

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 14.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
PRIDE.

When persecution reigned on earth,  
The publican's and sinner's friend,  
When foes arraigned his peerless worth,  
Had none to comfort or defend,  
The multitude looked down the while,  
On one they held was low and vile.

To-day that legacy of pride,  
Which trowns on those who suffer loss,  
With words enthrone the crucified,  
With deeds remands him to the cross.  
Yet men the quick deluge urge  
That words and deeds can thus diverge.

With trembling hand and humble pen  
I touch this problem of the day,  
And wonder if the hope of men,  
So long deferred or held at bay,  
Shall not be long in triumph rise,  
And whelm the world with glad surprise.

Yet we, who dote on truth and love  
As gauge of purity on earth,  
And passport to a world above,  
Are deemed of questionable worth,  
Because we meet and fraternize  
With kindred spirits from the skies.

Oh! ye, who bask in Mammon's pride,  
And dare not upward look for fear  
Your idol-worship cannot bide  
The grandeur of a brighter sphere:  
Have you a hope to raze the past  
When Mammon disappears at last?

The truth and love ye hold in scorn,  
The pride and power ye worship yet—  
May smile on efforts to suborn  
The Justice that will not forget.  
Then what, oh! what in yonder sphere,  
When these recede, and those appear?

If truth is low, and love is vile,  
And purity a bluish dire;  
If wretchedness is free from guile,  
And hope a blot on man's desire;  
Then will I bless the vile and low,  
And wretched on my journey go.

If love is kind, and truth is true,  
And purity a cruel test;  
Then will I grapple them anew,  
As pearls that Malice cannot wrest  
From those who dare to use the gift  
That knowledge brings to human thrift.

SADIE BEULAH.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The One Thing Needful.

BY E. W. GOULD.

WITH all the wants of Spiritualists there seems one thing more important than all else to insure their progress and ultimate success as a popular religious denomination.

In the few places in which the experiment has been tried to which I refer, there is good evidence for believing that this one thing is the key that will unlock the mystery involved in the failure of so many spiritual societies that start out under favorable auspices and high hopes of permanent success, but so soon collapse, or fail to succeed—viz.: the want of a pleasant, attractive and convenient house, devoted especially to spiritual teachings, and to the education of those who are searching for spiritual truths.

At first thought this may seem an inadequate reason for so many and frequent failures; but not when we consider the experience of other denominations of religionists, and the desire of all classes of citizens to be associated with the best, and realize, too, that at this day there are but few places so small and obscure that are not graced with one or more church edifices, made attractive and easily accessible to all who desire to associate themselves, and especially their children, with some religious society on Sundays, if on no other days. That such failures do often occur is too apparent to be questioned. And many reasons are given for the same. But the great and principal cause is seldom referred to.

Even in large cities in the West and South it is not an unusual thing to hear complaints made of the great falling off in the interest so recently manifested, and of the apathy now prevailing where but a short time since all was interest, and even enthusiasm. What can be the cause? Is it possible our spirit-friends are losing their interest in us, are abandoning our Cause? Not by any means. They always stand ready to help those who are trying to help themselves, but never those who are idle and indifferent.

I have already intimated what in my judgment will do more to prevent this falling off in interest, the indifference so often felt upon this subject, than all else. But in order to overcome this periodical depression, this apparent indifference, and insure a uniform, consistent, practical devotion to the great Cause of spiritual development and moral reform, a radical change in our conception of duty and modes of acting and thinking will be necessary.

All must admit the truth of what I claim, and yet there is no good reason why such a cause should be subject to periodical depression and inflation or lack of interest. Unlike Orthodox denominations, we are not subject to excitement, to appeals to our fears or our sympathies. Our reason, our common sense and our own experience are alone appealed to to satisfy us that we have at all times work to do, not only for ourselves but for those around us and within our reach. And we know, too, that our spirit-friends are just as ready to respond to our calls one time as another. And while comparisons are often odious, I must be allowed at this point in my argument to refer to the immense advantage the church people possess over the great majority of spiritual societies in America in their ability to attract and entertain not only their own members but strangers, and especially children and the younger classes.

It is not necessary for me to make an argument to prove that the elegant and attractive churches of the present day, with fine choirs of vocal and instrumental music, and the polite and accommodating ushers to direct strangers to a beautifully-furnished pew, will fall in their influence; and it is against this peaceful and harmonizing influence that Spiritualists are expected to advance their theories and build up societies.

Neither is it necessary for me to attempt a

comparison between the church edifice, as described, and the attraction presented by nineteenth-century spiritual societies in America to-day. The latter we usually find located on the upper floors of a public hall used for many purposes and furnished in a manner adapted to its uses, with none of the quiet, harmonious surroundings experienced in the church—no soul inspiring strains from cultured voices or organ, and often without the solemn invocation indicative to many of the solemnity of the occasion. Nor is it necessary for me to dwell upon the comparison or the effect upon strangers, or even upon Spiritualists, when contemplating the two positions.

Until Spiritualists see and comprehend the necessity of providing more convenient and accessible places of meeting and worship in churches, chapels or buildings devoted to spiritual purposes exclusively, they need never expect their Cause to continuously advance or to overcome the depression complained of. Experience shows that this great want, this necessity, cannot be supplied without some temporary sacrifices. All must recognize this fact.

In order to popularize and build up spiritual societies, we must resort to the same means other religious bodies do, by building and dedicating suitable buildings to spiritual purposes. There are over five hundred spiritual societies in America, and not one in ten of them has a suitable, if indeed a respectable or comfortable place, to invite those who would often be glad to attend their exercises.

Is it any wonder, then, we find it so difficult to keep up the interest and add to our members, and especially to raise the money to defray expenses? Men and women of means, except they are very enthusiastic, are not inclined to resort to these uncomfortable places of meeting, even though Spiritualists, much less if they are only inquirers or investigators.

The few earnest, hard workers in this Cause have misapprehended the true mode of success. They are anxious to make converts by producing satisfactory phenomena, and they often succeed. But how few of thousands that are convinced of the truths of Spiritualism are found ready to return and cooperate with the few that are struggling to build up societies.

In the parable of the ten lepers that Jesus healed, we have the illustration of the same sentiment. He said: "Were there not ten healed, and where are the nine? None save this poor stranger have returned to give to God the glory."

I have said it was necessary to make some temporary sacrifices to overcome this great obstacle to our success. We must deny ourselves of many pleasures and all luxuries, and devote ourselves assiduously to all legitimate means to raise the necessary funds to build comfortable and accessible churches, chapels or houses, devoted to spiritual purposes.

As a class, Spiritualists are poor, but not so poor that we cannot devote large sums of money every year to gratify a desire we have often enjoyed by visiting séances and other places of entertainment that could well be dispensed with temporarily. A united, persistent effort for a year or two would give to every community where there are a small number of Spiritualists a comfortable, attractive place of meeting of their own.

Then, and not until then, will Spiritualism take rank with other religious denominations, and receive support and membership with far greater facility than most other religious societies do.

Is not this the one thing needful?  
St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 12, 1895.

## Tribute to Lady Caithness.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

HAVING seen the brief allusion to the passing on of my highly-esteemed friend, Marie Caithness, Duchess de Pomar, in your issue dated Nov. 17, and observing that you did but call from one of the Boston dailies with reference to the life, character and faith of one of the noblest women of this century, permit me, as one who knew her intimately, to say a few words concerning her; not to indulge in fulsome praise, but simply to pay faint tribute to superabounding worth.

So as to correct, as far as possible, some prevailing misapprehensions concerning the sincere belief of this glorious woman, I will at once state that her conception of her relation to Marie Stuart was that the gracious spirit who on earth was known as Queen of Scots, is now the special messenger of a bright and influential group of souls in the heavens whom Lady Caithness always alluded to as the Christ Circle and the Star Circle.

Not for an instant did she suppose herself to be the reincarnation of Marie Stuart, but she did regard that exalted spirit as in some mystical sense her guardian and mother; therefore she accepted for herself the title of Marie de Marie, and always lovingly and gratefully spoke of the presiding genius of Holyrood as the queenly director of the spiritual work so ardently carried on within its palatial walls.

Though the excellences of character perpetually displayed by this regal woman were too numerous to enumerate, all who really knew her found her singularly free from any touch of eccentricity, save such as called eccentricity as invariably accompanies genius, and is its inevitable concomitant.

It has been my distinguished privilege to lecture on many occasions in both of her homes in Paris, and on the occasion of my last visit during June of the present year, I was her guest for about ten days, and enjoyed the most delightful social converse with this truly dignified but ever gracious lady.

The rumor which was afloat soon after the transition of Mme. Blavatsky that Lady Caithness was to be H. P. Blavatsky's successor as head of the organized Theosophical movement was quite foundationless, as the Duchess de Pomar was herself the leading representative in France of a purely eclectic school of Theosophy, whose official organ, *L'Aurore*, has for several years given voice and form to the special phase of esotericism more than hinted at in "Serious Letters to Serious Friends," and "The Mystery of the Ages," both in the English language, while the monthly periodical, *L'Aurore*, is published in the French tongue.

All who desire to learn first-hand of the greatness of this royal-hearted dame who in the midst of earthly grandeur and excitement ever kept herself true in thought, speech and conduct, to the highest spiritual ideal of noble womanhood, and whose philanthropy was proverbial, cannot do better than carefully peruse that greatest of all her books, "The Mystery of the Ages," which goes to the very root of esoteric philosophy, and in condensed form presents before the public a compendious review of theosophical teachings

culled from the wise teachings of almost every known country.

As I trust an extended biographical review of this blessed woman's life and work will soon appear in print, I will not attempt, more in this hurried note than I should, my feeble testimony to the true nobility of one of the kindest and sincerest women of the age—one who used her exalted position as a means of doing good to all who came within the benignant circle of her exalted and uplifting influence.

As the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Co. keeps on hand the writings of Lady Caithness, and her literary productions are her abiding monument wherever the best literature circulates, I can but call upon all who read these imperfect lines to emulate the noble example of a life fully consecrated to the highest conceptions of truth and duty. "She hath done what she could," and she hath indeed done much and wrought gloriously.

May we all be as faithful as she has been, then can we hear with rejoicing the Master's word in our own souls: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Yours sincerely,  
W. J. COLVILLE.

## A Medium's Testimony.



To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

THE EDITORIAL IN THE BANNER OF Nov. 2, on the writings of Mr. Wm. Tebb of England, in reference to living burials and death certificates, attracted my attention, and was read with great interest, from the fact that, on account of there being much agitation on the subject (because of evidence that so many have been buried alive), quite a number of friends are urging me, for my future work in the Cause, to hold myself in readiness to respond to the mourner's call, and visit the earthly home of the departed spirit, and give it a chance, if strong enough, otherwise for a near spirit friend, to rap upon the caskey that holds the mortal remains, and thus assure the bereaved ones that the spirit is not only separate from the body, but with them still, this evidence to be in private, not at the funeral, and to satisfy those who believe in spirit-return, that there is no danger of the dear one being buried alive. I wish some interested friends would write me what they think of the proposed work, and thus help me come to a decision.

Your editorials on materialization are grand, and just what the investigators and Spiritualists who have not studied the philosophy should carefully read before attending materializing séances. I know materialization is a fact, and will briefly relate two instances that unexpectedly came under my observation. The first occurred some four years ago at Onset; Mrs. Hattie Stafford, now Stansbury, was in her private room, dressing to go out. I went in to speak to her, and while we stood talking in the centre of the room, loud raps came on the floor at our feet. I asked Mrs. S. what they meant, and a spirit whispered, "It is Alice—don't move." Then we heard a scratching sound, and looking down saw a gray vapor, which soon turned to a white texture like lace, and as it grew in size it became a firmer substance until my friend Alice B. Sampson stood before me, conversed a moment or two, then gradually dematerialized, taking all the time, until nothing save the head was visible, close to the floor, where she stood, and that became the same vapor as at first, then disappeared.

The next occasion was over a year ago, when I was sick and helpless in bed. One night my mother suddenly stood in the middle of the room materialized; she came to my bed, placed her hand upon my head, and kissed me, then walked to a closet in which hung a dress that was hers—but could not open the door, and seemed disappointed. I said, "Come to-morrow night, and the door shall be open for you." She said, "I will," and disappeared. Next night the nurse left the door ajar, and mother came, and as before, went to the closet, and pushed the door wide open, took hold of the sleeve of her dress, and shook it, to let me know she knew it was there, and was pleased. My head ached badly, and I said I wished I was strong enough to get up and put the light out. Mother at once walked to the bureau, and turned the light down, and blew it out, doing it as well as if she had been in her earthly form.

These instances are facts, and although I know many more, these are sufficient to prove materialization—to me it is absolute knowledge. Yours for truth,

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.  
Mattapan, Mass., Nov. 16, 1895.

## The Proposed International Congress.

The Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance have had before them a considerable number of letters received in response to a circular addressed by the President to leading Spiritualists abroad, on the question of the proposed International Congress to be held in London.

With scarcely an exception the replies were decidedly in favor of the proposal, but there was a large preponderance of opinion that the Congress should not be held sooner than 1897, and from an influential quarter came the very pertinent suggestion that 1898 would be the most appropriate time, that year marking the Jubilee of the origin of the modern spiritualist movement. This suggestion met with the full approval of the Council, who will accordingly take the necessary steps for its successful realization, in which they confidently hope to have the cordial cooperation of their friends in all parts of the world.

Suggestions, offers of papers, etc., proposals to attend and all other communications may be addressed to the President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 2 Duke street, Adelphi, London, W. C.—*Light*, Nov. 23, 1895.

THE FUNERAL OF A FRIEND.—"I looked down at the cloak of a body he had thrown off, the well-used garment he had worn so many years, and which had served him well, but which he no longer needed, and my heart was light with joy. I was so fond of him I could only rejoice with my whole soul for him; for I knew he was safe with his dear ones, unfettered, untrammelled, happy, and that he could not forget us, and would be sure to be ready with welcome when we escape in our turn. Pardon me, dear friend, if I weary you with this talk, but my heart is so full of it, death seems such a different thing from what it used, such joy, such comfort, it is so sweet to look forward to; and for those who have gone on I have only rejoicing, and the consciousness of their well-being makes it easier for me to bear the loneliness without them. Ah! how divine it is to think of it! It is no dream, no fancy. I do not think it—I know it is true."—From the "Letters of Celia Thaxter." Houghton & Co., Boston and New York.



EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Although Mrs. Tuttle is a singer of songs and a dreamer of dreams she is eminently a practical woman. She is no idler in any position in life, and always aims to do whatever she attempts the very best she can—it may be feeding a bird, or it may be making a book, but whatever it chance to be, it will have her close attention until done. The countless small tasks of life are to her as necessary and sacred as the few supreme efforts which come into almost every life. She has given expression to this feeling in her poem entitled

## LITTLES.

Busted all day, I sit at last  
With folded hands to rest;  
Another of life's days has gone  
Adown the reddening west.  
How very little have I done,  
And yet how very much;  
No great success was ever won  
In twenty thousand such!

But great discomfort had been wrought  
From the little's love's eyes sought  
Even the little's love's eyes sought  
And gladly labored through,  
So as I sit alone to-night  
I think I feel far more delight  
Than had I now to say:

"I wrote a splendid song, whereat  
The world must offer praise,  
I slighted duties, and all that  
To walk in flowery ways.  
But what if loving eyes did plead  
For many little things,  
And hungry hearts grew faint indeed?  
I gave the sweet song wings."

Or if I sat with brush in hand,  
Shut-eyed to all about,  
And on my canvas wrought to bring  
Ideal beauty out,  
I should not sense that peace of soul,  
That heaven brought very near,  
As when I feel love makes me whole,  
Doing for those most dear.

And it may be that in the end  
The thing which was so small,  
May sum up greater than we hope  
With God who knoweth all.  
Then let me do the little things—  
Of life so large a part—  
And if you cannot call me great,  
Oh! call me kind of heart!

She is not unduly ambitious for fame, although she began writing for the press when a schoolgirl at Farmington, O., where she was a student in the Western Reserve Seminary. The first publicity given to her poems was on "Composition Day" at that school.

She likes appreciation, either from personal friends or those who only know her afar off. Her heart is sympathetic, and responds to generosity of kindly expressions. She often says to those about her who chide her remissness in seizing the many chances offered for personal benefits, "What is the use? I am so small a part of God's universe, and shall change so soon! To day I am a struggling mortal trying to do a little toward lighting the world; to-morrow—ages hence, I may be star-dust on some other coast-line of time, my work and name forgotten. Results, not names, are the most permanent. Let me work, in my quiet way, to make this world a more comfortable place for all God's creatures."

Emma Rood was married to Hudson Tuttle when nineteen years of age, and they have lived all their married life on the farm where he was born, at Berlin Heights, O. Three children, two daughters and one son, comprise their family. Rose, the eldest, married and went West, and it was after she had been home on a visit with the first grandchild, Emma Clair, whose life on earth was only one year, that Mrs. Tuttle wrote:

## MY LIGHT IN THE WEST.

Strange what a vastly vacant feeling  
Haunts my heart for a little thing!  
Sad as if in a grove in summer  
Every song-bird should cease to sing;  
Under our roof-tree, since the May time,  
Twitter and coo and chirp I've heard,  
When suddenly, off in the chill November,  
Vanished the young with the mother bird.

Was it a bird in the roof-tree cooling?  
No, but a baby fresh and sweet  
From her puffy fists with their finger-dimples  
Down to the velvet pink of her feet.  
Kissing her seemed like kissing flower-lips  
Cool and silken, one fears to light,  
But cannot leave in their unsolved beauty  
While they bloom in our hungry sight.

How we laugh at the little nothings  
Born of the efforts the wee things make;  
They pick at an eye ball, only winning  
A nose they have rosted up to an ache.  
Plucking hairs from our heads by dozens,  
Tearing our ear-rings almost through,  
Pulling laces and crushing ribbons—  
Well, what else can the dear things do!

It is bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,  
Life is crested with foolish strife.  
Baby's precious little lessons—  
Strengthening up for the work of life!  
Let her pull at the "flock of testicles"  
Back of their curtain of laughing lips.  
Let her learn that the things we covet  
Often slip through our finger tips.

Just as the birdling, which in summer  
Cooed and laughed in our roof-tree boughs,  
Flew away when we longed to keep her,  
Making music about the house!  
Tearful eyes watched her white robes flutter,  
Bright with the mitsy gold of her crest,  
Until they faded on lake and prairie,  
Off in the boundless, beautiful west.

Now when the days don their evening dresses,  
Scarlet or gold be their drapery,  
I can always see in the land they are walking  
Something more bright and dear to me;  
'T is the tender face of the blue-eyed baby  
Lighting the sky of the glowing west,  
And her guardian angel sweeping earthward  
Coming to watch above her feet.

It might have been the disappointment and sorrow over the death of this little blossom, so early removed to the care of the angels, which evolved that poetic bundle of balm leaves which is so often quoted as embodying the doctrines of Spiritualism concerning

## GROWTH IN HEAVEN.

The mother sat in thoughtful mood, and watched fair Claribel  
Standing among the garden flowers, pure as a lily bell.  
The floating gold about her face, and white robes, made  
Her seem  
Like some young angel, brightening a brief mid-summer dream.

How blest the mother heart to rear so fair a child, I said,  
"Oh! you could but see the two! the living and the dead!"  
So near alike my infants were that never one could tell  
The which it was one stooped to kiss, Claribel or Claribel.

"They seemed like Paradisa flowers down drifted from the skies  
Upon my pillow, all the lore of God's love in their eyes;  
But when they grew so large their feet chimed music on the floor,  
One died. The preacher said 'henceforth ye know her life no more.'"

"That fateful day death's presence stood between my pretty pair  
I scarcely dreamed that any hope could lighten my despair;  
It seemed so recklessly unjust Claribel lay dumb and chill  
While Claribel, her counterpart, lived, warm and laughing still."

"What though I writhed in agony, and loathed to draw my breath  
Though I should die, and all things die, she could not wake from death!  
And so at length, by slow degrees, my soul began to cry  
For something which could compensate my dire calamity."

"And lo! this truth flashed like a star athwart my spirit's gloom;  
The growth of all unfinished lives beyond the silent tomb.  
I knew as Claribel's sweet life unfolded in my view,  
As surely, and by such degrees, Claribel was growing too!"

"Ah, joy! no mortal tongue need say its icy words to me!  
I know as well as soul can know, they walk in company.  
And that as Claribel has grown from bud to perfect bloom  
Claribel has grown to womanhood beyond the charnel's gloom!"

"If I were called to heaven this day my ready soul would meet  
A daughter like my earthly child, serenely wise and sweet,  
And so I thank you doubly much for all the praise you said;  
I wish your eyes could see the two—the living and the dead!"

Our early dead! so safe—so safe from every sin and wrong  
We mourn a broken strain we thought would swell into a song  
We feel a hush which left unsaid a volume sweet and grand,  
But life and growth in heaven, as here, march onward hand in hand.

Although Mrs. Tuttle has been for many years actively engaged in public work her home has always been to her the dearest spot on earth. The successful home-maker is in her opinion the highest artist. She is generous in her friendships, and quickly recognizes those whom heaven has made her friends by a bestowal of fraternizing and sympathetic qualities. They are found among all classes, and need not be labeled by any sect, ism or set. In her own town she is esteemed, and is a co-worker with all who aim to advance its interests. She is an eloquent, painter and writer, and is always ready to aid the young people about her in their efforts in these directions.

She is an enthusiast on the benefits of THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, and believes it the most powerful means of producing clear thinkers and intelligent workers of any reformatory organization. Because of her faith in it "THE LYCEUM GUIDE" is in existence, making the organizing and conducting of Lyceums plain and easy. She does not believe in the cup-and-pitcher method of conducting meetings, the speaker acting as pitcher and the audience as cups. The Lyceum method, which calls out the best thoughts of all, seems to insure more rapid growth to adults and children.

She is an earnest worker in the Humane Educational movement, and is pushing a plan for prize contests to advance the work. She is preparing a book of recitations on this line which will give explicit directions for managing the Angell Prize Contests to advance humane education. These contests are named in honor of Mr. George T. Angell of Boston, whose reputation is world wide in connection with humane work.

A new edition of her poems "FROM SOUL TO SOUL" is just published, and those who wish a more intimate acquaintance with her will find her soul in the lines of her book. Meanwhile here is one of her aspirations culled from its pages:

## CASTLES OR HOVELS?

"It is better to build castles in the air than hovels in the gutter."

I like not icy winter, dreary browns, nor ghastly white-ness  
Stretching o'er the lifeless landscape, like a mourner's garb thrown by,  
But I'm fancy free to wander to a land of warmth and brightness,  
And to build myself a castle where the snow-flakes never fly.

I would build my fairy castle on some lily-circled island  
Where the sullen jar of discord never shakes the flaky bloom,  
And the angels hover o'er it, sweeping down from heavenly highlands,  
To a murmurous hush of music, and a waft of faint perfumes.

And my castle shall be builded by my own and best endeavor,  
Not by slaves to want and labor, fainting for the boon of rest.  
It would never yield me comfort if my ears were ringing ever  
With the hollow hum of workers, poorly paid and sorely pressed.

I will make one room for mother, who has dwelt so long in glory  
That I sometimes think her spirit will be like a silvery mist;  
Yet, if void of earthly features, love would re-create its story,  
And the mother-soul will find me in my castle fair, I wish.

There shall be one fair apartment, tinted soft as skies of summer,  
With the souls of earth's lost roses floating vaguely in the air,  
Haunting sulter, once sung to by a beautiful young comer



To the earthland, whence she vanished upward like a holy prayer.  
I will fashion this for weeping of the early dead, whose voices  
Broke to silence ere the harshness wrought by pain and wrong crept in;  
Whose young fingers reached for roses, missing all their dewy choicest,  
Clasping only what the mourners, on their funeral day, brought in.  
And the children! Oh the children! I can scarcely frame in rhyme  
How I long to bid them welcome to my castle large and fair;  
Heaven can have no sweeter music than their angel feet inclining,  
And my dearest thought of glory is the face of baby Clair.  
If by mystery of longing comes mysteriously the having,  
I shall have again my dumb pets, loving till their latest breath,  
Whose great patience, faith, affection, understanding, and all-seeing  
Language, made me hope existence for them ended not with death.  
Those who must may build their hovels fashioned of dead limbs and ashes,  
They may chant the sad word "Anis" when the body enters in,  
But for me I choose a castle where the sun in glory flashes  
On the emerald-tinted landscapes past this world of strife and sin.

Banner Correspondence.

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

DENVER.—Robert Ward writes: "The Spiritualists' Union met on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 17, at 2:30 p. m., in Odd Fellows Hall, Champa street.

Quite a large audience assembled for the purpose of adopting a constitution and by-laws, Mr. Cason presiding. The meeting opened with singing by the audience, followed with an invocation by Mr. Marshall. The first order of business was the reading of the minutes of last Sunday's meeting by the Secretary, Mr. Kates; they were approved. Then came the adoption of the new rules and by-laws, which were discussed and ratified by the meeting. Song by the audience, followed by the speakers and test mediums.

The first speaker was Mr. Kates, who spoke for ten minutes on organization. Then Mr. Gravedick followed on the same subject, after which Mr. Murray gave quite a number of tests. The next speaker was Dr. Lucy Barri-coat, of Boston, who gave her farewell address. The audience passed a vote of thanks for the able manner in which she has administered the doctrine of Spiritualism to the people of Denver during her two and a half months' stay, and recommended her to all societies. The next speaker was Mrs. Kates, who spoke for ten minutes. Then came the speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. Edith N. Musk, who gave a ten minutes' speech, also tests for ten minutes, all recognized and appreciated by the audience. Another song by the audience followed, with the benediction by Mrs. Kates, and then the meeting adjourned to next Sunday afternoon.

Sunday evening, Nov. 17, at Plimmer's Hall, Charles Block, at 7:30 p. m., Mrs. Edith Nickless Musk gave her usual Sunday evening lecture and tests to a large audience, Mr. Cason presiding.

The meeting opened with singing by the audience, followed by an invocation and a piano solo by Mrs. Minnie Stanley. Then came the lecture on subjects given by the audience, which were all spoken on and fully explained to those present. A vocal solo by R. Wood, by request of the audience, received a hearty encore. Then Mrs. Musk gave tests for thirty minutes, all recognized and appreciated, followed by a number of psychometric readings from articles that were laid on the table, and answered mental questions. Those are the three phases through which she gives her tests, and were all satisfactory to the audience.

Mrs. Musk is making many converts to the cause of Spiritualism, and her audiences are increasing every Sunday evening. Spiritualism is growing in Denver. There has never been such an interest in Spiritualism here as there is at the present time. We expect to have a great revival before long. Mrs. Musk is just the woman to do it. She is the right woman in the right place.

There are several other societies here that are doing a good work. Mrs. Morris has been conducting a society in Stout street for five or six years, and she is doing a good work every Sunday afternoon and evening. She is making many converts to the cause. Her meetings are well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates are holding services every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows Hall, and are having large audiences. They give both lectures and tests, and are convincing many skeptics of the truths of Spiritualism, and their week-night circles are crowded.

New York.

WATERTOWN.—F. N. Fitch writes: "Services were resumed at the Temple, after the annual vacation, with the ministrations of Moses Hull, the most erudite of scholars and eloquent of speakers. His audiences were large, and consisted of reading and thinking people, no one of whom, after hearing him once, would omit to go again. For wit, as well as profound wisdom, and most complete knowledge of the Scriptures, I am certain Watertown never saw his equal. I hardly need to say that the society reëngaged him for his earliest open date—a full year hence. His amiable and accomplished lady aided him the last few weeks of his stay.

The first Sunday of this month the regular pastor, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, resumed the rostrum.

It seemed to her admirers that she had hardly come when she had to go again—only three Sundays here—because some one of the many societies of which she is President and Secretary had changed the date of its meeting because Thanksgiving had been appointed a week earlier than they expected.

Gracefulness of manner and fluency of diction do not comprise all there is of this extraordinary lady, for she manages to keep up with current literature and learning, so that she has prepared a profound scientific treatise in which she enlarges most interestingly on the inventions probable this coming century, advancing new ideas which will doubtless attract the attention of inventors and experimenters the world over.

During December Mrs. Celia A. Nickerson will minister to the Society. She is very popular, this being her third engagement here. Mr. and Mrs. Abel Davis, venerable and venerated, who donated the Temple to the Society, are well.

C. H. Mattison, Sec'y, sends a report which has already been covered by F. N. Fitch, with the exception of the following regarding Mrs. Twing's work: "She has done good service in Watertown, and the people should endeavor to always bear this in mind and appreciate it, not only in building up the Temple Society, placing it upon a better financial and spiritual foundation, but one year ago last February she organized the Young People's Helping Hand Society, who have now, from a small beginning of three books, in less than two years established a library of over one hundred and sixty volumes.

Mrs. Twing is always engaged for two months every season with the Society.

The following is the list of speakers and mediums thus far booked for the coming winter: Mrs. Celia Nickerson, December; Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, January; Mrs. Twing, February; March is yet unengaged; April, Mrs. A. M. Glading, and Edgar W. Emerson during May.

NEW YORK.—CARNegie HALL.—M. A. N. writes: "Prof. W. F. Peck spoke as usual Nov. 24. His morning lecture was a surprise to himself and his audience, as he was powerfully controlled by one of his guides, who laid aside

the few notes Mr. Peck had prepared upon the subject, and proceeded to deliver one of the most eloquent and striking discourses upon 'The Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism,' Mr. Peck being in a semi-trance condition during the entire lecture.

The controlling spirit claimed to be the late Harry Edwards, an actor and scholar of great ability. The discourse was very forcible, and was delivered with great dramatic power. No synopsis could do it justice.

The afternoon meeting was largely attended as usual, and tests and speeches were given by Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Henderson, Dr. Roscoe, Mr. Stryker, Mr. Peck and others.

Connecticut.

DANIELSON.—De Loss Wood writes: "The Connecticut State Spiritualist Association is supposed to meet quarterly. The time has passed for the last quarterly meeting, and many prominent Spiritualists in the State are inquiring the reason for such negligence. Never in the history of the Association has there been such important business to be considered as at present. I refer to the work of putting a State Missionary in the field. By-laws have been printed by Mrs. Chapman of Norwich, and everything is in readiness to have the Convention called and positive action taken.

Mrs. Chapman tells me if the Convention can be held in Norwich, that the hall and speakers will be furnished free. If this matter of State speaker is adopted it will bring into existence at least twenty new societies in the State in less than a year.

By the plans proposed, any person or society that will pledge five dollars per month will be furnished a speaker. The Massachusetts State Association has adopted the plan entire, and as soon as the plan is understood other States will adopt it, and we think it would be a good plan for the National Association to adopt it.

When prominent Spiritualists in the State are anxious for this State Association to hold its quarterly session, it is hoped that the proper officials will see that it is called, and thus enable the work of putting a State speaker in the field to be accomplished."

NORWICH.—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y, writes: "Two grand addresses were given before the Norwich Spiritual Union, Sunday, Nov. 24, by that staunch and reliable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester, Mass.

The afternoon address dealt with the science and philosophy of Spiritualism in a convincing argument, proving that as it was the culmination of all philosophy, it must and would remain a blessing to humanity through all coming time.

The evening address upon 'The Needs of the Hour' was an able effort. An appeal was made to Spiritualists for combined and earnest effort. The speaker also recommended societies should renew the Spiritual Circles of the early days as a means of advancing our Cause and one of the 'Needs of the Hour.' (In response to this we shall open a Saturday Evening Circle at our home, No. 21 Fairmount street, free to all.)

The collection was taken for the National Spiritualists' Association at the close of the address, which resulted in \$11.08."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—E. A. Shannon writes: "One of the most interesting and remarkable mediums has just completed his engagement at Columbia Hall. I speak of Dr. Harlow Davis of New York. His tests and diagnoses of disease created much enthusiasm, even among old Spiritualists. His pleasing address and superior gifts have made for him a host of friends in Providence." [The faithful worker, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles was to follow Dr. Harlow Davis.]

ASHAWAY.—Charles J. Budlong writes: "I desire to state through the ever-blessed BANNER that on account of having some time since embraced the glad truths of Spiritualism, I have been persecuted in many ways by the defenders of the old theology.

A dear brother in South Gardiner, Mass., about a year ago kindly sent me a large box of copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and these I have read and distributed broadcast about here, in the hopes of thereby doing good, and I believe good has thus been done, and if any readers of this journal possess any books or literature bearing upon Spiritualism, and will send same to me by mail or express, I shall be glad to distribute them gratuitously, and where they will be likely to produce good fruit.

There is a public library and reading room at Potter Hill (the village just south of this) that has just been opened, and I would be glad to place some standard works treating on our faith therein. This is not a begging letter, for I would almost as soon starve as to beg, but it is a simple statement of fact, and if any of the well-to-do readers of THE BANNER feel disposed to aid me to any extent, or in any way, I am sure I shall be one of the most thankful beings on the face of this 'terrestrial globe,' and will cheerfully acknowledge all relief, or it may be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT for me. If no one cares to help me, why, I will bear the burden and the heat of the day in as philosophic a way and as best I can.

And now just a word in praise of THE BANNER: I have derived more solid benefit from a careful perusal of its columns than I have from every other agency combined. I wish a copy could be sent free to every clergyman and to every student in the land. The mastery of the contents of a single volume is in itself an education. There is no paper on earth so valuable for general reading as is this same BANNER OF LIGHT. I wish its circulation might reach the million point within the next five years."

Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—Ed. S. Varney writes: "We lead two lives this side of the grave—the earthly life and the soul life; that in which worldliness and materiality predominate, and that in which the moral and spiritual attributes are in the ascendant.

In the earthly life we are controlled by selfish interests, by transitory phantasms, by evanescent enjoyments. The spiritual life is guided by a higher, more enduring power—the power of the soul. Although there are many things in the material world which have benefited humanity, noticeably in the line of invention, yet the realm of morals, of philanthropy, of soul unfoldment, of spiritual quickening, is each in a higher plane than that of mere worldly progress. And let us hope and pray for that millennial day, that period of universal peace and good-will and joy, when there will be no earth-life; that is, the life swayed principally by selfishness, vainglory and passion, but that all will be soul-life, the life of noble motives; the life of devotion to principle; the life of the spirit; the life within a life; the life that develops the better self—that blesses others; the life that is loving, compassionate and considerate. Let us do all we can for the ushering in of that millennial day when 'the lion and the lamb shall lie down together'; when 'peace on earth, good-will to men' shall universally prevail."

FITCHBURG.—Mrs. E. O. Pierce, Cor. Sec'y, writes: "During November Oscar A. Edgerly has filled a very successful engagement with our Society. We cheerfully recommend him to all societies desiring the services of an eloquent speaker and accurate test medium."

CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. A. F. White, Sec'y, writes: "The Spiritual Industrial Society held its regular meeting in Cambridge Lower Hall, Nov. 22. Sewing in the afternoon, supper served at six, entertainment in the evening.

Piano solo, Miss Burnett; remarks, Mrs. N. J. Willis; violin, Mr. Bradshaw, accompanied by Mrs. Sawyer; remarks by Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Locke, Mrs. Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Ackers, Mr. Cartair.

Society meets second and fourth Fridays."

WAKEFIELD.—A correspondent writes: "Mary E. Thompson was invited to speak at Wakefield, Mass., Sabbath evening, Nov. 22. The hall was well filled. Mr. Wells, Chairman (of Melrose). Excellent music and singing added much to the occasion.

A deep interest is being awakened in Wakefield."

Texas.

DALLAS.—W. J. McConnell says: "Thinking that a few lines from Texas might interest your readers, I take the liberty to offer a true and correct account of a séance held in Dallas on the evening of Nov. 5, at the residence of Mrs. E. M. Gilman, medium.

On this particular occasion we were to sit for manifestations through her daughter, Miss Susie Smith, a lass of only fourteen summers, a fine little medium. Twelve sitters having arrived, the doors were locked, the improvised cabinet arranged across one corner of the room before the eyes of all, several helping its arrangement. The young medium was then seated in the cabinet, the light lowered, and in a few minutes Susie was entranced, and several independent voices were heard in the cabinet, then spirit forms began to appear, several being recognized by friends. The mother medium being seated in the circle, but after the lapse of say half an hour, she was entranced. At this moment spirit-voices, which were very familiar to at least one half the persons present, were heard around her, and at the same time other voices in the cabinet, when the real séance began: first, exceedingly animated conversations, as if a bevy of human beings were in the cabinet talking in the Indian and English language, speaking loud and distinct, then materialized forms came out in rapid succession, two and three being in plain view at the same time; two that I fully recognized, and who I know are not living in the flesh. Many others recognized departed friends perfectly. Among the beautiful intelligent spirits that appeared were Sam Houston, the first President of the Republic of Texas, Davy Crockett, and many others, held even more dear to us by spiritual ties than the web of earth's most ardent love could weave. All in all, it was a most wonderful séance. The spirit friends gave Dr. W. T. Baird of this city a token of their appreciation of his faithfulness to the Cause, his ever ready liberal hand and heart."

Maine.

PORTLAND.—Mrs. Thaxter, Sec'y, writes: "The People's First Progressive Spiritual Society, Thaxter Post Hall, opened its winter meetings on Sunday evening, Nov. 24. After a year's absence in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, the Goodrich family of test mediums delighted and interested a large audience. Dr. C. Goodrich, President, opened the meeting with interesting remarks, followed by Master Sammie, who read a poem, and gave many recognized tests; Mrs. M. L. Goodrich followed with twenty recognized tests.

We are glad to welcome our beloved President and family home again."

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.—William Drebes, Sec'y, writes: "Mrs. Elizabeth Price, medium, of 110 West Courtliss street, has started a society in Carondelet with thirty-five members, giving it the name of the South St. Louis Self-Culture Society.

Mrs. Price started here about five years ago to investigate Spiritualism with her family in her own home, and became a medium; then after she was developed she opened her doors for strangers, charging them nothing to attend her circles. Then she started a developing circle for those who attended her circles regularly, not charging them a cent. Six months ago I did not know anything about Spiritualism, and now, through her development, I am giving some good tests.

She is lecturing every Sunday afternoon in public at our hall.

I wish to encourage our Society and the medium, Mrs. E. Price, as she certainly deserves the honor and credit for doing such great work."

[From The Vaccination Inquirer, for November, London, Eng'.

The Jenner Relics.

To the Editor of the Western Press:

Sir—Seeing a paragraph in Saturday's Daily Press headed 'The Jenner Relics,' and which read thus: 'By a curious and not unimagined coincidence the Russian National Health Society announces its intention of celebrating in 1896 the centenary of the important experiment of Dr. Jenner that established the theory of vaccination, which he had conceived so early as 1730,' etc., I beg to state that I am in possession of an old painting of Mr. Benjamin Jesty. Pasted on the back of the picture is a cutting from an old newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

"Vaccine Inoculation.—Dr. Jenner has the credit of the above named valuable discovery; but from the following inscription, engraved beneath a portrait in the possession of Mr. Robert Jesty, late of Bridgewater, and now living at 91 Reddell street, Bristol, it appears that the discovery and introduction of the practice is due, not to an M.D., but to a farmer:

"To the President, Vice-President, Treasurers, Trustees and Medical Officers of the Original Vaccine Institution.

This portrait of Mr. Benjamin Jesty, from a picture in the possession of the Institution, is respectfully inscribed by their devoted servant.—W. Say.

Mr. B. Jesty, farmer, of Downshire, Isle of Purbeck, aged 70, who inoculated his wife and two sons for the vaccine pock, and, from his cows, at that time disorderd by the cowpock; and who, subsequently, from the most vigorous trials, have been found unsuceptible of the smallpox. Having rationally set the example of vaccine inoculation, from his own knowledge of the fact of unsuceptibility of the smallpox, after casual cowpock, in his own person and in that of others, and from knowing the harmless nature of the complaint.

To commemorate the author of these historical truths, the Vaccine Institution have procured his portrait, painted by M. W. Sharp; an engraving by W. Say.

Extracted from Minutes of the original Vaccine Institution, Broad street, Golden square, London. Published by the engraver, 22 Norton street, Marylebone, 2nd September, 1801."

Thinking the above of some information to your readers, I may take the liberty of asking you to publish it. I remain, yours truly, Sept. 23, 1895.

P. S.—I enclose my name and address.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE FOR 1896.—The announcement of a reduction in the price of this famous almanac from eight dollars to six dollars a year will prove of more than usual interest to lovers of choice literature.

Founded in 1844, it will soon enter its fifty-third year of a continuous and successful career seldom equalled. This standard weekly is the oldest, as it is the best, concentration of the choicest periodical literature printed in this country. It brings together in its own covers the choicest current productions of the most brilliant writers, the best scholars, the most profound thinkers of the world.

The essential features which have characterized the Magazine and made it so desirable heretofore will be preserved during the coming year.

Intelligent readers who want to save time and money will find it invaluable, for it furnishes the greatest amount of the best reading for the least money that can be anywhere had.

To new subscribers remitting now for the year 1896, the intervening numbers of 1895 will be sent gratis. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The Lyceum and Home.

LYCEUM.

What is the object of Lyceums? To awaken a true interest in the real science of life, and to keep the mind free from religious bigotry, discarding all myths as the revealed word of God.

What are children? Promises of intelligent men and women. Where does the knowledge of truth place man?

Above the brute creation, and crowns him with the sceptre of power that yields the destiny of nations.

What should we do at all times? Love and respect our friends and acquaintances as we would like them to love and respect us.

What is hurtful to the young and receptive minds of children? The superstition which attributes horrible deeds to the direct agency of an angry personal God.

What did Thomas Paine say? "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true religion. The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

What ought we to encourage? Children to attend Lyceums, and teach them that the law of cause and effect is God.

Not what is heaven, but what it is not. It is not a place fenced in to keep good people securely.

Not what is hell, but what it is not. Hell is not a place walled around to confine bad people.

What are these, then? States of being, or conditions of the mind. What is the golden gate of heaven? Kind words.

What are the pearly streets? Pleasant dispositions.

If any one would ask us what we advocate, what answer would we make? We are advocates of free thought, inquiry and investigation into whatever will make us better men and women.

What do we most need in this life? More thought and truth—truth more sacred than all the world beside, to which we should consecrate our acts, our honor and our lives.

What is home? The greatest and grandest of all institutions.

ALONZO DANFORTH.

Spiritualism has given us an intelligent account of the continuity of life and its future progress.

HOW DAISY HELPED.

"Ah! There's lots of trouble in the world!" the cook said, as the grocer's boy passed out of the door.

Daisy, resting in the wide, cool porch, turned her blue eye toward the speaker. "Who has lots of trouble, a cook?" she asked.

"Lots of people," said the cook, shortly. Daisy pondered awhile, her chin resting on her plump little hand. Then she said, suddenly, "Do you, cook?"

"I should think so! There's that boy did n't bring half the things I ordered. He says the children are all sick, and the grocer's worried so he forgets things. And he can't come back till he's delivered what he's got with him, and Kathie is in the garden gathering peas, and I can't leave the cakes even to call her."

"I'll go," Daisy said, jumping up, and tying her white sunbonnet. "I can clear off that much of the trouble."

As she ran across the lawn a group of children—summer boarders like herself—called to her to join them. But she shook her head gayly, and hurried down between the rows of pea vines.

"To go to the grocer's, is it?" said Kathie, despairingly. "And how'll I ever get peas enough for dinner then?"

"I'll pick till you come back," said Daisy, encouragingly. "Make haste, Kathie."

The nimble little fingers pulled the plump green pods swiftly, and when Kathie returned, hot and breathless, the big basket was nearly full. Then Daisy sat in the porch again and helped to shell them while she rested.

"I do n't see how we'd have got along without you," the cook said, looking quite pleasant as Daisy threw down the last shell.

Daisy laughed. "It's nice helping people," she said. "I'm going to find some more trouble to clear off."

She ran down the steps and paused, glancing at an open window above. A low, wailing cry sounded within, and a sweet, faint voice singing a cradle song.

"I'll help Mrs. Verne take care of the baby," she thought, and she ran toward the hall door. A playful breeze followed her, and just as she crossed the threshold a lot of closely-written sheets of paper fluttered at her feet.

"Oh, dear!" some one said. And Daisy looked up to see a gray-haired man at a desk near the door. He looked very pale and tired, and one of his feet was bandaged and resting on a cushion.

Daisy said nothing until she had secured all the fluttering sheets and placed them on the desk. Then she took a large shell from the hall table. "Will this do for a paperweight?" she asked timidly.

"Very nicely, my dear," said the gentleman. "It was so still this morning that I forgot to ask for one, and I have sprained my ankle so badly that I can't move without assistance. Thank you, my dear. I shall have no trouble now."

Daisy ran up stairs with a happy song on her lips. The young mother's pale, sad face brightened when she saw her.

"Daisy, dear, you are like the sunshine!" she said. "Baby has been ill all night, and I am worn out for want of sleep. Would you sit by his crib for a minute or two, while I bathe my head?"

"And then we'll take him out of doors," said Daisy eagerly. "Under the big trees it is lovely and cool, and I'll hold him while you rest in the hammock."

Ten minutes later Daisy sat rocking slowly under the trees, while the baby slept quietly in her lap. The tired mother in the hammock close by had forgotten her troubles, and was sleeping the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The voices of the gay pleasure-seekers on the lawn grew querulous and ill-natured as the heat of the day increased, but Daisy was very happy as she sung softly in the shade.

"Oh Daisy, I never can thank you enough," Mrs. Verne said, when she awoke, rested and refreshed. "How much better baby looks! And I feel so much better able to take care of him. I have been so worried!" she added, confidentially. "You see it costs so much for us to stay here, and I was afraid the money was all thrown away; baby was no better, and I was growing sick, too."

"There's the dinner bell!" said Daisy. "Let me take care of the baby while you are eating."

"No, dear, thank you," the young mother said, coloring a little. "I'd have to dress first, and I'd rather not go now."

Daisy was an observant girl, and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne in her worn dress shrank from observation. She did not press the point, but ran off to the kitchen.

"There's lots of trouble in the world," she said demurely, as the cook looked up and smiled.

"Who's in trouble now?" asked the cook, laughing.

"Mrs. Verne's baby's sick, and she does n't want to go to the dining-room. But I just know she could eat a nice lunch under the trees."

For answer the cook loaded the tray with roast lamb, and green peas, and raspberry tart, and gave to Daisy. What a delightful "plonio" dinner they had under the trees! Daisy's mamma was away for the day, and no one came to look for the little girl; so she and Mrs. Verne ate at their leisure, and then the young mother laid down in the hammock with her baby on her arm. Daisy waited until they both slept again, and then she ran back with

the tray, and told the cook how much Mrs. Verne had enjoyed her dinner. A little boy came to the door crying because one of his marbles had rolled under the porch. Daisy found it, and played games with him until his nurse came for him. Then she went to the hall door to watch for mamma.

The children were coming in from the lawn, tired and fretful. The gentleman who had been writing had finished his work, and was lying on the lounge. He smiled when he saw Daisy's bright face.

"You do n't look tired," he said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Helping people," said Daisy. "Clearing away trouble."

The gentleman laughed. "I should think that was pretty hard work," he said.

"But it is n't," said Daisy, earnestly; "it's lovely—ever so much nicer than play. Ah! there's mamma! I must carry her parcels up stairs!"

And the little helper ran away.—Alice J. Land, in Weekly Welcome.

If He Had Only Known.

Calling on a young widow who had been recently bereaved I found several had preceded me, and so I listened to what others might have to say, knowing that after a little we would be left alone. It seemed to me as I did so that the heart of the mourner must be lifted out of sadness in a measure, as she listened to the eulogies and praises of the departed, because none could doubt the sincerity of the speakers.

When we were left alone, I exclaimed: "What a comfort such testimonies must be to you!" But to my surprise, my friend burst out in passionate weeping, as she said, brokenly: "They do not comfort me! They just break my heart!"

The "why" was expressed as we wept in sympathy, but the unspoken query was answered as soon as the bereaved one could trust herself to speak.

"Yes, I know I ought to feel grateful for the kind things that are said of him, for every one talks just as those ladies did. But, oh! if people only knew how their words of appreciation add to my misery, they would keep them poor up, just as they did when he was alive. Poor man! if he had only known the high esteem in which he was held in the church and community, how glad it would have made him! That is what breaks my heart!"—with a fresh outburst of grief—"that all the kind things that are poured into my ears when I do not need them, for I know his worth, were not said direct to him, for I recall how many times his sensitive nature was cut to the quick by words of censure from well-meaning brothers, and how his heart many times yearned in vain for some word of encouragement. But it seems cruel that he was ignorant of all the kind thoughts that find expression now his ears are deaf to them. You know my husband was impulsive and outspoken, and so sometimes he may have said indiscreet things, and many is the time that he has come to me burdened with some well-meant criticism. But I cannot recall once when his heart was gladdened by 'You have helped me.' But now when it will do him no good, they sound his praises."

I tried to comfort her, but there was little use in words in the face of such cruel facts, and again and again, as we talked, she wailed: "If he had only known!" And to-day the echo of these words rings in the heart of her listener, and she queries if in every church and community there are not those who well might faint by the way through lack of spoken appreciation which finds expression only when it is too late. Better far speak out the heartfelt, "You have helped me," or "How well you do, while the only deserving praise may still be cheered and stimulated, than bury them in the heart until they can but awaken the refrain: "If he had only known!"—Helen H. Thomas, in New York Observer.

The germs of scrofula are destroyed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

Mr. Wright's Farewell Services.

On Sunday, Nov. 24, J. Clegg Wright concluded his engagement for this season in Boston before the Berkeley Hall Spiritual Temple. The exercises of the day opened with singing by Charles W. Sullivan—Fred Watson acting as accompanist. After the singing, Mr. Wright spoke in his normal condition, announcing his regret that Mrs. Colby Luther would not be with this Society for the month of December as proposed—on account of sudden illness.

Mrs. Luther, he said, "is a woman of extreme capability, and I hope for her speedy recovery." Mr. Wright also spoke very feelingly of the decease of Mr. Maxham's father.

Among his remarks occurred the following aphorisms: Goodness and greatness do not always go together. It takes a man a long time to grow an ounce of brain. What a glorious thing it will be when a man can be vaccinated for intelligence. Progression is education. The soul has to work through organization. If the Christian had started for good health and not for good religion, the world would have been a good deal better. Spiritualism is the reality of the age.

Mr. Sullivan sang "They will Welcome us Home To-morrow," after which Mr. Wright spoke in trance condition.

I will describe a spirit that comes to me from the garden of his life; his home was in the suburbs of Liverpool—his name was Roscoe, the well-known author.

It took a long time for the people to dare to criticize the act of the ruler. Under the tyranny of the world man lived for a thousand years. The religion of the future is for man to



## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1896.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

**Coming to it at Last.**—The recent Protestant Episcopal National Convention at Minneapolis, which assembled only triennially, concluded to recognize the revised version of the Bible, which it did by the appointment of a committee to make a selection of such changes as it may deem an improvement on the translation now in use, and which may be added hereafter in marginal notes. That is to say, it consents to consider the advisability of such changes as may be consistent with the temporal interests of that church in America. Tardy as this recognition of the revised translation is, it is nevertheless a step beyond what has been yet taken by any other church or denomination in the country. This Episcopal movement foreshadows the action of other Protestant churches, which are likely to unite in accepting one and the same translation.

**How to Take Communion Wine.**—The latest ingenuity in suggestion or contrivance in reference to the anti-microbe method of receiving the communion cup in the churches is one invented by a man in Delaware, which is a siphon through which the wine is to be drawn into the mouth. In this manner he believes the spread of all disease germs can be prevented. The cup is to remain common, as it was in Apostolic times, but each individual partaker will be provided with a siphon through which he or she will draw up the customary swallow or sip of the wine by his own special mouthpiece. An exchange calls to mind the very pertinent fact that the original communion-table was set with a genuine dinner, and the wine taken was sufficient to quench the thirst of all the communicants. This was the custom of all Christian disciples for the first two centuries. Now it is wholly in disuse except in a few colored churches at the South.

**Read This!**—If there is any duty which specially rests at this time upon the Spiritualists of the country, it is to properly sustain the spiritual press everywhere. The speakers and platform test mediums do a great and needed work wherever meetings are sustained, and from the value of their services THE BANNER would be the very last to detract. But there are thousands of places all over the country and the world where Spiritualists are few and scattered, and where there is no opportunity through this paucity of numbers to advance the Cause as they desire; these parties hail the appearance of a Spiritualist paper in their midst each week as a sort of "denominational tract," which they can put confidently before the mortal gaze of their creed-bound neighbors, in advocacy of the New Dispensation; such papers truly in cases like this "speak for those who cannot speak for themselves," and this widespread missionary work of which the spiritual press is capable, if properly supported, is of vast importance to the Cause! See to it that the Spiritualist papers are properly sustained, as they all surely deserve to be; don't leave the work to other hands; but let each make it a special duty to strive individually in this important and beneficent direction. [So says the BANNER OF LIGHT, and so say we.—Editor Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.]

**Help for the Released.**—Secretary Spalding, of the Massachusetts Prison Association, told the Bulfinch Place Church in Boston the other evening of his personal experiences with criminals, summing all up with the simple but broad declaration that "it is not what we shall do with our criminal classes, but what we can do for them." That, he said, is the real, burning question. Chaplain Barnes, of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, advised his hearers to take a look at the home life and use influence there to help the criminal. He said it is when a man leaves the prison that the crucial time arrives. If he can't get food after two weeks, he must beg; that he does not want to do, but he must either do it or steal. Now it is right at this point that help is needed. Even when a man gets work, he is very apt to get discharged on account of being a "prison bird." Every woman who comes out of the reformatory is well cared for. Why not, then, help the discharged prisoner to get work? It would diminish the criminal class quicker than anything else.

**Dealing with "the Dead."**—The old conflict between intramural and extramural interments is actively revived in San Francisco, on account of the dangerous location of the five large graveyards on the hills overlooking the residences of the city. The cemeteries being all in elevated positions, with the greater part of the city lying below, during ten months of the year trade winds blow directly over the cemeteries into the city. The fogs and mists, of course, follow the same direction, and, in the opinion of many medical men, take up the exhaled poisons from the cemeteries and precipitate them upon the city with tenfold virulence. The recent outbreaks of diphtheria and other ill diseases are ascribed to this cause. Diphtheria has become so virulent near one of the cemeteries that it has been found necessary to close a large schoolhouse. This has concentrated public attention on the subject, and a powerful club has been organized whose purpose is the removal of the five large graveyards on the hills, and the suppression of further burials within the city and county.

**New Departure in Universalism.**—Dr. Minor was the acknowledged leader of the Universalists while he lived, succeeding John Murray, and conforming strictly to the tenets of his school. At the recent convention of the denomination at Meriden, Conn., the old order was reversed, the narrow and controversial attitude toward evangelical Christianity giving way to the new and more flexible, if not liberal ideas. The younger men are coming to the front. The new trustees of the church chosen showed that fact plainly. They are not radical, but conservative rather; but they are spiritual men who live in the thought of the day, and have little sympathy with the old controversies. It is in their power to bring the Universalists into closer union with the great body of people in New England who are in close sympathy with the more liberal methods of spiritual work. The older clergy stand aloof. They belong to another order. The younger men have more and more felt that their work was of a spiritual character, though to be conducted on conservative lines. It is practically the breaking away from a barren theology and entering upon a larger interpretation of truth.

**International Arbitration.**—In The Arena of August last appeared a valuable and timely paper dealing with the progress making with the proposal of an Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, written by Professor Emmott of Johns Hopkins University. Prof. Emmott came from Oxford, Eng., to the University, and speaking of English sentiment on the matter, says that the great body of the English people are ready to cooperate heartily in any possible scheme which may be proposed by the United States government for the practical solution of all matters of judicial decision not involving the existence of the national life. Three hundred and fifty-four members of the British House of Commons recently signed a memorial to the President and Congress of the United States, declaring their hope that Congress would invite the British government to join in framing an arbitration treaty. Now if we will only take the initiative, as we can well afford to do from our peculiar position among the powers, it is altogether probable that there will be no further danger of great wars among the English-speaking peoples, and this would go far to secure the peace of the world and the expansion of civilization.

**The Pulpits Pushed for Topics.**—These are trying times for pulpits who are anxious to keep in the sensational swim, says the New York Sun. Congregations are becoming tired of political tirades, and it is hard to make a stir with a new secular subject every Sunday. It is said that a few weeks since a Michigan minister preached a base ball sermon, having his church plastered over with paraphernalia of the game to adorn and set off the occasion. Only last week an Oakland, Cal., minister preached a sermon on "Wheels." He said the qualities required for a good Christian and a good cyclist were the same. Both must be able to balance themselves perfectly, and both must be alert. Both must keep their lamps trimmed and burning, and neither can go on slippery places. He said he believed riding the wheel was *pius*, and that the bicycle enabled a man to become a "winded angel." (1) And this is correct orthodoxy! and of such is the kingdom of heaven! Verily the pulpits are petering out.

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
INFLUENCES.  
As caravans their sweetness bring  
Of roses from the gardens fair—  
About their path rich perfumes cling,  
A benediction on the air!  
WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Chicago Record is receiving subscriptions from the children for the Eugene Field monument. The smallest contributions are gratefully accepted and acknowledged, and they are welcomed from the children of all parts of the country. Here seems to be an opportunity for the young people of New England to testify their appreciation of their departed friend. The Boston Post has announced its willingness to unite with the Chicago Record in this worthy enterprise.

Upon a gentleman's tomb in Warwickshire we read that he was "accidentally shot by his gamekeeper." Under this piece of information is the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"—The American.

The Illinois courts decide that the law of that State closing barber shops on Sundays is unconstitutional, because it is class legislation.

New York has adopted the proposition to spend \$9,000,000 on the improvement of the canals of the State.

A Russian judge was appealed to for aid to enable a creditor to bring a delinquent debtor to terms, and summoned the latter before him. The defense of the debtor was that his debt was not yet due, his agreement having been to pay on St. Henry's day, which is unknown in the Russian calendar. The judge immediately ordered that the debt be paid on All Saints' day, which is the day of all the saints, whether in the calendar or not.—Ex.

A new star has been added to our national flag. It is for Utah, which becomes a State after July 4, 1896, but all new flags will hereafter be made with forty-five stars.

An old editor remarks that when a doctor makes a mistake he buries it; when a preacher makes a mistake his congregation buries it up; when a lawyer makes a mistake it is taken away and locked up; but when an editor makes a mistake it is spread out on a sheet of paper before the gaze of an unforgiving world.—Ex.

The German committee in the exploration for the south pole met at Berlin recently and resolved to start two vessels from Kerguelen Island in furtherance of the work.

The Attorney-General of the State of New York has given authority for the commencement of an action to prohibit the Tobacco Trust from doing business in that State. This decision is likely to be far-reaching in its effects. It opens the way to an assault all along the line on the trusts which do business in New York in defiance of the laws of that State.

"Tommy" said the visitor, "have you read the books you say Sunday-school library?" "Some of them," he replied, rather doubtfully. "Can you tell me what happened to the boy who went fishing on Sunday?" "Yes; he caught three bullheads and an eel." "How do you know that?" "Cos I was him."

**A MARKED CASE OF HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION.**—In a Philadelphia prison, says an exchange, with an unsurpassed record for theft, lies Jimmy Logue, whose counsel are asking pardon for him on the ground that "he was born so." Mary Logue, the wife of a drunkard, and the mother of this thief, is now dead, but a letter to her son is one of the most remarkable contributions to the pathology of crime. The mother said that she used to go through her husband's pockets in the middle of the night to get money for food, and that while doing so she felt all the sensations of a thief and a burglar, and ascribed her son's wrong-doing to these ante-natal influences.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

In Four Parts.

III.  
Though it rains like the rain  
Of the flood, little man,  
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,  
You can make the sun shine  
In your soul, little man!

Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

In a recent address by President Eliot on the things which go to make up a happy life, he gave utterance to this fine sentiment: One of the purest and most enduring of human pleasures is to be found in the possession of a good name among one's neighbors and acquaintances. This is not fame or even distinction. It is local reputation among the few scores or hundreds of persons who really know one.

It is not the amount of religion a man has, says an exchange, that makes him good and fits him for heaven. It is the amount he uses. Long and loud professions do not count, but the man loves his fellow-men who ministers to the afflicted and wears a smile for all, including his wife and children, who never kicks the dog when he ought to kick himself, and speaks well of people when their backs are turned and under all circumstances keeps an even mind—that man does not have to die to go to heaven. He feels happy all the time, as a matter of habit, and he takes all the dispensations of life with philosophical satisfaction.—Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantagraph.

The following is said to be an excellent receipt for ridding a house of flies. Heat a stove-shovel red hot and pour upon it a few drops of carbolic acid, having previously closed all doors and windows. In a few minutes open the windows and doors and all the flies will disappear as quickly as they can get out. Only a faint odor of the fumes of the acid will remain which will prevent the flies from again entering the room for some time.

Rudyard Kipling's contribution to the Christmas number of The Century is considered one of the most powerful stories that has ever come from his hand. It is called "The Brushwood Boy," and the scene is laid in England, India, and the world of dreams.

Rev. received this letter from his theological weekly:

"Dear Sir—Unless you remit at once we shall publish you all over the country as a Delinquent Debtor. Yours, etc.,"

To which he replied:

"Gentlemen—Ever since I entered the ministry I have been struggling for the title of D. D. Go ahead. Respectfully,

Rachels are weeping all over the land, because of their children dead from the poisoned lance of the viceroy.

William M. Evans was going up once in the elevator at the State Department, which was loaded with applicants for ministerships and consuls. Turning to a friend who accompanied him, Mr. Evans said, "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time!"—The United Presbyterian.

It is related that once when the celebrated French specialist Pasterur was dining with his daughter and her family at her home in Burgundy, he took care to dip in a glass of water the cherries that were served for dessert, and then to wipe them carefully with his

napkin before putting them in his mouth. His fastidiousness amused the people at the table, but the scientist rebuked them for their levity and disapproved at length on the dangers in microbes and animals. A few moments later, in a fit of abstraction, he suddenly seized the glass in which he had washed the cherries, and drank the water, microbes and all, at a single draught!

[TO VIVIFICATIONISTS]  
How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence.  
When by your law, your actions and your speech,  
You contradict the very things I teach?

Disciples of the gospel of pain can read this utterance of a grand poet of the heart, and realize the instinctive rebellion which rises in every true soul at their demoralizing practice upon the animal creation.

Wise—"I have here," said the gentlemanly agent, "a book which will show you how to do in three hours the work which now takes eight." "Yes; and then the boss would reduce my pay five-eighths," said the book-keeper. "I'll take it, I don't think."—Indianapolis Journal.

A woman at Old Orchard, Me., has succeeded in making quite a pet of a humming-bird. The little creature has become perfectly domesticated, and has been allowed to fly in and out of the house at pleasure by a window that has purposely been left open. It is a household pet. By night it perches on a piece of clothes-line strung in the kitchen, and on rainy days flutters about the plants and flowers in the house.

CERTAIN OF HIS STATEMENT.—"Boy, how far is it to the next house on this road?" "You could n't get there in a week." "Could n't?" "No; sir; they ain't any other house on this road!"—Chicago Record.

**The Second Summer.**  
Many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

**W. J. Colville's Work in California.**

On Sunday evening, Nov. 17, W. J. Colville lectured in Union Square Hall, Post street, San Francisco, on "The Bible, its Origin and Purpose."

The lecturer said that he had recently been requested to reply to four distinct questions concerning this venerable book. First, when was the Bible written? Second, by whom was it written? Third, why was it written? Fourth, how was it written?

In answer to the first of these inquiries, which is known as higher biblical criticism separates the sixty-six books or manuscripts which constitute the authorized Protestant version of the Old and New Testaments into several distinct groups.

The Mosaic Pentateuch, or Hebrew Torah, cannot be regarded as a collection of five man- uscripts written by the hand of Moses, but rather as a system of Mosaic literature which grew up gradually until it was at length crystallized in the form of a compact work designated *pentateuch*. The Law.

The Psalms of various authors, among which the poems of David take first rank, constitute the original Jewish hymn book, a work which grew slowly from small beginnings till it lengthened out into a collection of one hundred and fifty distinct songs, some of them of great length, and therefore divided into several cantos each. The prophetic writings, or *Isaiah*, are of later date, and clearly show the influence of Persian and Babylonian thought which entered the mind of Israel during the captivity.

The New Testament is not by any means as old as many people believe; at all events only four of the Pauline epistles have been clearly traced to the first century.

The three oldest gospel manuscripts are the Vatican, the Sinaitic and the Alexandrian, the first two of which date back to the fourth, the latter only to the fifth century; originals, if there are any, have not been found.

From these statements it need not be inferred that the Bible loses in value because much of it is of uncertain age, and many portions are far younger than was once supposed.

The real worth of a book is super-historical and super-biographical, the moral lessons it conveys being alone of supreme importance. The question of inspiration must be determined by recourse to inward evidence, not by appeal to outward facts, therefore, though it be proved to the entire satisfaction of modern scholars that the Bible does not differ widely from other writings as concerns its origin, the new religious thought of to-day looks happily to worth rather than to antiquity, and cares vastly more for inspiring counsels than for precise information regarding alleged miracles.

No longer is it possible for any denomination to foist upon the public an infallible book as the final criterion of authority. Dr. James Martineau's work, "The Seat of Authority in Religion," has completely exposed the fallacy of such an assumption as that God is encased in literature, so that divine revelation comes only, or chiefly, through parchment scrolls. God is immanent in the human soul; holy men and women write and speak as they are ever being moved by the Divine Spirit. Emerson's view of the Bible is being taken more and more every day; the Over-Soul speaks in us as well as to us, and mankind is coming to know itself as the living volume of God's revelation.

On Sunday, Nov. 24, the topics were: 10:45 A. M., "Memorial of Lady Cathiness"; 7:30 P. M., "What is the Gospel, and Whence Came It?"

W. J. Colville commenced Friday evening, Nov. 29, in Hamilton Temple, Oakland, a course of lectures on "The Mystery of the Ages, or the Secret Doctrine Contained in All Religions." These lectures will be given in Union Square Hall, San Francisco, on Sunday mornings, beginning Dec. 1.

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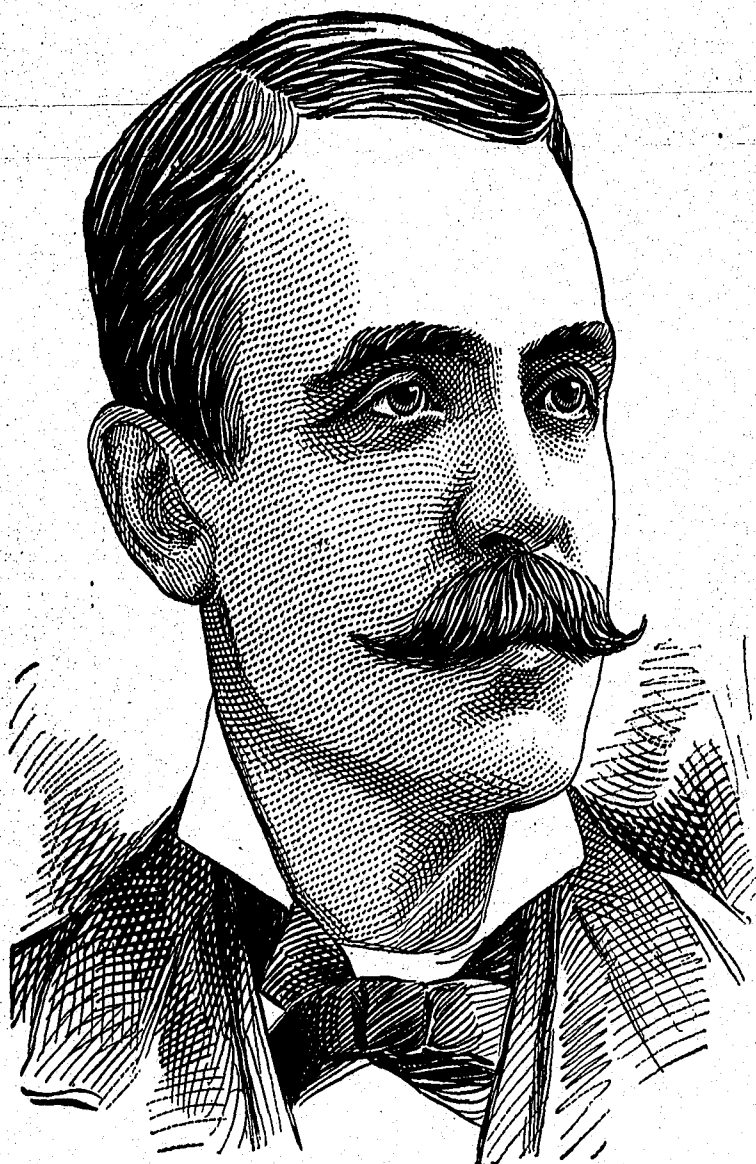






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Persons who complained of feeling "tired to death" and sought a competent invigorator, as

soon as their physicians ordered Paine's celery compound felt that their tired bodies were actually taking a new start. Their strength rapidly returned. They were no more troubled with sleepless nights, and their days were no longer made wretched by neuralgia and rheumatism.

Constipation, that stores up in the body substances long since worse than useless to the body and a menace to the health, is looked after. Any one troubled with this obstinate hindrance to health will find a positive and lasting cure in Paine's celery compound.

It takes a very short time to settle any doubts on the matter by giving Paine's celery compound a trial.

Mr. John Holland, whose portrait is given above, is a parlor-car conductor whose home is in Jersey City. He writes:

"I wish to give my testimony of the great benefit Paine's celery compound has done me. A year ago I had typhoid fever, and later I had to have an operation in my side for an abscess over the liver. This left me very weak. I grew very nervous and could not sleep. I was tired even more after I got up than I was when I went to bed. I have taken four bottles of Paine's celery compound, and am perfectly well! I have sent six bottles to some friends in Virginia. One, although he has taken only a bottle of it, feels much better and sleeps well."

Paine's celery compound puts the system on a healthy, strong basis, safe from disease. Try it if you are ailing, and a trial will speedily convince you.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

**Washington.**—Francis B. Woodbury writes: Hon. L. V. Moulton and Edgar W. Emerson successfully opened the lecture season in this city. Mrs. J. J. Whitney also assisted at the evening gatherings. Mr. Moulton's vigorous and scholarly lectures, followed by positive spirit communications through the mediumship of Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Whitney, caused the average evening attendance to increase; the average for the month was over five hundred. All admirers of the late William Denton were especially pleased with Mr. Moulton's recent lectures. Prof. Harrison D. Barrett and Edgar W. Emerson have conducted the services the past month very successfully. Mrs. Adeline M. Gladding, who has many friends here, is the speaker for December.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bacon gave a New England Thanksgiving dinner, complimentary to some of the Spiritualists from that section of the country, on Thanksgiving day. Among those present were Prof. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Jenkins. After a bountiful repast had been partaken of, many reminiscences of the religion of yore past were rehearsed. Select readings were given by Mrs. Bacon, choice selections of music rendered by Mrs. Bacon, and all present joined with host and hostess in the celebration of a true Thanksgiving.

The National Association was recently scathingly attacked by the Rev. W. Parsons, a Lutheran pastor, at a convention held by that denomination in this city.

The first services were held on Thanksgiving day in the new Swedenborgian Church, which has been erected for the use of the local Society by the Swedenborgians of the country as a memorial. Wealthy Spiritualists of America should follow the example of their brethren of this church, and assist in erecting a Spiritual Temple as a spiritual memorial at the National capital. The members of the Ladies' Aid Society connected with the First Association, in order to secure means for this object, are holding weekly meetings, and large audiences attend. Edgar W. Emerson recently gave an entertainment for this worthy object, and a fair is soon to be held. The attendance at the Sunday services of this Society is good, but the audiences are often largely composed of visitors from many States and territories. Many transients especially attend the evening meetings, who are guests at the great hotels in the vicinity of the hall. The responsibility, therefore, of conducting the meetings falls upon a comparatively small number of local residents. The Society, however, has a membership of about two hundred. There is no better missionary society than the First Association of Washington, and there ought to be a spiritual temple erected here at once. Will not those who have means assist in this work? Money has been contributed in the past to erect churches for all denominations in Washington from people all over the United States. Cannot the Spiritualists unite to erect a temple at the capital of the nation? The friends at Sparta, Pa., have recently dedicated a new temple. The Religious Philosophical Society of Baltimore has a cosy and homelike place of worship which it will soon own, as it is rapidly discharging the debt. Mr. Gousse, Mr. Stangland, Mr. Pease and their associates have labored faithfully and well in this locality. A well-conducted Lyceum is always sustained. Mrs. Crall has occupied the platform for the past month. Her engagement has been a success spiritually and financially. Mr. Frank Ripley is engaged for December, and Mrs. Adeline M. Gladding for January, by this progressive Association.

A case will soon be tried in New York to test the constitutionality of the medical law of that city. The recent Congress of Free Thinkers in New York City was a success. The representatives of the National Spiritualists' Association received a hearty welcome there, and the Congress passed resolutions endorsing our demands for constitutional rights for all the people.

During our recent visit to New York we were the guests of Henry J. Newton, a true philosopher, a man that cannot be turned against the truth by criticism and ridicule, conscientious and firm as the eternal hills, condemned by some, yet loved and respected by all true Spiritualists. There is a pleasure to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton—a true spiritual home in every sense of the word, where love sweetens and makes holy every-day life. The Association of which Mr. Newton is president recently contributed a good collection for the Philadelphia medium.

The National Association has recently received a valuable donation of books from Mrs. E. D. Smith of Indianapolis, also a large number of foreign publications from Mr. W. N. E. Kays, the accomplished translator of foreign documents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

### CONNECTICUT.

**Bridgeport.**—A correspondent writes: Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., lectured before the Bridgeport Spiritual Union again on Sunday forenoon and evening. His forenoon theme being, "At the Threshold of the Great Beyond." In the evening, "Hypnotism and Crime." In the afternoon Dr. Hidden also spoke before the Bridgeport Temperance League, and Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings he gave exhibitions in hypnotism.

**Norwich.**—Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Sec'y, writes: Mrs. Stuart Richings addressed two good audiences in Grand Army Hall, Sunday, Dec. 1, speaking in the afternoon from subjects and questions presented by the audience; in the evening, treating upon "The Teachings of Spiritualism," taking up its ethereal rather than scientific side. At close of the address Mrs. Richings gave fine psychometric readings, which were very interesting.

Mrs. Richings' work is of a high order, and meets the best minds who attend our services. She will speak for us two more Sundays, and also give our Society a benefit, Dec. 12, consisting of dramatic recitations.

Word comes from all quarters that the nearest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

### The American Purity Alliance

Has arranged to hold a Conference in Boston, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Dec. 9 and 10. Among those who will make addresses are: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, upon "Moral Equality Between the Sexes"; William Lloyd Garrison, "The Relation of Poverty to Purity"; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; Rev. Dr. W. T. Sabine; Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell; Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin; Henry B. Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*; Mrs. Anna Rice Powell, Corresponding Secretary, and others, will also speak.

There will be an informal *Conversations* in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Boylston and Berkeley streets, Monday, Dec. 9, from 4 to 6 p. m.

### Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notice under this heading, to insure insertion this name, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Bro. J. J. Morse, we learn, landed in New York City last night, after his voyage from England, and is in all probability now in California, where we wish him every success.

Flavius A. A. Health, inspirational lecturer and platform test medium, spoke and gave tests in Portland, Me., last Sunday. He has several open dates, and would be glad to correspond with societies desiring his services. Address 77 Dover street, Boston, Mass.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tiedale for the last two Sundays in February and the 1st, 8th and 29th of March, may address him at 641 Bank street, New London, Conn.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter this week goes to Maine for his December work. He will begin with Rockland, speaking and exhibiting there on Sundays, 8 and 15. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, 10 and 11, he will lecture and delineate in Belfast; and on Thursday evening, 12, probably in Liberty, Me. Parties desiring the services of Mr. Baxter can address him wherever he may be, at 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Ledge, Mich., serves the Owosso, Mich., Society of Spiritualists the Sundays of December, and will begin her Indianapolis engagement of one month, Jan. 5. Her address in the latter city will be 1195 Capitol avenue, N.

Mr. W. Fletcher lectures every Wednesday evening before the Occult Club in Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street, New York City. He is drawing fine audiences. Dec. 4 the subject was: "What Effect Will the Christian's Prayers have upon Ingersoll—or the Law of Thought-Transference?"

Dr. Dean Clarke has been doing excellent work for Spiritualism in the Northwest—Washington and Oregon—for some eighteen months past. His latest field has been Portland, Ore., where his lectures have called out the warmest commendation.

Mrs. E. Cutler, trance speaker and platform test medium, is speaking Sundays in Trenton, N. J. She would like to make engagements for camp meetings; will go on liberal terms. Address, 140 Lambert street, Trenton, N. J.

F. A. Wiggin, platform lecturer and test medium, is engaged as follows for the month of December: Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29, Malden; 5 and 6, Rockland, Me.; 12, Marlboro', Mass., and 18, at Somersworth, N. H.

E. J. Bowtell is speaking on Sundays in Brooklyn, N. Y., at 484 Lafayette avenue, where he may be addressed concerning future dates and camp-meeting engagements. At liberty for lectures on week nights.

DeLoss Wood spoke for the Society in Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 24, and has been redelegated. Mr. Wood has received calls from societies in Worcester, Providence, Norwich, Pawtucket, Lynn, Somersworth, N. H., and Bridgeport. Address him Danielson, Ct., Box 109. Mr. Wood is actively engaged in newspaper journalism, and does not depend on platform work as a means of subsistence, but will speak for societies in New England on terms societies may offer.

Mrs. M. Miller of California would like to make engagements with societies to lecture and give platform tests. She can be addressed at 41 Somerset street, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Mary A. Gridley is now stopping at the Continental Hotel, in New York City. She has organized an occult and psychical development class that meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at 312 West Fifty-ninth street. H. F. Tower, manager.

Dr. M. Gora Bland has recently delivered a highly successful series of seven lectures on health topics in Baltimore, Md. The course, which was held at the Friends' meeting house, closed Nov. 27.

Mrs. Julia E. Davis spoke and gave tests in Fall River, Mass., Dec. 1; will be in Wakefield, Dec. 8 and 15; Malden, first Sunday in January. Has open dates. Would like to correspond with secretaries of societies with a view to engagements. Address 49 Dickinson street, Somerville, Mass.

### MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings in Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 8th and 9th streets, on Seventh avenue, entrance on 7th street, where the BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sundays, 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Afternoon meetings for facts and phenomena at 24. Henry J. Newton, President.

Adelphi Hall, 534 Street, between Broadway and 7th Avenue.—The Ethical Spiritualist Society meets each Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, speaker.

114 West 14th Street.—Occult Club meetings will be held Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Prominent speakers and mediums. H. F. Tower, Manager.

Meetings in Tontona, N. Y.—Yonkers Spiritualist Society holds its meetings in the College of Music Hall, 14 Gettys Square, every Friday evening at 8. Alfred Andrews, President; Titus Merritt, Secretary.

**Adelphi Hall.**—"Ethics," writes: On Saturday morning, Mrs. H. T. Brigham, speaker for the Society of Ethical Spiritualists, was driving from her home at Elm Grove, Mass., to take the train for New York, the horse took fright, and she, as well as the driver, was thrown violently from the carriage. Mrs. Brigham was severely, though not dangerously injured, sustaining several bad cuts and bruises. With her usual splendid courage and endurance, she insisted on speaking Sunday morning, Dec. 1, and delivered an address of exceptional strength and beauty of expression; but the effort was unwise, as in the evening she was unable to stand.

The usual good audience assembled in the evening, and, though disappointed by Mrs. Brigham's absence, listened with interest to the reading of an address and recitation of original poem by the President, Miss B. V. Cushman.

**Carnegie Hall.**—No report of Sunday services has reached us for present week.

### Southern Land at Low Rates.

Along the line of the Southern Railway is the land of promise. Its line leads through the richest sections of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. All the cereals and grasses are easily cultivated and yield abundantly. Its fruit and vine culture is unsurpassed. California's products are extensive, and contain almost every variety of timber suitable for every kind of building and manufacturing purpose. Cotton, tobacco and sugar cane grow luxuriantly in the country traversed by this line, and every branch of business can be profitably carried on. This section has many millions of acres of the best land for sale at low prices and on favorable terms. Persons seeking new locations should see the country traversed by the Southern Railway, as seeing the advantages offered is to be convinced that none surpass it. We will be glad to give any information we may possess free of charge, and to render all possible assistance. Address M. V. Richmond, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C. When traveling in the South for business pleasure, be sure and have tickets read via Southern Railway.

### Holiday Tour to Washington and Atlanta.

A special holiday tour via Royal Blue Line leaves Boston for Washington, D. C., Thursday, Dec. 26. Trip occupies seven days, and rate, covering hotel accommodations and every expense, is but \$23.00. On same date a party leaves Boston for the Atlanta Exposition, stopping at Philadelphia, Luray, Natural Bridge, Chattanooga, etc. Time occupying ten days; rate, \$38.00. Both parties personally conducted. For particulars, address A. J. Simmons, N. E. P. A., 211 Washington street, Boston.

# Catarrh

Affects your head, but it is not therefore a local disease. If it did not exist in your blood, it could not manifest itself in your nose. Whatever impurities the blood does not carry away, cause what we call disease. Therefore, for

# Catarrh

inhalants, snuffs and other local applications can give only temporary relief. The true way to cure is to purify your blood by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eliminates all impurities and thus permanently cures catarrh. Remember

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

Mary T. Longley, M. D.,

PRESCRIBES for and diagnoses disease. Gives advice on business, mediumship and obsession. Psychometric readings by mail, \$1.00. 127 S. Moline Ave., Pasadena, Cal. Dec. 1.

Mrs. L. M. Vierge, MAGNETIC and Mental Healer. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. 20 Yarmouth street, Boston, Mass. Dec. 7.

W. Lucas Clark, WONDERFUL Magnetic Healer, 24 Upton street, Boston. Patients treated at their homes if desired. Dec. 1.

RUPTURE. Sure Cure at home! (sealed) book free. DR. W. S. RICE, Box 83, Smithville, New York. Dec. 7.

FLORIDA, for Homeseekers and Investors, is described in a handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing 5 two-cent stamps to J. H. FOSB, 1 Wabeno street, Roxbury. Dec. 7.

WANTED, THE address of George N. Cumming, the medium. F. F. UETZ, St. Louis, Mo. Dec. 7.

TYPICAL MEDIUM. Sittings daily, 344 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, up one flight. Hours 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Dec. 7.

### WANTED, Old or Second-Hand Books

Collections of works on Hypnotism, Magnetism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Occultism, Astrology, &c., &c., bought and sold.

H. F. TOWER, July 20. 68 West 65th Street, New York City.

A Gift for the Holidays.

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BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

THIS volume has proven one of the most popular collections of Poems issued from the spiritual press. Many of these Poems have been used for recitations, for which they are admirably adapted, and many others have been set to music by eminent composers and published in sheet form. These are accompanied by the music, which adds to the value and attractiveness of the volume. This is especially a holiday edition, and with its dainty printing and binding, makes a gift none will fail to admire. Price \$1.00, postpaid. Address the Publisher, HUDSON TUTTLE, Nov. 23. 4w Berlin Heights, Ohio.

### Descriptive Mentality.

BY PROF. HOLMES WHITTIER MERTON.

A concise and practical method of learning to read the character, habit, and capacities of the mental faculties from their definite signs in the head and face and hand. Illustrated by eighteen pages of photo-engravings and half-tones of the head and face, made by the author expressly for this book; with a complete descriptive chart of the mental faculties and their cultivation. In its treatment of palmistry, there are thirteen full pages of drawings, so arranged that each sign is named upon the drawing, and nearly four hundred signs are thus given and self-explanatory; reference to their value and attraction has been of the greatest value of life, to teach a valuable art, and to present a new and interesting source of amusement. 16 large pages, clear type. Paper, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### Mystery of the Ages,

Contained in the Secret Doctrine of All Religions

BY MARIE, COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

Contents: Introductory: The Theory and Practice of Theosophy; The Secret of Mythology; Egyptian and Christian Gnosticism; The Theosophy of the Brahmins; Magi and Druids; Buddhist Theosophy; Esoteric Buddhism; Chinese Theosophy; Pagan Theosophy; Theosophic Ideas of the Ancient Romans; The Kabala, or Hebrew Theosophy; The Sufis and Mohammedan Theosophy; Christian Theosophy; The Theosophy of Christ; The Theosophic Interpretation of the Bible; Conclusion; Soul, Infinity, The Path, Nirvana, The End. Cloth, beveled edges, pp. 51; price \$2.50. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### Spiritual Echoes From Holyrood.

Inspirational Addresses, Replies to Questions, and Poems, delivered by W. J. COLVILLE, at the residence of Lady Cathness, Duchess of Pomar, 124 Avenue de Wagram, Paris, during June, 1895. Pamphlet, price 15 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its aid and behalf.

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### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 5.

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1554 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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

James Burns, 56 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

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OF

# LUTHER COLBY,

FOUNDER OF THE

## Banner of Light,

FROM THE PEN OF HIS CO-WORKER FOR MANY YEARS,

## JOHN W. DAY.

This volume is replete with personal information, poetic tribute and friendly memory.

Appreciative testimony is borne the Veteran Editor by some of the brightest minds in the Modern Dispensation.

Those who would acquire, in a closely-packed, and convenient form for reference, much and valuable information concerning one whose name has been since 1867 a household word among the Spiritualists of the world, can find it in this new work.

The chapters are titled respectively:

"A MAN-CHILD IS BORN."

A SOUL IS RECOGNIZED.

THE BANNER IS UNFURLED.

MR. COLBY'S MEDIUMSHIP.

"GONE HOME."

TRIBUTES—Prose and Poetic.

In its Dedication the author gives the keynote of the volume:

TO MR. ISAAC B. RICH, the earnest friend and faithful co-partner of Mr. Colby for many years;

TO THE PIONEERS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, a hardy race, now passing rapidly to their well-merited "glorion in the skies";

AND TO THE YOUTH OF THE NEW DISPENSATION, who are reaping in joy what their forebears have sown in tears, and whose faces are now set toward the sunlight of world-wide victory;

THESE PAGES,

Briefly descriptive of an earnest and practical life now closed in the mortal, are lovingly dedicated.

The work, in addition to the engraving of Mr. Colby has a picture of his beloved mother (taken in her eighty-third year), and a fine likeness of William Barry (co-founder of the BANNER OF LIGHT); also views of the Fox Octage, the First Spiritual Temple (Newbury and Roston streets, Boston) and the Birthplace of Mr. Colby in Amesbury, Mass.

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## SPiRiT Message Department.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss MRS. W. PRATT, an expert stenographer.

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

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

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

### SPiRiT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held May 17, 1895.  
Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Ordainer of Life, thou in whom we live, move and have our existence, we thank thee for this bright, shining thou dost vouchsafe to thy children of earth. We thank thee that the doorways of spirit-communication are still kept open, and we invite the presence of the bright angel messengers that thou dost send out to give light to mortals, which we, as thy children, need so much.

We thank thee for the extension of life, that we are permitted to meet together as social companions, and permitted to commune with the angel ones that have passed that portal earned death.

We ask thee, oh! Father, that thou wilt give unto us knowledge, that we may know more of thee and thy ways that govern us, and we would draw nearer to thy angel ones, that we may gather from their lives something to spiritualize our own existence, that we may learn to be more charitable with our brothers and our sisters.

We thank thee, our Father, for the many blessings which are ours, for the sunshine in our pathway, and for every discipline that seemeth good in thy sight that we are to pass through. We would ask at this hour, as thy children, that some words may be here spoken from some loving ones that may be positive proof to their friends that they still live, that they are often so near, placing their hands upon them, that they may be brought to a fuller realization than ever before.

We would ask thy blessings and benediction, not only upon our loved ones, but all humanity everywhere.

### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

#### Caroline Todd.

Good-morning. I have waited patiently, although sometimes as we come on to the earth-plane we feel a little impatient to speak to our friends, as it has been said that we might in some way drop a word, that they might know we are with them in the homes.

In this city I am not forgotten by some; and yet, Mr. Chairman, you know what mortality is—those that passed on long ago are not forgotten, but those that pass on later are held a little closer in memory. It has been said, "the dead are the forgotten." Yes, all the "forgotten" there is are those you call dead, for it has been an education that mortals should speak of us as dead. We are living, active people, more so than we could be here.

William, my husband, is here with me, and wants to be remembered kindly to the few yet left in Braintree and in New Bedford and in Boston. I know there is but little he can say, for there's but few remaining upon the earth plane closely connected to us.

Dear old Grandma Todd comes up close to me with a sweet little rose in her hand. There are no thorns upon our roses. We do appreciate the flowers here, in all the fullness of our hearts, when they are placed upon the table through the kindness of the heart of mortal; but ours, when we run the finger down over the stems, we find no thorns; but we appreciate the very kind thought that is extended out to us more than we could express.

During all the sufferings I was called to pass through, I felt the Father's hand was placed upon me. We know there's no personal God, no personal Father, as you speak of him; yet we speak of Him as we come upon the earth-plane, and still we use the plural of the Father, Mother—God. We should say the Higher Intelligence—there's the plural again, as we speak thus.

I must say when I passed on I was surprised to see the activity after I had been educated of rest—eternal rest—after laying aside the material form.

Yes, the dear little girl that passed away so long ago comes close, although not little now, as we have spoken many times of the children growing in spirit, being educated better than they could be here. I thank you very kindly. I would say to John, you have opportunities. It is no excuse for any mortal to say, "I have never heard of spirit communion or spirit return," for in these days of enlightenment I know well there's no excuse for any one.

We live together, and are very happy in our spiritual home, but I find our lives furnish our mansions that we have been promised; and, therefore, it behooves every mortal to live the best life they know how.

Caroline Todd, Boston.

#### Elihu N. Taylor.

Good morning. It is always morning with us, therefore this is the salutation we give you. I have had a feeling of pressure overshadow my spirit to come into this circle-room, to be one of your assembly often, but I have gained permission from your good Spirit President that I might speak or give a report to-day.

I would make this statement here; think not I was ignorant of spirit-communication; I enjoyed it, oh! so much, and oft in my earlier

days I would sense them around me, and not know who or what it was. But I learned more of spirit-communication, which is called Spiritualism—we will change that and say spiritually instead—and the more we have of spirituality, the more we learn of our friends.

I have often thought, since passing on, how hard it was to part from the loved ones—the dear wife and the family—but I visit them, knowing they have a comfort and consolation in thinking that I am not far away.

I ask the question here to all the world, where's the comfort in believing or trying to believe this life ends all, or either that we wait for the judgment day? We find in our realms that the judgment day is every day and every hour in the day. That's my religion, and I have no doubt, Mr. Chairman, it is yours. We are educated in mortal that God, which is the way that mortals have been educated to speak of him, punishes "world without end." As we are a part of that great Infinite, then would he not punish himself as well? Oh, how strange it seems to me that any one with good reason can, or even try to believe, these things. Yet I have had people say to me when upon the earth-plane: "Oh, yes, it must be that God is upon a throne." Well, I could not coincide with them; yet they had the right to their own opinion, if it was in darkness. Yet there are opportunities presented to mortals to-day, and many privileges that I did not have in my younger days, but thank the great Diviner of all life, from whom all life emanates, that I learned before passing on.

In Easton, Conn., I know I am not forgotten—I do not say I think, but I know—as Elihu N. Taylor. I have been here to your meetings, and I have enjoyed them much. I have gained in knowledge from some points that have been put forth from many of these uplifted spirits that have been in the spirit-world much longer than I, or, you might say, have progressed on farther than myself, and I would ask the question, why do we go to the lectures if it is not to gain some knowledge? Good morning.

#### Mary Anne Underwood.

Friends, for I feel a welcome as I take the stand to-day, I have enjoyed much in being one of your assembly here. I feel that welcome extended to me as the privilege is granted to speak.

First I will say, Moses, it seems a long time to you since I passed on, yet I am with you every day in our home; although another has come to take the place, I greet her warmly as a sister, and while I speak to you I turn again and say—Tillie, your mother is here also and wishes to be remembered to you.

And now to you, Georgiana; I am going to speak a few words to you, which I feel you will gladly accept from mother. I know there are times when in your heart you wish you could commune with me, that you knew I was with you; yes, and you have learned something of us from the other life. And also would I say to you, when you see Maria and William, say to them I often visit them, and how pleasant it is to feel a freedom, yes, a privilege, to go whenever and wherever we have a desire to do so.

I did not think, Mr. Chairman, when I entered this room to-day, with the large assembly of what is termed spirits, that I would give a report; but, as the invitation was extended to me, I gladly accepted.

Moses, I know you are feeling better than you did at one time, yet some little difficulty with the head, and I do feel that since the change has come to you it has been a benefit. I am satisfied. And, Georgiana, I am satisfied with the change that you have made. Think not, one of you mortals, that I have not been cognizant of the changes that have come to you, although in the flesh I did not understand that I could come and report here and make myself known personally, yet I have learned that since passing on; and whenever it is possible come into communication with us, for we do enjoy conversing as much—I think sometimes more—than we do in the flesh.

And I would say further, a little while since, as you, Moses, and Tillie, were in the city making some little purchases, I went with you from place to place, and at first I thought possibly you might be coming into communication with me somewhere, but at last I saw you wending your way homeward again, in Waltham, this State, where I am no stranger.

This is my first experience of speaking in public. We call it public, as there are so many of our people from our life that are present to-day, although we understand there's but few mortals. As we look beyond, we see people coming and going all the while, for there's no disturbance with us in going out and in.

It is a pleasure for me to send loving words to each of you, as you know well I would do when the privilege is extended to me.

Mary Anne Underwood.

#### Lewis B. Fish.

[To the Chairman:] Well, sir, how do you do? How beautiful are these flowers here to-day. We are educated that all flowers are planted by the hand of God, and watered by the same, which certainly I shall not dispute; but as you look, Mr. Chairman, upon these flowers, you will find God—nature's God. In every little leaf, in every blade of grass, in every petal, do you see God. No mortal upon the face of the earth, in my opinion, could be so senseless as to think everything in this beautiful world of ours could come into existence by chance. Oh! no; impossible. It is from the overruling Power, the guiding hand of what is called the Higher Intelligence, and I think that's the most proper way to speak.

I could not understand when in the flesh that it could be possible that God could be a personal being. There's been much spoken upon that subject, yet I can't say I knew all; I did not. It was my own thoughts, arguments with myself, and I am pleased to say to you, since entering the other life it has been a life of learning, of life and activity, and all so free is the learning that is given to us, which we call the great school of life. I would not for a moment say to you I have graduated; oh! no. It is an eternity of learning, on, on forever, and as has been said, none too long for us.

I am pleased to speak to you to-day, although as that lady said, we came first to listen, but when we have asked permission before we never know when it will be granted, but when it is we gladly accept it.

Yes, Philander is here with me, my brother; Aunt Mary Fish is here too; all ask to be remembered, for they have not all passed the portal. Oh! how they come, keep coming in here while we are talking, but they do not disturb us. I am speaking from our spiritual standpoint, not your material. I well understand what mortality was; I lived it, but in spirit since I have entered the realms, I have

learned some things, made a little progress, and there's the privilege of making more.

Lewis B. Fish, Randolph, Vt.

### Spirit Messages.

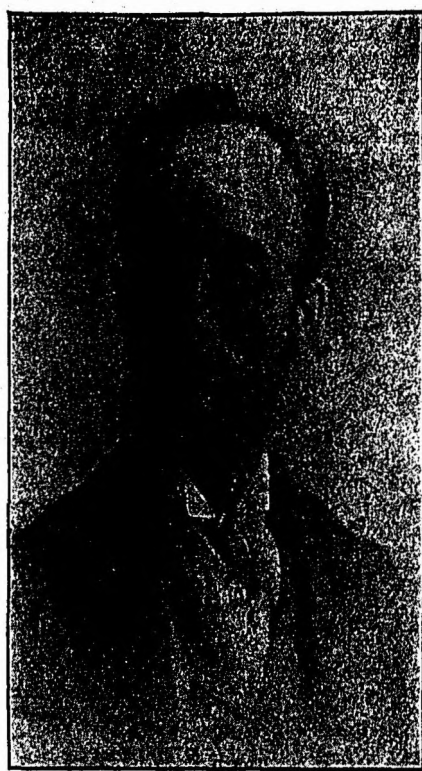
The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES through the mediumship of MRS. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page:

May 11 (Continued)—Laura Loranja Mendum; Hattie P. Griffin; Henry M. Pitman; Nona Bell.  
May 14.—Rowell O. Pratt; Ella Smith; Levi Rogers; Fisher M. Clark; Addie Jackson; John Cosgrove; Linnie Leland; Ida Louise Merriam; Caroline Marshall.  
May 15.—Frank Buchanan; Sarah Edwells; Joseph Dillingham; Gertrude Grembs; Joseph H. Livingston; Judge Charles S. Bradley; Harriet E. Fuller; Hannah Ramsden; Jessie Stewart.

June 1.—Julia M. Dodd; Hattie E. Meech; Dr. J. F. Moses; William H. Barnes; Frankie Kimball; Calista Works; Warren Chase; George Wiley; Laura A. Peters; Jonathan J. Glynn.  
June 14.—Nancy Gross; Sylvester Hart; Col. J. Martin; Laura Elvira Stafford; Dr. Jeremiah D. Moore; Charlie Cordingley; Maria E. Goodwin; Alfred Kittredge.  
June 21.—Charles Reeve; Abby Cilley; Mary Pelkey; Nellie Whitney; Daniel W. Hubbard; Sarah A. Stewart; Bessie E. Gleason; Sarah Gleason; Albert Grantman.  
June 28.—Samuel Proctor; Milton O. Slate; Mary E. Smith; George W. Mitchell; Annie E. Kemp; James Ferguson; Solomon J. Howard; Lillie Worthen; Lewis B. Wilson; John Pierpont; Nona Bell.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES. 1.—[By Lydia Furness, San Francisco.] Is it true that when one begins to study occult subjects he is met by what Theosophists call the "Guardians of the Threshold," who throw obstacles in his way?

Q. 2.—[By the same.] Is every one capable of developing the power to send and receive telepathic messages?

ANS. 1.—The Guardians of the Threshold are represented by some writers on Occultism as elemental forces opposed to man, therefore it is not invariably easy to determine what is meant by the expression from the pens of all who employ it in their writings; but like all similar doctrines pertaining to esoteric culture, it is based on actual experiences of some sort.

No matter what may be the special kind of attainment sought, difficulties are always to be found in the way of the novice who seeks to conquer nature in her lower forms by exercising the powers of his own higher nature.

There is a danger sometimes in placing the scene of conflict and the friends and foes of progress without instead of within the sphere of the individual. Our best friends and our worst foes are all within ourselves, and nothing can reach us from without unless it gain entrance through its own correspondence within.

We do not advocate building up a complex system of mysticism and introducing our hearers and readers to the nomenclature of some distinctive school of occultism, but we do insist that the idea suggested by our questioner is founded upon the fact that every step of human progress is contested at every turn, and probably were it not thus contested we should never develop sterling character or feel ourselves to be anything higher than prophets of fate or blind servants of a force inscrutable.

The first lesson to be learned on the threshold or at the gate of the hidden sanctuary (to use mystical language), is the lesson of conquest over circumstances. The tyro must be taught at the very outset of his researches that he must entirely reverse the common saying "we must be guided by circumstances," for he who would obtain power must, on the psychic and mental planes, accomplish such victories subjectively as make possible in due time such objective achievements as serve to demonstrate to a remarkable degree the wise man's conquest over the lower elements in nature.

The first all important precept is, always keep the promises made to yourself as faithfully as you are morally bound to keep promises made to others. Do not hesitate to reckon with yourself as the conqueror of all around you; then, though you have as yet, perchance, no ability to alter materially the outward aspect of affairs, you are certainly powerful to so act in certain otherwise depressing environments as to prove your supremacy over your surroundings.

Whenever you say you will do anything, the probabilities are that some plausible temptation may assail you to leave it undone. Rain may fall in torrents at the very time when you should be setting out to redeem a promise; visitors may call at the very instant when you should be ready to start to fill an engagement.

If you allow these obstacles to overcome you and upset your purpose, you are yielding all unknowingly to whatever is opposed to your advancement, or you are at least falling a victim to a trial which it is necessary for you to overcome if you would make any real advance in inward achievement.

Another point must be invariably held to the front in this inquiry, viz., that no one can be worthy to exercise occult power who is cowardly, insincere, vacillating, or other than boldly determined to do all and dare all for the sake of the priceless pearl of wisdom.

The Guardians of the Threshold are wise spiritual teachers—friends, not foes, of honest students of the mystic realm; but they cannot and will not entrust heavenly mysteries to the dissolute or the idle.

A. 2.—Every one is capable of developing the telepathic faculty, and, indeed, every one exercises it, both consciously and sub-consciously, to a certain limited extent, though comparatively few have unfolded it through diligent exercise to any remarkable degree of proficiency.

To cultivate the habit of concentration on a given theme, place or object with which one desires to become en rapport is the first essential, and it is not difficult to concentrate the

### TO OUR FRIENDS:

Don't you know some Spiritualist who does not now, but who would subscribe to THE BANNER OF LIGHT if YOU called his attention to the Paper?

mental gaze steadily for even a considerable time on anything which appears of great value and interest.

Choose, therefore, an important subject, and determine to realize your oneness with it. This will greatly help you to overcome distractions and assist in your triumph over the ordinary tendency to weakly scatter energy in turning constantly from one trifle to another, while the secret of power is steadfast attention given to a single selected topic.

When you desire to send a message to an absent friend, make a mental picture of that friend, close your eyes, and speak to your friend inaudibly, with the utmost distinctness of mental articulation.

When you wish to receive a message from a friend, sit quietly down, or recline in a listening attitude, and calmly await whatever may come to you inwardly. Whenever some message seems to come to you unexpectedly from any source, make a memorandum of the time, and allow verification to come in its own way, without special effort on your part to seek it.

### A Veteran Gone Home.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

FLAVIUS J. BRIGGS, of Bloomington, Ill., an old and valued resident, once a minister, and an editor, has laid aside the mortal and put on immortality.

For some thirty years he has been a subscriber to THE BANNER OF LIGHT. He was considered among the pioneers of the Northwest as an authority on spiritual and philosophical questions.

Mr. Briggs was born in Barnard, Vt., June 10, 1811, and hence was past eighty-four years of age. While young, he moved with his parents to St. Lawrence county, New York, where he was educated. When about twenty-one years old he commenced preaching the Universalist doctrine. In 1851 he settled in Bloomington, and subsequently became one of the proprietors of THE PANTAGRAPH. For some years he occupied the position of editor of that paper.

In 1858 in New York State he married Mrs. Sophronia Hendee, who died in Bloomington Sept. 14, 1870. One daughter, Mrs. T. B. Packard, survives, and, with her husband, occupies the Briggs home.

THE PANTAGRAPH states that "for the last thirty years Mr. Briggs was a leading Spiritualist, and died in that faith. He was one of the best read men in the part of the State, particularly on religious subjects, and was a most entertaining conversationalist."

T. B. P.

### IN MEMORIAM F. J. BRIGGS.

They say "he died" because the mortal ties  
No longer held the eager spirit bound;  
Because earth's light departed from his eyes,  
And from his ear all sense of mortal sound;  
Because his step was feeble, and his hand  
Was palsied and uncertain in its power;  
Because his form, once so erect and grand,  
Was bent with years and labor; and the hour  
Had come at last when that unyielding will  
Could no more make a form so cold and still.

Ah! if they could but see that other form,  
So full of life and joy, contentment, bliss,  
That glorious body, radiant, bright and warm  
With the new rapture born of happiness,  
They would no longer think, nor speak of death.  
For him, the immortal soul, the real cause,  
Whose life is not the influx of a breath,  
Nor yet the thrall of the material laws;  
But is existence, free, divine and sure,  
Fixed and unchanging, letterless and pure.

To be the flat of unbounded thought;  
Expression of the eternal supreme will;  
The kindling of a flame that dieth not.  
A force propelled that nevermore is still.  
Once given, this being, force, existence, life—  
A living spark from out the central flame—  
Lives on, glows on, and shines through earth's dark

Though sometimes dimly, centrally the same;  
Nor can it ever cease to live and shine  
While lives its author, infinite, divine.

I say "he lives," the now translated soul  
Lives real life, or just begins to do;  
The one he left, the rudiment, the goal;  
The one he's gained, the real and the true.  
This shadowy land, as home or dwelling-place,  
He bade adieu forever and for aye.  
And sought the new, in form of matchless grace,  
Nor yet the thrall of the material laws;  
The soul's true home; realm of eternal youth,  
Mansion of beauty, wisdom, love and truth.  
Behold him thus, our risen brother, friend,  
Clad in the glory of his vestments bright,  
A form erect, where all the graces blend  
In realms of glory, happiness and light;  
Behold him now in health, in strength, in youth,  
Absorbing life at every spirit-pore,  
Each ray revealing to his soul some truth  
His mind with power never grasped before;  
His shackles dropped; from every ill set free,  
And born at last into full liberty.

I seek him now—not in the busy street,  
Nor in his erstwhile home, where neighbors call;  
Nor yet in public halls, where many meet;  
And in the marts of traffic, least of all;  
But when the day is gone, and friendly night  
Spreads her broad mantle over earth and sky;  
When labor's done, and rest and thought unite,  
And tune the soul to spirit harmony—  
Then thought meets thought, and with each other  
blend,  
And there I meet and recognize my friend.

I meet him as I ever have of late,  
Soul unto soul, in spirit, will to will,  
I recognize him by each well known trait  
Of mind, expression, forcefulness, and still,  
Though yet the same, he's not the same to me;  
I'm still in class, he's taken his degree.

I struggle yet with problems hidden, dim,  
They're clear as sunlight, plain as day to him;  
He's gone up higher, with risen ones to dwell;  
We say "God speed!" "All hail!" but not farewell.  
November 1, 1895. M. W. P.

### December Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—The Christmas number is notable. The most striking and novel illustrations are those by Tissot, from his well-known series, "The Life of Christ." The article on this extraordinary work is written by Miss Edith Cones. Another set of interesting illustrations is by Louis Loeb, the American artist, accompanying an article on "The Passion-Play at Volder-Thiersee." This number gives the opening chapters of a story called "Tom Grogan," by F. Hopkinson Smith. A real old-fashioned Christmas story by Stockton is entitled "Captain Eli's Best Boy." Among the short stories is Rudyard Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy." The second instalment of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady" is given. The article entitled "A Midsummer Night," by Benjamin Kidd, presents to the public the author of "Social Evolution" in a new light, that of a naturalist and lover of nature. Mr. Leslie J. Perry describes, with numerous examples from the records, the "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency," and the Rev. Dr. Munger has a suggestive paper called "Music, Heavenly Maid." Miss Thomas writes in both prose and poetry of "Glamour." Harriet Prescott Spofford publishes a poem entitled "Hear, O Israel!" and there are shorter pieces of verse in "Lighter Vein." The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—One of the greatest issues ever sent out by this or any other periodical is the Christmas number. James Whitcomb Riley has an illustrated poem, "At the Gate," a gem in every line. Ex-President Harrison has his introductory paper on "This Country of Ours." Rudyard Kipling has the first part of "William the Conqueror." Mary E. Wilkins has the first of a series of character sketches of New England life, and treats of "Timothy Samson, the Wise Man." After a long lapse, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney contributes another of her "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends." Lillian Bell has begun a series of articles entitled "From a Girl's Standpoint," and tells what the writer thinks of "The

Man Under Thirty-five." Hezekiah Butterworth contributes "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems." "The Art of Social Discovery" is by Agnes H. Morton. Julia Magruder commences "The Violet," which is a fine story. Mary Anderson de Navarro writes "My First Appearance on the Stage." Mrs. Burton Harrison's serial, "The Holiday Dance at Worroquayack," continues to be interesting. Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D., writes on "The Passion of Money-Getting." Robert J. Burdette gives bores a good many hints in "Wasting Other People's Time." Ruth Ashmore grandly writes on "The Girl Who Is Employed." It is one of her strongest papers. There is also a large variety of other reading. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The Christmas spirit runs all through this number. "How a Street-Car Came in a Stocking" is told by Harriet Allen. Sarah Orne Jewett writes "Betsy Leicester's English Christmas"; "A Christmas White Elephant" is by W. A. Wilson; James Whitcomb Riley contributes "The Dream March of the Children," and Bertha E. Bush describes in verse "The Christmas Song of Cadmon"; there are "Letters to Young Friends," by Robert Louis Stevenson, with a new portrait of Stevenson and other pictures; Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, in "The Little Carltons Have Their Say," draws from her own experience in Richmond during the war; "Our Secret Society," by George Parsons Lathrop, will prove to its readers that boys are very much the same now as when the writer was a youth. Mrs. Helen E. Greig tells of "Owney, the Postoffice Dog," and some new pictures are given of this remarkable canine traveler; "Bombshell; An Artillery Dog," who saved the lives of two little children by his instinct, is described by Lieut. John C. W. Brooks. The serials are represented by interesting chapters. The Century Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S.—The opening paper is by Cosmo Monk, house, who writes a very bright tribute to Lawrence Alma Tadema, the artist, and brings out many illustrations. "The Amazing Marriage," by George Meredith, comes to an end. Henry Van Dyke has a story of a picture, "A White Blot." "Wild Beasts as They Live," is by C. J. Melliss. Joel Chandler Harris has a sketch, "The Colonel's Nigger Dog." Brander Matthews has an article entitled "The Kinetoscope of Time." "The Staying Powers of Sir Iohan," is a Christmas story by Frank R. Stockton. "The River Syndicate" is from the pen of Charles E. Carryl. Arthur Stanwood Pier contributes a story, "The Heroism of Landers." There are several fine poems. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—"Some Portraits of Sir Walter Scott," by F. G. Kilton, occupies the major portion of the latest issue. Edmund Gosse has a paper entitled "The Place of Sculpture in Daily Life." Harry Furness has an extended sketch on "Charles Burton Barber," illustrating some of his finest paintings. "A Collection of Plate Belonging to Sir Samuel Montagu, Bart.," is a noticeable paper. "Art in the Theatre" is by M. H. Spielmann. "Prof. Herkimer, R. A., and His Pupils," is from the pen of M. Phillips Jackson. "The Chronicles of Art" and three full-page photographs furnish the remainder of the contents. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

THE QUIVER.—Two new serials, "The Junior Partner at Moreton's," by Fay Axtens, and "Andrew Clay's Awakening," by Alan St. Aubyn, make good reading, and promise to be interesting. "Befriending the Friendless Girl" is quite interesting. "Solomon Built him an House" is a story by J. Rowbotham. "A Story of Three" is by Albert E. Hooper. T. Sparrow tells about "The Penniless Poor." There is a very interesting article, which is fully illustrated, on "Leaders in the Church of God," giving many portraits. The Cassell Pub. Co., New York.

CASSILL'S.—The opening paper is "With the Troops at Aldershot," by Mary S. Warren; "Love-Day" and "The Voice of the Charnier" both come to a conclusion; "My Trials as a Housekeeper" is by Elizabeth L. Banks; "The Czar's Diamond" is a thrilling story by Huan Mee; Alfred F. Robbins describes "The Earliest House of Commons; The Blind Skipper" is a short sketch by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. The departments are all well cared for. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES.—The opening paper is "Kabbalistic Names from the 'Blazing Star,'" There is the usual variety of scientific, astronomical and miscellaneous subjects treated, closing the thirteenth volume. S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

### LATE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE THEOSOPHIST.—"Old Diary Leaves," by editor Olcott, has a liberal installment. P. C. Mukherji writes on the "Antiquity of Aryan Civilization." "Man his Own Creator" is by Lillian Edever. "Notes on Scientific Experiments" are very readable. "Dis-satisfied Theosophists" is by W. A. English. Athanasius writes on "Poetry and Poets." "Selfishness and Motives of Action" is by Karl Kautz, Sen. There are other interesting and instructive papers. Published at Society's Headquarters, Adyar, Madras.

### Stimulates Digestion.

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It acts directly on the food, thus assisting the stomach, and also stimulates the secretion of the digestive fluids, putting the stomach in an active, healthy condition.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Hastings, Mich., Nov. 20, 1895, LEVANTIA SHELL-MAN STAFFORD.

She was born in Davenport, Delaware county, N. Y., July 17, 1827. At 10 years of age she, with her parents, moved to Guilford, Mich., and, one year thereafter, to Marquette, Mich. In 1844, she married Mr. Silas Stafford, then a young and prosperous lawyer. For over fifty years they traveled hand in hand, sharing the sunshine and shadows of earth-life. There were three children born to them, two sons and one daughter. The youngest son passed to spirit-life at an early age, the eldest, William P., and daughter, Nellie S. Padgheam, remaining to bless their home.

The deceased, at the age of 14, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but subsequently was induced to leave Spiritualism, and became a believer and medium. For nearly forty-five years she was in her home circles, an instrument to bring light and comfort to many hearts. The funeral services were held in their home in Hastings, Mich., where they have resided for some fourteen years. It was conducted by Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who drew all hearts to her, both believers and unbelievers. Many people gathered—some, perhaps, for the first time—to listen to the comforting words our glad tidings of immortality ever bring.

Mrs. Stafford was a kind and sympathetic friend, charitable to a fault, yet ever firm for the right. Besides her son and daughter she leaves an aged companion, or pilgrim, who stands on the shore, peering with outstretched hands and earnest gaze to the other, waiting with patience to be carried across to join that other "circle."

H. B. B.

Nov. 22, 1895, RODOLPH S. COWING, of Indiana, a Clerk in the office of the Register of the Treasury, and a member of Benj. B. French Lodge, No. 15, F. A. A. M.

Mr. Cowing was the husband of Mrs. Nannie Cowing, one of our finest test mediums. His wife was absent from her companion when he passed away. The spirit took its flight to the higher realms with it a struggle, as one fallen asleep. The many friends of Mrs. Cowing tender her their sincere sympathy.</



(From the Worcester Spy, Nov. 14, 1894.)

**"Why I am Opposed to Vivisection."**

Synopsis of an Address Given Before the Massachusetts Convention of Spiritualists, at Worcester, Mass., Nov. 18, BY ABBY A. JUDSON.

A very able and interesting address was delivered by Mrs. Abby A. Judson, who spoke upon "Vivisection and Its Evils." Her remarks were in part as follows:

Nature is an effect, of which God is the cause. God is life, and this life always works from lower to higher. The lowest organic forms share in this divine life: From crystal to moner, from moner to ameba, from simple to complex, and more and more complex, the sensations ever becoming more acute, until the various grades of mammals appeared on our planet, reaching their acme in man. In complexity of constitution, and in acuteness of sensation, the advance from the moner to the lowest mammal is far greater than from the lowest mammal to the highest one—man himself. The life in a man or woman is no more truly a part of infinite life, or God, than is the life of the lowest creature of earth. With the advancement in the forms of life has gradually evolved the supremacy of mind over mere physical force. The ingenuity of man has enabled him to construct instruments of power and of adroitness, in order to effect certain purposes. These purposes are either useful or baneful. When man makes better shelters, better foods, better clothes, better schools, better men, he is carrying out the plans of infinite intelligence, and in this way does he act in line with the old saying, "God is Love." When he makes engines for slaughtering men or lower creatures, or for torturing men or lower creatures, he is working in opposition to the plans of infinite love, and he is crucifying afresh the Nazarene, whose aim was to reveal God's love by removing the suffering of men and of animals.

To be "one with God" is to occupy with docility one's own place in the scale of being, and to conform one's self to the natural laws of the universe. In this view, a horse, a dog, and other mammals lower than man, behave much better than man himself. A wild animal lives in accordance with natural law. If he be wounded, he seeks some natural appliance, and knows which one to select. Man does not live in accordance with natural law. He gluttonously stuffs unmastered and unnatural food into his stomach, and creates a cancer there; or the engorged intestines writhe, and the stones and pits catch in his appendix vermiformis. Having brought on appendicitis by his unnatural doings, having seen men die, as did Don Carlos of Spain, by devouring six pounds of grapes at one "gorge," he thinks he will be scientific, and improve upon nature, by cutting off the appendix vermiformis; instead of understanding that it was put in the body to warn by pain the gluttonous and the ignorant against eating unnatural food unchewed, he says it was created by mistake. So he exercises his ingenuity by nailing dogs by their feet to a board, or cunningly strapping them to a vivisection table, and cutting out their appendices. After practicing on dogs for a while, he graduates, and then does it to men, and thinks he has done wonders if eighty-two per cent. survive the operation. He had better begin to teach men and boys to chew their food fine, as the great Gladstone was taught by his father.

If my own unnatural acts, or those of my ancestors, have brought me to the condition that requires surgeons to torture animals to death in order to save my life by operating on me, I prefer to lie down and die, and then be cremated, so that my microbes will not be a source of ill to those who survive me. We may kill ferocious animals, whether tigers or bad bugs, to prevent them from devouring us. Being still under the ban of a cannibal ancestry, who ate the flesh of harmless animals, we may be excused for doing the same till Americans have progressed out of the carnivorous condition that awakens the contempt of a Hindoo or a Japanese. It is right to kill an animal or a human being (if he desire it) who is dying by slow inches by the tortures of a cancer or a fire; but to vivisection or kill animals for experimental science is wicked. He who vivisection an animal or an unwilling man, with anesthetics, violates the natural laws which prove the existence and the nature of God. He who vivisection, without anesthetics, does the work of a fiend. If God created man perfect, and then let him fall, he would be the arch-experimentalist of all. But God did not so do, and he does not create nor evolve his creation in that way.

I am opposed to vivisection because its practice endorses the brutal principle that "might makes right." The plea that it is right to inflict cruel tortures because it teaches doctors how to cure diseases is too Jesuitical for me, for it is doing evil that good (?) may come, and accords with the false saying, "The end justifies the means." I am opposed to vivisection, because witnessing it hardens and brutalizes the nature of those who see their elders and teachers doing it. Boys who see their professors torturing cats and rabbits will do the same to their neighbor's cat in the back yard. The terrible "Jack the Ripper," who disemboweled his victims so scientifically, is found to have been a fashionable surgeon of the West End of London. It was torturing and murdering animals that gave him his hapless skill. The groans and writhings of his agonized victims are now being expiated by him, as he helplessly shrieks within the padded walls of a secure cell in a mad-house.

It is unnatural to vivisection, for it violates the natural law of the universe. It hardens the nature. It produces suffering beyond our power to express or conceive. It degrades and debases all those who practice it. It should be forbidden by the laws of every State in the Union.

I am opposed to vivisection and I hereby petition for its total abolition.

Chile, di yere life am not a grease celloah doah down which you kin slide wit' perpetshell happiness. It am a doah wit' nails in some oh de places, an' yer mus' spec ter hab yer trowsers torn 'casshunally.—Uncle Abe.

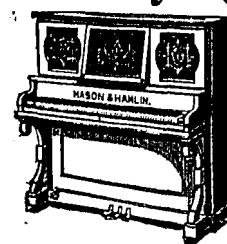
**CONSUMPTION CURED.**  
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These Lapel Buttons are separable. They are very desira-

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These Cuff Buttons have lever backs that tip so they will go

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This is one of the neatest ornaments ever designed.

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This charm is the same as the Pendant, excepting that it is

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This is a very neat Charm for ladies' wear, or for gentle-

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