects. There will also be found an assortment relating to history, folk lore, mysticism, art, science and biography. S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

RECEIVED: THE KINDERGARTEN NEWS. Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Fowler & Wells Co., New York. THE GOOD CITIZEN, only official organ of the Columbian College of Citizenship, Highland Park and Chicago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and expels all poisonous elements. Sold by druggists.

## Written especially for the Banner of Light.

## SONG OF TRIBUTE TO LUTHER COLBY.

Crowned with the autumnal glories of ripe years,  
He passed into the eternal harvest home;  
He robed in snow-white, an angel from high spheres  
He proved to be while here, 'neath heaven's star-dom.

His sunset faded and left a twilight dim,  
Jewelled with orbs, and echoing with a hymn,  
Rich with grand requiem chords in minor keys,  
Which ended with triumphant harmonies.

Truth's banner-bearer, noble-souled, was he;  
And when the herald-angel called him hence,  
Beside his standard he stood faithfully,  
His spirit shining with beneficence.

Beyond the earth-world's gates he sped away,  
Up through the spheres, to gain the Perfect Day.  
"A heaven-blessed laborer, worthy of his hire!"  
Kneeling, I sing these votings of my lyre.

Peace, ring thy chimes, and let glad changes roll  
Round every heart which silently doth mourn!  
Oh! Sorrow, cease thy deep funeral toll,  
For round his being shines heaven's golden dawn.

Let each a banner-bearer be, to climb  
Onward and upward to Love's height sublime;  
And, in his leader's footsteps, firmly tread,  
Till morning glory aureoles each head.

Oh! follow on, though storm and starless night  
May hide awhile the canopy of blue;  
Lo! Immortality holds high God's light  
To star your brows, oh! faithful ones and true!

Oh! follow on; when sunset fills the west  
With purple haze, there swells a Voice of Rest,  
Calling ye home beyond life's eve—'t is she,  
"Oh! Love divine," we sing, "we come to thee!"

Let his high manhood ever, ever be  
Reflected in your lives, my brothers, here!  
And may your womanhood bear purity  
White as his soul, my sisters, on this sphere!

Honor him thus: Hold Honor as your own;  
Live so that Truth may rear her glittering throne  
Within the temples of your souls, and shine  
Her grand shekinah-glory—Love Divine!

Sydney, New South Wales. DEVOTION.

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.

Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Ida P. A. Whitlock, in reviewing her work in the central portion of the country, says: "During the month of December I was at Indianapolis, Ind., serving the First Society of Spiritualists. As it was my first experience so far away from home, I felt that I was quite a distance West. The city to me had quite a charm; the streets are wide, houses built broad upon the ground, instead of high in the air; large open grounds around, giving the appearance of breathing-room and freedom."

It was my fortune to remain for five weeks in the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Kirchner, who are earnest workers in the Society. Their home is situated about two minutes' walk from the monument, which is said to be the finest soldiers' monument in the world, costing something over \$400,000. One of the marked features of its location is that it stands in the centre of the State and centre of the city. This little fact may be of interest to some.

The Society for which I spoke is a growing one and has many earnest workers, and it is hoped that before long it will own a building where the work may be more effectually carried on. Services are held Sunday and Thursday evenings.

Mr. Schmidt, the President, has the good of the Cause at heart, and is always ready to speak for Spiritualism.

There are three other meetings held every Sunday, and all well patronized.

During my stay in the city it was my pleasure to receive several communications from spirit-friends. As I had never attended a regular trumpet séance, Mr. and Mrs. Kirchner invited me to one given by Mrs. M. J. Jacobs. About a dozen were present, and after singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the meeting was called to order by Capt. Brown, the medium's spirit-guide.

After the invocation, which was given in a clear, loud voice, Capt. Brown spoke to every person present, and then gave way that the personal friends might speak.

Every one in the circle had some friend to greet him; some spoke in faint whispers, others in low but clear and distinct tones. The evening to me was a very pleasant one, and I shall long remember the messages I received. I should have attended another séance except that Mrs. Jacobs's daughter was ill, and the séances were discontinued.

Mrs. Lottie Greenwood Herbine, wife of the Secretary of the Society, I had heard so highly spoken of, that I determined to have a sitting with her.

I received messages from seven of my spirit-friends, independently written upon the slates, with full names signed. Some of the messages were of a business nature, sending word to parties a long distance East, and others loving and tender greetings for me. Mrs. Herbine is kept busy in her work by her own town-people, Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists. She has the confidence and patronage of many of the business men, lawyers, doctors, merchants, etc., beside the many women who visit her regularly.

Mrs. Herbine has had this gift of slate writing since early childhood, and for fourteen years has been giving slate-writing séances. She, too, has independent voices, sometimes heard while the writing is being done.

December 29 a few friends went to Irvington, about five miles from Indianapolis, to dine and to meet Mrs. Hacher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humans.

The medium, Mrs. Hacher, had been ill for several months, and it was not known whether there would be any manifestation or not; but after dinner a circle was formed, and I was invited to place between two slates two pieces of ribbon, having been instructed to provide myself with it before leaving Indianapolis.

We entered into pleasant conversation while the medium held the slates under the table with her right hand, the left one resting on the table. In a short time the signal was given that the work was done, and upon opening the slates the pink and green ribbons were found to be artistically tied together. A message accompanied it, which said: "That bow is for Fanny." I was much pleased with this kind remembrance of my daughter, who was at Providence, R. I. Later in the evening I was favored with a bow and a message. Several others had ribbons tied, and each heart was made glad as the dear ones emphasized their presence and love by the token of the tied ribbon.

Mrs. Hacher received slate-writing the first time she sat—doing so not because she knew or believed she was a medium, but because she had been told she was, and she tried the experiment to see, and was startled at the result. Through her mediumship her parents were converted from the old faith to the New Truth. For several years she has sat for her friends, but never as a public medium.

One little pleasure I wish to speak of before closing this letter. On the last evening of the year 1894 a gentleman called to see me upon a matter of business, detaining me an hour or so. When we went down to the parlor, to my surprise I found it filled with friends who had been invited to surprise me, and to watch the "Old Year out and the New Year in." I found later that the business matter had been purposely arranged for that evening, that my attention might be held so the friends might gather without my knowledge. The surprise was complete. A social, pleasant evening was spent; friends in earth and spirit-life joined together to make the closing hours of the old year long to be remembered, by me at least. "A Happy New Year" for 1895 was spoken from one to another—the guides and friends not

forgetting to add their kind words of advice and cheer to each one present."

## Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD.—W. L. Jack, M. D., writes: "The BANNER grows better every issue. You have the wishes of all for your success in carrying the good tidings into the homes of so many. 'It is true to its mission and its purpose,' said an old, tried and true pilgrim a few days since to me; 'and,' said he, 'I cannot dispense with my weekly BANNER, which for so many years has been a messenger of glad tidings to me and to mine.'"

This is but one of the many scores of praises that I hear concerning the BANNER OF LIGHT, which is a crowning feature of spiritual truths and jewelled thoughts in many of our homes to-day.

The column of communications is a leading feature of THE BANNER, and is sought for by many who hope to hear from theirs beyond the shadows and the clouds.

It is cheering to feel, to know, that your labor is not in vain.

Mrs. A. H. Coburn, for many years a resident here and a visitor at Lake Pleasant, has been in feeble health quite a number of years. She and Mrs. E. P. Morrill, so favorably known at Lake Pleasant, are among the few of our best, truest and noble ones who are left us in the body."

LOWELL.—George King writes: "I attended the meeting of the Lovell Society Sunday evening, and was greatly pleased with spirit-readings by Mrs. E. Cutler [the speaker and platform test medium], which are the best I ever heard. The next day [Monday] she gave correctly the names of three of my friends. A worker like her should be kept in the field. Her residence is 13 Tyler street, Tyler House, this city."

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes: "At Abbottsford Hall (Charlestown District) Monday evening, Jan. 21, Mr. F. A. Wiggins of Salem gave a séance before the Boston Psychic Conference."

He requested all present to write on a piece of paper the name of a person who had passed to spirit-life, and on another piece to write the name of one still in the physical body. He was blindfolded by a lady in the audience, and Mr. Whitlock, after mixing the slates in a hat, poured them on the table. Mr. Wiggins selected the names of those who were living, and gave communications from many of those in spirit-life. Almost every person present received a test, and names by dozens were given that were recognized. It was a remarkable and exceedingly satisfactory séance."

## Vermont.

FAIRFAX.—Mrs. C. C. Gillette writes: "Since the transition of the late Dr. George S. Bronson, from his home in St. Albans, Vt., Dec. 20, 1894, I have scanned closely the pages of THE BANNER, to find words commemorative of his memory largely due him from his many friends, and as yet have seen only one tribute paid by a kind sister. [Two others have since appeared.]—Ed."

He was an energetic, untiring, unselfish worker for the cause of humanity. His patients numbered thousands. I do not speak so much from personal experience, but from his reputation as a healer and medium. He possessed a wonderfully magnetic and clairvoyant power, and greatly relieved the mentally sick, as well as the physically ailing.

He was of a very cheerful nature, and he carried sunshine with him, and to come en rapport with him was as 'healing balm' to the saddened heart. His field of labor lay largely among Orthodox people, and his time was fully occupied. I feel sure no other doctor in the State could be missed more, and people at large who visit Queen City Park will greatly miss him in the coming camp-meeting season. His place cannot easily be filled. He was differently organized from most people, and could easily meet all classes of people and gain their confidence.

We have received a visit in spirit from the doctor twice through Mr. Gillette, and he manifested the same geniality so characteristic of him.

Perhaps some of the friends would be glad to hear a word of our progress, even though it be slow in our little Orthodox town. There are a few families interested in the place sufficiently to show their colors. And we have been holding developing circles this winter, which we hope will result in much good. All who are mediumistically inclined are being strengthened thereby, and we hope the spiritual quality of each one may be unfolded to that degree which will enable him to aspire to all goodness, and find in its teachings the real pleasures of right living.

Mr. Gillette is a private medium, but the controlling influences give grand thoughts through him of a very uplifting nature.

We open our circles with music, and sometimes an invocation is given. Then his guides call for questions to answer, which have proved of much interest. His main phase, were he to use his gifts publicly, is that of a healer."

## Connecticut.

MERIDEN.—"Brittania" says, regarding Dr. F. H. Roscoe's work in this city Sunday, Jan. 20: "The Doctor was greeted by the largest audience, at the morning service, that we have had this season. The audience was composed not only of Spiritualists, but of Christians of different denominations. The lecture was upon 'Mediumship, and the Good Accomplished by It,' and was heartily applauded."

The Doctor was accompanied by W. B. Hildre Spencer of Boston, Mass., the illustrated test medium. He gave twenty-seven recognized tests, and delighted the people with his peculiar phase of mediumship. One of his most remarkable tests was the picture of a man who passed away by an explosion, and whose last words, 'Oh! my God!' accompanied the sketch.

At seven o'clock St. George's Hall was filled to overflowing with people eager to hear Dr. Roscoe again. He took for his evening theme the last words of the late Lucy Stone, 'Make the world better.' That his remarks satisfied the audience was shown by the frequent and hearty applause bestowed upon him.

At the earnest request of many admirers he gave a number of his wonderful psychic readings which astounded his hearers, and demonstrated the truth of the phenomena, and that our loved ones are only separated from us by a thin veil.

Mr. Spencer then gave nearly forty of his mystifying tests, all of which were recognized as being correct as to incidents, dress and surroundings, and some faces were recognized by friends in the audience.

Both the Doctor and Mr. Spencer held quite a reception after the service, and received many congratulations, all uniting in the wish that they might soon have the pleasure of seeing and hearing them again."

## Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—A correspondent writes that Mrs. H. S. Lake recently delivered a masterly discourse in Army and Navy Hall, that city, in which she made a comprehensive statement of the facts and philosophy on which Modern Spiritualism rests. She said that "owing to the fact that the spiritual realms are peopled by innumerable numbers and infinite varieties of intelligences, who formerly lived here, and who have established conditions of return, it follows that the effect upon us should be proportionally varied. The mere phenomena of Spiritualism does not necessarily produce radical changes of character, any more than any other manifestation of physical environment. Upon some persons the effect of Spiritualism is to incite the religious faculties, because there is revealed such an immensity of being and such an infinity of purpose."

Spiritualism has had the effect within the last fifty years of reconstructing creeds largely, and of instituting inquiry into the existing evils in social life, which has been done almost imperceptibly, and, therefore, the change is often attributed to other causes. What we are and what we desire to become are the treas-

ures of the spirit—the effect which the knowledge of the continuity of life produces upon us."

## Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.—C. F. Ray, Sec'y, writes: "A new society was formed in this city Jan. 15, under the name of the Unity Spiritual Society. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John S. Bigler; Vice-President, Henry Sparks; Secretary, Dr. C. F. Ray; Treasurer, Dr. O. Williams; Trustees, Dr. J. McGuffin, Jerome D. Waite, W. P. Moulton, G. H. Brooks of Elgin, Ill., is now serving this society at its hall, 210 Grand Avenue."

## New York.

TROY.—William Jones writes as follows: "Sunday, Jan. 20, our meeting at 2 Vanderhyden street was largely attended. The exercises opened with remarks from our Chairman, Mr. B. B. Martes, who, with his worthy wife, works earnestly in behalf of the Cause. Miss Georgianna Reynolds, the excellent medium, then gave sixty-seven tests, which were all recognized. She is greatly appreciated by our people, and she seems destined to accomplish much good."

## The Reviewer.

Life-Work of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.\*

Biographical literature has had a fine addition to it in this effort to give the life-work of one who stands among the noblest and best representatives of our Cause.

In such a life as Mrs. Richmond's it is not an easy task to compile and edit anything like the amount of material that shall gratify, not to say satisfy, her many friends and admirers. The wonder is that Mr. Barrett has been able to condense into 769 pages so much that tells of the eminent woman, and which presents interesting and authentic matter that will be long treasured, as will the memory of her many services for Spiritualism and humanity. Her life-work cannot be measured by pages or by volumes. It would be like writing anew and again the history of the Cause, for nearly ever since Modern Spiritualism began its name and that of the subject of this book have been synonymous.

Beginning her work in the eleventh year of her age, in 1851, as the daughter of David W. Scott, a liberal-minded man, she was free from many of the ties of a decaying religion when Spiritualism was made known among the hills of western New York. She developed as a medium quite rapidly, speaking at the early age before cited on many a platform, and going on and on, until now she is without peer as an advocate of the Cause so dear to the hearts of many millions throughout the "two worlds."

It was a most fortunate childhood that fell to her; and though she may not have escaped the perplexities that often fall to the lot of womanhood in the turn of the wheel of fortune, yet the evidence is







## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTION.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowdoin Street (formerly 100 North Fifth), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

**Take Care.**—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. All business orders respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will receive a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which 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 canceled articles.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

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Before the oncoming 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.

## Human and Divine.

It is a truly vital fact, which it is the privilege of Spiritualists to comprehend, that the divine and human, as they are both spirit, so are one in origin, in sustentation, in purpose, in destiny. Man is just as truly a spirit manifestation in the flesh as any other phenomenon which he encounters. All is of the spirit; without it there is no life whatever; what we see with the outward sight is shadow, changing, in process of transformation, temporary and passing. Only spirit abides. That is the one living lesson taught by every kind of appearance, both what is everyday and common, and what is phenomenal, and what is regarded as inconstant and uncommon. It is from and in the spirit of God that we all live and move and have our being.

There is nothing existent that is able to separate spirit from spirit. There is no dividing line here, no wall of division and parting. It is this, or it is nothing, that imparts the whole of its power to Spiritualism, that enables it to overcome all obstacles put in its way by prejudiced ignorance, namely, that the human and divine are interblended, are inseparable, are one. Here, or nowhere, we firmly stand as Spiritualists. It is forso all-sufficient a reason as this that Spiritualism cannot be contained in any statement of creed or the limitations and restraints of any prescribed definition. Where spirit mingles with spirit, where all is spirit, there surely is no need of formulation, of statement, of letter. Now as of old, it is the letter that killeth, even as it is the spirit alone that giveth life. In proportion as the healers of our time draw life from the great reservoir of all life, are they able to become the workers of wonders, the same in fact, however less in degree, as the Great Healer of Jerusalem and of Galilee; those who work and sacrifice themselves for others are the same saviors of the world, in kind if not in degree.

What name or description do we give to this interblending, this unification of the human and divine? We may call it what we will, Spirit-Communism, the Power of Creation, the Incarnation—all these are real and true, but they mean the vital fact that God is all the time working in and through man, that he is incarnate in man, that his spirit is imaged within, and continually awaits our coöperating effort at development, that with our voluntary help the desired work of creation is all the time going on. God himself is unfolded as man goes through the various stages of evolution. There is nothing in us or of us that is not a manifestation of the divine in the human. It should be obvious enough that a fact of such profound significance cannot be confined within the dogmatic and mechanical bounds of statement and creed. Where all is as open and unrestrained as the circumambient air, how can it be expected that the operation of spirit with spirit, the divine with the human, could be marked off in metaphysical measurements.

It is plain to note the dissolving power of Spiritualism on the creeds of Christendom in many important matters; the change that is steadily coming over them is like the release of the ice-locked streams of winter at the welcome approach of the sun in spring. This change is wholly in regard to the new and larger conception of the oneness of the divine

spirit and the spirit of man. The man, the ego, is nourished and sustained, not only hereafter but here, in that atmosphere of the higher consciousness, which is the spiritual. Here is the realm of eternal substance and reality, into which the divine vitality overflows with a perpetual influx, thus intermingling divine and human and making them one. The shell falls away; the husk withers; THE SPIRIT IS ALL; AND THAT IS ETERNAL.

## Spiritualism in San Francisco.

As an addendum to a note from Dr. Peebles of San Diego, Cal., ordering some books sent to San Francisco, he says: "The progress and condition of Spiritualism in San Francisco may be estimated pretty correctly from the fact that the daily and Sunday papers announce weekly Spiritualist meetings held in fifteen public halls; they have also one or more Lyceums, and several conferences not mentioned in the press. Walter Howell is doing excellent work for the First Spiritualist Society. He is an able and eloquent speaker. I have lectured several times to the Spiritualists, both in this city and in Oakland. The other evening I had the pleasure of wading through W. Emmette Coleman's library of eighty-five hundred volumes. Many of his books are very rare and costly. He has in preparation a large volume upon 'The Origin, Nature and Tendency of Theosophy.' It will produce a sensation, to say the least. I came to San Francisco for the purpose of giving a course of lectures before the students of the College of Science. My course will be succeeded by six lectures from Prof. Buchanan. Prof. Dr. Swartz will follow with a course of several lectures before the class, which, by the way, is a very intelligent one, constituted of Spiritualists and Theosophists, several of whom have already received the M. D. degree from other medical colleges.

You are aware, no doubt, that Dr. C. E. Watkins, the eminent slate-writing medium and physician, is about to move with his family to San Diego, Cal., for the purpose of a co-partnership with me in 'A Health and Home Sanitarium.' The Institution will be opened about the 1st of March. The employees and physicians connected with this Healing Institution will all be Spiritualists or mediums, which, with the beautiful climate of Southern California, ought to do wonderful works, making the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the sick and the sad to sing for joy."

## Rational Relationship Between the Two Worlds.

The New York Recorder of the 20th ult. contained a two column article from the pen of Lyman C. Howe, entitled "Is Spiritualism Superstition?" from a text written in I. Peter, iii: 15. He held that Spiritualism is not superstition, but that the Bible rests upon Spiritualism; and cited many cases in support of the views advanced. The mystery of ancient days is now all explained by Modern Spiritualism, by giving a rational relationship between the two worlds, and reducing fantastic apparitions to consistent realities, to normal human beings, as natural after death as before. The closing passage of the article is replete with great beauty of language:

"It takes the ghostliness out of ghosts, and introduces us to an eternal world closely allied to this, and in sweet human sympathy with us. It puts the new wine of love into the arteries of religion, and pumps out the dead sap, long soured and curdled under the freezing frowns and grim horrors of materialistic superstition. Its mission is to conserve all the good in all systems, past or present, and encourage a spirit of fraternity between all differing sects. When death broods over love, and the sad heart struggles with its weight of grief, kissing the lips of clay, and warming the death-frozen cheek with hot tears distilled in the furnace of agony, the voice of Spiritualism steals through the gloom with a tender refrain as soft and sweet as a mother's kiss, lays its healing wand on the aching wound, and breathes the music of heaven into the sobbing soul, and 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

## A Useful Dream.

The following extract, made in *Light*, from an article in *Longman's Magazine*, by Mrs. Lecky, on "The Roman Journal of Gregorovius," states as follows:

"He (Gregorovius) made the acquaintance of Baron von Haxthausen, a Westphalian, the well-known writer on Russia, who had a tendency to Spiritualism. Gregorovius himself was a great dreamer. In the early part of the Journal he tells an experience which might be recorded in the annals of the Psychical Society. When he was a boy at the gymnasium, before his 'Abiturienten' examination—the equivalent of matriculation—he dreamt that the Professor gave him the 'Ode of Horace,' 'Justum ac tenacem propositum virum,' to explain. 'I studied it well,' he says, 'and when on the day of the examination I entered the hall with my school-fellows, I told them in what way I had learnt what I was going to be examined in. They laughed at me. Prof. Petroni took up Horace, and said to me: "Open at the Ode, 'Justum ac tenacem propositum virum.'" The others looked at me in astonishment, and I passed brilliantly."

## "Loyalty to the Commonwealth."

The Boston Post of the 25th ult. in expressing its views of Gov. Greenhalge's action on his refusal to pardon certain railroad officials, legally condemned for placing loyalty to a corporation above fealty to the laws of the State, quotes the governor as follows: "Loyalty to the Commonwealth, to the law and to the public peace, comes before loyalty to their superiors."

"It is this loyalty to the Commonwealth [says the Post] that is, to the people themselves—that must form the surest bulwark against the encroachment of corporations upon public rights. The man who is hired by a corporation does not surrender his citizenship in consideration of the pay received. He is first a citizen, next a corporation official. And it will be a sorry day when corporations can rely upon a forgetfulness of this fact on the part of their employees."

We anticipated presenting to our readers memorial sketches of the late THOMAS DOWLING, of Malden, Mass., and Capt. ISAAC FRAZIER, of Lynn, Mass., but the great pressure of current local matter upon our space obliges us to defer their appearance to the next issue.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS's recent work in Washington is favorably commented on by Bro. Bacon on another page.—It will be seen, by reference to our Rhode Island notices, that Dr. Willis is speaker at B. T. Hall, Providence, during February.

Much matter of interest on various topics will be found in "Banner Correspondence" department, page two.

Read the report forwarded us by Secretary Cressett, of Vermont, on our seventh page.

## Decease of James Burns.

As noted in THE BANNER of Jan. 26, the veteran editor and publisher of *The Medium* and *Daybreak*, London, Eng., passed to spirit-life, Sunday, Dec. 30, at the age of 60 years.

His history is imperishably interwoven with that of the modern spiritual movement in Great Britain, and on the Continent also. His wonderful activity persisted to the last—his final editorial work being the preparation of some personal paragraphs for *The Medium* of Dec. 22. He endured much suffering before his release from the physical, and was wasted to a shadow. One of the latest among his plans for *The Medium* for '95 was the arranging for the re-publishing in that paper, from THE BANNER of Oct. 13, '94, of the editorial, "Gone Home," announcing the transition of Luther Colby, its editor. This kindly action was carried out in *The Medium* for Jan. 11, but the spirit that had prompted the generous act had in the meantime gone to join the blest and ascended ones who from the heavenly heights look down with helpful influence on the earnest deeds which true laborers for the Cause are putting forth in every land.

On Friday, Jan. 4, the earthly remains of Mr. Burns were deposited in their last resting-place at Norbiton Cemetery.

The cortege started from 73 Great Ormond street at 11:20 and arrived at the gates of the cemetery at 1:20. The funeral from Great Ormond street was strictly private, the mourners being only five in number, and consisting of Mrs. Burns and her sons, William and James, and William and David Burns, the brothers of the deceased. A select company of Mr. Burns's relatives and intimate friends and pupils were in attendance at the cemetery when the procession arrived, to pay their last tribute of respect and esteem.

The relatives on Mrs. Burns's side were represented by Mr. George Wooderson and his wife, and her eldest brother, Mr. Henry Wooderson.

The augmented party assembled in the chapel to listen to the pathetic and beautiful service conducted by the Rev. John Hopps. In the concluding personal remarks Mr. Hopps said:

"To-day we once more face the world's great dread—that which the world calls Death. But we remember to-day the great saying of the olden time, 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith'; and most of us who are here are overcomers. We are literal and not romantic when we say, 'There is no Death.' We mean it. Our philosophy of life is based upon the thought that at death the real self marches forth to fuller life. Hence, we have not only passed beyond the world's Pagan dread, but we have also passed beyond the ordinary Christian's faith. For us, the resurrection of the body is an empty and hindering delusion. Our great words are the great words of Science—Evolution and Progress; and we carry the process on into the Unseen. So then there are no truer and happier believers in God than we are. And now what shall we say of him who has passed on? A strong, brave, militant spirit, resolute and a pioneer, who had to pay the price. He has marched on to his promotion. 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'"

A procession being formed, the coffin was borne home to the grave, and lowered to its resting-place amidst the audible sobs of the mourners, evoked by the touching words spoken by Mr. Hopps.

The coffin was of polished elm, and the plate bore the words:

"JAMES BURNS,  
Passed to the Higher Life,  
December 30, 1894  
Aged 60."

The floral tributes were numerous and elegant, and the greatest satisfaction was experienced by all at the expedition and respectful veneration that characterized the arrangements throughout.

*Light* for Jan. 12 adds concerning the funeral exercises:

"At the grave the 23d Psalm was read; the words of Jesus beginning, 'In my Father's house are many homes'; and a revised version of the well known words of Paul: 'It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption,' etc. For this was substituted, 'The body is sown in corruption, the spirit is raised in incorruption,' etc. The coffin was almost hidden with flowers, the gifts, probably, of absent friends. Altogether a pathetic and tender scene.

The interment, curiously enough, was in 'consecrated' ground. It was certainly a sign of the times that this could be, not only without let or hindrance, but with the path made smooth in every way. The conductor of the funeral, both in the church and at the grave, had perfect freedom; and it is worth distinct record that a Spiritualist's Service, pure and simple, can now be enjoyed 'on the consecrated side,' instead of the old Church Service, of which no true Spiritualist can approve, and which, certainly, no true Spiritualist can enjoy.

At last advice, preparations were being made by the English Spiritualists to hold a memorial meeting in London in commemoration and acknowledgment of the valuable services to the Cause, rendered by the life-laborers of Mr. Burns.

## Verification of Spirit Message.

We are informed by Mrs. E. M. Sanborn, of Portsmouth, N. H., that her attention was recently attracted to the communication of Mrs. Mary Nickerson, late of East Haverhill, Mass., given through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, and published in the *Message* Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Dec. 15, 1894. Mrs. Sanborn states that she recognizes the names of parties referred to in the message, and "vouches for the truth of every word."

In another column will be found a call for the Midwinter Convention of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association. Prof. H. D. Barrett of Washington, D. C., President of the National Spiritualists' Association, and other fine speakers, also excellent mediums, will be present.

We give on first page a picture and sketch of Bro. J. J. MORSE. Our readers will need no special invitation to gaze on the one, or peruse the other, for Bro. Morse is known as a strong pillar of the Spiritual Cause in England, and a happily remembered worker in America.

THE BANNER will give its readers next week a discourse—reported for its columns—by JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER, of New York, based on a consideration of the late paper in *The Recorder*, of that city, by HUDSON TUTTLE.

The "Regulars" and their allies are now working for a "protective" (?) law in their interests in Washington, D. C. Read the manly protest of Dr. T. A. Bland in another column.

As our continued story, "BERTHA LEX," draws near its close, the dramatic power therein evinced should place it high in the reader's estimation.

Dr. P. S. George's appeal for the drought-sufferers in Nebraska—sixth page—is worthy of a generous response.

THOSE WHO HAVE SENT SEALED LETTERS to us will please exercise patience. We will forward the answers to them as rapidly as they reach us through the mail from the medium.

## Washington Items.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, Mrs. M. E. Wallace, et al.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis has been the regular speaker before the First Spiritualists' Society here during the past two months, a significant fact in itself, and indicative of the regard in which he and his work are held by his friends in this city.

His discourses are invariably delivered in excellent diction, and are often incidentally enriched with flights of genuine poetry—pure inspirational verse. They are characterized by a clear conception of the subject which ensures an orderly presentation of their most salient features, are happily illustrated and practically enforced, while through and over all they are thoroughly permeated with a spirituality that makes for righteousness and progress toward the heavens.

Socially, Dr. Willis is always greatly appreciated, and hence is in constant demand; but two private classes in Baltimore and two in Washington each week leave him but little opportunity to satisfy his many friends in this particular. However, such time as has been at his disposal for this purpose has been fully improved by those who sought as it were to preempt their claims.

On one of these exceptional occasions it was my pleasant privilege to meet him with a few personal friends at the residence of the writer, when the company—all conditions contributing—was royally favored with several impromptu poems, one of which, the direct influence of Edgar Allan Poe, was to my thinking the finest verse my ears ever heard spoken. I am familiar with nothing of its kind in literature that it did not equal for dramatic power, intense feeling, passion, pathos, affection and soul expression.

And this was delivered, be it understood, with all the wealth of verbal euphony and musical felicities that are so pronounced in this great poet's most elaborate compositions—answering to every poetic sense and echoing a spiritual imagination.

It was a graphic picture, traversing his professional life—his hopes, ambitions, aspirations and his failures—closing with a vivid description of the inspiring new life upon which he had entered, as a tempest-tossed ship which just escaped wreck and ruin, finding safety within a land-locked haven of Araby the blest.

Under the spell of his enchantment, all felt to affirm that it was an original poetical rendering unsurpassed in their experience.

On the evening of the 22d inst., Dr. Willis entertained the Potomac Literary Club here, with an absorbingly interesting account of the famous Alcott family of Massachusetts, of which he personally was an inmate for many years. His narrative involved a clear analysis of each member of the family, the whole proving highly instructive to a large company.

That excellent lady and medium, Mrs. M. E. Wallace of New York City, is making her second visit here during the present season, being a most welcome guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Horn of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., distinguished Spiritualists of many years, whose winter residence in Washington is to Spiritualists and others one of the chief centres of hospitable entertainment.

Mrs. Horn is the medium through whom "Strange Visitors" and "The Next World Interviewed," were given in the earlier days of the movement. Though now practically out of print, these books when first published created a great furor among all classes for their wonderful naturalness in depicting spiritual scenes, and their faithfulness in representing the personality of well-known public characters in the views they sought to express from the other side of life.

In this hospitable and cultured home Mrs. Wallace finds a congenial abiding place. Here almost every evening gather invited friends, not a few of whom for the first time in their lives learn of the truth of spirit-return, by having the fact of a demonstrated immortality brought home to their consciousness in a way and manner that fall not to win its acceptance, and to become lovingly cherished for all after time.

Mrs. Wallace is never happier than when under the influence of her spiritual guides and her own translated "Lily." She is planting spiritual seed in the minds of those who, it may be, are just awakening to the knowledge of spiritual realities.

Through her great sympathetic nature, which is her distinguishing characteristic, she has the rare faculty of entering into close relationship with the soul-nature of those to whom she feels prompted to speak. The instruction thus imparted is always specially adapted to the needs of the listening recipient, who is sure to reciprocally respond.

There is no more glorious mission in life than to be intelligently and adaptedly engaged in opening the eyes of the spiritually blind, and to cause sorrowing hearts to happily know of the continuity and perpetuity of human love and affection over death and the grave. No greater boon can come to any child of earth than to be specially called to dispense this gospel of gladness to the world. Its compensations so outweigh its crosses that relatively the latter exist but for a day, while the former abide with the soul forever.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 25, 1895.

## The Mystery Minstrels.

Who so recently awakened the curiosity and interest of the Bostonians at Horticultural Hall, under direction of Mrs. W. S. Butler and others, will repeat their concert at the Chelsea (Mass.) Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, Feb. 9. Chelsea should arouse, and give them a good audience.

THE LYCEUM BANNER.—The January issue of this able and interesting magazine presents a fine New Year's number in opening its fifth volume. The initial paper is a tribute to Luther Colby, surmounted by an engraving of the house where Spiritualism first had light. Alfred Kilson has an allegory, "The Adventures of Prince Truthheart," which will please the little ones greatly. Bessie Hart Adams, Hudson Tuttle, S. Alice Walton, J. J. Morse, Mrs. N. A. Montford, J. B. Longstaff, and others, have stories and poems. A calendar for the new year, with a portrait of Luther Colby and his birthplace, enclosed in chronological events, is a fine souvenir with the current issue. London: J. J. Morse, 26 Osbornburgh Street, Euston Road.

Sign Your Articles.—Correspondents will please remember that we state each week on the editorial page that "NO ATTENTION IS PAID TO ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS," still reports, obituaries, and sometimes marriage notices continue to reach us without a responsible signature. We must have such signatures as a guarantee of good faith—but not for publication, if the writer wishes the name withheld.

Dr. Crabtree, whose card is on page 7th, and who is well known to many of our readers, is a successful physician of many years' practice. His diagnosis is the most obscure diseases, even at a distance, is very remarkable. "THE BANNER," he tells us, "brings me a large class of most desirable, because intelligent, patients far and near."

FACTS ABOUT FLORIDA and the colony now forming to locate there. For full particulars address James H. Foss, 11 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass.

## For additional editorial matter see third page.

A wax cast of the face of Napoleon was made surreptitiously the night after his death by an attending physician, Dr. Arnott. It was sold by him for \$15,000 to the King of Wurtemberg, from whom, some years later, it was stolen, and put on exhibition in London. Then it was secured by Napoleon III., on the payment of a ransom of \$20,000, and kept with great care at the Tuilleries until, during the violent days of the Commune, it disappeared. Two reproductions of this remarkable cast, one in full face and one in profile, appear in *McClure's Magazine* for February, and its story is told by the man who had the cast in his keeping while it was at the Tuilleries, Baron de St. Pol, formerly private Secretary of the late Emperor Napoleon III.

## Strong Testimony.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
The meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists at Carnegie Hall, Jan. 20, was very demonstrative. Mr. Henry J. Newton indulged in some very salutary remarks upon the bigotry of those self-anointed individuals who jump at conclusions, and formulate their opinions upon belief instead of knowledge. Beliefs amount to but little unless substantiated by absolute fact, and it is by and through the phenomena that the claims of Spiritualism have been proven to be facts.

Mr. J. A. Kemper, a representative of the *New York Recorder*, and a young man of interesting and magnetic personality, gave a succinct account of a séance given by Mrs. Williams under strict test conditions, at which he had been present in a reportorial capacity. He premised his remarks by stating that he had not been at all impressed with the accounts given of the alleged Paris fiasco; much sensational coloring had obscured important details; an unprejudiced mind was justified in taking these reports "with a grain of salt." As for himself, he had reserved his opinion until such time as it might have something more tangible on which to rest. He did not think any sagacious mind would incline to be preconceived opinions, therefore, after what he had witnessed under these test conditions, he felt himself in a position where he could congratulate himself on his sagacity. He had gone in an agnostic frame of mind as regarded the truth of spiritualistic phenomena; he had come away doing some very astute thinking. He gave a graphic account of what happened, describing in minute detail the rigid precautions which had been taken, not only as a prevention against but to obviate even the seeming of imposture.

The tests he had personally received were of the most convincing nature. The various manifestations were described in a rational and comprehensive manner. It was an unbiased, methodical and logical statement throughout. He said: "The phenomena presented were of so marvelous and mystifying a character as to be absolutely beyond my capacity to realize; and I would say, furthermore, if materialization be true—a fact which I no longer doubt—then this lady is a true exponent of it."

In closing he added: "There is too often a lack of rhyme or reason in these investigations. The spiritualistic lady have a tendency to either defy or condemn their mediums. Until this alleged exposure in Paris be proven and sustained—which I maintain it has not been—Mrs. Williams must be acquitted justly. Her many years of faithful service to the Cause demand it."

Mr. Kemper's remarks were plentifully interspersed with rounds of applause, and every one present seemed to view his utterances in the light of a personal vindication—as indeed they were—of the truth with which they are identified.

New York City. JOHN HAZELRIGG.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

F. Alexis Heath, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, spoke in Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 27; is engaged for Brockton, Feb. 3; Lowell, Feb. 10; will answer calls to speak and give tests wherever his services are desired. Address 89 School street, Egleston Square, Boston.

Mediums visiting Nebraska who have a desire for engagements in the State are requested to correspond with the Secretary of the State Association of Spiritualists, who will furnish all the information obtainable. Address Dr. P. S. George, 1201 Ostree, Lincoln, Neb.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., lectured in Hartford, Conn., Jan. 27; will lecture at Worcester, Mass., Feb. 3 and 10, and at Stoughton, Mass., Feb. 17, at his engagement for Feb. 17. Address 42 Alvarado Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Frank T. Ripley can be engaged as lecturer and platform test medium for camp-meetings for July, August and September next, 1895. Address him 2762 Broadway, Cleveland, O., after February; for February, at 116 Washington street, Allegheny, Pa.

Mary A. Charter, veteran trance-medium, is now recovering from a severe attack of La Grippe. She will be pleased to see her friends at her home, 4 Tremont street, Boston. Her birthday was recently celebrated at Irving Hall, recently.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will occupy the Berkeley Hall desk the Sundays of February. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, he will lecture in Danielsonville, Ct., and probably assist at a Fair in Norwich, Ct., the following evenings, Feb. 14 and 15.

## W. J. Colville's Work.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 27, Mr. Colville lectured in North Abington to a very intelligent audience, on subjects placed upon the desk by persons in attendance. The topics embraced "The Evidence of Spiritualism," "Telepathy" and "Spiritual Healing." Music and a poem completed the exercises.

Mr. Colville's weekly lecture on Spiritual Science is given at 18 Huntington Avenue, Mondays at 2:30 p. m. Subject Feb. 1, "Further Thoughts from Emerson—Spiritual Laws."

He is still lecturing in New York, Brooklyn and Newark, his work in the three cities being divided as follows: New York, Union Square Hall, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3 p. m.; Brooklyn, Singleton Hall, 1188 Bedford Avenue, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8 and 9 p. m.; Newark, N. J., Orator Hall, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10:15 a. m.

All letters, etc., may be addressed in care of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, or 52 West Twelfth street, New York.

Mr. Colville will speak in Lowell, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7 p. m.; in Exchange Hall, and in Waltham, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7:30 p. m.

## Miss Abby A. Judson.

"This lady, who is giving a course of lectures under the auspices of the Spiritual Association of this city, deserves more than a passing notice. She is truly a remarkable woman, and those who have been so fortunate as to have heard her, have come away feeling that they had not only enjoyed an intellectual treat, but had been very much benefited by her teachings. She is a lady of intelligence and culture, and should be greeted by large audiences. When Robert G. Ingersoll was in Lynn, a short time ago, many of our best people, including several of our clergymen, attended his lecture. Now this lady is no infidel, but believes fully in the existence of a God, also of communion with the spirit-world, and in living pure, spiritual lives. There are only a few more chances to hear her, as her stay is limited, let all attend who can."—H. S., in the *Daily Evening Item*, Lynn, Mass., Jan. 22.

## Married.

At the residence of Dr. J. A. Marvin, Lausling, Mich., Mr. George Spaulding to Miss Lucy Series. The services were performed by Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Lodge, Mich., in the presence of about seventy-five guests. A. E. S.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 23.—A Vandala train, due here at 2:35 this afternoon, was wrecked (by the track spreading at a curve) at Castville, twenty-six miles out. Two persons were killed and thirty-one injured. The dead are John W. Norton, St. Louis, theatrical lessee and manager, and Mrs. W. S. Towers, Carthage, Mo.

See prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT in this issue. The paper has no equal of its class in the world.—Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative.

Become your own medium! "ON-GRAPH," 10 cents. A. J. Allen, 2451 Cottage Grove, Chicago, Ill.

## MICHIGAN.

Paw Paw.—Luther V. Moulton, President, and Fred Schermerhorn, M. D., Sec'y, announce that the second mid-winter convention of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association will be held Feb. 1, 2 and 3, 1895, in Longwell's Opera House, Paw Paw. The services will be by Mr. B. O'Dell, the Vice-President, and test, etc., (of Grand Lodge), Annie L. Robinson (of Port Huron



## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—T. H. B. James writes: Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland's parlors, corner of Market and Oxford streets, were crowded Tuesday evening, the 22d ult. Mrs. Dowland presided, and her control delivered an address. Dr. Arthur Hodges made remarks and gave excellent tests and communications; Dr. Wm. F. Franks spoke, and gave many readings, tests and messages.

Friday evening Dr. Franks's developing circle at 130 Market street, was well attended.

At Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer street, Sunday, a fine audience greeted Dr. Wm. F. Franks, the speaker and medium of the day. Session opened with service of song, led by Prof. E. F. Pierce of Boston. Charles A. Abbott of Boston at the piano; Mr. Abbott recited "The Rainbow Bridge" and other selections which were highly appreciated. Dr. Franks's remarks were highly appreciated, and a large number of readings, tests and communications, all said to be correct, were given.

Next Sunday Dr. Charles F. Faulkner, Dr. Arthur Hodges, Dr. Wm. F. Franks, and other good mediums will be present.

**Capt. Hall.**—G. H. Green, Secretary of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, writes: At 2:30 P. M. the last Sunday, memorial services were held in honor of Mr. Isaac Frazier, Mrs. Sheppard and Mrs. Darling.

Miss Abby Judson's remarks were based on the influence exerted on other persons by the salient points of their lives and their characters. Regarding Mr. Frazier's career, she dwelt on his courage, sincerity, truthfulness and honesty. In accordance with the laws of heredity, these virtues, transmitted to him by his ancestors, were intensified by his own resolute will, and will reappear in his posterity, here and there, through countless generations. She dwelt on his fidelity to the beloved wife of his youth, through a union of sixty-two years, and touched pathetically on the heroic death of his son Frank, who was mortally wounded at the explosion of the mine on Petersburg's bloody day.

Miss Judson showed that the loving attention paid to the aged has kept the windows of the mind in refinement; and closed her choice address with a beautiful picture of the transition of an aged couple, departing together at the end of a long earth-life, in the coming millennium, when the spiritual powers of man will have become fully developed.

Dr. Fowler then spoke of his personal relations with Mr. Frazier, and read a set of resolutions, which were adopted. Mrs. Stone read two original poems, and was followed by J. O. Marshall, who was a life-long friend. Mrs. M. C. Chase paid high honor to Mrs. David Sheppard, the retiring Treasurer of the Ladies' Aid. A set of resolutions was adopted, and then Mrs. Chase read an original poem dedicated to Mr. Frazier.

The subject of Mrs. Judson's evening address was, "Where are Heaven and Hell?"

Reasoning from the unity and the naturalness of the universe, she claimed that the location of the abode of those who pass to spirit-life must accord with the facts of astronomy, the very foundation of which was unknown to the ancients. She declared that the spirit-world of the earth is around the earth, and accompanies it in its journey around the sun. Extending far beyond the moon, whose sphere it includes, our spirit-world is large enough to accommodate all that ever lived, and that will ever live on the earth. Its lowest sphere, in which we now live, is but a part of the vastness of heaven. As we depart further from the planet in our progress, we shall find less of hell and more of heaven, and shall at last reach celestial altitudes, where there will be no hell and where it will be all heaven. This change in our condition will depend wholly on the development of our individual character.

This masterly lecture closes Miss Judson's present engagement with this Society.

F. A. Wiggins will be with us next Sunday.

The Children's Lyceum, writes a correspondent, held an interesting session at its hall on Sunday. After the usual exercises, recitations were given by James Grant, Albert Metzger, Charles Metzger, Emma Adams, recitations, Laura Metzger, Ella Winchester, Bernard Gidney, Miss Estes; duet, Prof. E. F. Pierce and C. A. Abbott; solo, Mr. Abbott; remarks, Mrs. C. B. Hare; Mrs. E. I. Webster read a poem in memory of Isaac Frazier, written by Mrs. M. C. Chase, and spoke feelingly of his life and work; Mrs. Merrill also paid tribute to his kindness of heart and liberality in the cause of Spiritualism.

Next Sunday, our lesson will be on Temperance.

The Lyceum social circle will be held at 20 Congress street Thursday evening.

[Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, the Lyceum gave an entertainment, an account of which will be published next week.]

**Greenwich.**—Juliette Yeaw writes: Sunday, Jan. 20, the platform of the Independent Liberal Church, Greenwich, Mass., was occupied by Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haverhill. I was much gratified upon returning there Jan. 27 to learn the universal verdict of the Society.

She is spoken of as young, modest and unassuming, yet giving evidence of being perfectly controlled by spirits of a high order intellectually and spiritually, with especial acumen in the prompt and satisfactory answering of questions propounded by the audience.

Although not personally acquainted with the lady, I can testify to the correctness of the conclusions of my people, and gladly write these unpolished expressions of confidence in the ability of Miss Harlow.

Illness in many families, the long distances to be covered in the intense cold, abridge our winter audiences, yet with undaunted courage and unflinching interest the workers "hold the fort" against the persistent endeavors of Orthodoxy to lessen the growing power.

While test-mediumship is rarely exercised upon our platform, our people are not unfamiliar with phenomena. Sunday evenings large numbers convene in the spacious house of Mr. H. W. Smith for circles, and many phases of mediumship are being most satisfactorily developed, as writing, raps in all parts of the room, impersonations, visions, Indian controls, and when a dark circle is tied bright lights, touches, cool breezes and sometimes whispered words, and even partial materialization.

As all are seekers, and no pecuniary considerations involved, all are satisfied. The fine mediumship of Miss H. B. Lochan, especially so in poetical improvisation, the influences of the writer and of occasional speakers, add to the real home-made food the members of our Society weekly enjoy.

The indefatigable energy of Mr. Smith is expending itself in the composition of new music and in rehearsing it with the singers, to add to the interest of the meetings.

**Lowell.**—E. Pickup, Sec'y, writes: Saturday evening a successful supper and entertainment were given in connection with our Lyceum. Songs were rendered by Miss Grace Hunnewell, Miss Daisy Brainerd, Master Warren Cornock and Prof. Jackson; readings and recitations, Misses Pansy Sawyer, Ida Terry, Beatrice Terry and John H. Pickup; tableaux, Miss Pansy Sawyer, Masters Willie Sawyer, Warren Cornock and Miss Blanche Brainerd; Mr. A. B. Plympton addressed the audience; piano solos, Miss Cornock, Prof. Jackson and Mr. Thos. Shurtliff; Master Warren Cornock, fancy dances.

Sunday, Jan. 27, the Lyceum held its session, when lessons and poems were recited, after which classes were formed, the subject under discussion in the young men's debating class being "The Origin of Thought."

Mr. E. H. Tuttle of Boston occupied our rostrum at 2 and 7 P. M., taking subjects from the audience for his lectures and poems. At the conclusion of each discourse he gave a number of tests received through the phases of clairvoyance and recognized psychometric readings. As a test medium he is one of the most successful we have had here.

Next Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Mrs. Cutler of Philadelphia will give tests, and at 7 in the evening Mr. W. J. Colville will lecture.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at all meetings.

**Stoughton.**—Mrs. G. E. Morse, Secretary, writes: Sunday, Jan. 20, W. A. Hale, M. D., of Dorchester, Mass., occupied our platform, afternoon and evening, and was very much liked by the people.

H. B. Stone was with us the following Sunday, but was obliged to cancel the engagement on account of ill health. Dr. Hale was called for, but had a previous engagement.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles was secured for Jan. 27, evening only. She is well known in Stoughton, and has made many friends.

Dr. Hale is to be with us Feb. 3, and again Feb. 17, afternoon and evening.

**Malden.**—S. E. W., Sec'y, writes: The First Spiritual Association had on Sunday, the 28th ult., Rev. E. B. Fairchild of Stoneham, who gave an able lecture, the subject being "Knowledge versus Faith."

Feb. 3, Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridgeport will occupy the platform. Feb. 7, F. A. Wiggins of Salem will be with us, by special request.

**Worcester.**—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes closed a successful engagement Jan. 27. Her lectures have been of more than ordinary merit, and fully appreciated.

The speaker for Feb. 3 will be Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of this city.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon and evening, Feb. 1, with Mrs. Barlow, 9 Fulton street.

**Salem.**—N. B. P. writes: Monday evening, Jan. 25, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding of Somerville delivered a fine discourse and gave excellent tests to an appreciative audience in aid of our Building Fund. Her services were given gratuitously, for which we extend our sincere thanks.

Sunday our platform was occupied afternoon and evening by Dr. Arthur Hodges of Lynn. In the afternoon he gave psychometric readings, pronounced cor-

rect by recipients. In the evening a crowded house greeted the doctor, who devoted the whole evening to tests, which were correct in every instance. The audience highly appreciated the doctor's efforts. He made a great many friends and some converts to Spiritualism, and we hope soon to have him with us again.

**Lawrence.**—"A." writes: A large and attentive audience gathered in Pythian Hall Sunday afternoon and evening to listen to F. Alexis Heath of Boston, a well-known correspondent of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Mr. Heath spoke in the afternoon upon "Spiritualists as a Church," and in the evening his topic was "The Mission of Spiritualism." Both lectures were full of deep, earnest thought, and were followed at each session with a test séance, at which over eighty full names were given, and very generally recognized.

At the earnest request of many inquiring friends Mr. Heath remained over during Monday, giving several private sittings at his room in the Calder House during the day, and holding a circle for the benefit of the Society in the evening.

Dr. Charles A. Stevens, President of the Lawrence Society, deserves the thanks of the people for his devotion to the cause, and the efforts he is making to place the truths of Spiritualism before the public.

Mrs. Gilbert Leary of Newport, Vt., inspirational medium, is to be the speaker next Sunday.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer is to hold séances for materialization during the week, and I heartily endorse by those who were present at her séances the past week.

**Haverhill and Bradford.**—"E. P. H." writes: At the Spiritual Union in Red Men's Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, Mrs. Buck gave very satisfactory proof of her mediumship. This was the first visit of Mrs. Buck to Haverhill.

Next Sunday Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth will be the speaker, and will again give his remarkable illustrations in mediumship.

**Fitchburg.**—E. O. P., Sec'y, writes: Jan. 27 our platform was occupied by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who gave two very interesting lectures, both afternoon and evening, to good audiences.

Next Sunday our platform will be occupied by Dr. C. H. Harding of Boston.

## CONNECTICUT.

**Danielsonville.**—W. D. Wood writes: The third meeting of our Society was held Jan. 23, and a large audience was present to listen to Edgar W. Emerson, who held the closest attention for over two and a half hours, giving tests that were recognized in every instance, so that the most skeptical could not help expressing admiration.

On the following evening twenty persons held a private séance occupying three hours. The delineations were most convincing.

As a result of Mr. Emerson's work, the Society has added several new members, and a large number have been aroused to investigation. We consider Mr. Emerson without an equal as a test medium.

The Society has re-engaged Mr. Emerson for the month of June.

Frank Baxter will speak Feb. 13, and Helen Temple Brigham March 13.

**Norwich.**—"Uncas" writes: Mr. J. Frank Baxter has served the Society here on many occasions, and is one anticipated always with pleasure. His efforts here this month have been crowned with success, and the most eager expectations not only met but exceeded.

Last Sunday he closed his present season's engagement with the Norwich Spiritual Union with good and well received lectures. That of the afternoon was in commemoration of Thomas Paine and his work.

A life-size picture of Paine, framed, had effective place on an easel on the well-appointed stage.

In the evening Mr. Baxter's subject was, "What Effect has Spiritualism on the Affairs of Men and Nations?" It was very ingeniously handled, and went to show how many were unconsciously influenced by the spirit, even among public men—ministers, statesmen, officials—some of them acknowledging it, and others not seemingly aware of the source of their power.

The séance which followed the evening lecture was effective and convincing.

The Norwich papers, *Record, Bulletin and Weekly*, have all called attention to Mr. Baxter's work, and spoken in complimentary terms of that gentleman as a lecturer, reader, medium and scholar.

A reception of an informal nature was tendered Mr. Baxter by Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Chapman in their beautiful new home on Saturday evening, Jan. 26, and the spacious parlors contained a good number to greet and cheer their honored visitor. The occasion was a pleasant one, and all had evidence of its full appreciation by Mr. Baxter.

The spiritual papers were on sale Sunday, as usual, at the hall. The demand, especially for the BANNER OF LIGHT, of late having increased, an extra number was ordered. Mr. Baxter called attention to the fact of the sale, and just a single one of all was the remainder after the afternoon lecture to meet the evening sale. With the increasing desire, a greater supply will be necessitated.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**Providence.**—A correspondent informs us that the People's Progressive Spiritualist Association, holding its meetings in B. T. Hall, 728 Westminster street, has secured the services of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Glenora, N. Y., to occupy its platform for the Sundays of Feb. 3, 10, 17 and 24. Hours of service, 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Subject of lecture, Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:30, "Why a Spiritualist?" embracing many of his marvelous psychical experiences; at 7:30, "What Spiritualism has Taught Me."

Dr. Willis needs no recommendation to a Providence public. The masterly lectures delivered by him in Blackstone Hall, on former occasions, were favorably commented upon by the press of this city, and produced a sensation here not easily dissipated.

**Providence.**—Sarah D. C. Ames writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association, Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street, Sunday, Jan. 27, had for the speaker Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haverhill, Mass.

Miss Harlow is now making her initial appearances in public. She is a trance speaker, and wonderfully correct. Questions were taken from the audience which were answered in a clear and comprehensive manner.

Mrs. May S. Pepper followed with tests, many of which were convincing.

Sunday, Feb. 3, Mrs. M. A. Kimball of Lawrence, Mass., will be with us.

## MAINE.

**Belfast.**—Mrs. T. H. Durlam writes: We have organized here under the name of the Spiritual and Liberal Union. There seems to be much interest shown by the members, and we hope soon to call speakers to our hall. Mediums will be very welcome.

**Portland.**—Mrs. Thaxter, Sec'y, writes: On Sunday, Jan. 27, the People's First Progressive Spiritual Society held two very interesting meetings. In the afternoon, Miss Kate Davidson gave many interesting tests, all recognized, followed by Mary L. Goodrich, whose controls gave many messages.

The evening services consisted of an invocation by Mrs. Jewell, followed by Dr. Goodrich, our earnest President, with remarks; poem by Mrs. Hill, entitled "Resignation"; cornet solo by Prof. Hatch; tests Miss Davidson.

Then followed Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich in their phase of mediumship, called Mental Telepathy, or transmission of thought. Tests were given and recognized.

The BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the meetings. If more societies in the State of Maine would introduce this BANNER in their meetings and spread the spiritual literature through our cities, more converts to Spiritualism would be the result.

The Buckwalter Store Co., Continental Store Works, Royersford, Pa., has issued a neat memorandum book for 1895, for a copy of which our thanks are returned.

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Jan. 19.

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the world.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

**Washington.**—M. Cora Bland, Corresponding Sec-  
retary, writes: The Committee of the District of  
Columbia of the House of Representatives devoted  
two hours, Jan. 26, to a hearing for and against a  
monopoly bill, introduced this week on the recom-  
mendation of the commissioners of the District. Evi-  
dently the Allopahs have lost hope of the passage  
of their bill introduced some weeks ago, as this, they  
admit, is a compromise bill, intended to silence the  
opposition of the Homeopaths and Eclectics.

The President of the Allopathic Medical Society of  
the District, Dr. Bussey, said in his speech that the  
bill was not entirely satisfactory, but they would try  
to be content with it; that he was willing to agree to  
anything that would put a check on the flood-tide  
of quackery that had set toward this city.

The President of the Homeopathic Society of the  
District, Dr. Custis, objected to the bill on the ground  
that it gives the Allopahs altogether the advantage  
over the other societies. He offered and urged a sub-  
stitute in the form of another bill of the District.

The President of the Eclectic Society of the Dis-  
trict, Dr. Bland, opened his speech by saying: "You  
do not doubtless familiar with the proverb, 'When  
actors disagree the people should decide.' This is a  
case in which the doctors disagree. The Allopahs  
and Homeopaths have failed to agree upon a bill, and  
each school offers a bill of its own."

He quoted from Prof. Huxley and Herbert Spencer  
against State control of the people's health, and Dr.  
Benjamin Rush as saying that "laws restricting the  
practice of medicine are the bastilles of science and  
enemies of progress."

Referring to the declaration of Dr. Bussey, that he  
desired to shut out the quacks who had been driven  
here from other States by medical laws, Dr. Bland  
said: "If all the States of the Union have violated the  
principles of free government and ceased to be repub-  
lics in fact, that is no reason to my mind why the  
principles of despotism should be invoked in the  
competition of the disciples of Thompson and Hahn-  
emann. The Homeopaths having some years ago got so  
strong that they despaired of being able to put them  
down, they took them into partnership with them  
against the Eclectics. Now, they are offering to take  
us Eclectics into the alliance, against all other reform-  
ers in medicine. Speaking for the Eclectics of this  
city, we decline the offer, and stand for the right of  
the people to employ whom they please."

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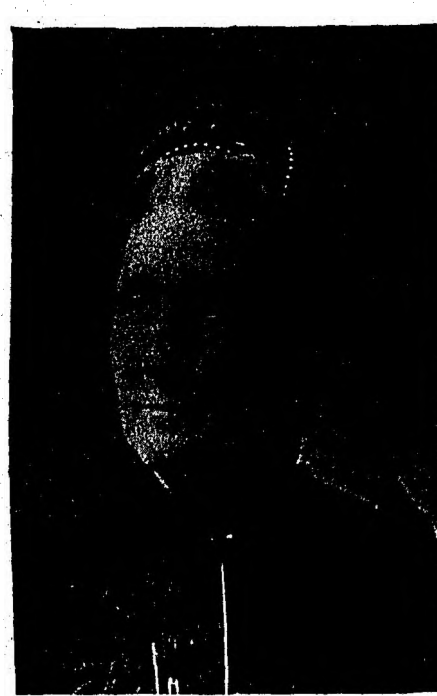
The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida E. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in 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 existence—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our stand-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appearing in this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

### SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Nov. 30, 1894—Continued from last issue.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Olive Hill.

There are loved ones waiting to hear a word from me, and it is with the greatest pleasure I take advantage of the present occasion to send them a message.

My mother and my husband, Joseph, stand beside me as I speak to you, Mr. Chairman. Freeman is here, and Reuben, and Uncle Reuben, Annie and Lucy. I would speak particularly of Lucy, for there are those who will be most glad to hear that she is with me to-day.

I have asked permission on three different occasions to speak here, but the answer has always been, "Some other day you may manifest; there is no time to-day." So I have waited as patiently as I could until this meeting, when I was told I could communicate. We are never allowed to step in front of a child, even if we have been given permission to manifest, and I think that is a good rule, Mr. Chairman, to allow the children to communicate first.

Belle asks me to remember her to the children also.

The Uncle Reuben of whom I spoke as being present here to-day, but not to report for himself, is Dr. Reuben Hill, and he was well known by a large circle of acquaintances and friends.

Rosena, Olive, Frances, we shall be rejoiced when you all come to join our happy number.

I know you often think, Frances, "Are you all together, mother?" Yes, when we have the desire. We have the freedom to go and come as we choose.

I reported once many years ago, and I have felt the desire to communicate again since Lucy came to us.

Frances, Lucy—Lu, as you called her—sends kind words and remembrances to you and Frank J. All will be glad to know she is very happy with us. She asks me to say to them, "I have no desire to return to stay, but I have a desire many times to come into communication with you."

Mary Ann is here to-day, but not to speak. I would add that many of the old neighbors from Springvale are present also—so many that it would take too much time to enumerate them all.

Dear children, remember mother's words: I will never fail you. When weary grown and discouraged because of the turmoil and strife of material life, remember we have made you promises that we shall fulfill. When it shall please the Father to bring you up higher into the celestial world, we shall come to meet you, and we shall give you strength as it is given us to go onward and bear the burdens that are laid upon you.

Alfred Hoag asks to be remembered.  
I am Olive Hill, of Springvale, Me.

#### John Bellows.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. I suppose everybody is welcome here—that's what they tell me. [Yes, all are welcome.] Then I've not made a mistake by coming in here. They tell me the doors are open and free, without money and without price. That is a pretty good thing for us who have no money, and, sir, we don't need any in the spirit-world, for there our wants are all supplied by our heavenly Father.

I had heard of dead people coming back and talking when I was in the mortal form, but I did not know anything about it.

Hiram and John are with me now.

I was quite well along in years when the summons came to me to enter the spirit-world. I used to think in my young days that when a man got to be forty or fifty he was old, but when I got to be sixty and seventy and upward I did not feel that I was very aged. I suppose other people could see that the years were telling upon me, but I could not see it.

Helen lives in Logansport, Ind., now, but I lived here in Boston, or rather in the suburbs. She was a good woman, and did all she could for me.

I want to say to Sarah, you are in the right channel. Learn all you can, but do not forget to use your reason. I know sometimes things look very strange to mortals. They will think one time, "That must be true," and the next thing that comes up seems to tip it all over. That is the way it was with me, although I did not have anything to do with Spiritualism.

I am very happy, and I send loving words to

you, Helen. I do not forget you. I well remember when Laura used to come to see you. I know you were talking about spirits, but I did not want to hear anything about it.

I want to send my love to Nellie.

I know that many who knew me on earth will say they would never think of my coming here. We do not know ourselves while we are in the flesh. That is a pretty strong statement, but it is true. I did not know myself, and I do not believe others know themselves.

There are a good many people on the earth-plane that I should like to talk with, but I must wait. They are busy with their financial affairs. Sometimes I know things look pretty dark to many of the old friends who are struggling with material concerns, but there is always a way out, as I found in my own experience. John Bellows.

#### Charlie Elms.

Gran'ma would like to know I come here. [To the Chairman:] Do you know where South Boston is? [Yes.] Well, I lived there, an' my name is Charlie Elms.

Aunt Lizzie, out in Chicago, wants to hear from me, an' then she'll tell papa. Uncle William won't care to know, I think.

I've been here before. Gran'ma says I'm a very active spirit, an' that's why I come again, I suppose.

I want Gran'ma to tell Aunt Lizzie I'm in a higher class now. Miss Chace says I've grown since I went to the Summer-Land. She's puttin' flowers on the table here—such lovely flowers! that don't fade as yours do.

I want my papa an' mamma to know I go to school, an' my teacher is Miss Annie Thompson.

Uncle William lived at East Boston, an' papa lived at South Boston. Aunt Lizzie used to live at Cambridge, an' then she went to Chicago.

In the Summer-Land we have horses an' doggies an' kitties an' flowers an' grapes, an' fruit of all kinds. Nobody says we mustn't pick what we want. There are beautiful scenes an' pleasant walks. The spirit gentleman opposite [Mr. Colby] says they're nature's walks, an' that no inharmonious pervades the spirit there.

#### Ed. S. Wheeler.

I come here to-day, Mr. Chairman, to give a message, not so much to personal friends and dear ones as to humanity at large. I have been asked mentally by many who knew me when in the mortal form, to report; and now that the opportunity presents itself I gladly avail myself of it.

I am heart and hand with all who are working for the dissemination of the grand and beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy; my sympathy and influence are extended to all who labor for the uplifting of the human race. That a spirit of harmony may pervade the spiritualistic ranks is my never-ceasing prayer, for therein lies the great secret of success. Where harmony reigns supreme, souls from celestial realms may approach so near that mortals may catch gleams of the light and beauty of that land where the meaning of life in all its grandeur is realized by the human spirit that, freed from all that fettered it on earth and its immediate spheres in the spirit-world, soars aloft on the wings of high and holy aspirations, receiving inspiration and truth from the very fount of divine wisdom on high.

Sarah is with me to-day.

These words of mine, Mr. Chairman, which I know will appear in the columns of THE BANNER, will be read with pleasure by my good Brother George Bacon, to whom I send words of encouragement and cheer.

Brother Colby, who sits directly in front of me, listening to what I say, has asked me several times, "Why do you not communicate?" There are a good many who would be pleased to hear from you." There always has been a satisfactory reason.

Although I suffered much from ill health a great deal of the time while in the mortal form, I was only too glad to have the good spirits use my medial powers the best they could wherever and whenever there was an opportunity to accomplish any good thereby, and I know my name is familiar to the Spiritualists of your city, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Washington, and many other places too numerous to mention.

Brother Bacon and I corresponded while in the flesh, and since I have passed through the portal termed death I have communicated with him many, many times.

She whom I left in sadness upon these shores of time realizes that I am with her often, bringing the best and happiest influences possible about her. To her no word of mine here is necessary to assure her of my continued watchfulness and love.

I feel that my work is by no means finished, but that I am now in a state to carry it on more perfectly than I could on earth. Here the weakness of the physical form rendered my efforts less effectual than otherwise they would have been, for often when my spirit felt like my putting my shoulder to the wheel the flesh rebelled. Now my spirit is free, untrammelled by the limitations of material life.

At the time the summons came to me, Mr. Chairman, I was taking an active part in the work for the Cause here in your city. Here I delight to come still, and it is a great pleasure to me to linger in your Circle-Room, where such perfect harmony reigns. I thank God from the depths of my soul for this avenue of communication; and may all the doorways of spirit-communication be kept open and multiplied an hundredfold.

It is, indeed, sweet to feel when we enter the spirit-world that we have been the chosen instruments of the angels to do the Father's service in loving ministrations to his children of earth.

That bright and beautiful spirit, Achsa Sprague, whose medial gifts have never been excelled, and whom I have met many times since I entered spirit-life, is present in the assembly to-day, and she says, "Brother Wheeler, our work is only just begun." Dr. Abbie Cutter is here, and many other old workers, who have passed on to reap what they have sown.

I might talk an hour, and then I would not have said all I would like, so I will forbear and take no more of your valuable time.

I send greetings to all humanity to-day, and ask them individually to be true to their mission, to be true to themselves; then when they shall hear the summons to come up higher, the spirit-world will open fair and bright before their earth-weary eyes, and they will take up the new life with a thankful heart for the blessings bestowed and mercy shown by the Father of all.

Ed. S. Wheeler.

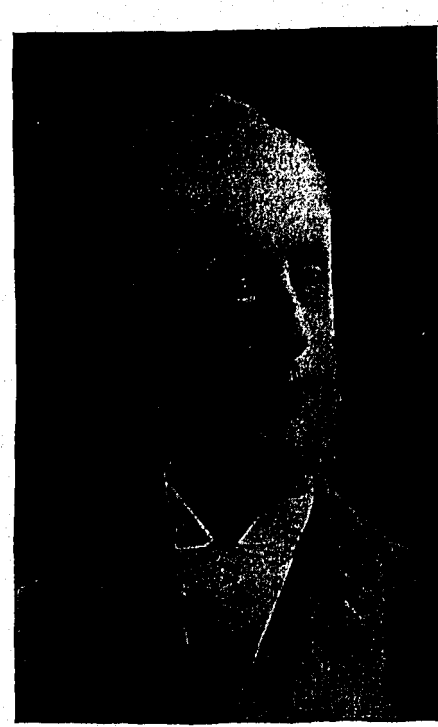
### Spirit Messages.

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

Dec. 1.—Amos Walker, Hattie L. B. Harris; Annie Spont; Susan E. Fay; Susan E. Holden; Maria Howland; Dr. James S. Holmes; Tom O'Riley; Clara Wellington.  
Dec. 14.—Jacob Hedley; Nettie J. Wentworth; George Beckwith; Matilda S. Grantman; Theresa A. Metcalf; Jonathan Hooper; Charles Howard; Mary A. Wheeler; Wanda; Louise Fuglestad.  
Dec. 21.—Harry L. Taft; Capt. John Lindsey; Alexander A. Campbell; Thomas Mooney; Annie Maria Osborn; William J. Sloane; Emma Sloane; Anna E. Stacey; Eliza P. Chase.  
Dec. 28.—Sarah J. King; William H. Brown; Hannah E. Lucas; Theodore Grant; Hannah Constantine; Charles Wess; Hannah M. Bates; John W. Hester; Isa Richardson.  
Jan. 4.—Horace Treat; Bonetta Weston; Morris Marks; Andrew Anderson; William A. Brown; Lucy Ann Holden; Ethel Parker; Mary Merrill.  
Jan. 11.—Dr. Charles F. Woodruff; Mary G. Wyman-Perham; John Wooster; James Burke; Ellen A. Sloan; John H. Leigh; Hannah E. Markham; Homer W. E. Metcalf.  
Jan. 18.—Benjamin Goodspeed; Hannah Hulise; Irving Walther; Stephen A. Davis; Luther J. Fletcher; Sophie Egerton; Joseph Taylor; Washington Blair; Jacob Tiesey; Jacob Worthen.  
Jan. 25.—Walter Wood; Charles Whitley; Lizzie C. Reed; Lucy J. Hill; Thomas S. Harris; Charles H. Stevens; Martha Matthews; Dr. John H. Currier; George Smith.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By J. J. W., Sherbrooke, Que.] One of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity is that of forgiveness of sins. What does this forgiveness mean? The Orthodox teaching is, that when a man's sins are forgiven him he is accounted before God the same as if he had not committed them, punishment for them being remitted. I notice that Spirit John Pierpont in his invocation asks for forgiveness of sins, and the guides of Mr. Colville also acknowledge and sanction it. But Spiritualism teaches that no man can escape punishment, but that every man must suffer the consequences of his sins; if a law is transgressed the penalty is inevitable. Will the guides of Mr. Colville please explain to us what forgiveness of sins means?

ANS.—The questioner, misled as he doubtless has been by the false doctrines promulgated by so-called Orthodox Christian preachers, has confounded forgiveness of sins with remission of penalty, and the two are as distinct as any two things possibly can be.

To forgive sin is to release from error, not to remit penalty. We deny that penalties are remitted; we affirm that sins are forgiven. To forgive, in the correct use of the word, is to forego, to surrender, to let go of, and much to the same effect. Now what is sin, or error, but a mistaken course of mental action, resulting in a mistaken course of physical action? "Thou art released from thy sins" is a far clearer translation than "thy sins are forgiven thee," but both in the original mean the same.

Our doctrine is, that the relation between cause and effect is eternal; there is, consequently, no escape from merited result. Agreeable results of wise actions are regarded usually as rewards of virtue, while disagreeable results flowing from foolish actions are usually called penalties.

If you are successful in reforming an erring brother or sister, what are you doing but releasing a neighbor from the clutches of error by awakening in that neighbor a dormant sense of right? The individual thus awakened drops or gives up his own sin in consequence of your appeal; in that case you are instrumental in your neighbor's deliverance from the clutches of iniquity. If a man goes on drinking, or using large quantities of tobacco, alcohol and nicotine will go on accumulating in his system; but if you induce him to adopt an opposite manner of life, the injurious effect of past indulgence can be conquered, and a foundation laid in good conduct for an improved condition in all the future. Penalties are beneficent, and therefore they are never remitted; but the love of sin is given up when the love of virtue is awakened, and to awaken it is to heal spiritually.

Q.—[By Colonel Mozier, Brooklyn.] It has been said that "the mediums of this incarnation will be the criminals of the next." Is this true?

A.—We may ask, with some amount of righteousness indignation, by whom has such a ridiculously libelous statement been made? The lack of intelligence in the assertion proves the author of it to be totally ignorant of the subject with which he undertakes to deal. Were the statement to read, "Those mediums who in this incarnation abuse their gifts, and knowingly yield themselves to unhallowed influences for the sake of gain, will be criminals in the next," there would be a moral element in it, entitling it to consideration; but as the quotation stands it is shamelessly immoral, and an insult to intelligence.

Certain persons calling themselves Theosophists every once in a while come out with such insane diatribe, and then we are asked to renounce Theosophy, which we decidedly refuse to do, as more anti-theosophical rubbish is never uttered than when avowed theosophists permit themselves to indulge in such ignorance-exposing slander.

Mediums are not necessarily controlled by vicious spirits, even when they are totally unconscious, and do not know by whom they are influenced. There are many simple-minded sensitives who are used by unseen intelligences of high rank and pure disposition to enlighten and console their earthly brethren; such mediums may be sometimes hypersensitive, and need careful shielding from adverse conditions, but there is not a trace of criminality, either in their own mental attitudes, or in the disposition of the influences who manifest through them.

We know that danger arises from the exposure of innocent, unprotected sensitives to hostile surroundings, and we have therefore always contended that the more sensitive a person is the more he needs the sheltering arm of those stronger than himself. But our experience teaches us that many delicate mediums are warned, protected and rendered safe from danger through the kindly offices of their spiritual directors.

Whatever may be in store for any one in any future state of expression, on earth or elsewhere, nothing can breed criminally but wanton indulgence of the lower appetites when higher instincts are pulling the other way. The use of mediumship is a great blessing; only its abuse can be a curse.

Q.—[By Alex. B. Allen, Payette, Ind.] Will Mr. Colville's guides please explain the meaning of "psychometry," and how it is developed?

A.—The word psychometry simply means psycho measurement, or measuring by a psychical standard. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Prof. Wm. Denton, and many other learned writers on the subject, have favored the theory of a "soul of things," but this view has not proved acceptable to some of the most gifted inspirational speakers and writers of to-day.

There are two distinct theories put forward to account for the indisputable phenomena usually called psychometric: these are, first, the theory already mentioned; second, the theory that psychometry is purely mediumship, and that therefore the information conveyed is not derived through contact with a material object, but by means of direct communication with some active unseen intelligence who possesses and communicates the knowledge gained by the sensitive who handles the object. These two theories will cover the entire field of psychometry.

We do not agree with one and disagree with the other, but regard both as partial explanations; i. e., there are phenomena which are explicable by means of the one and not by means of the other, and again there are complex phenomena, which can be best explained by taking both into consideration.

Our own view of the subject is that while things are practically insentient, they can be endowed with qualities not inherent by the action of thought, whether knowingly or unknowingly exercised. When you are writing letters your intellect works with varying intensity, regulated by the degree of importance you attach to the matter of your epistle, while your feelings or emotions are aroused proportionately to the love you bear to the person to whom you are writing, or the amount of affection you experience for the topic about which you are writing.

When any very strong feeling possesses the mind of a writer, the missive carries with it an intense glow of magnetic warmth, which excites the susceptibilities of a sensitive person immediately he opens the letter, and the same is true of garments worn by persons whose emotions are powerful—their clothing bears with it a strong characteristic emanation. First impressions on coming in contact with articles are far more reliable than results of studied endeavor to gain an inkling of a person's character through his writings or belongings.

The best way to develop this faculty is to accustom one's self to heed first impressions whenever they are felt. You can compel your psychic gift to show itself by simply removing barriers from the way of its expression. Take any object in your hand, or open any letter at any time when you are undisturbed, and note the sensations which come to you. Continued exercise of the power is the only sure way to increase it.

### A Few Thoughts on Ancient and Modern Occultism.

NO. II.—INDIA.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

THE very name of Hindoo brings before us ideas of Brahmins, fakirs and of magic itself. Until within a very few years those ideas were limited to the stories told us by travelers and missionaries. But to-day we have become so familiarized with the religion and religious ceremonies of the East, that we begin to draw comparisons between the Western and Eastern expressions of spiritual growth. But when we deal with the magic or religion of India, we are dealing with practices and faiths at least five thousand years old.

The religions and metaphysics of the Brahmins have undergone so few changes in all these years that a description of the ancient answers for the new. The laws of caste were so sacred and inviolate, that from century to century anchorites of the Brahminical order devoted themselves to sacred rites and to communion with the invisible world; and, after a time these Brahmins, or, as we may term them, priests, exercised power over the whole nation.

After a time sects arose and faiths differed, but in all essentials the practices were the same. Most frequently the rites are not committed to writing, but given orally. The great effort of the neophyte is to suspend external respiration and to attain to inward breathing. Mental introversion is the aim of every practice. Some directions are given to fix the mind wholly in the front brain; others to fix all thought on the liver, heart or other internal organ. In conversing with an initiate, it was asserted to us that the end of the nose was to be taken as the point of vision while the word Yog was pronounced for a certain time. A writer says: "Lock your door, and raise your mind from every worldly thing, then sink your head upon your breast, and fix your eyes on the center of the body, contract the air passages that the breathing may be impeded. If you persevere, night and day, you will enjoy unspeakable happiness, for the soul then perceives the radiance of God."

These exercises, with fasting and penance, lasted for years. Then follow recitations from the Vedas, instruction in planetary influence and knowledge of the starry heavens. A part of the instruction given was concerning plants and minerals, methods of healing, the power of charms, etc., and finally the infusion of akasa, of which in these days we hear so much. Now akasa is simply magnetism. This magnetism produced the trance. This condition was believed to be the liberation of the soul from materialism, so that the soul could go forth and wander in space. The spiritual senses could then have exercise. The soul could ascend to the third heaven, could read the secrets of nature, could behold the future and the past—in fact, it became God-like.

We thus find that the secrets of the adepts are revelations of the soul when released from materialism. We cannot better close this number than by a quotation from W. J. Colville in "Freedom":

"Secrets can never be withheld from those who are ready to ferret them out; nor can they be communicated to those who are too undeveloped to comprehend them. Many people talk as though there were mysterious brotherhoods extant in some remote part of the world who hold the key to all magical power, because they retain the knowledge of certain formulas and pass words. These brotherhoods are the favorite stock in trade of such pretenders to

esoteric wisdom, who conceal from their students what they themselves are unable, through ignorance, to reveal, under pretext that some occult society does not permit disclosure to be made. We beg to inform our readers that the so-called secrets of magic—so far as words, formulas, rites, ceremonies and all external paraphernalia are concerned—are visible to the eyes of all who can gain access to the library of the British Museum in London, or the Asolo Library in New York; therefore, to those who read and travel with their eyes and ears open at all. The outward knowledge of methods and incantations does not convey real magical power, for the magician's secret is within himself, and is solely the power gained by self-development and discipline."

### Letter from Dr. Dean Clarke.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many months have elapsed since I have contributed to your columns.

Since my return to the Pacific coast, a little more than five years ago, I have spent my time and efforts upon the rostrum within the State of California, doing, as was, and as it has been the mission of the greater part of my busy life to do, missionary work, extending from San Francisco to San Bernardino, where I stayed for four months a year ago. While recuperating my strength, last summer, in the ever-bracing climate of San Francisco, it was my good pleasure to meet Bro. Hill and his better-half. Acting upon their suggestion, as well as under the directions of my spirit prompters, I took my way northward, staying a short time in Portland, Oregon, among old and new friends; thence to a Camp-Meeting on the Colville river, in Southwestern Washington, where I spent a very pleasant day; then northward again a hundred miles to Olympia, the capital of the State, so beautifully situated at the southern end of Puget Sound. There I renewed my very pleasant acquaintance with several with whom I had sojourned and for whom I labored sixteen years before, finally, to my sorrow, many of the friends of our Cause imperiled by the general "hard times."

After giving two lectures, one in the Unitarian Church, kindly furnished me gratuitously, and another in Bro. G. A. Barnes's hall, which he generously furnished with all worthy workers freely, and closing with a funeral discourse over the body of one of our old friends, I thence went to Tacoma, the railway terminus, and a truly lovely young city, where I labored four months.

Learning that the former Unitarian Church had enlarged its borders and become the "Free Church," under the able ministrations of Rev. A. W. Martin, formerly of Massachusetts, and affiliated with the Free Religious Society of Boston, and also that I was once a member, I sought acquaintance with the brilliant pastor, and finding him "almost persuaded" to be a Spiritualist, I had several most agreeable interviews, and did what I could to complete his conversion. He had the moral courage to speak boldly in his pulpit in commendation of Spiritualism as the only positive proof of a future existence, and told his auditors not to neglect any opportunity to investigate its scientific facts and philosophy. He did me the personal honor to quote from a tract I have prepared, entitled "A Synopsis of Spiritualism," and twice he had the liberality to announce my lectures from his pulpit, and once he came, with about twenty of his parishioners, to hear me.

Before I left, at the request of some of his most prominent supporters, I assisted them to form a circle, which I hope may be a further means of bringing them into the "communion of saints."

While in Tacoma two persons were drowned. One of these, a young lady, was the daughter of a Spiritualist family. Her mother told me that day that just a day or two previous to the accident, she had been in speaking of dying expressed her readiness to go at any time, and said she should prefer drowning to any other way! Had she a premonition? Who knows?

Finding other local workers ready to take my place, I concluded to visit my present field, of operation, the "Queen City" of the West, where I have now spoken for a month to good audiences, gradually increasing in numbers and intelligence. Seattle, like all other important cities and villages on the Mediterranean of the Northwest, is struggling under the general financial depression but it is working out its own salvation bravely and surely, though it may be slowly. Spiritualism has gained a foothold here, and is not very successfully in organic form. As everywhere, it has had its ups and downs, but is now, I trust, coming up higher than hitherto. At least my efforts, and the private cooperative assistance of Henry B. Allen, the famous "Allen Boy," of my own native Green Mountain State, are awakening an interest in the minds of many noble and honorable spirits who will not be merely spasmodic, but permanent. I am at present occupying Olympic Hall, in which, sixteen years ago, when it was a Congregational Church, I made my first appearance in Seattle, teaching truths which offended some of its members, but which I now proclaim fearlessly.

Here are several local mediums of repute as speakers and psychometric readers who have in the past kept alive our noble Cause.

Among these Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. Lenont, Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Cornelius have been most active of late. Mrs. Lenont kindly gave way to me in the use of the hall I occupy, where she for several months has lectured and given readings. I hope I am not so late in hearing my tribute of respect and love to the former honored laborer, to be placed, among others of my noble co-workers, in the shrine of his love and devoted labor, as to have it rejected or regarded as a tardy and formal offering. Located so far from Boston, it was late when I learned of the new birth of the noble standard-bearer, who ever bore our ensign in the forefront of the fray, and the state of both body and mind incidental to my recent work, kept me from a timely opportunity to join in the general chorus of praise which warbler tongues and pens have poured forth as "honor to whom honor is due," in eulogy to our venerable champion and leader.

Having known him personally almost from his ordination as Banner-bearer by the angels of the Spiritual Dispensation, I have sufficient personal reasons for respecting, honoring and loving one who was a true friend to all subordinates in the Grand Army of Progress which he so faithfully and fearlessly led for many years. Being, when making Boston my headquarters, often at the foot of the venerable, radiating rays have illumined all the world—the BANNER OF LIGHT office—I had many a confidential chat with him.

All is well. He has gone to his great reward, and we who linger a little longer have not lost his influence for good in conducting the great movement in whose inauguration he bore a useful and honorable part. May we be as faithful and true to our sacred trust, and when our task is as well done, have the joy of again clasping his generous hand, and again communing with his magnanimous spirit "face to face." In the meantime, we hope for his spiritual presence and his uplifting influence.

In conclusion, let me as of old, through your valuable paper, extend personal greeting to all my friends and noble co-workers. None of them are forgotten, and often do I wish I could again clasp their hands warmly and exchange thoughts and fraternal amenities as in days gone by. What a grand reunion we in the Summer-Land, where there we all shall meet again and talk over, as old soldiers, the deeds and scenes of our earthly campaign! God bless and angels sustain you all! May the dear BANNER ever wave and shine with heavenly light as heretofore, and may blessings and honors reward the arduous duties of its staff.

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### An Appeal for Aid.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to make an APPEAL, through the columns of your paper, in behalf of the drought sufferers in this State. In many parts of the commonwealth great want and suffering exist, and no doubt the worst has not yet come in many localities. The crops were an entire failure; in such sections people are greatly distressed, not having sufficient nourishment and clothing. Besides, there are many poor and helpless people in this city. I sincerely hope that every one who reads this and can, will try to donate something—clothing, provisions, garden and field seeds are all necessary, and would be very acceptable.

I have undertaken this work of soliciting and distributing in the name of our State Association of Spiritualists, of which I am the Recording, Financial and Corresponding Secretary. Some of the churches of this city have been receiving donations from the different States, and distributing them to the sufferers; now, it seems to me that the Spiritualists could do quite a work in this line, for which they shall have due credit, besides helping those that cannot help themselves. When shipping, please say to the freight agent it contains donations for Nebraska sufferers. Bill all freight and direct all letters to me.

DR. P. S. GEORGE.

Lincoln, Neb., 2011 O street.

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