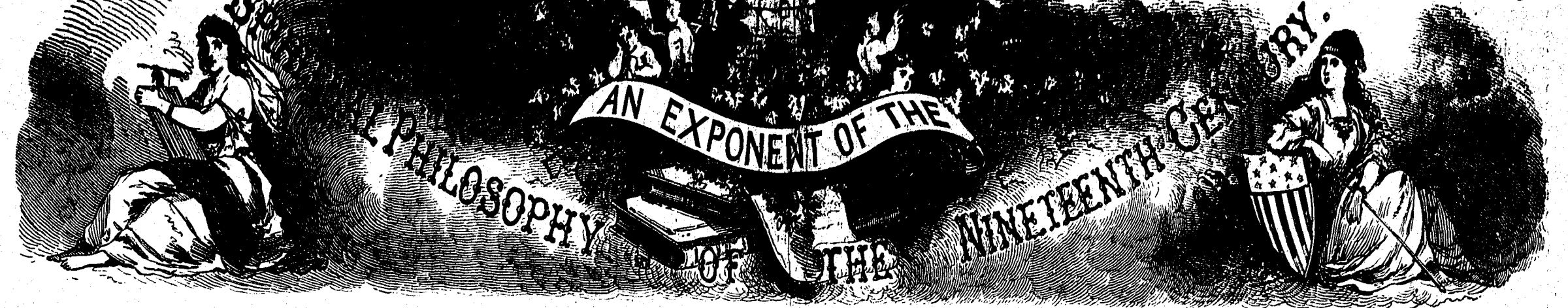


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NO. 17.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

Methought I stood upon a height,
And, like a panorama grand,
I viewed the Long Ago in light
With years close ranged on either hand:
Tears lost in smiles, smiles lost in tears,
Were interwoven through the years.
Sore pains of body and of mind
Filled many a year with cold and gloom;
But, even then, oft did I find
A far-off summer radiance loom;
And through my doubts, dull griefs and tears,
Rose angel-whisperings from the spheres.
And every year seemed like a book,
With some leaves blotted, others—*—*ean,
Recording every thought and look,
And every motive which had been;
But still Hope's voice, which ever cheers,
Inspired me through those checkered years.
So, every year, we sell or gild
With selfishness or acts divine,
Until earth's volume is fulfilled
And closed, and sealed with death's sure sign:
Then death-day is the birth-day bright
Of earth-souls into realms of light.
Sydney, New South Wales.

DEVOTION

For the Banner of Light.

THE SOUL AND ITS POWERS.

Inspired by Spirit Elizabeth Barrett Browning
through the Mediumship of "White Rose,"
J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

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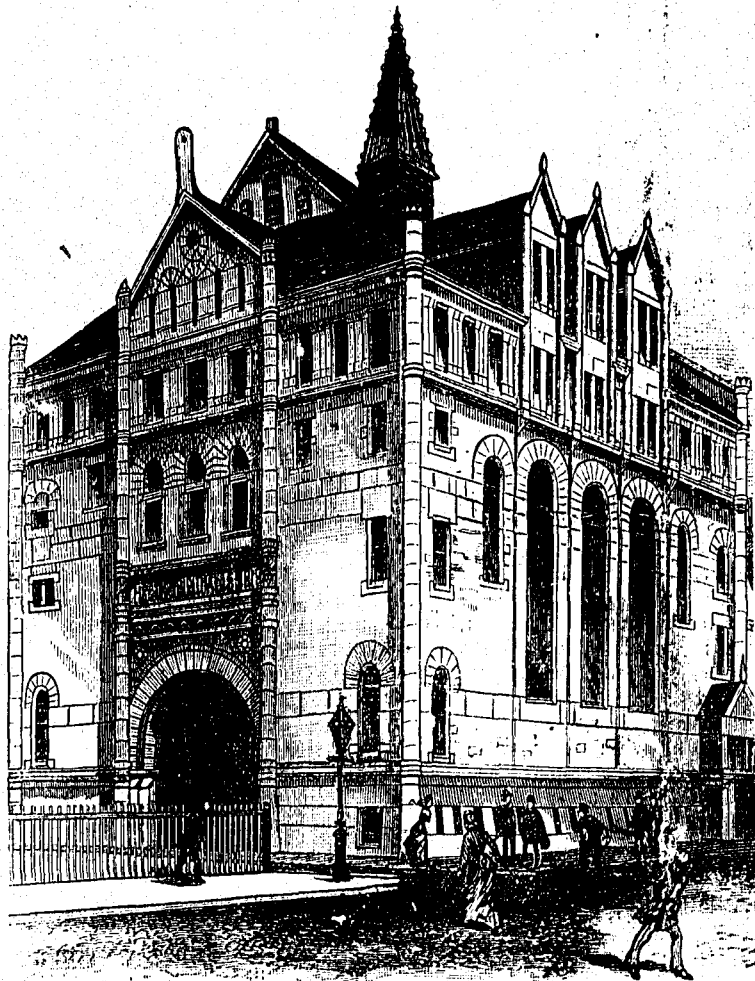
(Continued from last issue.)

But though matter is thus related it does not follow that it ceases to be the manifestation of essence. Each individualized essence gives rise to certain effects and results of itself in this manifestation of the Divine. It is as if this manifestation were the stuff or material out of which it gathers its own outer garments, but it really is that which it spins, as the spider its web, out of its interior being and in the play of its phenomenal existence changes the form and elements thereof according to the needs of its unfolding but unchanging and unchangeable entity. For remember the soul never changes its identity or personality, and what it is it ever has and will be, for as the Hebrew word "Jehovah" designated the character and nature of God, the past, present and the future, so in the science of the occult the soul is eternally itself. We do not mean by the position we here teach concerning the form, that is, the image in materiality of each individualized essence, that this particular essence creates the matter it uses, but that certain ingredients and particles of this matter belong to it and are drawn to it by a process which the soul follows unerringly and with mathematical exactness, for all matter, whether in the crude or ethereal form, is the manifestation of the Over-Soul, into which essence is baptized and by which it is externalized or given its sensuous existence. Matter is to the essence what certain chemical solutions are to photography in the development of the negative. Essence becomes objectified and photographed, so to speak, by matter, and in the phenomenal world outworks its material or phenomenal destiny.

Materiality or matter in the phenomenal or material world has no set of causes and effects, of laws and consequences, that are not the external functions or processes of essence *per se*. Here enters the fact of Swedenborg's sublime teachings concerning correspondence, for what obtains in the realm of sensuous existence has its source in the realm of spiritual entity. And on the same principle that a star first exists ere its reflection can be mirrored in the brook, so there can be no matter, no material world, no existence of the image of essence, in that sea of manifestation without a *priori* essence. Matter and form never were *a priori* reality, but they were ever the manifestations of them. Then perceive the thought of our teaching concerning the soul and the cosmos, which is this, that the Over-Soul, or God and the soul, are reality and interact as such in the principle and relations which bind the Infinite to the finite, and that love is the principle that establishes their relations.

Whatever essence is, love rules its endless spheres; whatever may be its primal or ultimate states in and out of matter, love shapes its destiny. Love governs the entire cosmos throughout its domain, giving the atom its axis, orbit, sphere, office, and ordering and destinating not only the solar and planetary orbs in the universe, but the life forms thereon: Love actuating the affinities of matter and the laws thereof. Love governing the relations of essence to matter and the transformations and changes of essence. Love reaching out, over and through all the veiled states and dormant energies and hidden possessions, and shaping and interpreting the unfolding of essence in materiality in the light of the apotheosis. Love as a dominating will, of surpassing sweetness in its ministry, yet inexorable in its justice and perfect in its harmony, drawing the essence as a ray of light that draws the purpose of a seed into outward form of manifestation, into the divine and spiritual likeness. Love, the divinity that roots itself in the birth of the soul in matter, and permeating its growth, proceeds to unfold its character, shaping its currents and spheres of attraction and action, burning away the veils that conceal its fair image in its consuming flame of white light, guiding it from the mire of error to the clear light of the Over-Soul, until the rose blooms in perfectness on the surface of its own being. This is the soul that constitutes all entities, within which are the principle, knowledge and power that explain all that exists in the formal realm of matter. For it is not a compound or fusion of material elements and forces, but the realm whence they issue, and as the sea that gives up its dead, so it holds the secret of mute and dead worlds, issuing from it as the fountain of eternal life, the processions of forms flow in a circle of dreams, and dissipate as quickly into the realm whence they arose. The external holds the internal as the mirror holds the image that is reflected in it, but the soul itself is the everlasting and indestructible essence, and with God shares the divine attributes. In the light of soul the material world takes its place, and as its manifestation it reveals outwardly the principle of love that inwardly controls its essence. Let us enter still deeper into the interior of the Sphinx, and gather from her depths the answer to her own silence.

The question of personality must at this point engage our attention. Sir Humphrey Davy, who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had a very clear perception of the character of the soul and its relation to mind and body and all that is eternal thereto, and aside from certain dogmatisms which mar his writings, he reached and taught



THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, BOSTON.

WHERE MR. GRUMBINE IS NOW SPEAKING.

a very rational and spiritual interpretation of the soul. The question with him, as with all philosophers, was first the fact of the soul's existence, afterward that of its eternality, and once realizing its being, that it is something which belongs to and is associated with its mysterious conduct, that it seemed to be both subject and object in phenomenal life, then the egress out of the difficulties was rapid and easy. Nature in all her works, and we use the word broadly—that is, generally—taught a spiritual immensity—taught that within and permeating the sphere of matter is a life, or principle, or essence, which Sir Humphrey Davy called the soul, the basis of the facts of the senses and the phenomena of the external universe. Whatever may be the order and law of its manifestation, that something is the cause and source of these outward forms. And this soul is not a heterogeneous compound that has neither form nor intelligence, but is an entity, a personality, an individualized ego, that careers through its wondrous changes and cycles with a destiny most sublime and divine outworking it in every movement and weaving from out its wondrous self the changes and forms which make up the natural history of the cosmos. If it be true, as we have elsewhere taught, that matter is a manifestation of soul, peculiarly related to the finite and infinite soul, then is it clear that matter is not soul. But as a manifestation it reveals in the external sense the image of the soul. The image of the Divine may be likened to the various forms of identity that make up the unit of the entity, but while the forms change, the identity and entity remain the same. Forms never make either identities or entities, but manifest them. Personality is the unique, original and indigenous property of each soul. Thus, in the growth of the soul in matter, its first manifestation, God, became the reflection in matter, hence fetichism, idolatry, mythology, polytheism, and at last monotheism, grew out of these successive reflections. As the soul reached a higher plane of knowledge and union, God manifest in the world, especially in the soul, the Infinite Entity, seeking recognition from the finite entity, unfolded the image of Himself. And do you wonder at all that this image reflected only the form which man could perceive or receive? God, the Infinite and Eternal, the Absolute and Perfect Entity, stood revealed in the perfect white light of itself, but the tiny atom of soul could not mirror or contain it fully, and received, because of its enfolded and undeveloped state, only these forms which it could grasp, and from them, step by step, it ascended Reality. The ideal ever anticipated the real or practical, and enfolded in the forms that served to center the thought on God, the inspiration of the new thought led the soul to fashion even in clay, stone or gold or in the mind a more glorified vision of its apotheosis. So has it been with the soul throughout its metempsychosis—its material unfolding—and though there is no written data to assure us that the soul in its beginnings of expression recognized God, the silence or the absence of such evidence warrants us in assuming that it felt after Him.

There is more than one form of divine service, as is attested by the worship of mankind. The outward sign, the mimicries, the word or thought—these, to be sure, are important facts for the religionist to use in favor of his position that man only is religious, but ignorance of the nature and habits of the soul in its first garments made man ignore a realm where the instincts and movements of the soul revealed the same service or worship. Feeling is worship: ay, motion of any sort is service unto the Divine, and the whole cosmos, with its myriads of forms of life, begins when the first breath of air is breathed or the first vibration of soul extends into space, the worship or the adoration of the Supreme Being. Worship differs in forms and modes; but as the cosmos is a unit, and all in it obey the principle of the unit, the soul in all of its forms is feeling after and worshipping God. Every action of the soul in the lowest and highest forms is service to God, is the outworking of that character and divinity which shall ultimate a perfectness of being.

This thought of worship has been used against the reactionary belief that all other forms of life, excepting man, were not soul; on the contrary, without extending this particular discussion, we allege that the soul worships in all of its forms. And this leads us at once to declare that the soul or essence is personality; that is, it is individualized and has a destiny when so individualized, which, in the sense of time and eternity, it outworks. Once an individualized soul, always one, whatever may be the form or grade of the manifestation and expression. There is no alternative from the one we here take, for if this teaching be not true, then there is a relation without a

purpose, and certain forms of life that have in their essence what is not in all essence; and we affirm, and we trust logically, that as essence is uniformly the same, as personality is uniformly one, however differentiated into male and female, or positive and negative poles (and this division is not absolute, but only relative and provisional), the destiny of all must be one and identical. Because there is this variety of form of essence, this does not destroy this teaching; it simply shows how the differentiation of the personality in the form unfolds itself; and could we read the pages of natural history aright, as Charles Darwin sought to do and did in an external, organic sense, the metempsychosis of the soul would not seem so strangely mysterious or bewildering. And is it not wise and well that the soul should be thus privileged to reveal and have revealed unto it, God, in these spiral unfoldments? Does it detract aught from the sublimity of the ordination or plan of life, that the soul should begin as ooze, moving sluggishly about in a sea of oxygen and hydrogen, and, as defined in its personality, there as anywhere, having within its wondrous sphere of being the logos, having enfolded in its fathomless depths the paradise lost? Ah! when step by step the inspiration guides it in its course, shapes its sphere and destiny, controls its death and return, what, then, but this terrestrial and celestial interblending and reincarnation? And the justice of God—ay, the integrity of the nature and principles of the soul—demands that it shall have all the experience necessary for its complete triumph and resurrection. There can be no triumph where there is a phase or plane of life unconquered and unpossessed.

All must be tributary to its sovereignty. It does not belittle you and us; it does not at all make us less souls by thus rising to the heights from the depths. Being alive, and one with God in essence and principle of love, the unfoldment, though endless and veiled from the outward consciousness, though covering ages in its series of transformations and re-births, the end of the travail is gradually attained. The soul fulfills its destiny. Bear in mind, then, that the soul is personality, essence, is entity, and the two terms are collateral synonyms. There is no soul or essence that is not personality or entity. Soul is individualized, and as such it expresses itself.

Kant in his "Critique of Pure Reason," anticipated Schelling, who followed him in 1775, who maintained that "there dwells in us a secret, wonderful faculty, by virtue of which we can withdraw from the mutations of time into our innermost disrobed selves; there behold the eternal under the form of immutability; such vision is our innermost and peculiar experience, on which alone depends all that we know and believe of a super-sensible world." And herein the systems of idealism and realism find their ultimate analysis and interpretation, for Kant said that the identity is the absolute first principle, "quid, quid, est, est," that is, "whatever is, is." And in either realm, that of idealism and realism, that in what is *a priori* causal and that in what is *a posteriori* effectual, the identity or entity shapes all form and expression. Philosophy has had many interpreters, but still this problem of "Personality" seems as far to day from interpretation as it was in the days of Plato and his able successors. Still the thought which flashed out from the eminent minds of all generations regarding the soul was in line with what we here teach. A peculiar mysticism often obscured their teaching, yet the central idea of the great and dominating systems of thought that moved the world was that the soul's interior self or personality is responsible for and causal to all the manifold changes and forms through which we all must pass.

Personality is not soul, it is the entity, and by this we mean it is the divine principle of love within all forms of life, for it is the directing, controlling, moving breath of the Divine Essence, individualized and centered in each one, the God in you, and all forms of life. Between it and soul there is scarcely any distinction, for personality is the being aware of yourself, and there is no being that is not personified, yet as a king is related to his kingdom, the personality is sovereign over and in essence. In this it is Godlike.

In the personality originates the fact of responsibility, and out of its depths you become aware of the past, present and future, in the light and law of God. Let it not be understood that you are an integral part of God, and float in his essence as a mote in the sunbeam, ever automatically obeying the will of God as though you were not master of your own household, as though you were not sovereign and responsible over it for your acts, but whatever else is true this is certainly a mistaken idea. Pantheism as thus set forth we cannot accept, although

we are aware of the fact that matter is a manifestation of God, and personality in essence is dominated by the will of God, for we hold to this, that the Over-Soul is one with the under-soul, that the integer or unity is whole in that the relation of the cosmos to the Over-Soul is perfect; and we go still farther, and say that because this is so God with soul is immanent in creation. He is aware only to himself, as we are aware only to ourselves, but are perceived to be, are recognized as entities by life everywhere, however dim and vague the recognition may be.

[To be concluded.]



THOMAS LEES.

Persecution of Mediums, and Organization.

MEDIUMS' SPECIAL DEFENSE FUND, ETC.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have read with much interest the whole-sale arrest of the Philadelphia mediums and the responses to the stirring appeals of Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader and others, for funds to defend them against the persecution now going on in the Quaker City; but not until reading the BANNER OF LIGHT for Dec. 14 have I seen anything like a practical solution and way out of the difficulty. I would refer every reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT to the article on the first page, "A Plan of Defense," by H. D. Barrett, President National Spiritualists' Association, the substance of which is a direct call on all mediums to unite and contribute to "The Mediums' Special Defense Fund," just organized by the National Association, whereby, on payment of certain annual and quarterly dues, they receive a beneficiary certificate, under which the National Spiritualists' Association promises to defend them from all unjust persecution.

If the mediums throughout the country only unite on a plan of this kind, they can rely on a much better defense than the old way of soliciting funds by begging for every single separate arrest that is made; and the Spiritualists at large will feel more like helping them when in trouble. The fact is, mediums as a rule are very apathetic over the arrest of any of their brother and sister mediums when in distress of any kind. Not until one of themselves gets under the ban of unjust laws are they in any way much disturbed. It is my experience that the same apathy and selfishness are manifested by the magnetic doctors and healers, whenever medical bills are introduced into the different State Legislatures: the "irregulars"—such as magnetic healers, clairvoyants, etc.—lay back and do nothing beyond urging a few willing ones to take up the case, fight their battles and afterwards allow such volunteers to pay the bills necessarily incurred in the legal warfare.

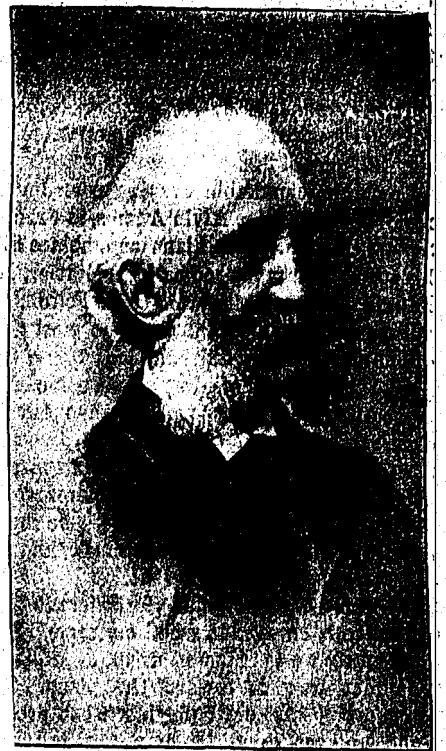
To illustrate my meaning and make it clearer, I will cite a case wherein *The West Side Sun* of Cleveland, in its leading editorial of Nov. 2, in a column and a half of willful misstatements and ignorance, winds up by characterizing every female spiritual medium a fraud.

"Mediums," the editor says, are "prostitutes who have outgrown their usefulness and power of attraction as such," etc.; the article, as a whole and in part, is the most scurrilous, perhaps, ever written editorially.

One would naturally have supposed every medium in Cleveland—women, especially—would have said, if not done, something in defense of the vile stigma cast on them. Did they? No. I presume they waited to see if their friends and those who carry on the public work in the different societies here would not rally to their defense. But this time they did nothing, although the article in question was publicly brought before three of the societies here by the writer. I take it, the willing volunteer workers are tired of fighting the battles of mediums, the only ones in the Cause who get any financial benefit for their work.

It is said: "God only helps those who help themselves." By all means agitate and work for "The Mediums' Special Defense Fund," for it is not only the most just and practical measure yet devised, but it will insure the mediums of all phases better protection and prestige than they can possibly get by fighting their own battles single-handed; besides, it will relieve them from constantly begging when interfered with by the law. It is time that both mediums and the investigating public were both better protected.

THOMAS LEES.



Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE;

OR,

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTERIOR SENSES.

BY DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS.

PART II.

Our own day furnishes us with striking illustrations of the opening of the interior senses. The veteran seer, A. J. Davis, is quite as remarkable an example of this as the ages past have afforded us. Born of the humblest parentage, his father an illiterate shoemaker, his mother evidently a mystic, but equally uneducated, he himself had not the advantages even of a rudimentary education. Notwithstanding, while as yet an infant in the eyes of the law, and so ignorant that he could with difficulty write or spell, he gave utterance to what, taking into consideration all the circumstances of its production, we may safely affirm to be the most remarkable book of modern times, "NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS."

If we mistake not, he was only about sixteen years of age when this work fell from his lips, and could not even spell the words he made use of. We quote from its pages one sentence alone as an illustration of this marvelous phenomenon: "As it was in the beginning, so the vast and boundless Universalism, the great sun and centre from which all these worlds and systems of worlds emanated, is still an exhaustless fountain of chaotic materials and living, inherent energy to drive into existence millions and millions of billions of suns with all their appendages more than have yet been produced! For it has eternal motion and contains the forms that all things assume; and it contains laws that are displayed in its geometrical and mechanical structure, combinations, laws, forces, forms and motions that have produced, and will still produce, an infinitude of systems and systems of systems whose concentric circles are but an expanse from the great germ of all existence, and are incessantly acting and reacting, changing, harmonizing, organizing and etherializing every particle of chaotic and undeveloped matter that exists in the vortex."

This one sentence was sufficient under the circumstances to constitute an astounding phenomenon. It is multiplied by hundreds. The entire book is filled with profound descriptions of the supreme creative energy of the universe we call God, as manifested in nature and in man, revealing the most occult mysteries of the creation of suns and systems, and affirming by the lips of this illiterate boy truths that at that time the most erudite scientists had not grasped, but which in the subsequent progress of scientific research were demonstrated to be truths.

Nor is this all. Soon he began to write from his interior perceptions, and this wonderful book, the matter of which was taken down by a scribe as the words fell from his lips, was followed by a series of equally remarkable books—"THE GREAT HARMONIA," in several volumes; "THE PENETRATOR," "STELLAR KEY," "MAGIC STAFF," etc.—books that ought to be in the library of every Spiritualist in the land, if for no other reason than grateful appreciation of the splendid work they did in preparing the way for the full advent of Modern Spiritualism.

We find that the remarkable unfolding of this man's spiritual senses when yet a boy was due to magnetism, which developed independent clairvoyance and prepared the way for psychological illumination, thus opening up to his clear perception the occult mysteries of the universe.

It was my privilege to know and enjoy the friendship of the late Mrs. Samantha Mettler of Hartford, Conn., one of the most remarkable psychics of the Modern Dispensation. She was a whole souled, large-hearted woman, possessing a deeply religious nature and an earnest desire to uplift and bless humanity. She was an active worker in the church, but occupying a humble sphere in life, she was sadly restricted by poverty in her earnest desires to do good.

I think it was in the late forties that she met the renowned seer, A. J. Davis, then in the height of his wonderful powers. In the superior state he told her that if she could once be thrown into the magnetic trance, she would develop remarkable powers that would prove a blessing to herself and to mankind.

She immediately set herself about attaining this earnestly-desired end; but she did not

prove an easy subject. Still, she persevered against every discouragement through months, and I think years, until at last her persistent efforts were crowned with success. The treasury of her psychical powers was unlocked by this wonderful key discovered by Mesmer, and she became one of the most remarkable clairvoyants known to modern times. Her practice extended all over the country, and by means of it she lifted herself and her family from humble life into opulence.

At her elegant home in Hartford, where I was many times a welcome guest, I was permitted often to sit in her office, and witness her examinations. To the clairvoyant eye of this uneducated woman, knowing nothing whatever of anatomy, physiology or the science of medicine, the human system was like a glass case, through whose transparent walls she could see every vein, nerve and artery, every tissue and every organ, and detect the slightest deviation from their normal functions.

But her range of vision was by no means limited to this one channel. The spheres of the spirit life beyond were open to it, and she became an instrument in the hands of decarnated intelligences that they could apparently use as they pleased. She was as remarkably clairaudient as she was clairvoyant, and the finest psychometrist I ever knew. She had the singular power of suspending animation at will, and could throw herself into a condition exactly simulating death, the body becoming cold and rigid, and no expert could detect the slightest sign of life.

I recall a remarkable evening passed at the residence of the late Alvin Adams, in Franklin Square, Boston. A brilliant assemblage filled his spacious drawing-room. Mrs. Mettler, Miss Fannie Burbank, afterward Mrs. Felton, who will be remembered as one of the most noted of our early mediums, a young lady whose name I have forgotten, possessing no scientific knowledge of music, never having taken but one course of lessons on the piano forte, who had then been recently developed as an inspirational player of great power and marvelous technique, under what claimed to be the influence of the old masters of music, and myself, were the mediums present.

We were scattered about the different parts of the room, engaged in social converse. Simultaneously we were acted upon by an influence that drew us toward the piano. The young lady commenced playing what proved to be an overture of great power and brilliancy, representing unmistakably a storm at sea. Then followed the presentation of an impromptu drama, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. Mettler, Miss Burbank and myself were the actors. It represented a shipwreck and the death by drowning of a mother and her son and daughter, and their meeting on the spirit-side of life, all of which was presented with great dramatic power and pathos, and with thrilling effect upon the assembled company.

At that time I had never in my life taken part in theatricals; I knew nothing of music. I could not tell one note of music from another by name, although I possessed a tolerably accurate ear, and could easily catch an air and reproduce it in a crude way on the piano or organ. I was told by a teacher of dramatic art who was present, that the dramatic power displayed by each actor was quite remarkable, and, what seemed incredible to me at the time, I was assured by others present that my singing was phenomenally fine. At that time in my conscious state I was no singer. I can only say that there was an interior illumination and quickening of powers that, in my usual condition, were inactive, save in an exceedingly limited degree.

I knew a simple, ignorant young Irish girl, who lived as a domestic in the family of a friend, whose soul seemed to be opened to such a degree that she became clairvoyant, clairaudient, and could write in French and Latin, and without masters or teachers in the externals, she became educated and accomplished to such a degree that she could take any position she chose in society.

I was for a long time personally acquainted with the late Charles H. Foster, the world-renowned medium. I knew his father and mother. They were worthy people, but were exceedingly illiterate and very poor, until the marvelous success of Charles, who was their only child, lifted them into comparative luxury. Some of the older residents of Salem, Mass., to this day remember him as running about the streets of that city, a boy, as they supposed, destined to grow up in ignorance and poverty, without even the advantages of a common school education.

While yet very young he began to manifest the possession of strange powers, whose full unfoldment lifted him out of the sphere of illiteracy, gave him wealth and fame, brought him in contact with the upper classes of two hemispheres, and made him sought after by the aristocrats of wealth and intellect, as well as by the common people.

For two years I had my office on the parlor floor of the house in West Fourth street, New York City, where for several years he had his séances-rooms. He used to urge me to sit in the room with him during his séances hours, as he felt that my presence was a great assistance to him in helping him to bear the strain made upon him by his immense patronage. So when my own business was dull, and his patrons did not object, I passed many leisure hours witnessing his remarkable manifestations of power.

I met in his rooms all sorts of people from all conditions of life, scientists, college professors, clergymen, lawyers and physicians, the wealthy and refined, the poor and common-place. Many of his visitors would seek him *incognito*, give him fictitious names. I never knew him to be deceived in this way. Invariably before they left him he would tell them who they were, and tell them their real names; and often surprising details of their private life. I have seen this man—who was wholly uneducated in the lore of the schools—write communications in Sanscrit, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, both ancient and modern) and French.

So, too, Hudson Tuttle, while yet a boy whose laborious duties on a farm would admit only of a limited common school education, through the development of his interior senses wrote scientific and philosophical works that have been widely read, and that were thought by a German savant to be worthy of translation into that tongue and of a place in German literature.

It is said of W. J. Colville that once on being asked what he did when ignorant concerning any subject upon which he was questioned, replied: "I go to the colleges above." "Told within this simple reply lies the secret of this young man's phenomenal wisdom. Through the unfolding of these interior spiritual perceptions that are independent of the external avenues of sense is brought into direct rapport with the primal source of all truth."

[To be continued.]

The Spiritual Posthum.

Meditations on Charity.

Delivered for the Berkeley Hall Spiritualist Society, Boston, Mass., Dec. 8, 1895, BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

"POSSESSION counts nine points in law," is an old maxim which is well understood by professional lawyers, but is as well comprehended by laymen. The right of personal property is so well established, and has been to such an extent sanctioned and hallowed by custom of thousands of years' duration, that it appears to be either foolishness or heroism if a person voluntarily parts with some of his substance for the benefit of another. If he squanders his possessions for the gratification of vain desires, and without getting an equivalent for his expenditures, he is called a "fool," and the proverb, "A fool and his money are soon parted," is thrown at his head. If he gives a part of his substance away to make others, who are less favored than he is himself, more comfortable, he is frantically applauded, and his benevolence is admired and praised as a kind of heroism. One single charitable action, one single donation given to some charitable enterprise, one single bequest made to a hospital or an asylum, will make people forget all faults and shortcomings of the munificent donor. His motives are never questioned. Why should they be? It is immaterial to the recipient whether real sympathy or vanity has moved the giver, so long as he gets something. The sources from which the wealth is obtained are never scrutinized; nor is there ever a calculation made whether such a donation stands in any reasonable ratio to the income of the giver; indeed, charity covers a multitude of sins.

People seem to consider it so great an effort to part with one's money for the benefit—not of number one—but of number two, that the mere act of giving is thought to be a charitable deed, and, as a rule, they never stop to think what in fact constitutes charity.

If a parent bestows his bounties upon his children, such is not charity; he either does it from a sense of duty or because it gratifies his vanity to make them the instruments of his ostentatious display. If a friend assists a friend, it is not charity, because he expects that under changed conditions the friend should do as much for him. The State does not administer charity; a commonwealth or a municipality is merely a mutual aid society. I, as a member of it, pay in my taxes, that eventually aid might be given to me in case adverse circumstances should force me to ask for it.

An action—be it a personal service or the giving of money—can be qualified as a charitable deed only when the donor is under no obligation whatsoever to the recipient; when no bond of blood or of friendship compels it, and he is solely led to it by his sympathy with the suffering of the party in need. Or, in other words, it is the motive alone which makes of a gift an act of charity. The less that motive is local, the less it is encompassed by the narrow circle of acquaintanceship, the more it becomes cosmopolitan, and broadens into the true spirit of humanity, the more correctly can the word charity be applied to actions springing from it. True charity sympathizes with the misery from which mankind as a whole suffers, partly on account of the hostile forces of nature against which the individual unsuccessfully struggles, partly on account of the ills of life nurtured by the unequal and unjust distribution of the wealth of the world, tolerated by the social order which mankind so far has evolved. Acts of charity, if they wish to deserve that name, must spring from a conscious, or, if you please, the unconscious feeling of duty toward our fellow-creatures; and under no consideration must that feeling be trained to any sort of expectation or hope of reward. If a person aids another in the hope of being rewarded here or in a possible hereafter, such deed, no matter how generous, no matter how timely, ceases to be a deed of charity; and it becomes a plain business transaction, an investment that is to bear interest.

Here we touch upon another delusion, which, like the ignorance which beclouds the real conception of charity, is so universal that it passes by common consent for a truism, simply because people from sheer indifference or laziness purposely neglect to give it a thought.

It is claimed—and, what is worse, it is believed—that charity is the child of religion; that had it not been for the teachings of religion no charitable action would ever have been committed. There is not one religious system in existence which does not raise that claim, and does not point with pride either at the administering to charity of which the pages of their text-books abound at the examples set by the originators of the system, or at the charitable institutions founded and managed under its auspices. And yet, if ever a claim was unjust, if ever a belief was untrue, it is that claim, it is that very belief. And mind, just a little bit of logical thinking could have upset that false belief, if only it had been supplied.

First of all, charity is older than the oldest religious system. As far as age is concerned, charity could have been a great-grandmother to religion. Charity sprang into existence with mankind itself. It was the need of mutual help in the struggle for life that drew man to man; it was the administration of unselfish actions that made friends. The sight of suffering touched the soul of human hearts long before the first religious system was invented.

Charity, moreover, is born with a person; it cannot be taught or instilled into him by way of lessons. If a man does not experience a pang of pain in the presence of the ills with which life is beset; if his heart does not tremble at the sight of suffering, no amount of teaching can make him lend a helping hand to the party in distress; and if, furthermore, the attempt to teach him charity takes recourse to promises of reward, the charitable action is at once and, *ipso facto*, destroyed by it.

Nor is this all. The true adherent to any religious system becomes inconsistent, and a rebel to his God, the very moment he administers charity. Let us see. All religions start with the acknowledgment of some supreme being, who is both all-wise and all-powerful, who governs the universe by his will, to which all must yield obedience. If this being chooses to afflict all mankind in general, or some individual in particular, with some or all of the ills of life, he must have a reason for it, and a good one at that, on account of his wisdom. He either wishes to test the allegiance of a person, or to correct or to punish him. What right has mortal man, then, to counteract these providential endeavors? Every charitable deed strikes right into the very face of Providence. When we alleviate the pains of the sick, or give bread to the hungry, or ransom the naked, or if we throw a ray of sunshine into the gloom of the submerged classes, the action says in so many words: The Supreme Being does either not wish to help these poor creatures, or is unable to help them. Now, we can and we will help them, in spite of Providence. Is that not rather irreligious? The religiousist, if he wishes to be consistent, should move neither hand nor foot in aid of a fellow-being in distress; he should leave it to his God to bring aid. And there are such consistent religiousists, whom I cannot help admiring for their logical consistency, crude and foolish as appear their actions in practice.

You have, no doubt, read of religious people who will not call a physician even if the most beloved of their children is dying, and rather trust to their God for help. They are called fanatics. They appear to be cruel; the law proceeds against them, and punishes them; nevertheless these people are acting rightly as long as we concede their premises to be right. If a divine Providence is supposed to rule the world in an arbitrary manner and to interfere in the most trivial affairs of life, it is impious and irreligious on the part of man if he attempts to oppose and frustrate the divine designs. If he alleviates suffering through some deed of charity he shows that he-poor human creature—is more merciful than is his God, and that the latter might learn from him. Thus, you see, religion, far from teaching and instilling charity, is logically its very opponent; and if ever religious persons have been charitable—and I let us gratefully acknowledge that multitudes have been and are—they did charitable deeds not because they

were religious, but because their innate charity was stronger than their religious training, and gained the victory over it.

But whence come the admonitions to charity which we find in religious law-books? As I said before, the innate sentiment of charity is stronger than all religion. Man is a human being before he grows up to be a religious crank. No religion could ever have appealed to the human heart which would have ignored charity and would not have made it one of the strongest planks in its platform, even if it had to admit its own inconsistency. The first adherents to almost every religious system were won over to it by that very appeal to their better nature. If you will admit the play of words, it was not religion that was born or invented or produced charity; quite to the contrary, it was charity that has been instrumental in creating and establishing many religious systems.

I will repeat here—and I beg you to understand me well—that charity is independent of both religion and irreligion, of belief or infidelity. Neither his religion nor his irreligion is a criterion of man's charitable feeling toward his fellow-creatures. Neither the believer nor the skeptic hold a monopoly of charity. It is as untrue and as slanderous to say that religious people are not charitable as it is untrue and slanderous to say that indifference to the suffering of humanity is the outcome of unbelief. There are good, bad and indifferent people in both camps; and even the percentage in both is the same.

Let us be grateful for it that the logic of religion built upon the premises before mentioned has never been able to prevent a charitable person from helping a brother in distress. And so has neither the lack of a religious system or the lack of belief in any of the ruling religions ever interfered with deeds of charity.

Let us now turn to some other kaleidoscopic view which the same subject offers, and to refute another misconception. People think that charity has ever been the same, and all that one needs to do is to enter the examples which antiquity has set to us. Charity has ever changed in its features, because its very nature it had to adapt itself to the demands of ever-changing conditions.

There is a history to charity which, unfortunately, has never been written. What in one age and in one country ranked among the noblest deeds of charity became ridiculous and absurd in another, simply because conditions had changed, and with the change of these conditions the demand for that particular charity had died out. Each time, each country, each social order, creates its own charities; to imitate the renowned deeds of charitable people of previous ages must therefore lead us to absurdities which would rival the follies of the Spanish Don whom Cervantes describes so masterly.

Let me offer to you but one illustration: In countries that are not populated, where roads are cut merely by the footprints which some isolated wanderer leaves behind him, and in ages when the words stranger and enemy were synonymous, hospitality was, and is, naturally a virtue admired by the people. What greater charity can be bestowed upon a lonely traveler than to invite him under one's safe shelter and to refresh him with food and drink?

The very first charitable act of which we read in the Bible is the one for which Abraham is still receiving such high praises in every Sabbath school, namely, his hospitality toward strangers. It was indeed praiseworthy then, and where he lived, that he watched the road, and invited the strangers into his habitation. But how absurd and quixotic would it be were we to copy that same special charity.

Just imagine a man haunting the Union Depot, and accosting strangers in the Abrahamic manner: "May my lord not pass the house of his servant, but tarry until I have given you bread to eat, and water to wash your feet," etc. A man would not have to practice that kind of charity for a long time before he would find himself behind the bars of a cell in a lunatic asylum. Now, hospitality is indeed a virtue that is not to be despised; to befriend unselfish strangers is indeed a great charity; but our conditions have changed; it is no longer needed, or expected, or even desired in that ancient form.

So would our modern charities have been uncalled for in ancient times, let me say again, merely for the sake of illustration, at the times when, and in the country where, Abraham lived. You have read how this charitable patriarch treated Hagar, the mother of his own son, Ishmael; how he sent them both into the wilderness with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water as a parting gift. We would call that action cruel; at his time and in his country it was permissible; it was even sanctioned by his God. Now, let us suppose that our modern charities had existed then and there, what would have been the outcome? Hagar would have appealed to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who would have taken the case in hand and would have brought Abraham into the court for bigamy and for non-support of his child. The Children's Aid Society would have boarded young Ishmael in some nice family and caused him to be a good citizen, and not allowed him to become a highway robber. Hagar would have been placed by the Industrial Aid Society in some industrial home, where she would have earned her livelihood by laundry work. Everything would have been settled to satisfaction without inconveniencing any of the angels host.

Mankind has marvelously progressed in many things—in science, in knowledge, in inventions; but more than in all these it has progressed in charity. Great as is the difference between a galaxy of the Middle Ages and one of our modern war-vessels, still greater is the difference between the charities which have been and those which are.

But, pray, why have people grown more charitable than they ever have been before? Has a divine power suddenly turned their hearts from egotism to altruism? Has some new revelation been vouchsafed to them? No. They have simply learned that this universe, great and glorious as it is, is not perfect, and that man, small and feeble as he is, is able to perfect it. Man has grown self-confident. He has seen that by studying the laws of Nature he can make himself her master; that, in fact, nothing is impossible to him if he tries, and that he himself must try to improve things, because no power in heaven or on earth will do it for him.

With the understanding that not individual man, but mankind, is the unit, that the individual is but a part, a cell in a grand body, has developed the understanding that we owe duties to our fellow-beings, that each human being has a right to life and to the enjoyment thereof, and that hence our own happiness depends upon the welfare of the whole body to which we belong.

Modern man studying the laws of nature found that there are biological and sociological laws, as there are laws in physics or arithmetic. He searched after the causes from which the ills of life sprang, and in which pauperism with all its miseries and dangers is rooted, and he found them in the imperfect conditions of our social order, which permits large classes of people—the so-called submerged classes—to grow up in destitution and ignorance. He found that it is useless to appease a man's hunger to-day with the same prospect that to-morrow he will be exactly in the same condition of misery. He saw that he must remove the causes of pauperism in order to cure the evil itself. Heretofore, people were contented to leave the government of the world to the divine powers; they believed that if the gods were satisfied with the unsatisfactory state of society, he (man) should leave well enough alone; partly because he could not alter matters, partly because he should not. Modern man rose to the occasion. For example, he set out to disarm the angel of death, to snatch from his sickle at least the young and the strong. Or is it not true that the ravages of smallpox, the death harvest of cholera and of diphtheria, have been reduced to a considerable extent? And is this not unselfish collective modern charity? So modern man has set his face to cure pauperism. The task is an immense one—one that might frighten and scare any individual in even any class of men; but the greatness of the task cannot frighten any longer mankind, after we have learned that if we wish to improve conditions we must rely upon our own resources, and must do the work ourselves.

Modern charities are distinguished from the charities of the past by various important features. The charities of old dealt with individuals, the charities of the present deal with classes. The charities of

old were satisfied to relieve temporary distresses; the charities of the present attempt to stop up the sources of distress. The charities of old endeavored to solve a present difficulty; the charities of the present undertake to solve the problem of pauperism itself, and settle that question once and for all. Of course, modern workers in the field of charity do not ignore the fact that while they are seeking the solution of the problem, the sufferers must be relieved, even if that relief is not what it should be, and does not give full satisfaction; but they do not stop there; they do the double work—relieving as well as they can present needs, and preparing the way that in the future similar needs should not arise again. And here I will tell you a secret, which begins to be whispered from the housetops. All workers in the modern fields of charity have grown to be socialists; not exactly in the sense in which the word is generally applied, or rather, misapplied; but they all have come to see that the sources of the evil of pauperism are to be found in the imperfection of our social order, and that to close them a better and more satisfactory order of things must be evolved. Such a reconstruction of society, they know, cannot be performed by any individual, nor by any generation; it will not be brought about by spasmodic revolutions; but it is sure to come as the result of the labors of the best men and women during many centuries. When it will be established, when the new society will be a reality, and not a mere vision, as it is to-day, there will be no further need of charity—save that of sympathetic friendships—and the word will be erased from the vocabulary of that future period.

The title of this lecture has warned you, beforehand, that I do not intend to give you a coherent lecture on charities, but merely some disconnected meditations on that all-important subject. Let me, therefore, again shift the scenes.

You may scan the whole literature of the past, and you will be unable to find any organized efforts of charity, save a few attempts. Historically, as I have told you before, was one of the greatest charitable efforts. The care of the sick was given some consideration, but there were too many obstacles in the way of developing it into a system like we have it to-day. They did not know how to cure a malady; they believed sickness to be a visitation of the gods, which those above could remove. Strange to say, there existed, up to the Middle Ages, organized societies for the purpose of redeeming prisoners of war; there existed organized bodies whose charitable business it was to bury the slain; but there was never an attempt made to establish a hospital service that would bring relief to soldiers wounded on the battle-field. The poorhouses, if they existed, were in a miserable condition, and while beggars were allowed to swarm through the land, and were hospitably fed with the crumbs that fell from the tables of the rich, no effort was ever made to reduce the number of such dependents. Criminals were uncharitably punished; and never a thought arose in the minds even of the best people that society might have shined against these miscreants more than they had shined against society.

There are two reasons which will explain why charity did not flourish nor was made a study and a science in the past as it does and is made to-day.

All hopes were then centered upon the life after death. The poor were given the consolation that then and there they would be placed at the head of the table, that then and there they would be allowed to revel in the luxuries and comforts which they were denied here. Such suppositions—I will not call them superstitions—are of far-reaching consequences.

If this life on earth is not worth while living; if the pleasures of this life are nothing except traps to ensnare man so that he should lose the eternal pleasures of the life to come; if it is better to renounce all comforts of life, and to assume, like Buddha, the garb of a beggar, and live in voluntary poverty, why should any effort be made to study sociology, or to remove any of the ills that are brought forth by the unequal distribution of the good things on earth? That charity could have existed in the presence of such suppositions is by itself a miracle.

The second, and still more plausible reason, why charity remained so long in its swaddling gowns is that the social order of the past did not demand it as ardently and urgently as do our present social conditions. Not that the order of things in the past was a better one, but it was a different one; it admitted and permitted personal slavery. A man—in antiquity—needed not to freeze or to starve; one resource remained always open to him. He could sell his person. He did not need to beg or to steal in order to obtain food; he did not need to look at the agonies of a starving and freezing family; he could sell them or himself. And, the bargain concluded, his and their miseries came to an end. The master supplied them with the necessities of life, because it was in his interest to keep his slaves well, in order to get out of them as much work as possible. It was, indeed, not pleasant to be hindered to go where one wished to go, or to yield obedience without a question to the wish or the whims of an arbitrary master; but there was, on the other hand, no care and worry how to get money to pay the rent for a most insalubrious habitation, or how to obtain food for half a dozen hungry stomachs, or clothing for half a dozen naked bodies. Hence there was no need for the organization of any charitable society to supply warmth to the freezing, food to the hungry, or clothing to the naked. There was no need even for orphan asylums; there were plenty of people willing to raise orphans in order to obtain their free work of charge for some years.

Our conditions of freedom have changed all this. A man can neither sell his children nor himself. Even if the law would permit it, he would find no purchasers, because free labor is more advantageous to the employer than slave labor. Under the law of free contract the laborer has the right to accept or to reject the price offered him for his labor; but the price is not regulated by his wants; it is governed by the conditions of the labor market. If there is no work, the employer simply discharges his help; and while on a pleasure trip to Europe or to Florida his conscience is not molested at all by the thought what his former employes might be doing for a living. He has paid them promptly for their services to the last hours, and has given them the full price agreed upon; he has no further obligation toward them. Or if a laborer falls sick and cannot fulfill his part of the contract, the good-natured employer may keep his place open for him for a week or two, but then the contract ceases; he will fill the place, and care little what may become of the family of the free laborer.

The present system of free labor demands the modern institutions of charity. Our present charities are the outcome of our present social order. We cannot stand by and look on when we behold persons starving, who, though willing to work, cannot find employment that will pay them sufficiently to keep their families in health or in sickness. Orphans or deserted and destitute children find no ready employers because their support and schooling costs more than their prospective services will yield. Hence, provision must be made for them by the charity.

No wonder, therefore, that charitable institutions have multiplied, that society has to assume the care of children, the sick, the indigent, and the old who are trampled under foot in the keen battle for life. Present society, as it has been evolved, acts almost like the lone fisherman in Rice's "Evangeline," who, as you well remember, strikes the head of a fish which he has caught with a club and then fans him. With one hand society creates all the conditions of misery and poverty which we observe, and with the other it hastens to cure them, precisely as in the military battlefield of to-day, the most ingenious methods and weapons are applied to take the life or to destroy the limbs of hundreds in a few minutes; and then the ambulance service is called upon to aid the ones that have been stricken down. I cannot help dwelling upon this metaphor for a few moments longer. In the same measure as the modern armies have been developed, in the same ratio as modern weapons have been improved, has also been developed and improved the ambulance corps that follows each army; thus as the battle for life has become more fierce, and the demands of life have become greater, have the charities been multiplied.

Supposing now that the physicians and nurses who work in the hospitals ardently and without hope of ever finishing their labors, would call upon the generals and ask them to stop the fighting; supposing they would advance the very reasonable argument,

that if they would stop throwing shells at one another there would be no need of a hospital, and they all could return to their homes in peace, would that not be the sole and only solution of the vexed problem?

Thus the charitable clamor for a cessation of the strife in life's battlefield, for more peaceable conditions, so that there should be no further need of charity. The disease will disappear with the cause that produces it, and no further cure will be needed.

The work of the surgeon may be admired who amputates the leg that has been fractured by a bullet, or the labors of the nurse may be praised who administers the cooling draught to the fever-stricken sufferer; but still more laudable would be their courageous efforts to prevent the mortal combat. Precisely in the same manner may the efforts of modern charity be praiseworthy who alleviate the miseries of life, while still more glorious are its efforts to usher into life a newer and a better social order, an order in which the competitive strife will cease, and the united armies of men turning one against the other will turn against their natural foes—hunger, cold, disease and ignorance.

Will these efforts be ever crowned with success? No matter how many may doubt the arrival of the so-called millennium, I have full faith that it will come day by day. But we must not measure the life of mankind by years. Supposing that not within our lifetime or that of our nearest descendants, these better conditions that appear before the vision of all charitable persons will come about? What of it? And if in ten thousand years my predictions will be fulfilled, it would be exactly the same to us to-day as if they were fulfilled in two hundred years. We nor our children would enjoy them; but, to be sure, somebody will, and for that somebody, no matter when he will live, it is our duty to work.

And another question is pertinent. Will religion have a share in the success of that work? I think that it will. Of course none of the crude religious systems of to-day will share in it, but that grander religion, which we qualify by the name of "religion of humanity," will surely help to bring about the desired results. That religion will not be based upon belief—upon guesswork—it will raise its structure upon knowledge; that religion will not commiserate man as a feeble nothing whose sole business it is to hide his head for fear or shame; it will proclaim him the mightiest intelligent force in the household of Nature, the force upon which all the rest must look as their master.

That religion will not preach an arbitrary God, who has ordained that the many should suffer while the few rejoice, or who has willed it that an eternal combat should rage between man and his brother for a crust of bread; it will not teach that because the gifts of nature are blindly and unequally distributed among the children of man, the strong may trample with good right upon the less favored; it will teach and preach rather a common fountain of life out of which flow the grains of sand as well as the myriads of worlds that swarm in space, the tiny grass blade as well as the towering rock, the invisible bacilli as well as man himself; and it will also teach and preach that man must use his intelligence and reasoning powers to equalize what blind nature has made unequal, that the less a person has received from the hand of creation the more he should receive from the hands of the human brotherhood; it will teach and preach that the strong must take up the burden of the weak, and not use their strength to enslave them; that the wise must enlighten the dull, and not use their wisdom to defraud them.

The world needs acts of charity to-day more than ever; and let us gratefully acknowledge it, never has the world been so wide awake to the plea for charity, never have so many joined the ranks of the army of charity workers as to-day, but let us not forget that the real goal of charity, distant as it may seem as yet, is its self-annihilation. True modern charity strives to abolish charity; and when the time will have come that charity will be needed no longer, then and only then will the true mission of charity be fulfilled.

J. B. H., Jr.

ASTROLOGY.

BY CHAS. T. WOOD.

[Concluded.]

Astrology, then, enables us to understand that primary and most important truth, a knowledge of ourselves, the physical constitution, its strong points and its failings, where it needs to be stimulated, and what it can probably be depended upon to accomplish—the diseases to which it will be liable, and when they may be expected to bear most strongly upon us. It tells us of the mental power and capacity, what branch of education will be most readily attained and by which it will materially benefit; for with the first inspiration we constitute ourselves a part of the universe as it then exists, with all the chemical atoms that are impinging upon our abiding place. We note the zodiacal sign rising at this hour of birth, and this, in connection with the relative position of sun, moon and planets, tells us what will be the form, complexion and disposition of the native. We watch the movements of the planets with relation to their position at birth, and we can mark out the probable career, so far as opportunities are concerned, dangers to be met in the matter of disease or in the matter of business, in the social realm or in the pursuit of knowledge, with as much accuracy as the mariner's compass marks the shoals, rocks and quicksands upon our coast.

Astrology is the great key to unlock the door and open wide the way to improved social conditions—a reform so much demanded by the enfeebled, mentally and physically, yes, morally diseased children we every day meet. Astrology shows us that we must educate our children aright if we expect to improve the species. Let them be taught in a proper manner their own inheritance from Mother Nature, and how to fit themselves to become noble men and women with the best possible development of body and mind, the selection astrologically of a partner adapted to a life-long social harmony and the proper conditions under which children should be born and reared. This is an imperative demand at the present time; we are responsible for the answer, and astrology can be depended upon to furnish the necessary information.

The physician and surgeon cannot afford to be without a knowledge of this science, for it shows the commencement of disease, how long the organs of the system have been affected, what will be the probable duration of adverse influences, and when proper remedies can be most successfully applied. It gives the surgeon the information when he can safely operate, and tells him when he must not with any hope of success resort to heroic treatment.

It gives hope to the merchant who sees everything closing in about him, for it tells him if he can weather the storm a little while longer relief will come to him. In every walk of life it is a guide to success, for it shows us where the pitfalls are, and we have a chance to try to avoid them. If sickness is indicated a little way ahead, exercise care and regulate diet and habits to avoid it; if dull business is betokened, go cautiously, frugally, and lay by something to tide over the depressed condition; and so by the grand science of astrology we may find ourselves provided with a compass and chart which shall help us each day to climb the heights of spiritual perfection and unfoldment.

There is, undoubtedly, much truth in the doctrine of foreordination and predestination, but this, idea, like the adage "A wise man rules his stars, fools obey them," is subject to qualification.

We are learning every day how to control ourselves and govern the evil tendencies in our nature, and each step of advancement heavenward confirms the truth contained in those beautiful lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "There is no thing we cannot overcome, say not thy evil instinct is inherited. Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn, And calls down punishment that is not merited."

"Back of thy parents and grandparents lies The great Eternal Will that is the throne Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine Sure lever of success for one who tries."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla braces up the system, purifies and invigorates. Invalids need it.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

The Philosophy of Religion.

The modern ideas of Christ among the clergy are happily undergoing modification. Not merely that, either, but enlargement and expansion, and more accordant with the sure teachings of science and the advancement of human knowledge. Rev. George D. Herron, a man who has caused a stir in the West by appealing for a practical application of Christianity to daily life, has of late been preaching in Boston on the subject of "Human Life a Social Discovery." He is Professor of Applied Christianity in the Iowa State College, but his popular reputation is based on his evangelizing tours in the Western States. The characteristic features of his style of address are simplicity, sincerity, directness and power of thought and feeling. He is not what is called oratorical, and he is without noise, tricks of delivery, speech or literary manner. After reciting the familiar facts of the early life of Jesus as they are recorded, he remarked of him on one occasion, that he set out early upon the pursuit of righteousness, confident that he would discover his opportunity and communion. He abhorred the respectable moral dullness of professional religion as wickedness in its worst and stupidest disguise.

The one thing which the Christ grew to actually despise was the virtue which had lost its enthusiasm. The only sayings of his that sound intolerant are his unqualified denunciations of mere conservatism. He was always ready to learn righteousness from any source. He questioned and argued with the doctors of the national religion. He seems to have been among the zealots, the revolutionary party of the nation, and to have considered deeply and well the hope, which he afterward rejected, of establishing the new order of things by violence. It is evident that he learned much from the ascetic Essenes, while he saw how impossible to mere asceticism was the real redemption of human life. He must, said Prof. Herron, have exhausted the possibilities of righteousness in every movement of his time, discovering the fatal lack in each, and appreciating all that was good. Discoveries of failure did not discourage his faith; he turned all the more from each failure to a more eager and hopeful quest. His knowledge grew and his life enlarged by his always being true to the best he knew. Finally he joined himself to the movement of John the Baptist.

Through obedience to service the divinity of his human nature unfolded itself, his finite thought opened to the infinite, and all truth and power became his. Apart from his obedience Jesus could not have known himself, and could not have been the Christ. He became the Christ because he fulfilled all the righteousness he knew. He thus revealed what our human life is, what the principle of its development and perfectionment must always be. His was a complete manhood. In a noblesense of the term he was, above all men, a man of the world. There was nothing of the religious sentimentalist, the pietistic dreamer, the officious devotee, in his nature. His personality was the most massive and robust, as well as the gentlest and purest, that has commanded the world's attention. He was the leader of others, because he was the first perfect human master of himself. He is the prophet and the prophecy of the race as it is yet to dwell on the earth in perfect communion with the saints in heaven.

We are called upon to be the sons of God as he was the son of God. There is not an element in his life that is not in ours. He was the model God had before him in the making of man. Instead of our earthly course being but a probation, it is an education in divine sonship. Our human creation is not a divine experiment, but a realization of the life of God in man. That man is the son of God is the reality born to him through every crash of transient things. The world is not a finished creation until every man is the manifestation of God in the flesh. To be always conscious that one is the son of God is to live the messianic life. Human life is ever a social discovery. Life's unfolding is through committing self to the best service one knows. No man knows how much he is good for until he has opened his life to be filled full of the righteousness God is pressing in upon his day. Moral ignorance closes in about the soul that is not true to the best it knows.

To the church were committed the oracles of Christ; but, while they have been preserved, they have been buried in metaphysical unrealities and religious apostasies. In only the most meagre sense is the church faithful to its trust; in the largest sense it is false to its Christ, faithless to its commission. The name of Christ has been blasphemed among the people because the church has taught a philosophy of religion and has kept hid the righteousness of Christ's kingdom of heaven. The time has come when there will have to be done for Christianity what Christ did for Judaism. There must be an appeal from the church to life once again. The teachings of Jesus must be taken from the church and given to man. The first question confronting Christendom is: What are the simple, untheologized facts of Christ's life and teachings? The second is: Are his life and teachings practicable for a highly organized state of society—can they become social law, procure social harmony and give justice and peace? These questions, said Dr. Herron, must be examined unevasively and accurately. The divine answer will be had only by procuring clear thinking. Meanwhile it is certain that the great religious cult and institutions bearing his name are not what he taught or intended.

These have become simply one, even though the best, of the great ethnic religions, to make way yet for some new and better form of Christianity, if progress means advance to social organization and righteousness. It is equally certain that Jesus never contemplated anything but a new mode of life, and that the simplest and most natural sort. There is no place in his teachings for other than the common ownership and enjoyment, or, rather, the non-ownership and common consecration of every kind of property. The communion and freedom of economic good is everywhere assumed in Jesus's idea. The real truth of Jesus has not yet been written nor spoken save by himself and his first near friends. The social passion will bring to light a Christianity as distinct from the Christianity of ecclesiasticism and individualism as the teachings of Jesus are distinct from the teachings of Judaism. Without doubt, something is taking place in human life to-day that corresponds to the crude and materialistic millennial aspirations and predictions. Something is happening to the world of man at this very moment, which has its only historic analogy in the first advent of the Son of God. It is certain that the universal problem of society is to be solved not at all in the ordinary sense of that word.

It will be dispelled in some vast world crisis and spiritual dispensation for which many are now looking. Never was the prophetic instinct of the world so wide and quick as it is now in the social awakening. This prophetic sense is becoming day by day more fixed on some universal divine event which is not far off but near, and to which the whole creation seems moving swiftly.

These thoughts, expressed without contradiction by a Christian minister before the conservative Christians of Boston, are calculated to act as leaven of the most powerful nature, leading the hearers to awaken and perceive the signs of the new Dawn of untrammelled Thought, unshackled Reason and permeative Knowledge which is now reddening the mental and moral sky.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—James Higgins writes: "On Sunday evening, Dec. 15, at Harmony Hall, a test given through Mr. Nelke to a stranger from out of town was verified by the same party—Mr. Nelke telling the party that he saw him at a machine shop ordering men to work, etc. Mr. Nelke said also that in three weeks (a day more or less) an explosion of a steam-engine would occur. The machinist spoke to the men in warning. He directed that the men as soon as the noise was heard—should drop on the floor and bury their faces in their arms for protection. Three weeks to a day the explosion predicted took place; and the men, remembering the advice, did as directed, and not one was hurt enough to bring pain. Here was a prediction which probably saved life and limb to various human beings. No doubt if Mr. Nelke were residing in Philadelphia he would be arrested for 'prophecy,' or as being a fortune-telling medium; but fortunately we have not declined to that level in the Bay State."

CHELSEA.—James S. Dodge, one of the veteran workers for Spiritualism (in its camp and grove-meeting phase, especially,) in New England, writes: "Sunday, Dec. 15, I was in Concord, and in the evening, by invitation of George E. Messer, was led to join him in a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Foss, who are well known residents of that place. Their wonderful mediumistic powers have recently brought them prominently into notice. I have been for the last forty-five years an investigator into spiritual phenomena, and during all that time have seen no demonstrations of spirit-presence to out rival those witnessed on that occasion. Mr. Foss being the principal medium, his lady, Mr. George E. Messer and myself sat at the table to form the circle—there being no other person in the room. Raps varying in power from the slightest sound to a blow made, as it seemed, with a sledge-hammer, were heard; the table was raised several inches above the floor, and the invisibles actually drew Mr. Foss under the table against his will; names were also given and messages written to us. Other phenomena joined to make this a remarkably interesting and memorable séance."

Maine.

SKOWHEGAN.—E. Dow writes: "Spiritualists in this part of the country are doing something for the Cause this winter, though reports of their doings seldom reach the papers. The women of the Madison Camp-Meeting Association formed an Aid Society at the close of the last meeting at Hadyn Lake, Madison, their object being to do away with a dance, which has always been given the Saturday night before the last Sunday of the meeting, to raise money. The dance is undesirable, as it seems out of keeping with a religious meeting, and makes conditions very hard for mediums the following day."

The Society is working this winter for a fair to be held during camp-meeting next year. Hadyn Lake is a beautiful place. A hotel was opened there last summer, and electric cars will run from Skowhegan another year, so all who are contemplating visiting Maine camps another year may count on a pleasant trip, good accommodations and the pleasure of listening to J. Frank Baxter and other of our best mediums, if they visit Hadyn Lake."

BELFAST.—Sarah E. Durham writes: "Dec. 10 and 11, Mr. J. Frank Baxter lectured here, under the auspices of the Belfast Spiritual Union, and created marked enthusiasm by the brilliancy and strength of his lectures. Those who listened to the wonderful clearness and accuracy of his tests, were more than ever convinced of the faith which he so ably represented."

We were glad to have in our midst so distinguished an advocate of Spiritualism, and can assure him of a hearty welcome whenever the opportunity of hearing him is again offered."

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—Goff A. Hall, Sec'y, says: "The First Association of Spiritualists is being served this month of December, as has been the case for many years, by that sterling character speaker, Mrs. Adaline M. Glading, whose course of lectures are of the highest order, giving great satisfaction to our people. Her subject last Sunday, 'Spiritualism, Its Uses and Abuses,' was a grand effort, showing its beauty and uses in glowing terms, and its abuses her guides laid at the door of dishonest and pretended mediums, commencing as they did the action of our society in being foremost and determined in its effort to protect deserving and honest mediums, and to discountenance the pretended and dishonest."

Persons who are investigating Spiritualism should always inquire of well known Spiritualists in every community for the most reliable, and they will always be ready to impart the information. It is time that Spiritualists all over the country took decided action in protecting true mediums, and be among the first to weed out the dishonest and unworthy."

During October and November we had the ministrations of Edgar W. Emerson and Hon. L. V. Moulton of Michigan. They drew large and appreciative audiences.

I am glad to say our Association is in a harmonious and flourishing condition. THE BANNER has many friends here."

Florida.

JACKSONVILLE.—W. H. Eddy writes: "Our Society would be pleased to hear from any speakers who are speakers, and any mediums who are genuine and honorable, who think of coming South this winter. Such will please address W. H. Eddy, Secretary First Society of Psychical Research, No. 173 West Bay street, Jacksonville, Fla."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—"Ethics" writes, Dec. 16: "Walter Howell has spoken for our society during the absence of Mrs. Brigham. He

is deservedly popular, both as a true and earnest man and a logical, eloquent speaker. Mrs. Brigham, who is rapidly recovering from the effects of her recent accident, will be with us again shortly, to remain until she leaves for Europe."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Miss A. Wallace writes: "Sunday, Dec. 8, I attended a private séance at the house of Mrs. W. L. Allen, 496 Washington street."

The highly intelligent order of people present combined in making a most harmonious circle, thereby obtaining the greatest results, as form after form quickly succeeded each other with ready recognition. The fine rendering of selections of the violin, by Miss Helen May Butler, was a notable feature. I have not witnessed a finer séance in years."

PAWTUCKET.—Jenifer E. Warburton, Cor. Sec'y, writes: "We had as speaker Dec. 1, Frank P. Carter of Providence, and although his first lecture on the platform, gave good satisfaction. His tests were also good. Ida E. Downing, Dec. 8, lectured and gave tests."

New Hampshire.

KEENE.—Mrs. M. M. Holt writes: "We have had two fine meetings in our city of late, and we trust that much good will be the result. Nov. 24 and Dec. 15 we had Miss Lizzie Harlow with us, and she will be with us again the 29th."

Miss Harlow is doing a good work for the Cause we all hold so dear; she is one that goes to the hearts of her hearers, and those who do not believe in the philosophy of spirit return were glad to listen to her as she explained it from a spiritual standpoint. May she be long spared to dispense the truth to those hungering for the bread of life."

The Convention of '95.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The report of the Convention of 1895 will soon be out of press, and we appeal to the Spiritualists of the United States, through your columns, to take an interest in this work.

The revised Constitution and the discussion in relation thereto, the new By-Laws, the question of per capita dues, and the arguments in relation to the same, the reports of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and the various committee reports, are all given in full. The report of the Committee on Resolutions will be especially interesting in view of the fact that one resolution proffered the sympathy of the Spiritualists of America to the labor leaders, Seventh Day Adventists, and others who had been unjustly imprisoned under the laws. This discussion was one of the most animated, and at the same time friendly, debates that took place during the session. The evening addresses are to be published in full, and are replete with earnest thought, couched in scholarly language, under the inspiration of some of the most advanced minds in the spirit-life.

We cannot discriminate between these addresses, but when we say that each one alone is well worth the price of the book, we are stating only a simple fact. The reports from foreign countries are also interesting and instructive. The letter from M. Thibaud, one of the most gifted European scholars of modern times, is worthy of especial notice, and we commend its perusal to every Spiritualist in the United States and Canada.

Copies of this report can be obtained from Secretary Woodbury for twenty-five cents each. We appeal to the readers of this article to send in their orders at once for one or one hundred copies of this excellent work, in order that the officers of the National Spiritualists' Association may be able to determine the size of the edition of the report that they shall issue. We would like to order an edition of two thousand volumes, but cannot do so unless the Spiritualists will subscribe and pay for that number of copies at the present time. We have but a few days longer in which to determine the size of the edition, so please send in your orders, friends, for as many copies as you can afford to take. All orders must be accompanied by stamps or cash. Remember, friends, this excellent work will only cost twenty-five cents per volume, and we wish to dispose of the full edition before Feb. 1, 1896. Address your orders to Francis B. Woodbury, Sec'y, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Yours for the success of the National Spiritualists' Association,

H. D. BARRETT, Pres.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1895.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Kingsville, O., Nov. 30, Mrs. RUTH JONES, aged 55 years.

She leaves a husband, John Jones, and two sons, A. B. and O. T., who will never forget her true and loving soul. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a true friend.

Mrs. Jones was a Spiritualist for over thirty-five years. She was endowed with the gifts of the spirit, although not a public medium, but one who frankly and fearlessly declared the truth, and who was a true friend to all who sought the truth.

Her husband, John Jones, was a true friend to all who sought the truth, and who was a true friend to all who sought the truth. He was a true friend to all who sought the truth, and who was a true friend to all who sought the truth.

From Winsted, Ct., Nov. 25, 1895, URBAN NICKERSON, aged 51 years.

He was born in Sharon, Ct., in 1838. In his early boyhood his parents died, and left him with four brothers and two sisters. In early manhood he found his way to the ministry and holding meetings as an exhorter.

In 1861 the civil war broke out, and he gave up his bright prospects to join the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers. At the capture of Fort Pulaski, Wagner, and St. Augustine, Fla., he was present and true to duty; he was one of the famous "Swamp Angels" on a battery of sand-bags resting upon piles driven into the mud of that apparently bottomless swamp of Morris Island, with Gen. Butler's Bermuda Hundred, and in the disastrous battle of Drury's Bluff he contracted the terrible kidney disease that brought him to an untimely grave. He has been a constant sufferer for thirteen years. He came home from the war a broken man, and was over-awakened by the most earnest worker in his defence as far forth as opportunity offered.

He talked in his later hours of suffering of the transition from this life to the next, and a few days before he put on the spiritual body he said, in answer to a question by his wife: "Yes, I will come back if you will give me a chance."

That such an example of the uplifting power of our faith ought not to be lost to the world, I have penned this brief sketch of it.

From Palatka, Fla., Dec. 2, 1895, NATHANIEL PALLEN WHITE.

Born at Whitestown, Oneida County, New York State, May 21, 1818; some thirty years ago he became interested in the writings of Swedenborg, and accepted the facts of spirit-return and teachings of the next life; of late years he has been interested in the study of Spiritualism, and was a great reader for sixty years or more he has not heard anything. He taught himself to talk by the motion of the lips and face expressions.

He is returned from spirit life, and reports he can hear perfectly well. "Why," he says, "I can hear the birds sing; I don't remember I ever did before." His soul is filled with the sounds of music: "Music in the trees, the grass, the flowers, the sands and the flowers—each its peculiar kind. I knew but little about what there is in the world. I am said to have this new life, and have no desire to live an earth-life again."

His remains were cremated at Detroit Dec. 7, 1895. He believed in cremation, and requested that it should be done in the interest of humanity and science. He had friends and acquaintances in Boston, Hartford, Ct., and New York State.

From her home in Hingham Mass., Friday, Dec. 17, Mrs. EMELINE F. FEARING, aged 87 years.

To enumerate the many kindnesses of the deceased would be impossible, for she always sought to conceal rather than admit them. Her husband and herself were among the first to embrace the truth of Spiritualism, and during his lifetime their home was always open to all mediums and investigators; all found a welcome—as many of the old world can testify. They will be remembered for what they have done.

SAMUEL F. FEARING passed on to the higher life three years ago. He leaving a daughter—their only child—who who deeply felt the loss of their earthly presence, but she realizes that they are still with her in spirit. Our religion will be for her a source of great consolation until the family is reunited in the Better World.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer.

J. K. D. COXANT.

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. The price on an average makes a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

FOREIGN MISSIONS VS. HOME MISSIONS.

"This ought ye to have done, and not leave the other, undone."

She pronounced in sounding platitude Her universal gratitude For men of every latitude From the tropics to the poles; She felt a congnunginity, A sisterly kinship, A kindred kintship For all these foreign souls.

For Caledonian Highlanders, For brutal South Sea Islanders, For wet, and moist, and drylanders, For Gentle, Greek and Jew; For Fies and for Siberians, For Arabs and Algerians, For Terra-del-Fueglians, She was in a constant stew.

Oh, it worried Miss Sophronia Lest the men of Patagonia Should die with pneumonia, With the phiblic or the chills; Yes, indeed, she worried daily, Lest a croup or cold should waylay Some poor Soudanese or Malay, Dying for the lack of pills.

And she toiled on without measure, And with most unstinted pleasure, For the good of Central Asia And the Pagan people there; But meanwhile her little sister Lived of a neglected sister; But Sophronia hardly noticed her, For she had no time to spare.

The Church Unto (N. Y.) for December.

December Magazine.

THE AMERICAN KITCHEN.—The contents of the latest issue are as follows: "The Signs of the Times," Ellen H. Richards; "The Yule Log," Louisa M. Alcott; "Menu for the Christmas Dinner," Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln; "Carving the Turkey and Goose," "The Sourcing of Milk," E. W. Allen; "Christmas Confections," Barbara Allen, and other papers relating to culinary science. The Home Science Publishing Co., 485 Tremont street, Boston.

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

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

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

Refuses to Arbitrate.

The crowning glory of the nineteenth century has been the adoption in many cases, at least, of arbitration by disinterested parties to prevent the national calamity of war. To the United States, more than to any other country, is due this blessed boon of peace-preservation; we are not aware that any country, thus far, has refused the genial offer involved in putting matters in the hands of nationally appointed referees. But the time seems to have arrived when this position of peace-maker among the family of nations has met a rebuff, and this country is told, in effect, to reserve its advice for other quarters.

The world of sympathy which is quick to feel the thrill of human pain and the throb of widowed hearts that wait like glaucous couriers within the grim halls of war, stands appalled at the spectacle: Two nations practically of the same blood glare at each other across the sea—though we are confident that the people of England and America are in brotherly sympathy, the hostile attitude being due to political managers.

If an all-powerful European combination should serve notice on this country that there was a flaw in our title to the region around the Mississippi delta, and that an area of land equal to the whole State of Maine (including the mouths of the Mississippi) must be surrendered to it, or the nations composing said combination would levy war on us, it would be an analogous case to that of Venezuela in this instance; its national being may be said to rest on the water-way of the Orinoco, whose mouth will pass to the control of the English if the point in demand is yielded.

The history of the present shows the psychic student that the massing of such large numbers of men in Europe who do nothing but prepare for war, results in feverish and acrimonious emanations of magnetism which cannot fail to affect those who come directly under their influence; this fate, thus far, America has escaped. Our weaker neighbors, the republics of South America, have grown up beneath our tacit protection, and been preserved thus far; Europe has not yet enacted with them the pitiful tragedy of the "wolf and the lamb"; but the time has now come, so the daily papers are proclaiming in variously modulated tones, for us as a nation either to open the flood-gates of European militarism, or to say "hands off" to those foreign nations who seek by main force to throw open the South American continent to the carvers of the Old World—as the African continent has been overrun. The prize is a tempting one to the magnates of worn-out Europe; and who is there to preserve to the peoples threatened their rights, heretofore unchallenged, except this great Republic?

But when a clear statement is presented, and a request made by the United States State Department that the matter may receive arbitration by unprejudiced parties, or by boards of each nation assembled, with power to further leave out the matter to another commission, should no joint decision be reached, the great Empire beyond the sea declines brusquely to submit the matter to such arbitration. Thus the matter stands: on England—or rather upon its rulers, not its people—will rest the onus of the outcome, whatever it may be.

THE BANNER hopes that in its next issue it

may be able to chronicle that the threatening, sorrowful war-cloud has passed away; but it is unable to see why arbitration was refused—unable to perceive how any harm could come to any party by a recourse to it; we have ever considered the plan to be the spirit-blessed dawn of that new day in human relationships, when mere nationality will become secondary to universal human good the wide world around. God speed the day when reasonably understood right shall take the place of mere personal interest, and no nation shall be found willing to bare its forehead to receive Longfellow's "curse of Cain."

A Scattered Fleet.

Orthodoxy at present, said Mr. Savage, in a recent discourse, is a widely-scattered fleet, not a single ship. Therefore the latest work by Dr. Gordon, "The Christ of To-day," cannot show us where Orthodoxy is to-day. It can, however, show us where oneness is. Dr. Gordon holds a certain modified form of the Trinity. He holds to the antiquity of man, the salvation of all men, a revelation that is not all contained in the Bible, and believes in a God all wisdom, all love, who folds the whole earth in his arms, and is leading humanity to some grand destiny.

It is only in his holding a certain modified form of the Trinity that he differs from the Unitarians, said Mr. Savage. He believes in some sort of threefoldness in God, instead of a manifoldness, as Unitarians believe. Yet he does not in his book point to a single place in the Bible as proof of his belief. He does not anywhere quote the Bible to prove the doctrine of Christ's divinity; in fact, he implied that it was a growth in the minds of the apostles from the impression made in their souls; it was their interpretation of the life of Jesus. Unitarians believe and preach the progressive incarnation of God, not in one man, but in the human race. Hence they admit that it takes man to mediate and to manifest God, but they inquire why one man only? All divine men, each in his own measure, manifest God to men. It is evident that God can put into a man only so much divinity as he is capable of holding. When God has made a perfect man, no more can be put in while the man remains man. A perfect man can be no more than a perfect man. How can it be proved that Jesus was more, or could be more?

Why, asks Mr. Savage, in reply to Dr. Gordon, why should we go back to a limited idea of God's incarnation? We believe, he said, that the God who is living and present now is in all men everywhere, and is bringing out that grand consummation when all mankind everywhere shall be recognized as God's loving and obedient children. God is leading the modern world, and does not go back. One can see from all this how much of what is so readily accepted as religion is pure dogma, or a mere yoke fitted by ecclesiastical power to men's necks.

Indian Home Rule.

Senator Platt has introduced in Congress a resolution on the operation of the treaties made with the Five Tribes, that brings at once to a head a subject which occupied considerable attention at the last session of Congress, but which there was not then time to dispose of. The Dawes Commission had come back acknowledging the utter failure of its attempt to secure the consent of these tribes or any one of them to the severalty allotment system, or to the abandonment of tribal for ordinary territorial government. It was at that time proposed to compel the tribes to accept the plans of the Commission by taking away from them some treaty rights, on the ground that these rights had been misused, and were unsuited to the needs of to-day; but there was no opportunity then to deal with the subject properly.

Possibly Congress hoped that the threat of it might frighten the Indians into compliance. But this present year's visit of the Commission must have removed that hope. The resolution of Senator Platt is thought to be a suitable preliminary to the bill pending in the Senate to give a new territorial government to the Five Tribes. But the real question is the first one: whether Congress has a right to set aside any treaties that pledge to the Indians home rule. Secretary Smith wrote urgently to Mr. Dawes in favor of changing the system of government for the Indians, and the President wrote to the Secretary, suggesting that perhaps it would be better to be content with pointing out the way and encouraging the Indians in further progress. These letters were sent by Mr. Dawes to the chiefs of the Five Tribes, and he told them again that their treaty rights were not to be disturbed. Yet the resolution of Mr. Platt goes in the face of all such declarations, and tells the Indians that the treaties are of no further use.

The Real Cause of Changes in Religious Thought.

Remarking on the changes and modifications in this direction in recent years, in his Thanksgiving discourse, Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale showed that those in the very midst of this religious revolution are really not cognizant of the vastness of the change that has taken place during the last one hundred years. He sketched a picture of the austerity of religion as taught a century ago, and compared it with the love and fellowship it breathed, or was beginning to breathe, at the present time. He was sure that greater progress had been made in the very spirit of interpretation of religion within even the last fifty years than in a whole thousand years previous.

Exactly so; and it is within these same fifty years, we would say, that Modern Spiritualism came to the world bringing its heavenly messages. Spiritualism is at the bottom of it all, and should be credited with the result. Dr. Hale ascribed it to the cooperation of man and man, which gave an impetus to every phase of life and action in the life of man at the present day. We say rather that it is due to the cooperation of man and spirit, to the inspiring and informing communion of mortals and invisibles.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the veteran musical medium, whose name has been familiar to investigators and Spiritualists for many years, is now located at 22 Prospect street, Somerville, Mass., and holds her unique séances Wednesdays, at 2:30 P. M., and Mondays at 7:30 P. M.

READ MRS. CADWALLADER'S eloquent appeal (on fourth page) for funds to carry forward the case of Mr. Theodore F. Price and other persecuted mediums in Philadelphia. The article carries its own lessons and sober facts with it!

Death of Henry J. Newton.

Telegraphic dispatches from New York announce that Henry J. Newton, Esq., was struck by a cable car, at the corner of Broadway and 23d street, that city Monday, Dec. 23, dying almost instantly. His age was 72 years. In next week's issue a fuller account of the transition and life-come of Bro. Newton will be given.

A New Departure.

The **BANNER OF LIGHT** will hereafter be issued by a Stock Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, with a capitalization of \$25,000; it was organized by the election of Isaac B. Rich as President, and Fred G. Tuttle, Treasurer—John W. Day, Henry W. Pitman, John W. Dew, Fred G. Tuttle and Isaac B. Rich being the Directors—and the large stock of valuable books, etc., the subscription-list, good will of business, etc., have been acquired by said Company.

It is the desire of the Directors to add to **THE BANNER** novel features, such as copious and frequent printing in its columns of "half-tone" portraits of spiritual workers and camp scenes; also the securing of special correspondents in various parts of the country, and other features that they are not ready to announce, which will greatly increase its interest and usefulness; therefore they have decided to place four hundred shares of the stock upon the market at \$25 per share. This is a statement in brief of the arrangements thus far made. While appealing to the good fellowship of the "brethren of the household of faith," the Directors point the intending investor's attention to the fact that, as the property purchased by said Company is really much in excess of the valuation under which it has been acquired, the future may be confidently expected to bring a dividend to its stockholders.

THE BANNER has been a paying institution, and can in the future be kept as such, if the spiritualistic public for which it has so long and so faithfully labored will join hands with the New Company, and by the purchase of shares become co-workers in the good service for humanity which this paper most unquestionably achieves.

Here is an opportunity, Spiritualists of the world, to unite in strengthening for further work the veteran journal of your Cause, and to aid in adding new features to **THE BANNER**.

To Secretaries.

THE BANNER forms to press this week on Monday, instead of Tuesday, as usual, on account of Christmas; hence we are obliged to curtail our local matter, and there are many regular reports which necessarily cannot reach this office in time for insertion. Friends will please consider the exigencies of the case, and pardon either the shortening or non-appearance of their favors at this holiday time.

THE Ole Bull Monument Fund Concerts in Minneapolis, Minn., proved a grand financial success, netting the Monument Fund more than \$1,000.

Prof. J. Jay Watson, of Brooklyn, pupil of Ole Bull, was not on the printed program. He had volunteered his services after it had been printed, but had not permitted himself to be kept away by that fact. He proved to be a very pleasing acquaintance, handling his violin with great skill. Prof. Watson ably filled the place of Mrs. Yale of St. Paul, also Edward Remenyi, receiving three or calls.

We are in receipt of a pleasant letter from J. J. Monse, by which it seems that the friends and inquirers of San Francisco have given him a warm welcome. We have his promise of a California letter in the near future; and next week we shall give our readers an interesting instalment of his "Echoes from England" (which, began in London, has reached completion at his home in San Francisco).

E. W. Eicke, Esq., and wife of West Monterey, Pa., have been passing a week in New York. Mr. Eicke came on to consult with Mr. J. W. Fletcher, the medium, as to his health, and also held some wonderful stances with Mrs. Williams and others. They were tendered a reception by Mrs. Wallace on Sunday evening.

Dr. Dean Clarke, writing us from William Tell House, First and Market streets, Portland, Ore., states that he has postponed publication of pamphlet containing his lecture on Theosophy, etc., of which notice was given in our Christmas number—a recent financial loss having induced him to do so.

THE BANNER's next issue will contain an interesting account of a séance with the medium Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, from the pen of that spiritual veteran, Ex-Judge NELSON Cross of New York.

We shall soon print an original story from the pen of John Wm. Fletcher, of great dramatic interest, which has been especially written for **THE BANNER**.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR," written for **THE BANNER** by J. W. Fletcher of New York, will be printed next week.

Mr. J. C. F. Grumblin will serve the Women's Progressive Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., during January. He will there form, as he has here formed, classes for development in Psychometry and Clairvoyance. His success at the First Spiritual Temple was most pronounced, and no less so in the class work. As the series will be but \$6 or \$3 for each one, all sensitives in Brooklyn and New York seeking psychic development should avail themselves of these teachings.

For additional editorial matter see third page.

The Latest from Philadelphia.

Theodore F. Price Pronounced Guilty.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
On the tenth of December, Mr. Theodore F. Price was called before the bar of justice to answer to the indictment charging him with fortune-telling. He pleaded not guilty. The testimony against him rested upon the unsupported statements of one witness only who testified that on a certain date he had called upon Mr. Price and asked to have his fortune told. The witness said he had been told a number of things by Mr. Price, who took money for what he called a sitting. An attempt was made to impeach the testimony of this witness, but the court ruled that no testimony affecting the character of the witness could be received, except such as bore directly upon the case in hand.

Mr. Price being called to the stand testified that he had not in any way agreed to "tell the fortune" of the witness as claimed. On the contrary, he said the witness had asked him (Mr. Price) to tell his fortune, but he had refused to do so. He had not, he told him, been a medium and could give him a sitting, that was all.

The testimony of Mr. Price was a direct contradiction of all the claims of the prosecuting witness as to being a fortune teller. Witnesses were called, who testified as to the good character of Mr. Price, and as to the fact that he was a Spiritualist, a member in good standing of a religious society, chartered under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania. Counsel offered the charter of the First Association of Spiritualists in evidence, but the court ruled that Spiritualism as a religion was not on trial, but the character of the witness could be in evidence. Counsel attempted to show that the rights of Spiritualists under the Constitution had been violated by the arrest of mediums, who were in reality only instruments used by the spirit-world to convince the people of the truth of Spiritualism. This was ruled out by the court, as was, in fact, everything that pertained to Spiritualism.

The prosecuting attorney objected to nearly every question put by the counsel for the defense. In one instance this led to a most absurd position on the part of the prosecution. The familiar "I object" became mechanical, and in one case when the counsel for Mr. Price asked him the question, "Mr. Price, do you believe in God?" straightway came the familiar "I object" from the prosecuting attorney. This was too much even for the suave counsel for the defense. In no uncertain tones he thundered out: "WHAT DO I UNDERSTAND YOUR HONOR TO SAY YOU OBJECT TO. PRICE BELIEVING IN GOD?" A smile rippled over the face of the judge at this evident faux pas on the part of the prosecuting attorney, who discreetly withdrew his objection to the question being answered.

At every point objections were made to the answering of any question which would tend to show that Spiritualism was a religion or had any standing in the case.

When an objection was offered to having a clause in the Constitution of Pennsylvania read, referring to the rights of every citizen to hold to any religion he desired, the counsel for Mr. Price protested against the reading of the clause, whereupon the judge stated that no matter what evidence was submitted, he would instruct the jury that if they believed the witness who testified that Mr. Price, they must bring in a verdict of guilty.

The judge charged the jury that there was no question of the rights of individuals being violated; that the only point at issue was whether money was paid for telling fortunes. He said the jury must disabuse their minds of the idea that there was any attempt on the part of the court to prevent any one from believing anything they chose; that if people wished to delude others, who thought the future could be foretold, it was a matter for themselves to settle; but that if money was taken for such service, the law determined that it was a crime.

Mr. Price's denial of being a fortune-teller was supported by other reputable witnesses, who testified that his character was good. Without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

A motion was made at once for a new trial, and the last Monday of December was named as the day for the argument to be heard, and a writ of error handed in.

Mr. Price is well known throughout the country, and since his arrest affidavits have been forwarded from different sections testifying to his worth as a man and a medium, which make it seem all the more unjust that he should be dealt with in this manner.

We are greatly stirred up over this affair in Philadelphia. How can we secure justice for mediums if the Court will make no distinction between the medium and the "fakir" who uses Spiritualism as a cloak? If the Court rules that no evidence can be presented except bearing upon the question as to whether our mediums receive money for their services, what can we do to put the matter right? In other words, the Court holds that all mediums are mountebanks and fortune-tellers, and they are not allowed to prove the contrary.

Friends and Spiritualists, this struggle must not end here. We must demand a hearing in the higher courts, and for this money is needed.

Where are the Spiritualists who will put their shoulder to the wheel and help us? Thus far most of the contributions have been from those who could ill afford to send a contribution. We beg of the Spiritualists to not let this matter go by default for the need of money to carry it through. Let every one feel a pride in contributing to this fund. We cannot allow these mediums to go to prison without putting forth every effort to save them. Other cases are still to be tried, so do not fail to aid us to the extent of your ability.

Spiritualists, the persecuted mediums of Philadelphia look to us for help. "Do help us in this hour of need," is the cry of their hearts. Take it home to yourselves—put yourselves in the place of those who are under the ban of the law—and I am sure you will respond by a generous contribution.

Yours for the defense of mediumship,
M. E. CADWALLADER, Cor. Sec'y.
Address P. O. Box 446, Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PASSING YEAR.

The year departs, as many a year
Has fled like flowers from our hearts;
So one by one they disappear—
The year departs.

But spite of all its pains and smart,
To see it go we shed a tear—
While it like bird beyond us darts,
Then for a moment all is dear.

Till bright with love, the new upstarts,
And shows our pathway still is clear,
Though year departs!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Marriage of a Lyceum Scholar.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, at the home of Mrs. Laura Martin, No. 2322 Haddock street, Mrs. Martin's daughter, Miss Nellie Martin, former Guardian of the Cleveland C. P. L., was united in marriage to Mr. Frank Gergel, Mr. Thomas Lees performing the ceremony. Miss Margaret Wallace acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Rupert T. Murphy as best man.

The ceremony was quite spiritualistic and impressive, and very attentively listened to by the company of about fifty friends. In one corner of the parlor was arranged a bank of palms and chrysanthemums, before which the young couple stood during the ceremony. The bride was attired in a dove-colored silk gown, trimmed with white lace. Gifts were received from Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Palmer, Mrs. Kate Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thomas, and Mr. and Mrs. John Moses. Mr. and Mrs. Gergel will make their home at No. 2322 Haddock street.

The hostess outdid herself on this occasion, and the many friends present had an enjoyable time.

Appreciative Words.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Allow me most sincerely to commend **THE BANNER** for its noble Christmas Number, so replete with good things. The oldest journal devoted to Spiritualism, like old wine, surely should be the best, and may **THE BANNER** continue a long and well-earned career of usefulness.

May we feel it a duty, whatever may be our tendency to this or that line of thought, or our notions of what a spiritualistic paper should be, to support it royally and loyally, that the angel-world may do its work through it, and that the thousands of humanity all over the world may learn the evidences of spirit-communion and return. In this day of newspaper novelties, may we not look right of the solid rock upon which the real interests and propaganda of Spiritualists and Spiritualism rest: the necessity of mediumship, and the organs through which it reaches the unregenerate world—**THE SPIRITUAL PRESS**.

J. C. F. GRUMBLIN, (White Rose).
Present Speaker at the Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass.
December 23, 1895.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

In Four Parts.

IV.

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick:
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl!
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

The *Palmit* and *Chirological Review*, edited by Mrs. K. St. Hill and Mr. Charles F. Rideal, enters into its fourth year in January next, and will, with that month's issue, be considerably enlarged and improved, and a supplement dealing with phenology, graphology, physiognomy and their allied sciences, added.

A man in Howard County, Mo., burns the cobs in his pig pen, left after the corn is eaten, and feeds the cob ashes to the pigs, nicely salted.

One of the most striking of the series of pictures which F. de Myrbach is drawing for the *Century's* "Life of Napoleon" will appear in the January number. It represents the Prussian Noble Guard sharpening their swords on the steps of the French Embassy in Berlin, an historic event carefully reproduced, but reminding one of a scene from opera.

WORK.

In getting jobs, the time of year
Is an important factor;
'T is easiest in winter, for
Jack Frost is a contractor.

ANOTHER CASE.—The steamship *Tacoma* encountered a typhoon while in mid-ocean between Victoria, B. C., and China recently. The ship was saved by pouring oil on the waters.

A new way of administering chloroform has been introduced by Dr. H. L. Northrop of Philadelphia. He gives it in combination with oxygen, and observations show that the respiration is little affected, that no harm has been done in cases of weak heart, and that recovery from the effects of the chloroform is made speedy and without inconvenient results.

God is the ally of every soul that seeks wholly to be true. Experience, sooner or later, corresponds to genuine and noble aspiration. Opportunities for heroism come to him who is fitting himself for heroic action.—*Philip Stoddard Maxson*.

The Wisconsin Sunday School Association has declared against Sunday trains and Sunday newspapers. Whew!

One trouble with the world is that there are too many people in it who will not cast their bread upon the waters unless they are assured beforehand that it will come back in a few days a full grown sandwich, all trimmed with ham, butter and mustard, rolled up in a warranty deed for one-half of the earth and a mortgage on the other half.—*E. E.*

Sixty-nine Christmases are a good many, yet *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, celebrated its sixty-ninth this year, and is more vigorous than ever before. The handsome Double Number which it issued in celebration of the Christmas holiday will be highly appreciated by its readers.

A tramp was arrested, taken before an Australian justice, and sentenced to three months. The judge, in explaining the sentence, remarked that while there was no evidence that the prisoner had been guilty of any crime, he thought it prudent to commit him, as he had the wild, baggard look of a man about to start a newspaper.—*E. E.*

The Military Department at Cornell has this year introduced the "Kriegspiel," or war-game, which has of late found a prominent place in all large military schools. A map is spread on a table, a piece of cardboard hides each half from the other, and opposing "officers" march armies of dummies against each other, conditioned by railroad time, etc. This is now regarded as the best practical method of teaching the art of war, a knowledge of which, as of surgery, is often necessary in this sad and suffering world.

SON DOWN.

A truant impulse led astray
That youth of supple joints,
And wild ambition taught to play
A football game for points.
So, "tackle," "linebacker," "punt" and "kick,
With wild delight made he,
And many a new and wily trick
That brought him victory.
But felt his form, in evening's shade,
With inter-fer nee bend,
While his embittered parent made
A "run around the end."

A country school teacher with a vein of humor and much experience says this is the way to parse the word "kiss." "Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular, and is generally used in the plural number, and it agrees with me."—*Sedgwick (Cady) Pantograph*.

Prof. Chamee M. Cady, of Chicago, will write for the January *Century* a paper entitled "Responsibility Among the Chinese," which has a particular timeliness. Mr. Cady describes a unique feature in Chinese government, which, for instance, holds all the residents of a street responsible for a crime committed within its boundaries.

Cheer up, cheer up, ye moody ones!
Look for the light of day!
And when you find it, you will feel
The warm sun shining through.
And if the shadows come, why, then
Just wait awhile; you'll find
That clouds can't last forever
When the sun lies just behind.

—*Mary L. Brine, in The Churchman*.

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal their skirts, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their dresses.

Very, very blonde hair is now called "the light fantastic tow."

We have received Hood's Calendar for 1896. It consists of the head of a beautiful young woman in an oval panel with a stylish gold frame. The background and pad are printed in harmonious brown tints. The publishers of it have thus shown their enterprise in pushing their famous Sarsaparilla before the public notice.

The human soul cannot lose its essentially moral constitution. Whatever touches and ennobles us in the lives and in the voices of the past is a divine birth from human doubt or pain.—*Dr. Martineau*.

Keep the ball a-rolling—
Rolling every day.
Don't let folks forget you,
For it does n't pay.

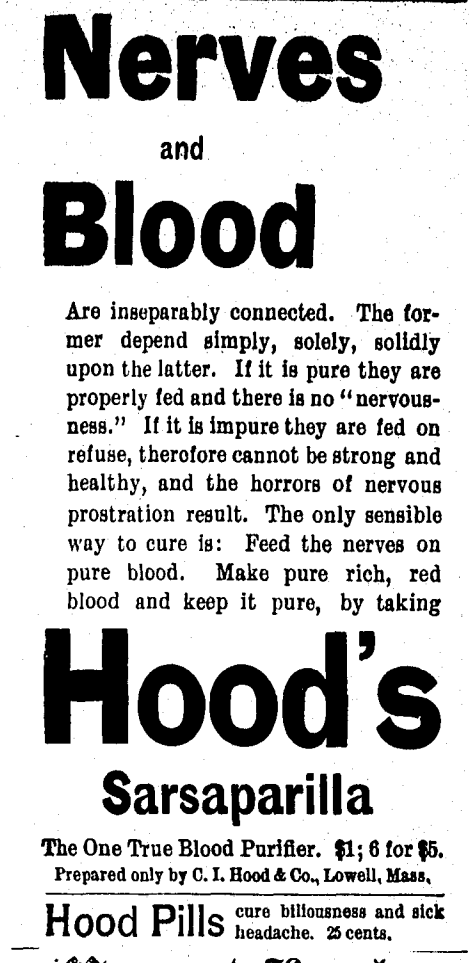
Bicycle manufacturers and wheelmen generally will be interested in a new pneumatic tire made of leather instead of rubber. It is the invention of Mr. Thomas Ingalls Noyes of the Noyes Tanning Company of Freedom, N. H.

DO NOT RUN DOWN YOUR RIVAL.—It is not business. It will not win. If he is unworthy, your patrons will find it out for themselves without your aid than with it. Let him abuse you as much as he will. He hurts himself more than he does you. Recognize the fact that it is not possible for you to have the earth, and that the other fellow has equal rights with yourself. Beat him, if you can, by getting more business, not by abusing him. Do not let other people abuse him by abusing him for the same people will abuse you to him.—*Missouri Editor*.

LARGE SPIDERS!—An exchange says that spiders are met with in the forests of Java, whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them. A spider of enormous size, which has taken up her residence in a cathedral at Munich, regales herself with a large supply of lamp-oil. A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with her half-dozen little ones, cuts the thread, and away goes the alrship to some far distant point on the prairie.

Advertise your business freely
If you wish to make it grow.
For some person may be needing
Just the thing you have to show.

The Review of Reviews remarks with truth, that with the possible exception of Prof. David Swing, Chicago would seem never to have mourned so deeply and sincerely over the loss of any citizen as it has now mourned, with loving tributes, over the death of Eugene Field.



1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

spring on the western flank and south-

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

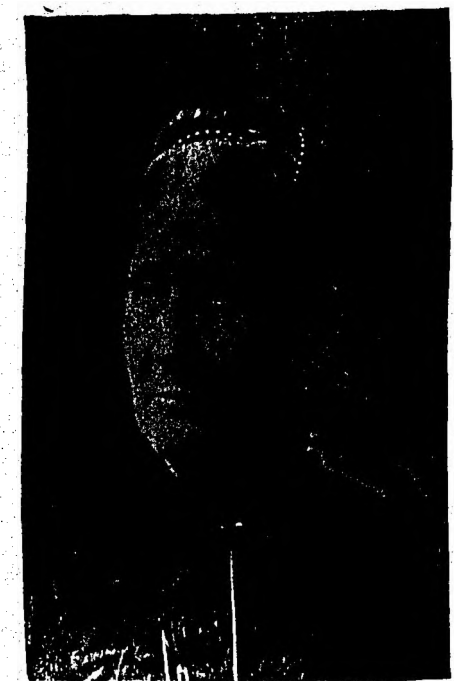
The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss MRS. W. PRATT, an expert stenographer.

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 the Messages published to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—sphere of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more. It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table. 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.

SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held May 24, 1895—Continued from last issue.

Addie Jackson.

Waiting, as usual, for our opportunity, although we are only too glad to listen to others, for we gain a great deal of light in so doing. Many, many years have passed since they said Addie was dead. Oh, how many times have mother and father—yes, sister and brother—often thought: "Where, where are you, Addie? Is it possible that you can return and make yourself known?" Yes, although, dear father, you know well that the church was very strongly represented in our family. I have known more in regard to it since I passed on. I know, and can speak from this which I have learned since I passed on, the church is a good institution, but we will not find progression there, any more than we will outside. Some people would be good outside of the church, if they were thus inclined; some are made better for coming into the folds, because there's a little restraint that will hold them, through the influences they will gain from others. Every mortal gives out an influence, one way or another.

Emma, I know you often think, "Is it possible that my mother knows what is passing?" She, when upon the earth-plane, the same as myself, knows every heartache, every joy—but not when we are in our spirit-homes.

Dannie, I know you will be pleased to hear from me, for Austin stands beside me, asking to be remembered to you all; very much pleased to be one to attend the meeting to day, as he has in times past.

And dear old Grandma Jackson stands here, too, listening to the words of myself and others that shall be given forth to-day—all free, without money and without price.

Daniel, you are in the right channel, and Emma, too, but let the sieve of reason work and know good from evil. Do right, do the best in your power, and then you are furnishing your mansions God has given you. I know some little worriments have come—wouldn't be mortal if you had none—but, as we have promised in days past, we will do all we can to bring things right. Then we ask you to trust us, for we certainly will. And, father, I know you were pleased to know when it was said to you Addie could return, and mother and Mabel, also; and in God's own good time shall we all be brought together in that great reunion that shall take place. Oh, how strange it seems to mortals, when the little ones pass away, to know they are well educated in spirit. If not, they would forget their loved ones; they would not know if they were not taught thus.

How grateful I am to-day to know we can all speak for ourselves in the proper time. James Nichols is here to-day; asks to be remembered; and a little way in the distance some one says: "Please to say to your brother, Daniel, that William Eastman is here to-day." I am very much pleased to know I have this privilege of speaking of others; and, father, when the Angel of Life shall come to beckon you over the river, we will come to loose the latch when thy spirit passes over. We will keep that beacon-light shining from the further shore, and then shall you be privileged to take the hand of your Addie again—not for a week or month, but all eternity.

Daniel, Emma, go on; learn all you can, but learn it honestly, is my advice as I speak to you to-day. Addie Jackson, Tamworth, N. H.

John Cosgrove.

How sweet to feel we are all privileged. It matters not whether from the East or the West, North or South, wherever there is an opportunity, the privilege is extended in time. I wish to make a statement here: I find it does not matter whether we have much of this world's goods or very little; and when I have stood by the side of those who have passed over, the thought would overshadow my spirit, where are they now? There's the form, but where are they? I could not answer, as seemingly to me, but after years had rolled by many hardships I passed through, and sometimes a mystified feeling would overshadow me. "How much more have you got to pass through, John?" the question would arise within me.

I was well cared for at the last. Sometimes it would seem to me pretty hard, but I have no memory but what I had enough to get through with, and sometimes a little to spare. Sometimes it would seem to me pretty close

corners, yet always a way out; and when I was led to attend the meetings in the halls in Washington, D. C., it was a privilege, for I began to go to school—the spiritual school—then, which was a great comfort to learn. I called it a privilege, and so it was. How often have I seen them sit back, gazing into my face or listening to the mediums, who were teachers—were wires that we could get loving words over from the other life. That's what they called it, but I call it to talk.

I was glad from the depth of my soul when I saw the Angel of Life come for me. I knew it would be well, for I could not see one period in my life but what I'd tried to be kind to my brothers and sisters; I was not perfect—none are perfect. As I passed out of the old material form, the first I met was John Metcalf. He threw up his hands and said, "I welcome you, John;" yes, and what a warm welcome it was, before I met my own people—father, mother, and the little sister, Jennie, that passed on when a little girl. I did not know her, but she knew me. She had grown from education in spirit.

John Metcalf said, "Cosgrove, I welcome you." He passed away from San Bernardino. Yes, in the Old Soldiers' Home, where we are all privileged to go.

I'm not personal with anybody; but I'm glad I'm privileged, poor old man, as they called me; yet I am young now; I do not feel the weight of years more than twenty-five. I have never met any that told me they felt any older. John Cosgrove, Washington, D. C.

Linnie Leland.

How sweet to feel we are all privileged to speak, and yet how few realize the benefit that mortals might obtain!

When in mortal life I did not know I could come and report this way, although it has been said often: "You can come and report; you are privileged to," yet there's always a reason; sometimes the desire may come very strong, and yet we hold away, thinking perhaps some one may address you better; yet it is a privilege that is granted to us all in the proper time.

Oh, how sweet to feel we find our own—father, mother, sister, brother—all waiting to clasp our hands on that blissful shore that knows no good-byes.

That dread disease—consumption—found its way into our home, and how often sister Addie and Annie have said: "Why did they take you away?" I never could answer this, but it was all right. Mother gathers her own to herself, and father was glad when he passed the portal, and when brother Gorham came they were glad to receive him.

Caleb, you think: "Where are they?" Fred, you have done some thinking in regard to us, but you will do much more. And, dear sisters, you would gladly communicate with me if it was your privilege, but as it is now you must wait. The time is fast approaching when mortals shall know more of the friends coming than they do to day.

Uncle Daniel is here also, and sends kind words to you all. And, Sister Annie, be of good courage, for there will be some more bright spots in your path yet, although I know many sorrows have overtaken you; and also have you thought, are we conscious of what you have to pass through here? Yes, when we are upon the earth-plane, not otherwise.

And when you look back at that time when the house that I dwell in was placed away, sometimes with a sad memory, then look forward to the day we shall all be gathered together. You would not call me back to pass through what I did—the poor, emaciated old form I dwell in held out as long as possible for the vitality.

I am pleased to know this institution is kept open for all; and say to Addie, Gorham's Addie (for there are two Addies), we in pity, we in sympathy reach out for her, and for her mother, for the trials are many that she has to pass through, but she will be cared for and provided for.

Little Emma is here too.

I did not expect I was going to communicate to-day, but I had asked the privilege sometime in the past, and the promise was given to me "Sometime," and the sometime is to-day, and I certainly appreciate the little time allotted to me to report here, hoping, dear sisters, brothers far away in Chicago, that you will know of my coming.

Sisters Addie and Annie, I hope you will be impressed that when this message shall be printed you will see that Fred has a copy; I do desire it. If he does not believe it, it will give him something to think of, and Brother Gorham makes the same requests that I do.

These loving words I send to you all; seemingly to me I do not forget any of you. Father says to remember him also, as he and mother are here.

Linnie Leland. My sisters are in Everett, and my brothers in Chicago. I have friends in New York.

Ida Louise Merriam.

I want to speak awhile. I want to tell you that I was going to talk in another meeting, but I could not 'cause time was gone.

[To the Chairman:] You did not see me, did you? [No.] Why! I was close to you all the time.

Oh! my throat hurts me. I lived in Pittsfield, Mass. Did you ever go there?

I was Ida. I go to school; and I want my mamma to know I come there—but she do not know, but I guess she'll find out some day.

I want her to know my teacher's name is Miss Annie Thomson. My name is Ida Louise Merriam. Oh! I'm glad I could talk here to-day. There ain't no sides on this house—we go right through them and through the windows.

My papa was Joseph N. Merriam. I'm coming again.

Caroline Marshall.

Children must personate themselves. We find it upon the earth-plane, and we find it upon the spiritual plane. As we return upon the earth-plane we carry the same feelings as when here—of the earth, earthy.

I would not have thought when mortal I should have been here to report from this Circle Room. I would not have thought I would have been found in a spiritual meeting; but I would ask the question of all mortals, what is better than spiritual meeting—spirituality? We cannot possess any too much; and, as my children have often said, "Mother, you did not know these things when mortal." No, sir, my education was very different from this.

I have some dear friends that I should like to have know of this, and I think some will report it to them. You know, Mr. Chairman, it's natural for one to speak to another of

some things they have read, so for that reason I feel it may be announced to some of my friends. Also, I have friends in Lowell who read your good paper. I did not know of it when mortal, but I do not wish you to understand I had never heard of Spiritualists or Spiritualism; but as for knowing, I did not.

Albert, my husband, did not know, either. Often has he said, "It is a great school of life we have entered, and certainly it is all eternity long."

Nellie and Carrie are here with me, but the other children are not all present; yet sometimes we are all together, all the little forms that were laid away so long ago, grown to manhood and womanhood; yet how impossible it seems to you. The education is much more perfect than they could have gained here.

I know, Fannie (excuse me, Mrs. Lee), you have always thought, "Well, it may be possible they are here," for you understood something of these truths that I did not. You are happy together, you and yours; but oh! the difference; you are learning something here, while I must go to school and begin with the children, while I might have learned some while here upon the earth-plane—except for the early education.

In Lowell and connecting cities is where we were well known, and I am not forgotten as Caroline Marshall.

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 31.—Frank Buchanan; Sarah Bidwell; Joseph Dillingham; Gertrude Greenleaf; Joseph H. Livingston; Judge Charles S. Bradley; Harriet E. Fuller; Hannah Ramsden; Jessie Slevin.
June 1.—Julia M. Dodd; Hattie E. Meach; Dr. J. F. Moses; William H. Barnes; Frankie Kimball; Callista 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 Kirtledge; John E. Chase; Abby Olney; Mary Parker; Nellie Whitney; Daniel W. Hubbard; Martha 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; Little Worthen; Lewis B. Wilson; Nona Bell.

The Lyceum and Home.

(From The Churchman.)

KASSY'S BOOMERANG.

BY ELIZABETH TIMLOW.

[Continued.]

"Wait a moment. Do you think somebody could have left it at school for you?"

"I can't remember—yes, I do, too. But that's long ago, and"—Kassy stopped, suddenly crimson.

"Exactly. It was long ago. How long, do you think?"

"Ever so long," faltered Kassy, more and more disturbed.

"Last week?"

"I guess—it was," said Kassy, very low.

"Then there was no dinner to-night!" cried Rose.

"Not at Mrs. Rallston's," answered Mrs. Westbrook. "Kassy, listen to what you have done. Mrs. Lynn, whom was most anxious to meet, was with Mrs. Rallston for a day or two only, coming unexpectedly. So Mrs. Rallston, in haste, wrote a note, asking papa and myself, as she knew, to dine there to-night, dating the note simply 'Wednesday.' She added a few lines, about which I will tell you presently. She had the note left with you, thinking that was the quickest way of reaching me. That is the way it got into your pocket."

Kassy was silent and scarlet. She remembered now the maid's coming into the classroom—how long ago?

"That was Wednesday—a week ago," went on mamma, relentlessly. "I suppose that you forgot it when you came home. How did you chance to remember it at last?"

"I found it in my pocket," answered Kassy, very miserably indeed.

"Why did you find it before?"

"I do not know—yes, I do. I tore the ruffle; and Sarah did not mend it for ever so long, so I could not wear it till yesterday."

"That explains it. Last Wednesday—a week ago to-day—was the dinner. Only Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, besides ourselves, were invited. As we sent no word to the contrary, they expected us, and waited dinner an hour. Mrs. Lynn left the next day."

"To-night papa and I encountered Mr. and Mrs. Rallston at their door on their way out. Our mutual surprise was great; but, as they were invited out themselves, and the carriage was waiting, they could only stop a moment to explain."

"And the coincidence of the days of the week," put in Rose, "prevented your noticing it."

"Yes, of course. They had thought it strange we sent no word; but, knowing I had not been well, they thought it an oversight on my part. They regretted exceedingly their own engagement to-night; but, as it was, there was nothing to do but come away. So we went to the Brunswick for dinner."

Kassy lifted a very wretched face to her mother's, but she had not a word to say.

"So much, my dear, for the annoyance and disappointment you have caused us and others. Now for your side."

Kassy's distress visibly increased. What else was coming?

"Mrs. Rallston," pursued her mother, inexorably, "made up a little *matinée* party for Emily, last Saturday, to see the 'Old Homestead.' You know you were invited to lunch, and the theatre was a surprise. Well, the party came off last Saturday, and the children had a most delightful time. Mrs. Rallston made a charming affair of it. After the *matinée* the children were all taken to Delmonico's to dine, as a bit of grown-up pleasure. The note you forgot to deliver contained, you know, the invitation for you."

"Oh mamma!" as much utter misery as one word could hold went into that one.

The rector disapproved of the theatre for children, and Kassy had never been but once or twice in all her fourteen years. To see the "Old Homestead," as all her friends had done, was her dream of bliss. This, added to all the rest that she had missed, made her feel like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

She succumbed to the pressure of the situation.

"Oh! mamma," she sobbed, "it's too dreadful for anything. I can't bear it! To think I—sob—"might"—sob—"have gone"—sob—sob—sob.

"This is a boomerang, and no mistake," said Wilfred, mischievously, though he really pitied his little sister. "Come, Kassy, take your whacking like a man. You'll know now how it is yourself."

"Make him stop, mamma," sobbed wretched Kassy. "I do not want to hear about boomerangs and things. I'm always sorry when I forget your things."

"Yes," assented teasing Wilfred, "it's easy to bear another man's misfortune like a Christian. I'm awfully sorry for you, youngster; and if you'll promise not to forget the next time that I ask you to leave a note at Miss May's."

But Kassy put her fingers into her ears and retreated into the library, whither papa had long ago retired, in silent disgust.

Mamma followed her, after a serious talk. "Truly, mamma, I never did realize it before," she said; for she was an honest little soul. "But you say if I catch any more boomerangs, or throw any to hit other people!"

And, to do her justice, her improvement was wonderfully rapid. Six months later, on her birthday, teasing Wilfred presented her with a curious curved stick of hard wood, about

twenty inches long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick.

"A boomerang, my dear," he announced, "Tie it up with dear little ribbons, as girls always do, and use it as a *memorabilia*. You're getting to be as reliable as a district messenger boy. We can give you an errand now with forty-nine chances out of a hundred that it will be done."

Faith, Hope and Demonstration.

A Story of the Mammoth Cave.

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"WHAT good does a belief in Spiritualism do?" inquired a reverend friend of me the other day. "Is not the hope and faith of the Christian sufficient to satisfy the longings of the human soul?"

"What good does a belief in Spiritualism do?" I replied, interrogatively. "Does it not confirm the Christian's hope and faith? Does it not give positive knowledge of safety where hope may fail and faith become weakened by doubt and uncertainty?"

My reverend friend passed on; there was a look of commiseration on his face as he turned away. He evidently had no hope of my salvation, or faith in my prospects of happiness beyond the boundaries of the great "by-and-byes." No, no; my heresy in asserting that a theory which he ardently preached, and believed through faith alone, was susceptible of demonstration—was in his charity a sin that deserved divine condemnation. Although the very foundation of his religious creed was a belief in immortality, based alone upon hope and faith, yet he rejected as a heresy that which demonstrated the fact of a future life. He could find abundance of consolation in hope and faith, but no comfort in positive certainty. It is true that where there is no better evidence afforded, the human mind oftentimes is consoled with hope and faith. We hope for the best and may have faith that it will occur, yet all is uncertain, and the heart trembles with an anxiety and fear that positive certainty would overcome.

Thirty-five years ago, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen, I visited the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. We entered its dark and silent avenues early one bright spring morning.

Afternoon found us on the banks of the River Styx, five miles from the entrance of the cave. This stream is about fifty feet wide at the place where we reached its banks. By the dim light of our lanterns we could trace its dark and sullen current several hundred feet to our right and left. It is very deep, and in the gloom of the surroundings its waters looked as black as those of the fabled Stygian River.

A boat was moored to a rock on its bank. Our guide, a dark mulatto, a slave owned by the estate that held the title to the cave lands, unloosed the chain that secured it, and invited a portion of our party to be seated therein. We hesitated a moment, gazed into the darkness beyond, listened to the wash of the turbid waters against the rocks along the banks, looked at the face of our guide who was to play the part of Charon, and a feeling of awe crept over us. The gloom of our surroundings—the river, and the ferryman, with the consciousness that we were in the deep caverns of the earth, five miles from the light of day, the weird and fitful shadows cast upon the water by our lamps—all helped the illusion.

It seemed as if we were about to invade the realms of Pluto, and I would not have been surprised to have heard from out the darkness the stern challenge that greeted Aeneas on the banks of Cocytus: "By what right do living mortals approach this shore?" A moment only for imagination to weave its fantastic imagery, when the illusion was broken by the pleasant voice of old Mat: "Step in, ladies and gentlemen. She's safe as a Miss-sip steamboat, and as staunch as a church. I'll set ye on odder side in a minnit, safe and sound." Verily, this was not Charon—and we were not in Avernus, the fabled realm of so many of the living dead.

Thrice the boat crossed the river, and all our party were on the "other shore." We spent two hours in the enjoyment of our lunch, and the examination of the wonderful stalactite and stalagmite formations with which the cave abounded. When the time came for our return, a merry laughing group approached the spot where our boat had been drawn up, with its bow on the beach, to prevent its floating off. Old Mat reached the bank a short distance ahead of us, when we heard him exclaim: "De good Lord help us; de boat is clean gone!" For a moment we did not fully appreciate the awful import of his words, but on approaching the river we discovered that the water had risen nearly two feet, and our boat had floated away into the darkness beyond all hope of recovery. We did not at first realize our danger; but the guide explained that at this season of the year the stream was subject to the sudden rising of its waters, and that we were in a room in the cave from which there was no other avenue of egress than the one by which we came, and that we must cross the river, or remain imprisoned until the waters subsided; and that sometimes the waters filled the room we were in nearly to its ceiling. There was no chance for an escape in our rear; we were hemmed in by a solid wall of rocks behind and around us, while before us were the swift, deep waters of the Styx, which we imagined we could perceive reaching higher and higher up the sloping bank upon which we stood, even while we watched its sullen flow.

Our brave guide, who owned nothing in the world but his immortal soul, endeavored to quiet our alarm with encouraging words and explanations. He said there was another boat a half mile up the stream moored to the opposite shore, and that by swimming the river—if the avenues were not yet flooded—he would reach the boat, and bring it down to us. He directed us to return to the spot where we had eaten our lunch, and gather up the broken fragments that we had thrown away, and preserve them for our sustenance, should he be unable to reach the boat, and we remain imprisoned until the water subsided, which, he assured us, would be in the course of two or three days at the furthest. He also directed us to extinguish all our lamps but one, that we might husband the oil as well as our food. He assured us that we should be rescued if he lived to reach the boat. He directed us to keep one of our lamps burning as long as we had a supply of oil, that it might be a beacon-light to assist him in finding us on his return. He also pointed out to us the highest point of the floor of the cave, to which we were to retreat when driven by the rising waters. He said it would take him an hour to reach the boat, and nearly another to return; then fastening his lamp to the top of his hat, he plunged into the stream, and in a few moments reached the opposite shore, when, giving us a few words of encouragement, he disappeared in the darkness of one of the avenues that seemed to run nearly parallel with the course of the river.

Only two of the gentlemen of our party beside myself could swim, and had we been alone we would have followed our guide and secured our safety; but there were three who could not, and five ladies, the wives and daughters of my companions, and of course we could not desert them; and even if we had crossed the stream, without the assistance of our guide, we would soon have been lost in the labyrinth of the cavern and in danger of falling into some unknown chasm had we strayed from the usual safe avenue of the cave. No, our only safety was in the successful exertions of our faithful guide. We seated ourselves on the rocks and attempted to cheer each other with ordinary topics of conversation, but the awful danger that surrounded us almost paralyzed our tongues. We all had an abundance of faith in the courage and fidelity of old Mat, our guide. Hope also whispered its cheering words in our willing ears; yet, notwithstanding our faith and hope, we feared the worst. Our guide might not be able to reach the boat; we knew that great danger beset his pathway, and why should he, a human chattel,

Who born beneath life's burden to groan,
Never once dreamed that his soul was his own—
why should he risk his life for us? Some

accident might prevent his return; the boat might have been washed away; ten thousand surmises passed through our minds, as the lingering moments—which seemed hours in length—moved on with leaden feet. At last our hope began to falter and our faith lose its confidence. We could see that the dark water of the river was steadily rising, and that if succor did not soon come, in a few hours we would be imprisoned, we knew not how long, between the river and the rocky walls that surrounded us. By the dim light of our lamps we looked at our watches. What! was it possible that the long, long ages of our suspense were registered in the short half hour indicated by the leaden movements of their almost motionless hands? Could it be that those unerring sentinels of passing time counted the minutes as swiftly as they did the evening before, when in the parlor of the hotel a gay party had assembled—

"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet?"
Are the ceaseless footfalls of passing time always the same as they measure the fleeting moments of joy or the lingering hours of suffering and woe? It does not seem possible. No, Time moves with each of us slowly or swiftly as it brings to us pain or pleasure, as it hastens the approach of those we love or speeds the parting hour.

Again we waited long, long ages for the sound of the rescuer's return. Hope yet told a flattering tale, but it was whispered into unlistening ears. Faith lent its cheering assurance, yet our hearts throbbed with the uncertainty of its prophecies. We had faith in our guide, and hoped that he would succeed in reaching the boat. Yet doubt whispered: He is only a chattel; he does not even own his wife and children, or himself; nothing but life and its sensual enjoyments; why, then, should he risk that for us, to whom he owed nothing but the fetters which we had helped to force, by sustaining the laws that made him a slave?

Another half hour passed, and doubt and fear had almost silenced both hope and faith. Reason as we would, it did not lessen the dangers that surrounded us, for our reason might be in fault, and our faith a broken staff. Oh, what would we have given for the faintest of demonstrative evidence? The rap or sound of a distant falling oar would have turned our agony of uncertainty into the very exuberance of joy, for we would have known that there was an intelligence directing the falling oar, and that design accompanied that intelligence. Swiftly the encroaching waters crept up the bank toward us, and as each succeeding wave came further and further up the floor of our living grave, two of our party became almost frantic with fear. Hope had lost its consoling power, while faith no longer cheered us with its uncertain support; when, suddenly in the distance and the darkness, to our right, we saw a feeble ray of light. Soon we heard the sound of oars. The light grew stronger, the sound louder. What cared we for hope and faith—here was demonstrative evidence. A light kindled by intelligence in the gloom of the cavern, a sound whose measured cadence needed not hope and faith to convince us that it was the result of an intelligent action, informed us that we were saved, and we were not more certain when, a few moments after, the boat, guided by old Mat, emerged from the surrounding gloom, than we were a few moments before, when a ray of light and the sound of an oar falling in the water, told us with unerring truth that all danger was past, and that soon we would safely reach the "other shore."

We greeted our trusty guide with a shout of welcome. When he had moored the boat near us, and proceeded to light our extinguished lamps, he said: "I saw dis wicked water was risin' very fast, and was afraid it would be so high that I could not get under 'hanging rock,' and 't was a tight squeeze; an' I was afraid you would be drowned, but I hoped for de bes'. But now, bless God! I knows you's all right, and dis ole dardy is happy. An' we'll get home to late supper anyhow."

And we did; but the scenes of that awful hour and a half when we sat in the gloomy cave, uncertain whether life or death awaited us, have come to me in my sleep like a horrible nightmare; and since then I have had no difficulty in determining the difference in effect on the human mind between hope and faith and the certainty of demonstration.

How like the story of the cave is the drama of life! The race of man is standing on the very brink of the Stygian river, environed by the impregnable walls of one common doom. In front is the dark stream that bounds the limit of human life. Day by day we see its waters approach nearer and nearer. Certain as fate, and remorseless as its decrees, it slowly creeps up the treacherous sands on which we stand. Daily by our side it reaches those dear to us. Uncounted millions of the past have been engulfed by its ceaseless flood. We know that we cannot escape from its deadly embrace. Beyond the river all is enshrouded in an impenetrable gloom; a dread and dreary uncertainty, through which neither hope nor faith can penetrate, envelopes all the country of the dead.

We see the finite effects, but not the infinite cause that preceded them, and truly has it been said that "the mysteries of life are before the cradle, and not beyond the grave." For evidence of what occurred in the distant past we must depend upon history and revered tradition; for what is occurring at the present time we depend upon the testimony of living witnesses. Of those who believe in the so-called inspired narrations of the Bible, let me ask, is it true that when Abraham sat in the door of his tent on the plains of Mamre, three materialized spirit forms appeared to him, and that he conversed with them, and gave them food, which they ate? Is it true that two angels came to Lot when he sat at the gate of Sodom? Did Job tell the truth when he said: "A spirit passed before my face?" Did Ezekiel and Isaiah talk with departed spirits? Did Saul converse with his old friend Samuel in the presence of the mediumistic woman of Endor? And in later times, when John baptized the Savior in Jordan, is it true that he saw a spirit descending like a dove, and lighting upon him? And did he hear the approving voice, as narrated by St. Matthew? After the Nazarene was tempted on the mountain, did the angels come and minister unto him, as related by the same apostle? When Peter went to Jerusalem, and narrated what he saw at Joppa, while in a trance, is it true that the spirit bade him go with the six brethren, and that they entered into a man's house who showed them how he had seen an angel? Did Paul and the shepherds talk with the spirits in the air? Are the hundreds of incidents of spirit-communication narrated in the Scripture true, or are they idle tales of the ignorant past?—By special permission, from the New York Recorder.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

In Memory.

MRS. ELLEN L. ANNIS passed to spirit-life from her late residence in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1895, at

"In the Sanctuary."

On his arrival in London he was accosted at the station by a singularly intelligent and prepossessing young man (Ralph, by name), who showed him to a carriage, in which he was conducted to a stately mansion in one of the older quarters of the city, where he soon found himself face to face with a singularly venerable and impressive man who proved to be a

The startling episode around which the chief dramatic interest circles, is the recovery of some wonderful Egyptian papyri placed in the Vatican library many centuries ago by Balihazar, the Magus of Egypt and which have for long been useless to the papacy.

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M.O. Edison, Pres.

Second Society—"Progressive Spiritual Church"—meets every Sunday, 7½ P.M., at the Temple, 628 G Street N.W., opposite Pension Office. Mrs. J. D. Compton, Pres.

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Biographic Memorial

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, poet
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 1837 a household word among the Spiritualists of the world, can find it in this new work.

The chapters are titled respectively:

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 DIS-
PENSATION, who are reaping in joy what
their forbears 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 ded-
icated.

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

For sale at 75 cents per copy, postage free, at the **BANNER OF LIGHT BOOK STORE**, 9 Bowditch street, Boston.