

SPIRITUALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

MOTHER WEPT.

[A poem of the English Coaleries, by a miner.]

Mother wept, and father sighed;
With delight aglow
Oried the lad, "To-morrow," cried,
"To the pit I go."
Up and down the place he sped—
Greeted old and young;
Far and wide the tidings spread,
Clapt his hands and sung.
Came his cronies; some to gaze
Wrapt in wonder; some
Free with counsel; some with praise;
Some with envy dumb.
"May be," many a gossip cried,
"Be from peril kept."
Father hid his face and sighed,
Mother turned and wept.
—Joseph Skipsey, in *Two Worlds*, Manchester, Eng.

Spiritualism Commemorating Itself.

ARNEWOOD TOWERS.

THE engraving placed before our readers is that of a structure at LYMINGTON, HANTS, ENGLAND, erected by a wealthy gentleman, A. T. T. P., known to English Spiritualists as "the Recorder of Controls," from the fact that he for years held private sances with W. L., a remarkable sensitive, and recorded and published a large number of communications on the most varied themes received through his mediumship.

The Tower is built on the grounds of the country-seat of A. T. T. P. In June, 1880, Sir Christopher Wren, being the control of the medium, gave an account of his personal history, work and times, at the close of which he said to the Recorder: "There is in your mind a desire to build a monument to commemorate the development of Spiritualism."

"Yes," replied A. T. T. P., "I have had a passing thought of the kind, but have not yet taken it to heart sufficiently to carry it into execution."

"What did you think of doing?"
"I thought of a Campanile tower."
"To what height did you think of going?"
"I thought of going to about one hundred and eighty feet."

"What is the base you propose giving it?"
"Eighteen feet square."

"Do you think that sufficient base to be safe?" asked the spirit.

"I thought," replied A. T. T. P., "that a height of ten diameters to the base would be a very good proportion."

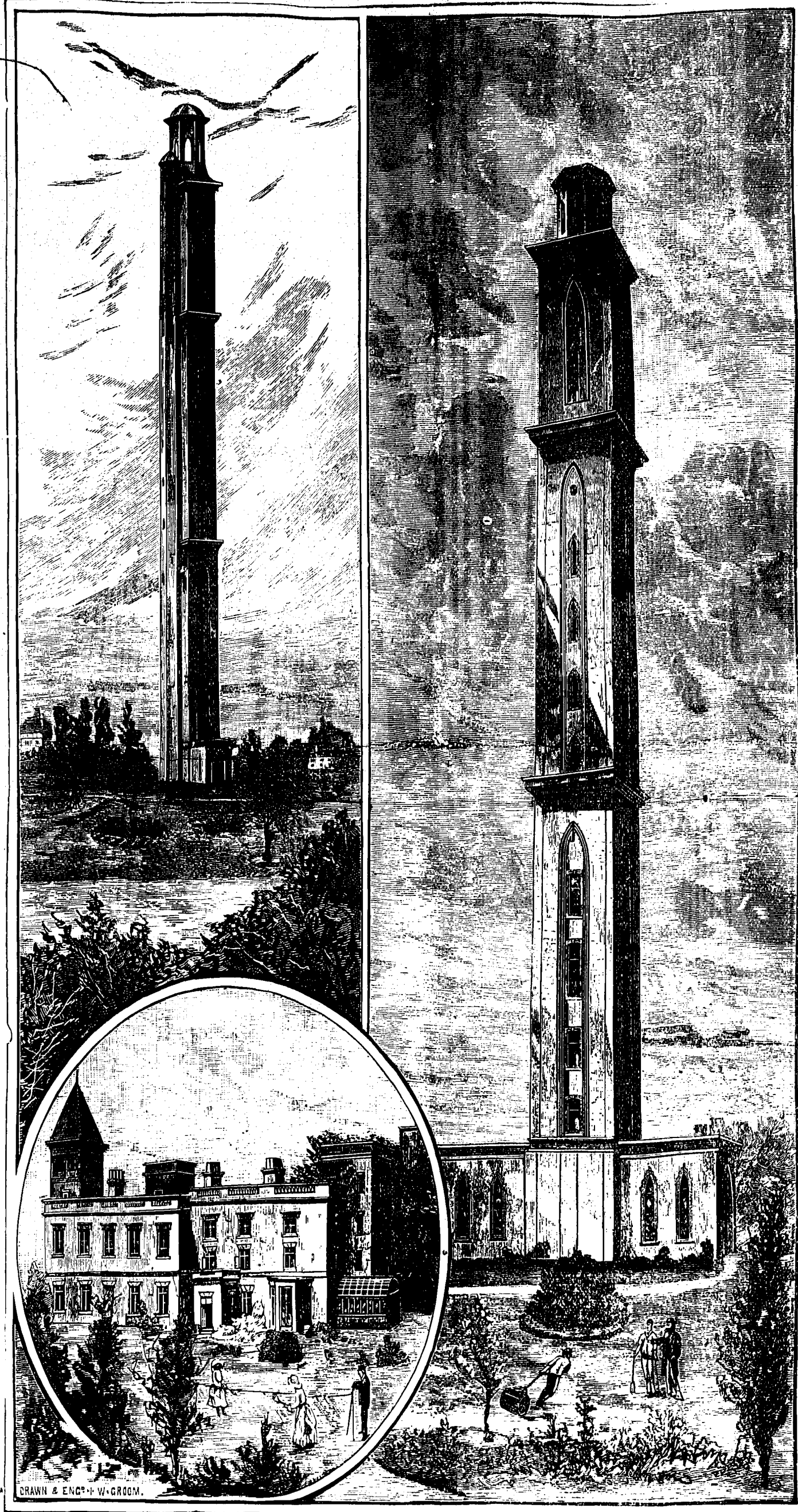
"If you have not dug out the foundation," remarked the spirit, "you had better make it twenty-four feet."

A. T. T. P. thought it over, and commenced the work in August, 1880. A cavity of six and a half feet deep was first dug out, down to the ferruginous gravel, which afforded an excellent basis to work from. On that, a concrete foundation wall, four feet thick, was carried up to the ground level. On this was raised the first floor, nineteen feet high, on walls two feet thick. This was all that could be accomplished before winter set in, and put an end to the operations for that year.

In the following year, 1881, the Tower was carried up to eighty feet from the ground; in 1882 it reached the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Next year, 1883, the Main Tower was completed, and the Lantern was placed in position in 1884.

The Main Tower is sixteen feet square, inside measurement, and is continued to an elevation of one hundred and ninety-two feet, consisting of fifteen lofty rooms, the one above the other, each sixteen feet square, in each of which fifty people might be accommodated without inconvenience; one thousand might be in the Tower at one time without any evidence being experienced by any one that there were more than a few dozen. The wall is reduced in thickness, from the outside, as it ascends. Commencing on the ground level, where the four-foot basement terminates, the wall is two feet thick, up to nineteen feet, where the first floor occurs. From nineteen feet to eighty feet the walls are twenty-one inches thick, being a reduction of three inches. From eighty feet to one hundred and fifty feet the walls are eighteen inches thick, being a further reduction of three inches. The walls for the last forty-two feet are only fifteen inches in thickness. At each of these reductions in wall thickness, i. e., at nineteen feet, eighty feet, and one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, a cornice is thrown out all round, as shown in the engraving, which prevents the reduction in the walls being noticed by the spectator.

The floors are composed of iron girders thrown across the walls in opposite directions in alternate stories; thus the strain of the weight falls equally, and the greatest possible resistance is given to the wind. Between the girders, solid arches of concrete are constructed, rendering each floor and the surrounding walls one solid mass, and greatly increasing the strength of the structure. The floor of the Lantern, or roof of the Main Tower, one hundred and ninety-two feet from the ground, is a gridiron of nine iron girders, three heavy girders being crossed by six lighter ones, by which



ARNEWOOD TOWERS.

the weight of the Lantern Tower is thrown on all the walls equally, from whichever side the strain caused by the wind may come.

The Lantern Tower is an octagon, described in a square of twelve feet, in which, at six feet, is a floor carried on iron girders. The walls of the Lantern are carried up till the whole structure reaches an elevation of two hundred and twenty feet, terminating in a semi-circular dome, as is very well shown in the engraving.

The Staircase Tower is a hexagon, eight feet nine inches in diameter, which stands on the northern side of the Main Tower. The wall of this tower is one foot in thickness, so that the wall between the two towers is three feet thick. Both towers are in reality one solid stone, stairs and all, greatly adding to the strength of the fabric. In the centre of this hexagonal tower is a solid pillar, two feet in diameter, on which and the external wall the stairs are carried up, leading to the chambers. The stairway (entered by a door in the angle toward the western portico) is two feet four

inches wide, and the height of each step is seven inches. Every here and there in the ascent there is a broad step or landing, which constitutes one "lift" in the work of construction. This arrangement is so adapted that in all the floors above the third, every two turns of the stair lead to a doorway into an apartment. The Staircase Tower terminates with a cornice and dome, similar to the Main Tower, and the stairs ultimately pass up to the chamber in the Lantern.

Porticos, twenty-one feet by fifteen feet, and nineteen feet in height, have been added, one on the east and the other on the west side, which gives the appearance of a wider base and adds to the architectural effect. The whole fabric, with the exception of the iron girders, is composed of concrete.

At the time of its erection, the London *Medium and Daybreak* said:

"Our Spiritual Movement affords us examples of inspirational speeches, poems, music and discovery; but here we have a product as certainly traceable to spiritual sources as any of these. Nay, more so, for it is wholly origi-

nal in method of construction and special application of material. It is a product of the inspiration that is being at present poured out upon our race and country. It is *Spiritualism commemorating itself!* It is not as if some man had determined to erect a memorial of Spiritualism, but, on the other hand, the spirit-world found the man, inspired the plan, and did the work through him in its own way."

THE SPIRIT.

"Just poised for flight, its brown feet clinging yet
To the earth house, the husk that held it long;
The while its white wings tremble to forget
Their bonds, and join the liberated throng:
So is the spirit in its house of clay,
Bound to the earth, yet striving to be free—
Through birth and death, by Nature's devious way,
Seeking its unforgetten liberty."

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—Simple words, short maxims, homely truths, old sayings, are the masters of the world. Great reformations, great revolutions in society, great eras in human progress and improvement, start from good words, sound words, spoken in the fitting time, and finding their way to human hearts as easily as the birds find their homes.—*D. March.*



Some Experiences and Thoughts.

BY FLORENCE MORSE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

WHEN I received a letter from you asking me for a sketch of my life-experiences, I must confess I felt puzzled. What can I say? My life is not a very long one; it is true that I have traveled much, but I doubt if a record of my journeyings would make very interesting reading.

Several times I have been told by my various friends that my position with regard to Spiritualism is almost, if not quite, unique. Perhaps it is, for probably there are not many who have been born into and brought up in the teachings of Spiritualism. Even if a number can be found (and I hope they can) they would be, I expect, for the most part children of private people, not the children of public workers; though I think more would be found in America than in England.

Now that there are so many Lyceums in existence both in England and the United States, the number of young people who have been brought up in Spiritualism will, doubtless, rapidly increase. I am sure I hope so, for surely if Spiritualism is good enough for the parents it is good enough for the children! If it is such a hard and painful thing to outgrow the old theology, would it not be kinder to the children to spare them the trouble of wasting their time on something they will have to unlearn before their minds can receive the glorious truths of Spiritualism?

As I have already stated, I was born into Spiritualism. Some of my earliest recollections are connected with being taken to hear my father lecture; it was always interesting to me, but far beyond my power of comprehension. Always, as far back as I can remember, Spiritualism has been part of my life, and the spirits undoubted realities; as real as my father and mother, or any friends with whom I was acquainted. I never dreamed of questioning their existence, and that any one should think Spiritualism untrue, and the spirits all nonsense, was more than I was capable of understanding.

For my father's chief control, "Tien Sien Tie," I had always a feeling of reverence, not unmixed with awe; for the "Strolling Player," I had just as much respect, but in place of awe there was a friendly affection—for to his care and watchfulness I am quite sure I owe my life.

It seems to be a general idea that, being the daughter of a medium, I ought to be a medium also. I am mediumistic, but whether to a degree that renders it possible for me to hope to take a place as a public worker remains to be seen. I was born with one phase of mediumship, but oddly enough I did not know I possessed it until I was about fifteen or sixteen. My mother was telling me that when I was very small (two or three years at most) I saw and described a man whom they afterward discovered to be the "Strolling Player." I then told her that as far back as I could remember I had seen faces, sometimes full figures, whenever I closed my eyes and kept quiet a few minutes; but as my sight was weak, and, in spite of my knowledge of Spiritualism, I thought spirits would wear white, I supposed my people were the result of weak and aching eyes, so had never spoken of it. Now, of course, I know that it was clairvoyance. This precious gift almost left me for two or three years, but now, to my delight, it seems to be returning.

During my childhood I attended very few sances. Sometimes if my father and mother were sitting at a table to obtain messages or to talk with the "Strolling Player," I could stay with them if I wished, but if it was a large circle, I was excluded without being consulted, both my parents considering a sance as too exhausting to a child.

Speaking of sances reminds me that I have seen very little of the phenomena of Spiritualism, or more correctly, of the physical phenomena. It seems to me that our phenomena are the foundation stones on which the beautiful edifice of Spiritualism is built. The great advantages that Spiritualism has over Ortho-

doxy and Materialism lie in its phenomena, for while Orthodoxy asserts continued existence after death, and Materialism denies it, Spiritualism says, "I do not ask you to believe your loved ones are living still, I will and can prove it, if you will but look and listen." Without phenomena proof would have to give way to assertion, knowledge to belief, and our living, practical philosophy would become a dead, unprovable dogma, and we should be in just the same position as our Orthodox friends. Let us be sure, then, that our foundation stones are firm and true.

To me Spiritualism is not a religion, it is the religion—the one religion that meets the needs of all, for it is not only concerned with the souls of mankind after death, it is concerned with them while they are in the body; not only that, for it is concerned with the body as well. In fact, the teachings of Spiritualism are concerned with everything that conduces to the well-being of the body, mind and spirit of mankind at large, here and hereafter. Properly understood, it would make better men and women of all who take it into their daily lives—for it seems to me that if it is not taken into our daily lives, into our smallest actions, it, as far as we are concerned, is wasted. I do not mean by taking it into our daily lives that we are to be constantly holding seances, talking to our departed friends about every little trivial detail of business and pleasure. But I do think, if people only understood that every thought and action is stored up within their consciousness, to bring them joy or sorrow when they reach the other side of life, and that a large proportion of their actions and some of their thoughts are seen by their departed friends, they would be a little more careful what they thought and how they acted. Certainly if they did understand and act accordingly, the world would be a happier, pleasanter place than it is.

Spiritualism, then, is the only religion that can answer the old, old question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" in the affirmative, and prove it, thereby bringing peace, comfort and happiness to all the anxious, doubting and sorrowing ones of earth; for to the sorrowing it says: "Look up; death is not the end of all; those whom you have loved and lost are living still; they can come back to you and tell you of that bright land beyond where they dwell, and where you, too, when the 'bright angel' calls, will live side by side with them, ever nearing, as you tread progression's path, that grand source of life whom we call Father—God!"

Florence House, 26 Osunburgh Street,
Euston Road, London, N. W.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS have grown rapidly in England during these last thirteen years. In April, 1882, there were only two, now there are eighty six, of which seventy five are in the Union. The work grew apace, Conferences were held annually, and ultimately it was decided to federate for mutual assistance, as there was no suitable literature, and no hopes of any until the movement, by united effort, was in a position to publish its own.

The British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union was formed in 1890, and has continued to do a great and important work ever since, increasing its sphere of usefulness year by year as its means allowed, by uniting the Lyceums in more fraternal bands, and promoting greater harmony in their management, lending a helping hand to all in need. It aspires to publish suitable books adapted to the Lyceum work, and keep in stock all Lyceum requisites. It has already published one book, *Outlines of Spiritualism*, which is a revision of *Spiritualism for the Young*. It has also published a declaration of Lyceum principles in the form of handbills, and on large sheets printed in red and blue with rustic border, which makes it quite artistic. Two of these sheets and a packet of the former have been sent to each Lyceum, and are sent to new ones as they are formed, with a request that the sheets be framed and hung on the Lyceum walls in conspicuous positions for visitors and parents to read; the bills to be distributed among parents and friends of progress. These have been productive of much good in winning support in the form of scholars and workers.

The Union also provides, through its secretary, full information on the working of the Lyceums, what books are necessary, and where the same may be obtained, which new Lyceums find very convenient. The counties in England in which Spiritualism has obtained a footing have been arranged into Districts, and District visitors appointed whose duties are to watch the growing interests of Lyceums, and render all the help in their power to those in need; rally the faltering and strengthen the weak, and also assist in the formation of new Lyceums, interviewing societies for that purpose. *All assistance rendered free of charge*; the Union generously undertaking to defray traveling expenses.

Appeals are made through the *Two Worlds* at intervals to societies to form Lyceums, and full lists of the districts, with the addresses of their respective visitors, are added. The various speakers are also appealed to by circulars to draw attention to the importance of training our children aright, instead of sending them to orthodox Sunday schools to be taught that which we know to be untrue and misleading, and advocate the formation of Lyceums where none exist, and the strengthening of those that are formed. We mean to continue our pleadings until all societies recognize their duties to the young.

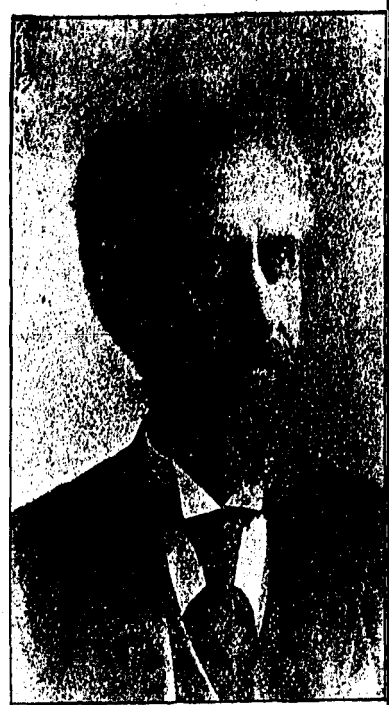
The movement received a great impetus when Mr. H. A. Kersey published his *Lyceum Manual* in 1887, which is now running through its fourth edition, and of which upwards of nine thousand copies have been sold. This was followed by the *Spiritual Songster*, containing the music in both notations for all the songs, hymns, etc., etc., of the former. These are sold at cost price to Lyceums in the Union, and at trade prices to all others. This is the only difference the Union makes in its treatment of non-federated Lyceums.

The Lyceum is being recognized by all intelligent speakers as the future hope of Spiritualism here—a recognition I hope soon to see shared by brother and sister Spiritualists in the United States of America, which is the land of its birth.

ALFRED KITSON, Hon. Sec'y.
2, Royd street, Bromley Road,
Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury,
Yorks, England.

P. S.—The *Lyceum Banner* is doing a good work for Lyceum members and officers, and is eagerly waited for each month by both young and old.

RECOLLECTIONS OF Prominent English Spiritualists.



BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

No. 1.—JAMES BURNS.

LOOKING back over the flight of days to the spiritual workers of England as they stood forth in rank and file fifteen years ago, I have to note with a melancholy sigh that some of the veterans of the Cause have laid down their arms and gone on their everlasting cruise.

Death has thinned the ranks. Many a name once prominent is not seen now in the contemporary literature of Spiritualism. The busy hand and brain have gone to eternal rest, and the soul, fired by inspiration, has risen to fairer regions and to grander work. I cannot know these spirits just as they are in their merit and splendor; I can only think of them as they were in the past—men and women doing their duty here as they understood it and expressed it, with that full right which belongs to every man to do and work as seemeth best and most laudable to him with that measure of light and intuition that comes to him under his circumstances—battling in the dawn and fog of inexperience and ignorance. In every life there is much for justice to condone and generosity to shield, for he who looks on an event when it is past, sees it very differently from him who is laboring for its bringing forth. The onlooker at the playing of a game asserts a claim to knowledge and capacity to play the critic and stand in judgment on the players—often to the chagrin of the poor player, whose head and heart are muddled and broken by unkind criticisms and foolish judgments passed. The idle bystander is the gossip, and not the true historian of human events and personal merit.

There is a prevalent weakness in human character, too often seen, to loudly applaud those who are speaking our own sentiments, and to decry the value and character of those interested in the furtherance of systems of thought and policy with which we do not agree. It is difficult to be just to an antagonist.

In this brief retrospect I shall try to be fair and just; I will try to see the men and women standing in the light and shadow of their work and time.

In turning to my native land for a theme, it is not because in my adopted country there are no subjects, but it is because I want to review a section of the past in which my spiritual ambition was kindled. If I praise my native land, it is not to be offensive to him who was born in another country; his country ought to be to him what my country is to me.

Every son thinks his mother the best woman in the world, but this is no reason why all the other mothers should be offended at his praises; so if I indulge in affectionate exaggeration of my native land, it is not to offend another's patriotism, but to please the dictates of a heart that learned to beat on the throbbing bosom of another land.

Fair England! Noble England! The home of liberty! The hero! The cradle of genius and of science! The hero, the mechanic, the merchant and the statesman have made thy name and power felt in the intellect and heart of every other land. Thy gallant ships have crossed the oceans of the world. All hail! fair Albion! Thy shores are gilded with the labor and intelligence of thy people. Thine enterprise is the greatest wonder of the world. Thy men of genius make us think of Grecian glory. Thy darling Shakespeare shines above in splendor in the sky of poetic genius. Thou sea-girt Isle! Thou art the prolific source of sons and daughters who have gone out into the darkest geographical regions of the world to carry the wealth of thy bravery and intelligence. As the great civilizer of the human race, go on, until the whole of the population of the earth shall enjoy the treasures of knowledge locked up in thee, and the liberty created by thy philosophers and philanthropists is enjoyed by all in every land.

Every land has its heroes and its great men. They are the personified types of the nation's spirit. So, every cause has its personified types who speak its spirit. In running down



JAMES BURNS.

(Passed to the Higher Life Dec. 30, 1894, aged 60 years.)

the prominent names in English Spiritualism, my eyes linger on the name of JAMES BURNS! I will speak of him first, because he has passed on, and also because he was the first man who spoke invitingly and persuasively to me of Spiritualism.

It was in the springtime of 1880, if I recollect correctly. I was deeply interested in his work as a student of phrenology and human nature. He paid my home a visit to talk with me about the financial condition of his magazine, "*Human Nature*."

JAMES BURNS was born in Scotland about sixty years ago. He was an intense lover of nature. Flowers and gardens moved his soul to joy. His earlier years were devoted to gardening, but he early discovered a love of learning and literature. The Temperance Cause enthused him, and also Dietetic Reform. He was truly a reformer and radical in every sense of the term. I will call him a strong personality, endowed with stalwart courage and deep conviction.

I last saw him in 1881 in London. I shall not forget that visit to him. We went together to Kew Gardens, Kingston-on-Thames, Bushey Park and Hampton Court Palace. Amid these hoary scenes of aristocracy and royalty, we talked of the democracy of Spiritualism. Under the old chestnut trees of Bushey Park he frisked and gambled like a boy let out from school; but when he gazed on the cultivated landscape, the time-stained palace or the venerable pictures in the gallery, or the old tapestries on the dining-hall of Cardinal Wolsey, all the same his eye was constantly turned to the columns of the *Medium and Daybreak*, his spiritual paper. It was the centre and circumference of his constant thought; his fiery brain was continually active to find material to fill its interesting pages. When he told a story it was an interjection. His mind promptly turned back to the next editorial; it was forming an idea or rounding a period. The world was secondary in his thought—a man dominated by his love of the work he had to do. He was dominated, too, by a radical love of freedom and independence for inspiration. He was afraid of all forms of spiritual organization, lest they might form a belt around inspiration and kill it. He exalted his work into a spiritual one, and saw danger in imitating the methods and forms of the churches.

He regarded a priesthood in Spiritualism as the direct calamity that could befall it. He despised sensationalism in Spiritualism. It must be admitted that "the showman" in Spiritualism has been its greatest curse—both in Europe and America.

He was a devout friend of honest mediumship. Trustful to the verge of danger, he was not on the eager hunt for fraud, and did not run in a hurry to make the rent in a medium's cloak the bigger from any admitted fault. His impetuous nervous temperament made him ever ready to fight the enemy of Spiritualism. He was a combative man.

His mind was touched with a strong hereditary bias peculiar to that old Scottish intellect. He was as bold as Bruce, as determined as Wallace, and as rational as Carlyle. He loved the occult, he read the Bible for its style and its secret meaning, and failed lamentably in logical adherence to the purely scientific method.

Probably the best word for describing his speculative opinions is Pantheism.

His opinions relating to the constitution of man came through L. N. Fowler from the immortal fountain-head of real phrenology, and George Combe, the Scotchman, never to be forgotten while man retains a love of knowledge and rational thinking.

He had great capacity to read character by the light of phrenology.

In personal appearance he was rather tall, and of an average chest measurement. His face was strictly Scotch in character; he wore a Scotch cap with a ribbon streaming behind, and in winter time he could be seen upon the streets with a Scotch plaid upon his shoulder.

His manner of writing was inspirational, and at unseasonable times he would rush to his study at the top of the house to jot down a thought.

It is claimed by some that he was a poor financier; but he had a herculean task to run a paper that did not pay, and that fought for a hearing for the Cause of Spiritualism when that Cause had few powerful friends in England. I fear that he has been subject to a malignant criticism largely unmerited, and ought to have had commendation, when, on the contrary, he often received censure.

It must be a serious regret to all Spiritualists that his paper had to be discontinued after his translation to higher realms, for it was a messenger of light to thousands of minds looking with eager eye for those beloved ones lost to the material sense, but living in splendid reality on the frontiers of mortal life. From time to time the pages of *The Medium* recorded the best thoughts of the best writers on the philosophy of Spiritualism. Its pages glowed with the great orations of Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, in the early days of her inspirational vigor, of J. J. MORSE, in the dawn of his great trance illumination, and a hundred others who were touched by the fiery tongue of spiritual eloquence and thought. Let Spiritualists learn a lesson from the fretted life of Mr. BURNS—that able pioneer of Spiritualism—to sustain the spiritual press with copious generosity. At this time in this country the dear old BANNER needs the help of every one to keep its graceful folds steadily floating on the breeze.

[To be continued.]

Singular Effect of a Thunder-Storm.

During the thunder-storm that swept over Liege on the 10th of June, says *Le Messager*, the lightning, after having struck a wall in the street Basse-Chaussée, the materials of which it hurled in all directions, lifted a part of this wall weighing more than twelve hundred pounds, as if it were as light as a feather, and carried it to a neighboring wall, and there deposited it, to the astonishment of all the persons who had witnessed the extraordinary phenomenon.

ARE THE MATERIALIZED CHURCHES—the confirmed believers who disbelieve—going to revive faith in the invisible world and in the existence of the future state? I can only conceive of one way in which this can be done on any scale commensurate to the extent of the malady. The invisibles must manifest themselves; the persistence of the individual after death has destroyed his body must be demonstrated as a matter of scientific knowledge. In other words, the future of religion may largely depend upon the success of the exploration of the Borderland.—W. T. Stead, in *Dorland*.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will Conductors of Lyceums throughout the United States send to this Department an outline of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger Groups?

THE BOY'S BRIGADE.

Youthful soldiers, pressing forward
In the battlefield of life,
Let the motto, "Onward—upward!"
Be your watchword in the strife.
"Look aloft," for strength and guidance,
Never swerve from duty stern;
Even though dangers seem to threaten,
Never from your leader turn.
In temptation's fiery conflict
Dare to be a Daniel! true;
Moral courage show in purpose,
Word and action "through and through."
Christian manliness the object,
Discipline a constant aim,
Reverence, self-respect and honor:
These the "Boy's Brigade" would claim.
And when closed the conflict weary,
When the roll call rings out clear,
May the "Boy's Brigade" send answer,
Through heaven's portals—"All are here."
—Mrs. J. H. Ferland, in *Boy's Brigade Courier*.

The Little Sister's Dream.

Little Willie was gone. The beautiful child, the darling precious baby! He was gone—and his mother could not be comforted. For he was her youngest and her dearest; she loved the other two, but Willie was so merry, so active, and, above all, so affectionate, that he had been, during three years of his little life, the darling pet of the household.

How hard it was to see the light go out in those beautiful eyes! How hard to place the perfectly molded hands together and know that they would never stir again—never more be clasped around her neck while the sweet lips sought hers for a kiss! How hard to see her baby lying in that little coffin, and know that she could never take him in her arms again.

The mother had borne all this, and now she sat beside him awaiting the hour of the funeral, outwardly calm, but inwardly full of repining and bitter grief.

Her tears fell fast, and her little daughter Minnie, who had come silently in, knelt at her side and wept with her.

But Minnie was quite worn out with crying, and soon fell asleep with her head in her mother's lap. The mother sat still looking at her little boy in the coffin, and grieved about his loss until she began to feel that God was cruel, when little Minnie awakened with a start.

The child's face was all flushed and radiant, she looked up at her mother with a beaming smile, and her eyes shone as she exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, I have had such a lovely dream about Willie!"

"About Willie?" asked her mother in surprise.
"Yes, mother, all about Willie in heaven. I must tell you, it was so beautiful! I don't know where I went to see it, but I thought I saw a beautiful gate, all shining and bright, as though it was made of gold and diamonds, only far more brilliant. This gate was the entrance to a garden, and if there was a fence round the garden, it was so hidden by trees and bushes and flowers, that it could not be seen."

But oh! the garden was lovely. Flowers and children—everywhere flowers and children! Children running about by themselves, children dancing together, children sitting in circles on the grass! White lambs were there too, among the children, eating the grass beside them, and doves—such delicate, gentle, white doves—going about in pairs among the children, cooing and bowing their pretty heads as they always do when they walk, and nestling in the children's laps and on their shoulders; and then, every now and then, a lot of lovely flowers—the children would lie down and roll on them, and they were never hurt, but seemed to keep springing up and growing and blossoming all the time, and never dying. There were people walking about there—quiet, peaceful, happy looking people—many of them singing sweet songs. Beautiful angels were there, watching over the children, and teaching them everything good. In the distance were fountains of water springing up in the light, and more groups of happy children with the lambs and doves, and more holy people and blessed angels; and further on was a beautiful river, so clear and bright and shining, while on its banks was a palace. Oh! mamma, I never can describe that to you, it was so splendid; you must wait until you go there and see it yourself."

Then suddenly I seemed to see a little child standing outside the gate, and when I looked, it was our own Willie! Just as he looked in life, only so much more lovely. He wore a simple little white gown, and his golden curls hung round his face, and his blue eyes were so bright! Oh! I wished to take him in my arms and kiss him; but I could not, I could only look.

Then he raised his little hand and tapped at the gate so softly, but the angels heard it, and they opened the gate and took him in their arms and carried him in. The gate was shut again, but I could look through and see how one angel carried him in her arms and sat him down on a little bank in the midst of a group of children, telling them that this was a new playmate, named Willie, just come from earth to heaven.

The children all gathered about him with kisses and caresses, and they filled his lap full of beautiful flowers, and made him a crown of white lily buds, and some of them brought a little white lamb with a garland of roses round his neck, and others put a pair of young doves in his arms; and he sat there looking so happy; and his large eyes beamed with a wonderful light; he looked as he used to here when he heard music, only far more pleased, and his golden curls seemed to shine all round his head.

Then the children began to sing a song of welcome, and the angels joined them, and all the groups of children and people and angels joined in the song, until it swelled and rang through the whole garden.

Then out from that beautiful mansion came one who loves little children so well, because he once was a little child himself. He came—oh! if you could only see him as I saw him! I never can describe him; but he was as much more glorious and beautiful and tender and loving than the very loveliest angel there as our dear Willie was more beautiful than the homeliest little child you ever saw.

When he came to where Willie sat, he took him in his arms, pressed him close to his heart, kissed his forehead and said:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then all the angels and the little children sang for joy, and I awoke, leaving him there. Dear mother, we never can be sad any more, now that we know what a lovely place Willie is in. To think that he will always be so happy, so beautiful, so free from sickness and pain. Oh! I think I shall never cry again!" and little Minnie threw her arms about her mother and kissed her, and then went off to find her little brother Johnny and tell him her beautiful dream.

There was one smiling, happy face at the funeral, for the little sister was thinking of her vision. The mother, too, looked calm, and when she saw, as the days went by, what efforts Minnie and Johnny were making to be good, that when they died they might join their little brother in heaven, she, too, was comforted at last.—*Ind.*

Waltham, Mass.

E. J. Kimball writes: Last March Mrs. H. M. Corey took up a collection for the foundation of a Lyceum here, and largely through her instrumentalities has the success of the same been due. We started with twelve scholars;

now in less than eleven months we have thirty-two children and twenty-two adults.

To-day the session was particularly interesting and instructive, composed of the regular routine of the Lyceum, with recitations by Misses Stone, Jennie and Alice Kimball, Flossie Corey (Tribby), three and a half years old, Irene Hemingway and Jessie Doe, a remarkably sweet little speaker; piano solos by Misses Grace and Ethel Corey, and Master Carl Safford; a poem read and remarks by the Lyceum's benefactor, Mr. James Cooleedge of Waltham, who has assisted us both by word and deed; a solo by Mr. H. M. Corey, which was finely rendered; remarks by Mr. Spaulding of the Marlboro Lyceum, Mr. Todd of Boston, and exercises of the mediumship of the Guardian and assistant, Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Kimball.

We are always pleased to see any and all who may desire to give us a call. The latch-string is always out at Smyth's Hall, Spring street. Lyceum begins at 11 A. M.

[The Waltham Spiritual Union holds meetings Sunday evenings at the above hall. Ladies' Circle Wednesday afternoons at 2½ o'clock. All are welcome.]

"Motherhood."

BY ED. S. VARNEY.

We speak in praise of a promising manhood, of a sweet young womanhood; and it is well. The contemplation of worthy traits, of virtuous attributes, ennobles the nature. But greater, grander, deeper-toned than all else, is the peerless glory of motherhood. Down into the valley of the shadow of death—often paying the forfeit—the mother goes, to bring forth the men and the women who are to shape the future.

Around the name of mother cluster the most precious sentiments, the sweetest memories of which the soul, in its divinest moods, is capable.

In infancy our shield and protector, in childhood our guide, in youth our counselor, the mother of the household is entwined around the heart's deepest and holiest affections. And even in maturer life, when, instead of her supporting us, as in the old days of loving dependency, it is we who now care for her, the grace of her dear presence sheds about our daily living a charm and a halo not of earth.

And when the shadows of age lengthen we speak with softer voice and walk with a gentler tread of the feet.

And when the final sleep of earth doth come—that gentle slumber which is but a radiant bridge upon which the soul crosses to the Eternal Morn of brightness, of rest and of joy—how the mind, with tender and sacred reverence, reverts to the old-time memories of mother love and devotion, now glorified by the chastening hand of sorrow!

Haverhill, Mass.

Alice M. Perkins, Sec'y, writes: "A special meeting was called Jan. 1 for the purpose of organizing a Progressive Lyceum under the auspices of the Haverhill Spiritual Union. There was a good attendance. Twenty-six names were enrolled."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Conductor, Otto Henckler; Assistant Con., Arthur Perkins; Guardian, Hattie Webber; Asst. Guardian, Hattie E. Jones; Sec'y, Alice M. Perkins; Treasurer, Della L. Pierce. There are many good workers in the society, and they are determined to make the Lyceum a success."

The Lyceum.

Workers in the Lyceum cause should be recognized as men and women with a purpose, a lofty ideal, as engaged in one of the grandest works to which Spiritualism has ever put its hand, that is, the supreme importance of caring for the education of children.—*Alonso Danforth*.

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 10, 11, 3, 13 is a division of time.
My 6, 8, 9 is a tree.
My 2, 1, 13, 13, 10 is a nickname.
My 4, 8, 12, 13 is a kind of fruit.
My 11, 3, 13 is an organ very necessary to our enjoyment.
My 5, 8, 7 is one of the means for communicating with the absent.
My whole is a passing compliment, which the Editor will please accept from a contributor.

Unlike most proprietary medicines, the formulae of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and other preparations are cheerfully sent to any physician who applies for them. Hence the special favor accorded these well-known standard remedies by the World's Fair Commissioners.

Florida Camp-Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Southern Cassadaga Camp-Meeting, near Lake Helen, Fla., opens Feb. 9, and closes March 15.

Lake Helen is a station on the A. and W. Branch of the "Florida East Coast" Railroad, one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Jacksonville. This road runs from New Smyrna, and connects with the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railroad at Orange City Junction, thus giving a choice of routes from Jacksonville to Lake Helen.

Mr. C. H. Gregory is now in charge of the hotel, and will furnish board and room from \$6.50 to \$9 per week; prices somewhat less before the opening of the meeting, and after.

Mr. Gregory will also conduct a restaurant, where tea, coffee and a variety of dishes will be served at the low rate of five cents each.

Parties desiring to board themselves can obtain furnished rooms in the vicinity of the camp at reasonable rates. Tenting privileges free.

George P. Colby will be present during the entire meeting as Chairman and speaker.

H. D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, is expected for the first two weeks; W. J. Colville is engaged for two weeks in March. Carrie E. S. Twing is to be with us during the entire session, except first Sunday. Other interesting speakers are expected.

O. L. Concanon, materializing medium, is engaged for the season. Mrs. Concanon will give platform tests and trance sittings. Negotiations are pending with the noted slate-writer P. L. O. A. Keeler, and other celebrated mediums. The camp will not be lacking in various phases of mediumistic talent of a high order. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

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Further inquiries should be addressed to Emma J. Huff, Cor. Sec'y.

Come up and subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Remember you have a standing invitation!

Value of Spirit-Messages.

Our Duty with Regard to Acting upon Information Given, Advice Offered, or Requests Made in Spirit-Messages.

A Paper Read by MR. J. J. MORSE, At a Conference of Spiritualists, Held in the Portman Rooms, London.

THE wide variety of experiences, incidents, and facts entering into the make-up of what is generally described as Spiritualism requires careful handling, and a nice discrimination, if one is to enter upon the subject understandingly, and emerge from its investigation with fixed convictions and a final satisfaction. Out of our present somewhat conglomerate condition there will eventually be formed a compact and systematic whole, comprising a science and a philosophy, which, jointly, shall remodel our religious, social and ethical standards, in accord with the immutable laws of existence on the one side, and the ever expanding necessities of our natures upon the other. Our phenomena will take up the subtler side of science, adding fields, hitherto undreamed of, to our already great conquests in the realms of nature. Our communion with the great world of arisen humanity will solve, where it does not entirely recast, old problems in life, sin, virtue, religion, and conduct; while in the department of mediumship a region of discovery is suggested that may help to unfold more and more of the hidden nature of man, upon the lines, too, of nature, experience, and common sense, rather than in the direction of the fanciful revivals of a mysticism born of Eastern musings in an age that has passed, by a race that lives to-day because of the sturdier thought which the Western mind has imparted to its life. But whether we be old and seasoned Spiritualists or neophytes newly come to the gates, the question of this paper comes home to us all as a personal and practical matter: a human interest belongs to it. There comes with it a more or less defined conception that the solidarity of human life and love and their associations are undestroyed by death, and that a human interest animates the people of the spirit world, holds them—for a time at least—in sympathy with us, and so softens the hardness of separation, and dulls the keen edge of grief; preaching not only the immortality of the soul but the continuance after death of those graces that made it at once loving and lovable, human and divine. Eminently suggestive as is the topic, the writer feels all too acutely his inability to do it the justice it deserves. It is a momentous topic—the very keystone in fact of our claims concerning spirit communion as a means of help, guidance, and instruction for humanity. Virtually, my topic involves the reliability and value of spirit-messages.

I take it for granted that you are agreed with me that messages are received from the world of spirits: else is the corner stone of our temple rejected. But, I also take it, that we are not all agreed that all messages said to come from the world of spirits do emanate therefrom. Consequently, one of the purposes of this paper might well be an attempt to differentiate those messages which are palpably spiritual from those which are, either clearly or obscurely, human in their origin. But the limits of my time do not permit me to deal with this aspect of the matter. As students we expect difficulties and uncertainties. We have not yet entirely passed the experimental in observation, or the tentative in opinion. Another point that will arise is the methods by which messages are received from spirits, and the agencies employed therein; while the characters of the communicants must needs be dealt with as well. For, in this last named matter the questions of advice and information are largely concerned. In mapping out my purpose it will be necessary to place my particular points under definite heads, and group around each head, when dealing with it, the various, but related, subdivisions. My heads, then, are:

First, The subject: Spirit messages. Secondly, The source of such messages. Thirdly, The methods by which messages are conveyed. Fourthly, The nature of the messages, and Lastly, The value of the messages. The foregoing five points represent the main elements of the problem before us. Let us take them in their order as stated.

For forty-seven years past, in all civilized countries, people have asserted that the spirits of the dead have revisited this world—I am confining myself to the modern movement—and that these spirits were, in their mortal lives, of every degree of relationship and grade of friendship that exist among us, and bind us together in the social fabric. It is asserted that these visitants from the unseen have communicated with mortals in well-nigh every living tongue, in innumerable dialects, in various "dead" languages; that the subject-matter of their communications has been infinitely various, and has embraced every topic dear to human life, thought, action and affection; that these messages have concerned descriptions of death and the after-life, questions of history, philosophy, religion and morals. The message may be but a whispered word, a date, name or fact, of startling significance to those so addressed; or the message may expand into a set dissertation or a lengthy discourse. But whether a sentence or an oration, these utterances from the world of spirits are, by common consent, called spirit messages, of which voluminous records and books are extant throughout the world; perhaps the two most notable being a bulky volume of communications obtained by Judge Edmonds and his friend, Professor Dexter, in New York, some forty-five or so years ago; and a volume entitled "Spirit Teachings," received by Mr. W. Stanton Moses, while a third work may be named, "Essays from the Unseen," obtained by Judge A. T. T. Peterson, these works, among the best of their class, being descriptive, biographical and illustrative of life in the beyond, as lived and described by those therein. But to most of us the message personal to us and ours is, after all, the message of messages! It is in this sense, too, that mainly the term spirit message is usually restricted.

The question as to the source of these messages is a serious matter. Of course some will be inclined, a little impatiently, to say: "Why, the source is clear enough; they come from spirits in the spirit-world!" Granted; but let me ask, From what conditions of the spirit-world? And also from what class or classes of spirits? Again, do all spirit-messages come from departed spirits? Has the embodied spirit no power to act or to direct the use of his latent energies during life here? Without accepting the expedient of supposing that society in the next world is divided into two arbitrary departments—the good and the bad—as the only means of separating what some people are prone to call the wheat from the chaff, there nevertheless must exist there, as here, people of various grades of moral and spiritual development. And, as to a considerable extent, the sending to us of a message from the spirit-side is but a question of knowing how to control the means of communication; it is not improbable that in certain cases mischievous spirits, like their kind here, may occasionally play tricks upon us. Confused, confusing, irrelevant and irreverent messages are received—no sensible Spiritualist asserts otherwise—and surely it is no injustice to suggest that the source of such messages may be an undeveloped personality to whom our clearer perceptions of responsibility do not yet appeal. But I assert that the proportion of malicious and mendacious messages received from the spirit-side are a mere fraction compared with the

communications of a similar character we each of us receive every year of our lives in the way of business, social intercourse and the kind remarks of one's "good natured friends." In general, in this world, the great bulk of our messages are intelligent, consolatory, convincing, coming from persons at least as averagely good and sane as ordinary mankind, and more frequently than not breathing a kinder sentiment than pertains to us or our world. I unhesitatingly assert that messages do come to us from the spirit-world, from those whom we have mourned as dead; and bearing in mind the great truth here involved, I am willing to risk a little darkness for the sake of the great and greatly compensating light.

Nevertheless, in insisting upon spirit-messages from the spirit-world, we must not forget the fact that Thought Transference, Telepathy and our sympathies and antipathies are factors to be reckoned with; while the dominant idea of a positive mentality may exert an influence which shall produce a result that we, in our haste, anxiety or ignorance, may easily mistake. But even in such cases it is the exercise of our own latent spiritual powers which produces the result, giving us a spirit "message" from an embodied, instead of a disembodied, spirit.

We now come to "the methods by which messages are conveyed," and, consequently, to the consideration, in some small degree, of the great question of mediumship. The fact that spirits are in a condition different from this necessitates that they should find some means of coming into connection actively with us—for the time of their communication, at least. The way by which this relation is established is through the instrumentality of certain persons called mediums. Some of us like to call them psychics, but I am old fashioned enough to prefer the good old word "medium," a word under which we have won our sternly contest

then, is derogatory to mortals and spirits alike, and in a sad misuse of mediumship—at least, that is, if you agree with me in thinking that spirit-communication, mediumship and Spiritualism are somewhat higher than a drawing room craze or the fad of an hour, that may become the curse of an age if not safeguarded by all of us who look at it as a solemn question, demanding our highest thought.

As concerns the value of spirit-messages, it is difficult to set it out in cold phrases, or express it as a commercial or mathematical quantity, so tender and holy are many of the messages, so full of a subtle aroma; beautiful, in truth, "to those for whom they are intended." Many of the most intrinsically valuable, and evidently important, of these messages are rarely heard of beyond the privacy of domestic life; so it is in the quietude of home where the best results in the form of spirit-messages have been obtained. How many homes have been brightened, hearts made glad, souls illumined, we may never know. Personally, some of my own richest seasons of refreshing have been in my own home, where the sacred fires burn brightly upon the altar of domestic life. There is, however, a value in these spirit messages that must not be overlooked, a value that marks them apart from all other things of our daily, and, for many, our too dull existence. This is found in the evidence they give us that immortality is neither the pious fraud of a creed, nor the impossible hope of the emotions, but a solid, actual, veritable reality; a fact in our midst, a fact of the most transcendent importance to us all in every rank in life; the confirmation of a religious hope, the answer of a higher science, the intimation of a nobler, larger, purer life for us all. And especially, for we must not lose sight of the human interest of the question, it is the argument—may I say evidence?—for the continuance of consciousness, intellect and affection beyond the lines of our present lives; a personal, intelligent, and, let me add, progressive future for all the race. Plainly the case for the reality of messages from the world of spirits is made out, and my brief analysis of the several points assumed as the bases of my contention maintains the conclusions so far expressed.

What, then, is our duty in regard, not merely to the points enumerated in the title of this paper, but to the general question of spirit-messages, and those who bring them to us? First, I should certainly say, "Beloved, try the spirits," not in the dictatorial or inquisitorial fashion which the new inquirer or the skeptic usually affects, but in the sense of arriving at a sound assurance that the spirits are actually present, that they understand what they are doing, and that they have an instrument through whom they can, with reasonable facility and clearness, express their desires, aims or purposes. What patience in our present state of knowledge is needed to obtain the certainty referred to, those only can tell who have pursued the course suggested; but when the goal has been gained, the reward amply repays for the toil endured. Just here the precise nature of spirit-messages may call for our attention for a moment or so. Experience ranges them as referring either to business, conduct, health, or the state of departed friends, the nature of spirit-life, and interpretations of religious, ethical, scientific and philosophic questions; with, of course, in one's earlier experiences, a preponderance of matters concerning the departed, which matters are presented as evidence—or "tests"—of spirit-return. I am satisfied that many of our returning friends can teach us much of their own experiences of death and life in the world to come; can comfort us with evidences of their continued life, advise us soundly on matters of secular concern, personal duty and health. Therefore—always remembering the need of using one's own reason—I venture to assert that our duty is to listen respectfully, judge carefully, and act only upon conviction, in regard to any matter communicated to us. On the other hand, when a valued friend, or loved relative, who has been a shrewd merchant or trader, but who was signalized for no special gifts in this life, returns to earth, and prestimes to handle problems that appal the most thoughtful, makes assertions that are contradicted by ordinary experience or common knowledge, it may be my duty to listen courteously, but surely, though I accept the source of the message to be my departed friend, I am not obliged to say "amen" to nonsense, even if it comes from the other side.

If a spirit chooses to say is to be accepted as *ex-cathedra*, we should only be exchanging one form of mental slavery for another. Besides, my friend has been in the spirit-world, say, a year or so. He was densely ignorant of all spiritual truths while on earth—that is, as we Spiritualists know them. He was emotionally pious, theologically narrow, ignorant of science and philosophy; how, then, unless a miracle has been wrought, is it that he has panned the deeps and sealed the heights? Personally he is an excellent fellow, and, within his limits, safe and reliable in information or advice. But to ask or expect one's lately-departed washerwoman to discuss the differential calculus would be as stupid upon our part as, if she attempted it, it would be foolish upon her part. Therefore, our duty here is plainly, to exercise our reason, keep a level head, and "prove all things," that we "may hold fast that which is good."

To me all that pertains to Spiritualism is of a most serious nature, important above all things. It is my life's work, and has become the ruling influence of my life and home. Yet always I have essayed to steer a middle course, letting opinion wait upon experience, and striving to let reason always guide. In this paper I have avoided the introduction of illustrative cases, either in the experience of others or myself, preferring to state my case upon its merits. In my mind there is no doubt that it is the desire of every intelligent, wise and loving spirit, that we should see it our plain duty to exercise our reason at all times—not that we may condemn, or "damn with faint praise," but that we may learn to trust our unseen counselors, as a result of the confidence that arises from experience. If we expect less from the other side, use proper care and wisely apply all the spirits tell or teach us, our messages from the unseen will gain in force, utility and power.

The weightiest words that I can use in closing are these: Let us study more closely the nature of mediumship and the laws governing its development and operation. Let us study also the construction of our spiritual circles. Knowledge is power. There can be no reason why our knowledge of things spiritual should not be as certain as that which we possess of things material. We have a truth to establish and defend. We can best succeed by loyally following that truth wherever it leads, no matter what idols are shattered or altars overturned. If I am advised to do that which is unjust or wrong; if information is given me which is palpably false or grossly absurd; if advice is tendered me quite unsuited to the case—whether it come from spirit or mortal is no matter—would it not be my plain duty to reject it? On the other hand, if the information, advice or request is on the lines of right, reason and common sense, would it not be my duty to accept it? I have but one answer to both questions—Yes. If you agree with me, our opinions of our duty in the case will be identical. And such an agreement will be in accord, I venture, with the best thought to-day, of the true and good in this world and in the other.—Light, London.

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

Banner of Light.
BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.
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Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

New Trial Subscriptions!
The BANNER OF LIGHT will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to NEW TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.
This liberal offer is made in order to introduce the paper to those who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valuable and sterling contents.

While thanking 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.

A Banner Number.
Attention is called to the contents of the present issue of THE BANNER. We have given our space mainly to the views of brother and sister Spiritualists (Florence Morse, Mr. Kitson, et al.) in England, on the Lyceum and other questions; J. Clegg Wright pays a well merited tribute to the late James Burns, who so long published the Medium and Daybreak; W. J. Colville speaks choice words for the New Year; Hudson Tuttle has an Essay which all may read with profit; J. J. Morse's lecture will be found to cover many and delicate points as to spirit-communication.
The sketch published on our ninth page in re the veteran Emma Harding Britten's life and labors will prove interesting reading to new comers into the Cause.
The illustrations (and other matters not mentioned) speak for themselves.
Circulate this issue, friends, in all communities. It will do a good work.

Stop the Living Burials.
A plan for preventing further premature burials has been prepared by Col. E. P. Vollum of the Medical Department of the United States Army, and circulated by him in most of the cities in the civilized world, especially in the United States. After giving long and close attention to the subject, he became convinced that a considerable proportion of the human race had always been buried alive, for reasons expressed in the proposed plan of prevention; that these dreadful disasters were occurring with frequency at the present time, and that they would continue to take place until actual putrefaction was regarded as the only sign of death, unless an autopsy or embalming had been performed.
He speaks first, in his printed circular, of the absence of proper laws relative to the disposal of the dead in most countries, of the hastiness of burials during epidemics, of the uncertainty in the signs of death, and of the existence of certain states that very closely counterfeit the appearances of death. From these facts he fully believes there is more danger of mistaking the appearances for the reality of death, and hence of persons being buried alive, than is generally suspected. His argument states that scientific demonstrations show that even the stoppage of breathing and the pulsation of the heart for a considerable time, with all the other appearances of death, putrefaction alone being excepted, fail to make certain the death of a person, and that the suspended activity of life may not return after the body has been interred.
The plan proposed and adopted, therefore, is the forming of an association for mutual protection against such a horrible possibility. For this purpose, it is advised to exercise the closest vigilance, especially in the cases of women and children, with regard to the result of certain diseases and conditions given, it being known that they are frequently the cause of a state of seeming death that is liable to deceive the most experienced. The association further pledges its members to discourage embalming, autopsy, or burial in the list of cases given, until every possible source of doubt is removed. Besides the cases given whose results are most apt to be delusive, are all other cases of apparent death that do not show ample evidence of having passed through disease of

sufficient duration and severity to cause actual death. Any evidence is refused to be accepted as infallible except decomposition itself. Cases of alleged sudden death are questioned, unless the body has been greatly mutilated, or some vital organ has been injured.
A condition imposed by the plan is, if decomposition has not become unmistakably manifest, and autopsy or embalming has not been performed, to place in the coffin a bottle of chloroform with a leaky stopple, in order to fill it with the vapors sufficient to last a long time. And the practice is recommended to all others, as but a concession to a natural and prevalent dread of premature interments. Associations are easily formed among relatives and friends for the prevention of premature burials, or they can be engraved upon any club or other organization. Public opinion will grow from these, and reforms in burials will follow.
Dr. Alexander Wilder, as long ago as twenty-four years, Jan. 25, 1871, delivered a public address on this subject before the members of the New York Legislature, in which he took the same ground as that taken by Col. Vollum, that the appearance of decomposition is the only reliable proof that the vital energy has departed.

The Spread of Woman Suffrage.
Some discussion recently having arisen in the Boston daily press concerning the Woman Suffrage Cause and its advancement in Massachusetts and elsewhere, a correspondent of the Post—whose name will be at once recognized by the reader—gave the following hopeful data in the premises:
"Sixty years ago women could not vote anywhere. In 1845 Kentucky gave school suffrage to widows. In 1861 Kansas gave it to all women. In 1869 England gave municipal suffrage to single women and widows, and Wyoming gave full suffrage to all women. Michigan and Minnesota granted women school suffrage in 1875, Colorado in 1876, New Hampshire and Oregon in 1878, Massachusetts in 1879, and New York and Vermont in 1880. In 1881 municipal suffrage was extended to the single women and widows of Scotland. Nebraska gave school suffrage in 1883 and Wisconsin in 1885. In 1886 municipal suffrage was extended to single women and widows in New Brunswick and Ontario and school suffrage in Washington to all women. In 1887 municipal suffrage was extended to all women in Kansas, and school suffrage in North and South Dakota, Montana, Arizona and New Jersey. In 1891 school suffrage was granted in Illinois. In 1892 municipal suffrage was extended to single women and widows in the Province of Quebec. In 1893 school suffrage was granted in Connecticut and full suffrage in Colorado and New Zealand. In 1894 school suffrage was granted in Ohio, a limited municipal suffrage in Iowa, and parish and district suffrage in England to women, both married and single. In 1895 full suffrage was granted to the women of South Australia, and in 1896 full suffrage has been granted to the women of Utah.
"The course of events" seems to be fairly encouraging to the suffragists.
In Massachusetts the struggle between suffrage and anti-suffrage is like a prolonged wrestling match between an elderly man and a growing boy. The man can throw the boy at present, but a few years hence it will be the other way around.
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.
Dorchester, Mass."

The Patriarch's Query.
Him of Uz is represented as pathetically inquiring: "If a man die, shall he live again?" And every now and then this question breaks out among men. Modern Spiritualism has answered this demand for light for all who accept its teachings and revelations. The ministry labor under increasing difficulties in the treatment of this subject, for ours is an impatient age that wants facts. A distinguished divine recently declared emphatically that it was not Christ's words but his resurrection that convinced men of immortality. Then, we reply, if men are indeed convinced of it by his resurrection, why are they still asking the question and wanting facts? Does the commonly received story of Christ's resurrection fully satisfy them? It looks as if it did not. They either discredit the story altogether, or accept it in a purely materialistic way.
So that the appearances of ministering angels, which are recorded in both the Old and New Testaments, go for nothing in establishing the truth of immortality with orthodoxy. Nothing was known about it of a certainty until Christ's resurrection! If he had not risen from the grave, as the record says, bodily, men would still have been left to hope alone. But we would say, as the resurrection has hitherto been received, the body is as immortal as the spirit. Science and common sense make that impossible!

The Good Side of Selfishness.
It has been often said that everything has its good side, even evil, and hence is evil only as we incline to regard it so. An editorial article, in which occurred the phrase "Far-Sighted Selfishness," appeared not long since in the New York Tribune, and is suggestive of a good deal that does not find its way into expression. It happens to be a fact, or it is such by a universal law, that shrewd and far-sighted selfishness often comes to the same conclusion or result, so far as concerns the external course it advises men to pursue, as the divine truth itself does. It does not pay to commit crime, whether murder, burglary, forgery, theft, or any other crime. It is well established that honorable dealings with one's neighbor, and that a pure and honest outer life, reckoning the practical worth of these things in mere dollars and cents, are well worth all the sacrifice they require, if any, of those who are lovers of the world only. And a shrewd self-love goes still further, and tells one that politeness is a paying quality.

The Fight Begun.
The struggle against the odious medical law now in force in Massachusetts has been opened by "House Bill No. 201," prepared by Dr. T. A. Bland, Secretary of the American Health Club of Boston, and introduced by Representative Douglass of this Society, Jan. 17. It provides that all citizens of this State of sound mind, and not under conviction for crime, shall be, and they are, entitled to the right and privilege of selecting their own physicians, to employ the same, and to compensate them for their services.
This bill, should it become a law—which it certainly ought—repeals the medical monopoly statute of two years ago.
A trenchant letter in this direction from Dr. Bland to the Boston Herald will be found in another column.—An account of the January meeting of the American Health Club in Boston, Friday evening, Jan. 25, will appear next week. The Monopoly Law was thoroughly ventilated on that occasion.

What Our Friends Say of The Banner.
JAMES SHUMWAY, Philadelphia, Pa., writes on renewing his subscription:
"I am past my eighty years; I cannot do without THE BANNER. I think I have taken it upwards of forty years; it has always given me great pleasure to read it. I shall be long gone on, and I am fully prepared for the change. I often think of the time when I shall meet so many friends who have passed on from Philadelphia with whom I have been associated. I am the last of the family of my name; all, all gone over; and oh! how glad I shall be to meet them all; nothing but the facts and truth of Spiritualism can give us this promise."
E. N. SWINBURNE, Mezia, Tex., writes, on renewal:
"Please find my willing tribute to the best paper ever published. You have my mite of things material, and in return I receive food for the soul. I have no fears for the success of THE BANNER."
There are many admirers and readers of THE BANNER in these parts; the Cause of the angels seems really on the increase in this locality. The secular press also gives much attention to Spiritualism. I am past eighty-two years, but remain yours in the bonds of mortality and the knowledge of immortal life."
MRS. ELIAS CHELLIS, Claremont, N. H., writes, on renewing yearly subscription: "I wish I could make it \$250, but I have to count my pennies. I am rich in good wishes for your success."
MRS. IRA V. HAYES, writes from Rochester, N. Y.:
"My subscriptions for THE BANNER end with this month, so I send you five dollars to pay for two BANNERS to the end of 1896. If each one of your subscribers would pay one extra, as I do, it would be some help to you. My sincere wish is that the Banner Company will prosper."
[Our earnest thanks are returned to this kind patron; would that others would follow her generous example.—Ed.]
MRS. M. T. WARFORD, Paterson, N. J., writes pathetically, on renewal:
"I think every time I send for THE BANNER I hardly know where the money will come from next, but it comes somehow. I hope it will still continue successfully; I do not know what I should do without it. I am seventy-five years old, and do not expect to wait it much longer; but it is all the world to me—it is all the comfort I have."
To Patrons and Advertisers.
Unless all signs fail, the country (in spite of "strained conditions" between the various nations of the earth, rampant at the present time, but destined to fall away, as people reason on the benefits of arbitration in place of war) is preparing for a revival of good times and business, and a return to active prosperity. It is not wisest, then, to be in readiness for what it will surely bring? If things are to forge ahead again with greater energy than ever before, it is the wise ones who will be certain to keep up with the procession.
Hence now is the accepted time for every kind of interest and industry to come out from its shell, and display itself by advertising. A good opportunity presents itself in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, always hospitable to the wise ones who are sagacious enough to come in and avail themselves of coveted chances. The New Year just begun offers special inducements to such persons. The true way is to take time by the forelock. Those who forestall revived demands are the ones who do not know how to spell wait. Work is their word for a substitute, and they never have to wait. They are not dull because business happens to be, and when it wakes up again, as it invariably does, they are wide awake and ready.
CHARLES THEODORE RUSSELL, the war Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., the close friend of Governor Andrew, the father of several of Massachusetts' most prominent citizens (including Ex-Governor Russell), the patriot and the scholar, recently passed to higher life at his home on Brattle Street, in the University City. The editor of THE BANNER has pleasant memories of the courage and rugged honesty of this veteran statesman, displayed at various hearings on (afterward defeated) "doctors' plot" bills in the years ago when Massachusetts was yet a free State, and Mr. Russell was Chairman of the Committee before whom the matter of equity in the choice of one's remedial practitioner was discussed.
THE LYCEUM BANNER, published monthly by J. J. Morse and Miss Morse in London, issues for January an enlarged number of thirty-two pages. These are replete with choice illustrations of scenes and workers in America and England, and valuable statistics concerning the special and important cause to which as official organ of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, it is devoted. It is a valuable issue of an in-valuable worker for the young in England. The request is made this month, that during the absence of Mr. J. J. Morse in America, all communications for the Editor and Publisher may be sent to Thomas Olman Todd, 7 Winifred Terrace, Sunderland, Eng.
In a letter to Dr. T. A. Bland, enclosing his application for membership in the "American Health Club," Hon. Omer M. Kew, M. C. (himself a pronounced Spiritualist), says:
"Such courage and pluck as you display in every worthy cause is deserving of reward, on this side of life or the other. I sincerely hope that you may receive a reasonable proportion of your just dues while yet envolved in the flesh."
At the Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, will be found on sale fine pictures of Prof. F. A. Wiggins, taken by "carbonate" process, by Marceau of Indianapolis, Ind. Price, 35 cents per copy.
Lake Helen, Fla.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
A recent letter from W. J. Colville states that his engagements are such in California that if he comes to Lake Helen, as announced, he must do so at a great disadvantage, and would be obliged to return. He asks to be released from his engagement with us, which is granted, with deep disappointment, to our Association, and the many friends who were expecting him. It is not yet decided who will fill his place. All persons who are coming to the camp, should they be obliged to remain in Jacksonville over night will find it greatly to their pecuniary advantage to take the street car at the Union Depot, and go to Hotel Bristol, corner Bay and Liberty streets, where they can get a good room and accommodations as to food for a very small price. EMMA J. HUFF, Cor. Sec'y "Southern Cassadaga" Camp.



Florence Marryat.
DAUGHTER of that Capt. Marryat whose naval books yet stir the hearts of adventurous youth, has, by her outspoken and unswerving record of her own personal experiences in the domain of spiritual investigation, accomplished a great work for Spiritualism—especially on its phenomenal side—among thinking men and women in England and elsewhere. As another has said of her:
"She writes like one who has settled an important question, expecting to be believed, because she records the evidences that force, by their overwhelming logic, the truth home to her own mind. The strongest argument that can ever be presented by the modern earnest student of the demonstration of a fact, and there are many, and of a most convincing character, and are used to the best advantage when placed in the hands of so clever a writer and earnest an advocate."
In her excellent and practical volume: "There is no Death," she appreciatively explains why that work was undertaken:
"It has been strongly impressed upon me for some years past to write an account of the wonderful experiences I have passed through in my investigation of the science of Spiritualism. I will describe the scenes I have witnessed with my own eyes, and repeat the words I have heard with my own ears, leaving the deduction to be drawn from them wholly to my readers."

From this valuable volume the following extracts are made, to show its earnestness of style and importance of testimony:
"I do not think it is generally known that my father, the late Captain Marryat, was not only a believer in ghosts, but himself a ghost seer. I am delighted to be able to record this fact as an introduction to my own experiences. Perhaps the case with which such manifestations have come to me is a gift which I inherit from him; anyway I am glad he shared the belief and the power of spiritual sight with me. I do not believe my father had any 'nerves' and I think he had very little imagination. Almost all his works are founded on his personal experiences. The very reason that his books are almost as popular to-day as when they were written, is because they are true histories of their time. There is scarcely a line of fiction in them. His body was as powerful and muscular as his brain. His courage was indomitable."
"In my work, 'The Life and Letters of Captain Marryat,' I relate an anecdote of him that was entered in his private 'log,' and found amongst his papers. He had a younger brother, Samuel, to whom he was very much attached, and who died unexpectedly in England whilst my father, in command of H. M. S. Larne, was engaged the first of his voyage. His men broke out with scurvy, and he was ordered to take a vessel over to Pulu Pulu for a few weeks in order to get the sailors fresh fruit and vegetables. As my father was lying in his berth one night, anchored off the island, with the brilliant tropical moonlight making everything as bright as day, he saw the door of his cabin open, and his brother Samuel entered and walked quietly up to his side. He looked just the same as when he had parted, and uttered in a perfectly distinct voice, 'Fred! I have come to tell you that I am dead!' When the figure entered the cabin my father jumped up in his berth, thinking it was over the coming of his brother. He saw the form and at first he was so startled that he could not speak. He leaped out of his berth with the intention of detaching it, but it was gone. So vivid was the impression made upon him by the apparition that he drew out his log at once and wrote down all particulars concerning it, with the hour and day of its appearance. On reaching England after the war was over he first dispatched a postcard to his brother to announce the death of his brother, who had passed away at the very hour when he had seen him in the cabin."
"But the story that interests me most is one of an incident which occurred to my father during my lifetime, and which we have always called 'The Brown Lady of Rainsbury.' The last fifteen years of my father's life were passed on his own estate of Rainsbury, in Norfolk, and amongst his county friends were Sir Charles and Lady Townshend of Rainsbury Hall. At the time I speak of, the title and property had lately changed hands, and the new baronet had re-papered, painted, and furnished the Hall throughout, and come over with his family to take possession of his new home. But to their annoyance, soon after their arrival, rumors arose that the house was haunted."

The guests one by one left the house in fear, and finally her father, suspecting the tenantry, for reason of their own, of endeavoring to frighten the new proprietors, asked them to allow him to sleep in the haunted chamber:
"They accepted his offer and he took possession of the room in which the portrait of the apparition hung, and in which she had been often seen, and slept each night with a loaded revolver under his pillow. For two days, however, he saw nothing, and the third was to be the limit of his stay. On the third night, however, two young men (nephews of the baronet) knocked at his door as he was about to go to bed, and asked him to step over to their room (which was at the other end of the corridor), and give them his opinion on a new gun just arrived from London. My father was in his shirt and trousers, but as the hour was late, and everybody had retired to rest except themselves, he prepared to accompany them as he was. As they were long and dark, he caught up his revolver, in case we meet the Brown Lady," he said, laughing. When the inspection of the gun was over, the young men in the same spirit declared they would accompany my father back again. "In case you meet the Brown Lady," they repeated, laughing also. The three gentlemen therefore returned in company. The corridor was long and dark, the lights had been extinguished, but as they reached the middle of it, they saw the glimmer of a lamp coming toward them from the other end. "One of the ladies going to visit the nurseries," whispered the young Townshends to my father. "The bedroom doors in that corridor faced each other, and each room had a double door with a space between, as is the case in many old-fashioned country houses. My father, slipped within one of the outer doors (his friends following his example), in order to conceal himself until the lady should have passed by. I have heard him describe how he watched her approaching nearer and nearer, through the chink of the door, until she was close enough for him to distinguish the colors and style of her costume, he recognized the figure as the face of the portrait of 'The Brown Lady.' He had his finger on the trigger of his revolver, and was about to demand it to stop and give the reason for its presence there, when the figure halted of its own accord before the door behind which he stood, and holding the lighted lamp she carried to her features, grined in a malicious and diabolical manner at him. This act so infuriated my father, who was anything but lamb-like in disposition, that he sprang into the corridor with a bound, and discharged the revolver right in her face. The figure instantly disappeared—the figure at which for the space of several minutes three men had been looking together—and the bullet passed through the outer door of the room on the opposite side of the corridor, and lodged in the panel of the inner one. My father never attempted again to interfere with 'The Brown Lady of Rainsbury,' and I have heard that she haunts the premises to this day. That she did so at that time, however, there is no shadow of doubt."

On the 4th of April, 1860, there died in India a young officer in the 12th Regiment M. N. L. of the name of John Powles. He was an intimate friend of my first husband for several years before his death, and had consequently become intimate with me; indeed, on several occasions he shared our house and lived with us on the terms of a brother. I was very young at that time and susceptible to influences of all sorts—extremely nervous, moreover, on the subject of 'ghosts,' and yet burning with curiosity to learn something of the other world—a topic which it is most difficult to induce anybody to discuss with you. People will talk of dress, or dinner, or their friends' private affairs—of anything, in fact, sooner than Death and Immortality and the world to come which we must all inevitably enter. . . . John Powles, however, though a careless and irreligious man, liked to discuss the Unseen. We talked continually on the subject, even when he was apparently in perfect health, and he often ended our conversations by assuring me that should he die first, he always prophesied truly that he should not reach the age of thirty) he would

(were such a thing possible) come back to me. . . . John Powles' death at the last was very sudden, although the disease he died of was of long standing. He had been under a doctor's hands for a long time, when he took an unexpected turn for the worse, and my husband and myself, with other friends, were summoned to his bedside to say good-bye to him. When I entered the room he said to me, 'Do you see it as come at last. Don't forget what I said to you about it.' They were his last intelligible words to me, though for several hours he grasped my dress with his hand to prevent my leaving him, and became violent and unmanageable if I attempted to quit his side. During this time, in the intervals of his delirium, he kept on entreating me to sing a certain old ballad, which had always been a great favorite with him, entitled 'Thou art gone from my gaze.' I am sure if I sang that song during that miserable day, I must have sung it to my death. At our poor friend's last convulsions, which recurred with little intermission until his death, which took place the same evening. . . .

"As soon as I commenced investigations in my home-circle (after returning to England), John Powles was the very first spirit who spoke to me through the table, and from that time until the present I have never failed to hold communion with him."
"When Mr. J. William Fletcher gave his first lecture in England, in the Stowey Hall, my husband, Colonel Lean, and I went to hear him. We had never seen Mr. Fletcher before, nor any of his family, nor did he know we were amongst the audience. Our first view of him was when he stepped upon the platform, and as we watched him, we saw that he was a tall, thin man, with a high forehead, and a long, thin nose, which was full. It was Mr. Fletcher's custom, after his lecture was concluded, to describe such visions as were presented to him, and he only asked in return that if the people and places were recognized, those who recognized them would be brave enough to say so, for the sake of the audience and himself. I can understand that and I can understand that he heard nothing that concerned themselves, and he is very apt to imagine it was all humbug, and that those who claimed a knowledge of the visions were simply confederates of Mr. Fletcher. But there is nothing more true than that circumstances after cases. I entered Stowey Hall as a perfect stranger, and as a press-writer, quite prepared to expose trickery if I detected it, and this is what I heard. After Mr. Fletcher had described several persons and scenes unknown to me, he took out a handkerchief and began to wipe his face, as though he were very warm. 'I am no longer in England, now,' he said. 'The scene has quite changed, and I am taken over the sea, thousands of miles away, and I am in a chamber with all the doors and windows open. Oh! how hot it is! I think I am somewhere in the tropics. Oh! I see, I have been brought here! It is to see a young man die! This is a death chamber. He is lying on a bed. He looks very pale, and he is very near death, but he has only been ill a short time. His hair is a kind of golden chestnut color, and he has blue eyes. He is an Englishman, and he can see the letter 'P' above his head. He has not been happy on earth, and he is quite content to die. He pushes all the influences that are round his bed away from him. Now I see a lady come and sit down beside him. He holds her hand, and appears to ask her to do something, and I hear a strain of sweet music. It is a song he has heard in happier times, and on the breath of it his spirit passes away. It is to this lady he seems to come now. She is sitting on my left about half-way down the hall.'"

With this thrilling recital of a conclusive test through Mr. Fletcher, we must close these extracts—though at a future time we may give others. Those desirous of learning more of this extraordinary work will find it on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston. How truly does Mrs. Marryat say, in another part of the volume:
"The teaching of Spiritualism is such as largely to increase belief in our Divine Father's love, our Savior's pity, and the angels' ministering help. But it does more than this, more than any religion has done before. It affords the proof—the only proof we have ever received, and our finite natures can accept—of a future existence, and the reality of Christian hope and trust, and say they believe. It is THE SPIRITUALIST ONLY THAT KNOWS!"

A Medium's Experience.
Though not a physical medium myself, I have at my earnest request been given at my private circle a few physical phenomena, and I judge of these things from what I have myself experienced. At one glance my fingers were observed to lengthen out, and reach all across the table, and my wife's two hands seemed to go into one great mass of flesh, and out of that came a spirit hand. Often over my friend Mr. Reed's head a luminous mass has grown which has formed into an independent head, and afterward into a full form, which then detached itself from him. From this I am convinced that the materialized forms come out of the medium, and are connected in some occult way with him. Had the psychic continuations of my hands been solidified enough, and had Mr. Maskelyne been present and grasped them, he would certainly have laid hold of my own hands, for immediately a form is grasped it goes back to the medium, or the medium seems to come to it (as in the late case of Mrs. Mellon) therefore in nearly every case where a form is grasped, the medium will be laid hold of. This, therefore, proves nothing.—A. F. Tindal, A. T. C. L., in The Spiritual Review, London, Eng.

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, John W. Drew, Fred G. Tuttle and Isaac B. Rich being the Directors—and the large stock of valuable books, 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.

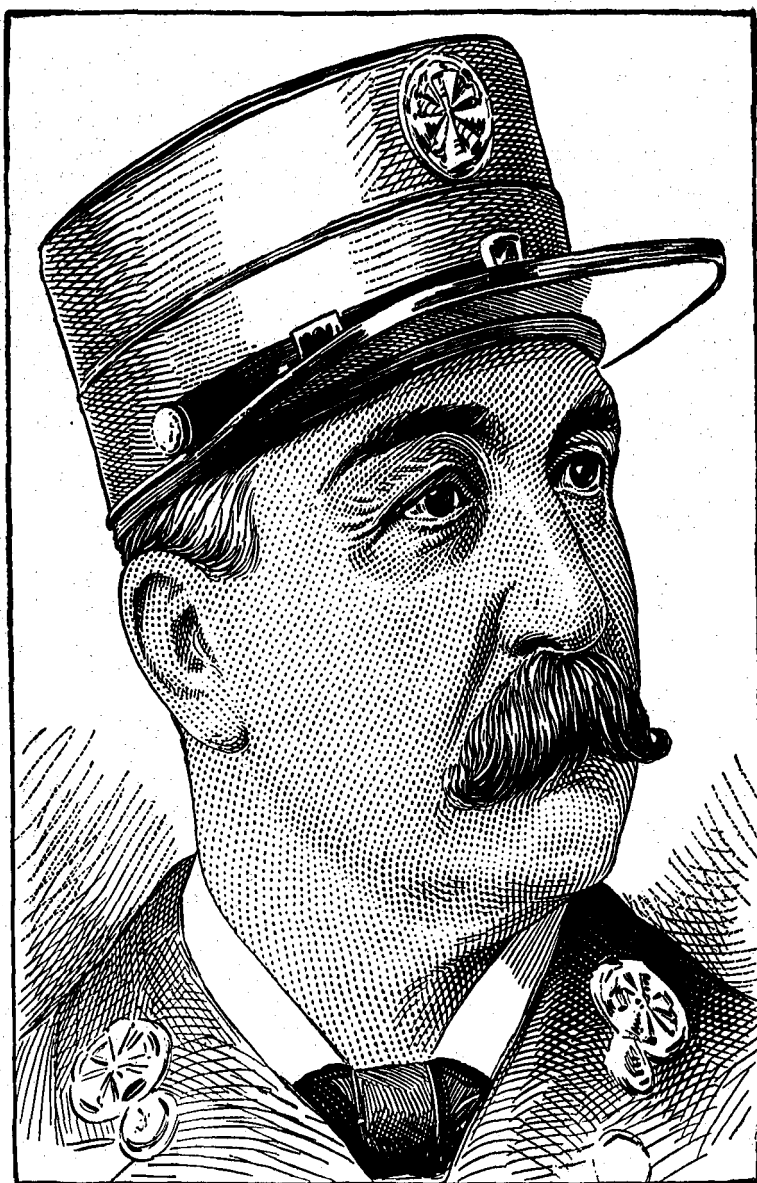
Here is an opportunity, Spiritualists of the world, to unite in strengthening for further work the veteran journal of your Cause, and to aid in adding new features to THE BANNER.
Mrs. Severance writes: "THE BANNER was always good, but better now than ever before."

Card of Thanks.

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES would like to thank all the friends for their kind and sympathetic during her recent critical illness; the President of the Massachusetts State Association for his kind remembrance at his address at late convention; also the Ladies' Lyceum Union of Boston for the beautiful flowers sent. She has so far recovered that she is ready to take up her former line of work upon the spiritual platform, and would like to make suggestions for the coming spring and summer, also for camp-meeting work. Address No. 7 Rhenadoosh Street, Dorchester, Mass.

FIRE CHIEF A. H. RUNGE.

His Restored Health Was Due to Paine's Celery Compound.



The position of chief of fire department in a big city like Minneapolis, with its acres of valuable building property, crossed by numerous railroad lines and dotted with factories where the fires are never "baked," is one of the utmost responsibility, and can be entrusted only to a man of unquestioned character and ability.

August H. Runge, who has filled this responsible position for several years with so much credit to himself and to the city, was born in New York in 1832, where he received a common school education.

What such a man as this has to say can scarcely fail to carry weight with it: "With the hope that what I say may in some way be brought to the attention of others who, like myself, have suffered without any apparent cause, I feel constrained to relate a brief tale regarding an experience which I trust may never be repeated in my case.

"A few months ago, owing, doubtless, to the exacting nature of my duties as head of the fire department, I began to feel a sort of languor and listlessness, to disguise which I was compelled to bring into play all the strength of will I could command. The feeling grew upon me, however, and in a short time it took such possession of me that it affected my appetite and caused insomnia. I approached my meals with a feeling amounting almost to

nausea, and my bed with horror at the restless night which I was almost certain was before me. Matters became so serious with me that I could no longer keep silent about myself, and speaking of it to one of my friends one day, he suggested that I try Paine's celery compound. I purchased a bottle, and before I had taken a dozen doses I knew that the suggestion was a good one; I felt an improvement. I continued to use it, and felt restored. My appetite is good and I sleep well, and instead of an irksome grind, my business is again a pleasure to me. I attribute this happy state of affairs to Paine's celery compound."

As in the case of Fire Chief Runge, the beginning of poor health is very apt to rob one of the will-power to start immediately about getting out of danger. It is this inertia of poor health that makes an ordinary "run-down" bodily condition so dangerous, and so likely to go on to something worse. Every day it is clearly shown that it won't do to live tired-out, and on the verge of breaking down. The languor and the lack of strength are sure to increase.

Now is the time to throw off disease. As the new year begins there are fewest hindrances to getting back strength and sturdy health. The bracing weather arouses a longing for health. Paine's celery compound, taken now, does its best service toward driving out disease and establishing firm health.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—T. R. B. James writes: Sunday evening, Jan. 26, at Clerk's Hall, 33 Summer street, the Spiritualists held very interesting services, and a large audience greeted the mediums at 2:30 and 7:30. Appropriate selections were rendered by Prof. Fred Heath, the blind musical medium, and Misses Lena and Elsie Burns.

Dr. C. W. Goodrich and son Sammie of Brockton were the speakers and mediums. Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland gave a sublime invocation. Dr. Goodrich gave very able and interesting remarks on "What They Say" and "Spiritualism, and Its Effect on Humanity." He also gave many remarkable tests, psychometric readings and messages—all said to be correct—and Master Sammie, who is an excellent test medium, gave many recognized tests, messages and readings.

Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2:30, developing and healing; at 7:30, test séance—all mediums invited.

At the Spiritual Meeting Tuesday evening, at 130 Market street, Prof. Fred Heath rendered fine and appropriate selections. Mrs. Dr. Dowland, under control of a master-mind from spirit-land, lectured on "Divine Creator of the Soul, and Life in Its Various Phases." After her remarks Mrs. Florence A. Lamphier gave a large number of recognized tests and communications.

Oscar A. Edgerly lectured Jan. 26 for the Lynn Spiritual Association, to very good acceptance by appreciative audiences. Mrs. E. F. Averill, Sec'y, writes: "He also gave many remarkable tests, psychometric readings and messages—all said to be correct—and Master Sammie, who is an excellent test medium, gave many recognized tests, messages and readings."

Rev. Moses Hull is engaged to occupy our platform during the month of February, and we cordially invite the liberal-minded and conservative as well, from towns adjacent to our city to come and hear this highly-gifted speaker. Remember the scriptural injunction: "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Salem.—Mrs. G. R. Knowles, Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Dec. 26, we had as our speaker, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Boston. Her subject in the afternoon on "What is Prayer? and do Spiritualists Pray?" was very interesting.

In the evening Mrs. Whitlock gave a fine discourse on "What has Spiritualism Done for Humanity?" She was listened to by one of the largest audiences of the season.

Both lectures were followed by delineations of spirits present, also psychometric readings.

Sunday, Feb. 2, Dr. Charles H. Harding of Boston will occupy our platform.

Newburyport.—"Lincoln" writes: Sunday, Jan. 19, the First Spiritualist Association had for speaker and test medium Dr. Wm. Hale of Boston. His lectures at both services were excellent; his readings, with tests, were very convincing.

Sunday, Jan. 26, Wm. Welsh Reed, the poet medium, occupied the platform. Dr. Wm. Johnson presided. Bro. Reed gave a fine lecture at both services, followed by tests, which were acknowledged as correct. Dr. Johnson spoke for a short time on "Vaccination, and What a Curse It Was to the Human Family." The First Spiritualist Association will give a Concert and Dance in Veteran Hall Feb. 10.

Worcester.—Mrs. C. C. Prentiss, Cor. Sec'y, says: Our meetings during January have been unusually interesting. The grand lectures the first two Sundays by Prof. Peck made a profound impression.

Jan. 19 Mrs. Pepper was greeted by one of the largest audiences of the season. A cordial welcome awaits her return April 26.

Jan. 26 we were honored by the presence of that queen of the platform, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader. The spirit-world has given the persecuted mediums of Philadelphia an able and fearless defender; at the close of her recital of the injustice being imposed on them a liberal contribution was tendered her in their behalf.

The Woman's Auxiliary meets Friday, Jan. 31, with Mrs. Harriet Ballou, No. 78 Chatham street.

Cambridgeport.—Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts avenue. The Progressive Thought Society, Mr. White writes, is meeting with grand success; the mediums taking part Sunday, Jan. 26, were:

gave us four excellent lectures, and assisted us in getting up an entertainment—the best this organization has ever had. We heartily recommend Prof. Peck to all societies needing a speaker. Mrs. Nettie H. Harding will be with us the coming Sunday, Feb. 2.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—Benj. F. Prouty, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritual Association met Sunday afternoon, Jan. 26, at Columbia Hall. A. E. Tisdale, the blind orator, opened the services by singing; his subject for the afternoon was: "What Froot have we if a man die, shall he live again?" The evening subject was: "Religious and Hero Worship." It was a grand and able effort. On Feb. 2 we will have with us Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville, Mass.

The People's Progressive Spiritualists' Association had a largely-attended meeting on Sunday evening, Jan. 26. The exercises were as follows: Piano solo by Master Willie Goodman; Mr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence then gave a series of inspirational readings, including selections from H. W. Longfellow and from the "Poems of Progress" (by Lizzie Bates), and Sir Edwin Arnold. In these readings he proved himself a fine elocutionist, and it would be well for Spiritualist societies all over the country to secure him to give this series of readings.

The readings were interspersed with singing by the sweet little singer, Miss Ollie Hunter; Little Miss Ethel Schofield of Boston, Mass., gave a recitation; Mr. Howard Rice and Mr. De Groat, of the Manhattan Musical Club, gave two excellent piano duets, after which Mrs. Wm. Peyster of this city, under control of Little "Beautifol," gave many recognized and remarkable tests, and many were the congratulatory compliments she received after the meeting; Mrs. Miller made remarks, complimenting Mrs. Peyster's mediumship also. Mr. Roscoe, on the good work he is doing in that city.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 2, there will be a grand memorial service given by Mrs. Lizzie Shaw of this city, in memory of her ardent child, Millie Shaw. The following well known talent will participate in the exercises of the day and evening: Speakers, Mrs. L. Shaw, Mrs. Wm. Peyster, Rev. M. Miller, Mrs. C. M. Whipple, Mrs. Alice Meyer, Mr. F. H. Roscoe; soloists, Mrs. Geo. Lapham, Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Ollie Hunter, Miss Ada Johnson; pianist, Master Willie Goodman; Little Miss Ethel Schofield of Boston, Mass., child elocutionist.

(Boston Herald, Jan. 27.)

State Medical Laws.

Does Their Action Take Away a Constitutional Right?

To the Editor of The Herald:

I observe in your issue of Jan. 22 an editorial item to which I beg to reply. You say: "The law of this State, requiring the registration of medical practitioners, is working very well, and we rather think we can get along without the proposed act allowing any person of sound mind to employ any person he may see fit as a medical attendant or surgeon. It is only an artificial hindrance."

Yes, the law referred to by you has worked well as intended by those who framed it and lobbied it through. It was intended to give certain physicians of this State a monopoly of the practice of medicine in violation of the constitutional rights of the people of Massachusetts, and in violation of the rights of other physicians. It does this completely, and, therefore, works well in that regard.

The remark about "artificial little dodge" seems to me to have no meaning as applied to the bill introduced by Mr. Douglass on the 17th inst. It would very properly apply to the medical law of the State passed two years ago, as its promoters urged its passage on the ground that they desired to protect the people against quackery and the real object was to protect the members of the Legislature then in the ring from competition from outsiders. If this is not an artful dodge, I do not know the meaning of the phrase.

I beg to say that the object of the bill which you criticize is to restore to the people of Massachusetts an inalienable and constitutional right of which they are deprived by the so-called Registration Act. The bill is founded upon the idea that this is a Republican Commonwealth, and not a despotic paternalism. If this idea is correct, if this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people, then, in that case, the people are entitled to entire freedom of action in the matter of selecting their own physicians, and are not to be limited by the Legislature in that right.

It is entirely proper that the people should be protected against quackery by holding all physicians responsible for blunders in practice. I am in favor, therefore, of the severest penalties for malpractice in medicine or surgery. I would have such laws operate in the case of all physicians, whether members of medical societies or not, or whether graduates of medical colleges or not.

The present medical law of this State assumes that a diploma from a medical college does not necessarily imply a fitness to practice medicine. With this I fully concur. Nor do I believe that a certificate from the State Medical Board gives any assurance to the people that the person holding it is a qualified physician worthy of their confidence.

In conclusion, permit me to say that Dr. Benjamin Rush was right when he said a century ago that "all laws restricting the right to practice medicine to one class of physicians and excluding others are the basest of our science." I also endorse a recent statement of Herbert Spencer, that "medical monopoly and religious monopoly must stand or fall together; that it is as great a wrong to prohibit a man from selecting his own physician as it is to prohibit him from selecting his own preacher."

T. A. BLAND.

Secretary American Health Club.

"Rev." H. T. Stanley.

He has been at Canton, Ohio. His conduct there was most disgraceful, and in the future he should be let severely alone by all Spiritualists until he exhibits some evidence of having reformed permanently. His ordination papers should be taken from him at once. Clinton Camp would not allow him to take any part in the exercises there last year. He left there, went East, and was ordained as a minister of the gospel. Shame! Spiritualism has several ministers of the gospel who have been in penitentiaries or jails, and several more, who, if they had their just deserts, would be behind the bars.

E. R. Kidd, a prominent Spiritualist of Canton, writes: "I have mailed you recently several of our early papers, in which you will see that H. T. Stanley has been written up, and I am sorry to say that the reports are only too true. Our Cause here has been knocked flatter than a pancake through Stanley's actions and exposure. I do wish, however, that it were possible to get Moses Hull to come here, and whip up our orthodox ministers, and also to have some good medium demonstrate to the citizens of Canton that the preachers here are giving the people a bluff game. Now, Brother Francis, I am willing to stand by any medium, but frauds I have no earthly use for, and it is through these frauds that the progress of Spiritualism has so often been set back in its progress."—The Progressive Thinker, Chicago, Ill.

"A Letter from San Francisco," written by W. J. Colville, has been received, and will be printed in next issue.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

W. DeLoos Wood, journalist, would like to make engagements for the season of '96. He has lectured with good success the past season in Providence, Bridgeport, Lynn and Pawtucket, and has engagements for Worcester and Kingston. Societies desiring his services will address him, Box 100, Danielson, Ct.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter at present is laboring successfully (see report elsewhere) in Lima, O., and vicinity. Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., is to lecture in the Opera House, Barre, Vt., Feb. 9, 10, 11 and 12. In April he speaks in Springfield, his third engagement there this season. Dr. Hidden will probably lecture the first three Sundays in March at Lakewood, Fla.

Mrs. M. Knowles spoke and gave tests in Chelsea Sunday, Jan. 26; has the months of March and April open for engagements; would like to hear from other Societies; reasonable terms. Address, 1138 Dorchester Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham will speak in Fall River, Mass., Feb. 2.

Mrs. E. M. Shirley, speaker and platform medium, can be addressed at 1201 Washington street, Boston. Terms reasonable.

Dr. Harlow Davis, platform test medium, can be addressed at his office, 119 East 28th street, New York City. Has open dates in March and April for New York, New Jersey or Massachusetts; also last two Sundays in February.

J. Edward Bartlett can be engaged for platform work during the month of February, and the first three Sundays in March. Address 478 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. Andrus Titus having done good work at Lewiston, goes next to Rockland, Me.

Mrs. Edith Carville will occupy the platform at Lewiston, Me., next Sunday, Feb. 2.

M. F. Hammond will be in Grand Rapids, Mich., for the month of February, to speak for the First Spiritual Society there. He will make arrangements with other societies for March and April also for the camps during the coming season. His permanent address is South Haven, Mich.

Rates to Quebec Carnival.

Round-trip tickets to Quebec and return during the Carnival Week will be on sale at the Boston offices of the Boston & Maine R.R. at \$1.50, instead of \$1.00 as given in last Sunday's edition of The Herald, through an error.

The author of "HELEN HARLOW'S VOW" reaches her seventieth birthday on Feb. 21. A fund is being raised as a testimonial for her benefit, and any contributions to this may be sent to Mrs. E. M. WARDALL, 1221 Quincy street, Topeka, Kan.

The Persecution in Philadelphia.

What Shall be Done to Meet the Coming Issue? A Question for Spiritualists to Answer.

[The BANNER contained, Nov. 16, a strong arraignment by Mrs. M. E. CADWALLADER (Philadelphia, Pa.) of the recent action of the officials in persecuting and arresting Spiritualist mediums under narrow and strained interpretations of statutes in existence there. The Spiritualists of that city, assured that the time has arrived for them to rally in support of their constitutional rights, have appointed a Committee to carry out their wishes, composed of members of the various societies in the city, as follows:

MR. B. B. HILL, Chairman; MR. F. H. MORRILL, Sec'y; Mrs. M. E. CADWALLADER, Cor. Sec'y; HON. T. M. LOCKE, C. L. GEORGE, MR. HALLOWELL, SAMUEL WHEELER, MR. BARRY, CAPT. KEEFER, MR. KURTZ, MR. MARLOR, MR. KELLAR, DR. BATES, MR. JENNINGS and MR. WELSH.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader was appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee, with full authority to receive and collect contributions to the Mediums' Defense Fund.

All funds or correspondence should be sent to Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Cor. Sec'y, P. O. Box 446, Philadelphia, Pa.]

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 4.

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

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

GRAND BENEFIT FOR THE SPIRITUALISTIC AND OCCULT LIBRARY.

UNDER the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, at CARNegie HALL, 57th street and 7th avenue, New York, Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8 P. M. Admission 25 cents. Any person willing to donate any Books or Money in aid of this Library, address H. F. TOWER, 312 W. 59th st., N. Y. Jan. 4.

FLORIDA! for Home-seekers and Investors, is described in a handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. H. ROSS, 1 Walpole street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

READ THIS.

We want to secure a large number of new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and in order to accomplish this end without fail, make the following liberal offer for a limited time:

To any person not now a subscriber to the BANNER, who will send us 50 cents, we will not only send the paper for three months, but also one copy of

A Fine Musical Tribute

TO OUR ASCENDED WORKERS, LUTHER COLBY, MRS. CLARA H. BANKS, DR. ARTHUR HODGES.

This memorial sheet contains three new and choice compositions—words and music—printed upon the finest paper, full music-sheet size, by the well-known composer, C. Payson Lowley. The beautiful song dedicated to the memory of the veteran editor, Luther Colby, is a companion piece to that standard melody "Only a Thin Veil Between Us." That inspired to Mrs. Clara H. Banks bears the title "Only a Curtain Between," and that to Arthur Hodges, "Oh! What Will It Be to Be There?" It has a handsome lithographic title-page, which bears a faithful likeness of each of these three lamented and ascended workers in the Spiritual Cause, which of itself makes it of value to all Spiritualists.

We will furnish free one copy of the Musical Tribute to any one that is already a subscriber to The BANNER who will secure and send us the names of two new three-months' subscribers and \$1.00, besides sending the paper for three months and a copy of the Music to each of the two new subscribers.

NEW EDITION.

Helen Harlow's Vow.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER. An interesting and helpful story, graphically portraying woman's helpless and dependent condition, the numerous snags that beset her in every path she may seek to travel, what timely words and friendly aid will do to a despairing and sinking woman, and what obstacles a determined and plucky woman may overcome. Paper, pp. 280, price 25 cents.

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MAN'S IMMENSITY

A Certain Evidence of His Immortality. A Surprise to the World.

BY PROF. J. L. DITSON, ScI. (Brother of the late Oliver Ditson.) Subjects treated: Man's Immensity; Immortality Demonstrated; Immortality Continued in Art; Art in Japan; The Moon in Collision with the Earth; The Order of the Universe; Culture and Refinement; The Borderland, etc. Cloth, pp. 21; price 50 cents.

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Medicinal value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation. More skill is required, more care taken, more expense incurred in its manufacture. It costs the proprietor and the dealer more but it costs the consumer less, as he gets more doses for his money. More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process, which makes it peculiar to itself. More people are employed and more space occupied in its Laboratory than any other. More wonderful cures effected and more testimonials received than by any other. More sales and more increase year by year are reported by druggists. More people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla today than any other, and more are taking it today than ever before. More and still more reasons might be given why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache, 25 cents.

Wonderful, but true, are the Inspiring Tests being given by the world's greatest

Spirit Medium, Mahatma.

He tells your name and house number without a word from you. Reunites friends, causes marriages—in fact tells you everything; he holds nothing back. Full readings, \$5; without tests, \$1. Hours, 11 to 6. Sundays, 1 to 3. Washington street, Boston. Special readings by mail. Feb. 1.

A. M. Richardson,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Treatments given at your residence. Psychic Readings on business, etc., by mail, \$1.00. Address 6 Thorneley street, Dorchester, Mass. Feb. 1.

MRS. S. E. RICH and MRS. M. F. HANCOCK will hold public Seances, Tests and Business, Sunday and Tuesday evenings, at 8 P. M., and Friday afternoons at 2:30, at 276 Shawmut Avenue, Suite 2, Boston. Feb. 1.

A Biographic Memorial

OF

Luther Colby,

FOUNDER OF THE Banner of Light,

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

JOHN W. DAY.

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

Appreciative testimony is borne the Veteran Editor by some of the brightest minds in the Modern Dispensation. Those who would acquire, in a closely-packed and convenient form for reference, much and valuable information concerning one whose name has been since 1874 a household word among the Spiritualists of the world, can find it in this new work.

The chapters are titled respectively:

"A MAN-CHILD IS BORN."

A SOUL IS RECOGNIZED.

THE BANNER IS UNFURLED.

MRS. 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 "guerdon in the skies"; AND TO THE YOUTH OF THE NEW DISPENSATION, 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 dedicated.

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

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

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AND

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A Family Physician and Guide to Health.

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"Dr. Bland's books are all good, but this is altogether his best."—Republic, Washington, D.C.

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NEW EDITION.

Helen Harlow's Vow.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER. An interesting and helpful story, graphically portraying woman's helpless and dependent condition, the numerous snags that beset her in every path she may seek to travel, what timely words and friendly aid will do to a despairing and sinking woman, and what obstacles a determined and plucky woman may overcome. Paper, pp. 280, price 25 cents.

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SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

If 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.

SPRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 14, 1895.
Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Infinite Spirit, we would ask thy presence at this hour, that we thy children may come into harmony with the angel ones, those bright messengers that delight to do thy bidding. We would ask for the presence of these and of our loved ones that have passed the portal, that they may be permitted to bring some words of comfort, some words of encouragement and enlightenment to those that yet dwell upon the earth-plane.

We thank thee, our Father, for the sunshine in our pathway of life. We would learn more of thy laws and of thy love, and of thy compassion upon thy children that thou hast formed and fashioned unto thine own image. We would ask at this hour that the loved ones be permitted to go from one home to another, and may help to uplift them from the saddened condition, that the ignorant may be brought more into the light; those that refuse to be comforted, may they know that their loved ones live, and are with them.

We thank thee, our Father, for life, and for the disciplines of life; although at times it may seem rough and rugged with us, yet thou canst not commit an error—thou dost all things well. We would come to thee as a little child would go to an earthly parent, asking that thy benediction may rest upon all humanity forever.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Nancy Gross.

Are you mortals? Sometimes it seems an impossibility to draw the line between mortal life and immortality while so easily do we pass that portal into the other life. We do not say to you that we live again, but we say it is a continuation of life; then we say there's no cessation.

It has been asked mentally oftentimes, through friends and neighbors, that we might come into communication in some way, that they might know whether or no we were disappointed in what we had firmly believed here. We answer, yes, no; we were disappointed, but happily disappointed. It is more beautiful than ever could be expressed through mortal lips.

I well remember while in the flesh of hearing these things spoken of, and down deep in my spirit did I feel that this life was only a probationary state, that our friends were near us; but I did not know, I could not comprehend, that they could come and communicate in this way, but now there's a happy disappointment that rests upon us as we learn to know, after passing on, that it is a reality.

I have often felt, as I have seen others conversing together, as I have been attracted into the halls—why is it that we don't know more when in the flesh? The answer comes back to us, Early teachings, and sometimes we do not try to learn what is our privilege. Oh! mortal friends, be lenient, be patient and be progressive.

I am very much pleased that I could speak here myself, although I did not have an extended speech to offer, but merely come as a proof to some few in Tyson, Vt., where I was well known, and remembered by many at the present time.

Nancy Gross, Tyson, Vt.

Sylvester Hart.

Good morning, friends, for such I find you as I come into your atmosphere upon this one pleasant occasion. I have been a part of your assembly here many, many times, and I have enjoyed coming to Boston to your Circle Room that is termed the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Many years have passed since I laid off the old flesh covering, the material form, but I was no stranger to these truths; yet there's a privilege granted unto all of us—we may learn after what is called death—we should say the new birth.

Relief, my good wife, is with me here, and all those many years what a comfort it was to her to know I was waiting patiently for her to come. It was not a belief with her, but a knowledge. All was done for her—for myself—that willing hands could do. I cannot tell you how many years we were separated in the form, somewhere ten—or twenty—but never in the spirit.

She realized much of my presence, but when the Angel of Life came and tapped at the door and said, "Come, they are waiting for you in the next room," she was ready to obey that summons.

In Oberlin, Ohio, we both passed away. I loved the State of old Vermont, I loved the people there whom in my early days I had known.

How far and yet how near those that have passed on are to those in the flesh, and yet how little doth mortal comprehend our nearness and our companionship, take it as a whole, although sometimes we find, as we come into the atmosphere of our friends and neighbors, they sense our presence, while another may not at all.

It has been my privilege to listen to what

some mortals have said when asked by a spirit, "Did you not sense us around you, in your homes?" "No, I have never sensed you since you went away." That's a very sad thing, to think they could not sense us at all. That was not my lot.

I would say to mortals—learn; you can learn of a little child. Investigation will do you no harm; then I would say—investigate. You have no right to say spirit communion is a fraud without investigation. If you will investigate and then say, "I cannot see anything proved to me," why, then let it alone; others can.

Spiritualism has rolled away the stone of ignorance, and has brought light. It has uplifted the sad, brought consolation, has assured people that their friends live and are with them and visit them; it helps to lighten this burden of life that mortals cry out so bitterly against.

We should not murmur in the dispensations of the Father. He knoweth all things and doeth all things right. But how natural it is when the form is taken from out of the sight, as children of the earth, to murmur against these disciplines, but when mortals learn to know more of God's laws that govern them, there will be less murmuring, and it will take away that element of sadness.

I appreciate the few moments allotted me here to day. My wife sends loving words not only to the kindred but to the old neighbors and friends that were so kind to us.

Sylvester Hart, Oberlin, Ohio.

Col. J. Martin.

Good morning. It is always morning with us. I take on a very little of the sensation of the way I passed out; no sufferings, no remorse overshadow my spirit, but oh! Father, Thou Great Whole, from whom all life emanates, we thank thee we can progress away from our mortal lives.

In an unguarded moment I passed into the unknown, seemingly to me, but now I know it is a reality; and as I beheld one and another coming toward me, I could not speak, coming out of this life so quickly—I was bound, not in terror but in amazement. Kind, loving spirits came to me and asked if they could not aid me, assist me out of that despondent state that I passed into the other life with. I did not know, I could not respond to them, but as they gathered around me they aided me, I cannot tell you how long, but a period, when I was brought step by step out of that feeling.

Oh! Father, forgive all in the past, forgive some harsh words that were spoken of me after I had passed on. Our hearing is so sharp and acute; we hear words spoken that sometimes bring a sadness to us. But, mortal friends, we lay nothing up as you would as mortal, for we lose that material feeling. I have not much to say, yet I have been told by the higher, well educated spirits, that I should progress faster if I came here and reported. I have been here eager to learn, but at first I thought I could not take a part, but through the kindness of these high uplifted spirits I finally came to speak, hoping their words would prove true and that I should progress faster, that I might be of more aid and service to some mortals by so doing.

You know, Mr. Chairman, that it is often said, "The blind cannot lead the blind, they cannot teach the blind." We must learn first before we undertake to teach others.

It is a grand, a noble privilege that is extended to us to come here, so free to all, without money and without price, through the kindness of your good Spirit-President to each one, with that quiet, majestic way as he assents to our speaking when there is time.

I feel certain, I feel assured I shall progress faster, although it is quite a number of years, as you reckon your mortal time, since I passed the portal. Think not for a moment that I have any regrets now; at first they followed me into the spirit-world, but I am getting well away from them.

In Minneapolis, Minn., where I passed on, I was known as Col. J. Martin.

Laura Elvira Stafford.

Dear, loving friends, it is a blessed privilege for us to express ourselves here.

There was great suffering I had to contend with while in the form, but all was done for me that could be done, that willing hands could do. I felt for years before I passed on that when I did lay off that mantle of flesh, as soon as there was a privilege granted me I would report from this Circle Room how I found things, and if it was as beautiful as I firmly believed.

I watched the coming of the good paper, the good BANNER as we speak of it, for how many mortals have been educated from that sheet, how many have been comforted, how many have learned more of the life beyond from that educational sheet—clean, unspotted before the world—as we have often spoken of it while I was in the flesh. It comes back to me this moment how my husband and I would speak of THE BANNER.

My sufferings were great with the dread disease that is termed cancer. Oh! friends, you know not what a thrill goes over my spirit as I speak of it; yet I am freed from all that; but at first when I came on to the earth plane I would sense a little of those sufferings, but not to suffer.

Florence—how kind, how loving, when she would say: "Mother, what can I do? Can I help you! Let me do this, or that, or the other." All was done that could be. Dear ones, we lose not one of you; instead of our interest being weakened, it is strengthened for you that are left.

When they called me on, up higher, I felt within my spirit it was right, it must be right. I have asked in my younger days why we were placed here for a little while, toiling and suffering in the old flesh life with its aches and pains. I asked myself this, but not in my last years; I was ready, willing to go at the bidding of the Father, knowing it would be well. I have no memory of any doubts, I was so perfectly satisfied I should find them waiting at the gate for me, and I heard a voice say: "Come, Laura, come"; then I knew they were coming to meet me, as the Angel of Life came bidding me welcome.

Why! it seems to me no more now, Louis, than to step across the hall into another room, as I passed out so quietly, so easily, without a struggle, yet I knew the sadness that overshadowed the loved ones in the home; but that sadness was lessened by the knowledge that I was there, that I was but a step from them, and that I heard them say: "She is gone; she is past all suffering."

I could hear the words spoken, and my loved ones were not ignorant of these grand and noble truths, and how pleasant it was to me to hear them conversing.

In South Wallingford, Vt., I passed away,

where I love to visit; I am attracted there into my own home. And, George, remember mother is but a step from you, with my watchful care over you; all shall ever be as I have promised; it shall be kept faithfully. When it shall please the Father, you shall all join me in that happy home that knows no good bys. We would say good-night, and with a glad good-morning to you all, for it seems but a step from you to us. Learn more of the laws that govern us, and more happiness will be extended to you while upon the earth-plane.

Laura Elvira Stafford, South Wallingford, Vt.

Spirit Messages.

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

June 14 (Continued).—Dr. Jeremiah D. Moore; Charlie Cordingley; Maria E. Goodwin; Alfred Kiltrege. June 21.—Charles Reeve; Abby Gilley; Mary Pelker; Nellie Whitney; Daniel W. Hubbard; Martha A. Stewart; Jessie E. Gleason; Sarah Gleason; Albert Grant. June 28.—Samuel Proctor; Milton O. Slate; Mary E. Smith; George W. Mitchell; Annie E. Kemp; James Ferguson; Solomon J. Howard; Lillie Worthen; Lewis B. Wilson; Nona Bell.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Luenda Sherry, Oakland, Cal.] Do you believe that those who have passed to spirit-life come to those on earth whom they love, to help and guide, as was their mission on earth? And if so, how may we know when they are near, so as to communicate with them?

ANS.—We have not the slightest doubt that there is actual communion of the most intimate kind between those who truly love each other, regardless of whether one or more have passed from earth to spirit-life.

There are, however, some objections to the ordinary phraseology employed to designate faith in spirit-communion, as it savors too much of the erroneous idea that when we drop the mortal body we necessarily depart at once for a given locality vaguely called the spirit-world.

Clairvoyance reveals the fact that the spiritual is only the interior realm; we are therefore constantly in the midst thereof; and this being the case, it only requires lucidity on our part to discern the presences which are constantly around us.

The questioner no doubt frequently derives benefit from counsel received from unseen friends, without knowing the source from which it proceeds.

So long as the end for which the ministry is intended is fulfilled, benevolent intelligences are quite satisfied with the success of their mission, even though the very ones who have been helped most remain in ignorance of how they derived benefit.

Everything in the heavens is subordinate to the law of use; so much so, that ends being fulfilled satisfaction results.

So far as knowing that your spirit-friends are near you, so as to be able to communicate with them, there are two states of knowledge, in reality, though most people acknowledge only one.

While you are physically asleep you are psychically awake; and during the sleep of the body you have oftentimes enjoyed conscious spiritual communion which has caused you to awake with a delightful sense of peace, refreshment and added knowledge.

It is not necessary that the memory should always actively record the circumstances of spiritual revelation, the results being the matters of real importance.

If you really desire to become acquainted during a portion of your waking hours with the spiritual ministrants who are with you and aiding you, the best course to pursue is to abstract your mind as fully as possible from physical surroundings; recline at ease wherever you feel most comfortable and free from interruption; then if you take the quietly receptive and listening attitude of mind, as opposed to the active and talkative, you will soon come to realize, at least in some interior way, the presence of those who are nearest to you in the bonds of spiritual relationship.

By pursuing this course determinately, if you are free from anxiety and excitement at the time, you will assuredly develop your innate psychical faculty, which to some degree exists in every one.

Q.—[By the same.] In a dream some one very dear to me showed her condition on entering the world as being one so natural, she asked the question, "Am I here, or have I passed over?" Is that what you believe to be the change that we call death?

A.—The experience recorded is, in our judgment, an actual narration of not uncommon fact; for so intimate are the relations between seen and unseen, or subjective and objective, that the one must ever be the precise counterpart of the other.

As all material things made on earth are constructed after patterns first fashioned in the realm of thought, so in that spiritual world, which is only the inside in place of the outside of this earth, all the scenery, occupations, etc., are exactly what we have been accustomed to before dropping the mortal robe.

The change called death is to many little more than change of dress; therefore multitudes find themselves, immediately on passing over, in surroundings which are thoroughly familiar to them, and therefore occasion them no shock.

Clairvoyant revelations practically numberless might be brought forward to corroborate the vision of our present questioner; and as standard literature is filled with similar inferential corroborations, we have but to turn to Shakespeare and study his best known plays—"Hamlet," for instance—to find ourselves in presence of this identical conception, born of actual psychical experience.

Swedenborg's writings, particularly his diary, are full of such examples, and we can see no possibility of the immediate experiences of ordinary people being other than such.

To elaborate the philosophy couched in this incident to any extent would be to expound the spiritual philosophy of the hereafter in *extenso*, a task which cannot be attempted in one single answer to a question; but as streams show the direction in which the current is flowing, so one example may prove the rule satisfactorily to the thoughtful reader.

We should judge that the particular friend who appeared to our questioner in a vision of the night, which she has called by the conventional name of dream, was one of those whose earthly affections were strong, and whose chief desire it was to perpetuate earthly relationships, many of which were doubtless of a very pleasing and tender character.

It is often a query whether the so-called departed see the actions and hear the words of those left on earth to whom they are closely attached; to this we reply, they generally do not hear words spoken through earthly lips, or

witness actions performed by fleshly hands, but they are often so fully conversant with the ideas in the mind of a friend, that they clearly discern the thought-images from which corresponding words and acts logically flow.

It is not the bonnet on your head, but the mental picture of a bonnet in your thought sphere, that your spirit-friends behold; and as in spirit-life to think of anything intensely is to actualize it, if we keep our minds fixed on any object that object becomes visible about us, and constitutes our raiment and immediate circumstance.

If this suggestion is followed out it will explain away many seeming difficulties which perplex incipient clairvoyants.

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.

NORTH AMHERST.—"F. P. A." writes: "A recent article by Dr. F. L. H. Willis upon the subject of 'Spiritual Culture' refers at some length to the history of the celebrated medical clairvoyant, Mrs. Samantha Mettler, once of Hartford, and to certain experiences occurring at the residence of the late Alvin Adams, in Boston, many years ago. The musical medium referred to was undoubtedly a daughter of Mrs. Mettler, whose name at that time was probably Mrs. Seward. All and much more than Dr. W. has said of her talent has been demonstrated scores of times during the three years we have known her as Mrs. Kate Mettler Wentworth."

She was introduced to the writer at a time when his companion had been for some weeks suffering gravely from causes and conditions which the regular family physician in his honest enough to say he did not understand, and could not intelligently or successfully treat, and her immediate and intuitive reading of the case was such as to inspire great confidence in her ability to relieve it not only to cure, a confidence which has proved to be well-founded.

During these years she has been a frequent and welcome visitor in our family, and very successful as a physician. Her musical gifts are, if possible, more wonderful than her medical. It is still true that she has all her life-time been without the education and training of musical experts, and unable to read or write music from the score, (except that of the most ordinary character), and in no remarkable manner even then; but when she sits alone in the dark at the piano, then it is that her rare gift is manifested in its greatest perfection.

Her improvisations are unlike any it has been our good fortune to hear elsewhere, and though our own musical education and experience have been very limited, and we cannot use the pen of the professional critic, yet we are certain that the harmony and expression, variety and ability of her impromptu renderings must compare favorably with that of the most celebrated experts to be found anywhere, and not the least wonderful fact seems to be that we are never able to recognize a single measure or strain which we have heard before from her, or any other source, and with the exception of the 'Storm at Sea' piece to which Dr. Willis refers, and a peculiar 'Battle Piece,' we have never known her to play the same thing twice. The execution and expression are always perfect and the harmony complete.

A recent listener (an expert in musical matters) declared that if a certain theme which she rendered in his presence could have been caught by a competent composer, and reproduced for publication, the copyright would be very valuable indeed; but hitherto all attempts to reduce her music to a cash basis, in that way or in any other, have wholly failed. It does not seem to be of the earth, earthly; in its source, purpose or character, and yet it seems a pity that such gifts should not find recognition and full remuneration in some practical way, especially since she has now been cast upon her own resources, and is under the necessity of self-maintenance.

It is this chance to come to the notice of musical people, who can suggest any practical means of making this rare talent a help to its owner and to others, she will be very glad to hear from such.

She may be addressed 'Mrs. Kate Mettler Wentworth, care of F. P. Ainsworth, P. M., North Amherst, Mass.'

New York.

BROOKLYN.—E. J. Bowtell writes: "The lectures of Mr. Grumbleby at the Sunday evening Progressive Union meetings have given, as I hear on all sides, the most abundant satisfaction."

The Advance Conference on Saturday nights is very largely attended. Many subjects of interest are talked over in a pleasant and harmonious way, and all appear to derive profit from these gatherings. At a recent session I was asked to give a brief address on the philosophy now being promulgated in this city and in New York by the Hindoo teacher, Swami Vivekananda.

See meetings of the Society for Eclectic Spirituality continue to be held with success at 484 Lafayette Avenue. I have spoken for this society every afternoon and evening since the commencement. In November, except Jan. 5, the subjects are always furnished by some member of the audience. These meetings appear to attract a class including Theosophists, Mental Spiritual Christian Scientists, and other thinkers and investigators into the psychic nature of man.

On Monday evenings the Congress for Higher Law assemble at the same place. These meetings are open to all who choose to attend, without door fee or collection. Subjects announced the previous Monday are considered, and all present invited to state their views, but without controversy."

Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT.—"H." writes: "At the Annual Meeting of the Bridgeport Spiritual Union, held Monday, Jan. 13, the following persons were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Orville Morgan; Vice-President, Mrs. Edward B. Leavenworth; Secretary, Mrs. Harvey A. Russell; Treasurer, Mrs. James H. Hazen."

Sunday, Jan. 12, at Temperance League Hall, the Union was addressed by Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haverhill, Mass., both morning and evening. On both occasions good audiences were in attendance.

On Sunday, Jan. 19, we had with us Mrs. Helen L. Palmer of Portland, Me.

In the evening Mrs. Palmer's address was upon subjects that were presented by her audience, and were particularly enjoyable.

In the evening she spoke upon 'What has Contributed to the Present Conditions of Human Life?' and a large audience gave her the strictest attention."

Texas.

EL PASO.—Dora Nell writes of a clairvoyant reading which she obtained through the mediumship of J. C. F. Grumbleby, Geneseo, Ill.: "I have received the Psychoscope, and think that your psychometrical powers are almost unerring. I thank you much for the care you have taken."

For Over Fifty Years

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

[From The Spectator, London.]

Burying Alive.

The case reported by Mr. Peveril Turnbull, in *The Spectator* of Oct. 19, appears to be one of the few on record in recent years where the unfortunate victim of a much too common hasty generalization was rescued after actual interment. When body-snatching was in vogue, the cataleptic or death-trance subject had really a better chance of rescue from so terrible a fate than at present, and Brubier in his work, "Dissections sur l'Incertitude de la Mort et l'Abus des Enterrements," records a number of cases of the supposed dead revived at the dissecting table, together with fifty-three that awoke in their coffins before being buried, fifty-two persons buried alive, and seventy-two other cases of apparent death. The details of some of the more remarkable of these cases will be found in Dr. Franz Hartmann's recently published work.

I was reading only a few days ago (though the event happened in 1886) a story from Tredgar, North Wales, of a man buried at Cefn Golan Cemetery, and it is alleged that some of those who assisted in carrying the body to the grave heard knocking inside the coffin. An application was made to the Home Secretary to exhume the body; but I believe nothing was done, and a very painful sensation was created in the neighborhood. According to a

Parliamentary Report on Death Certification (No. 373, Sept. 1, 1893), out of over a half-million burials in England and Wales annually, there are on an average only five exhumations. It is clear that the whole subject of medical death-examinations and premature burial needs thorough ventilation, and until this is done and reforms instituted, there will be an increasing amount of uneasiness in the public mind. Having had a most distressing case of premature burial in my own family many years ago, I feel deeply grateful to *The Spectator* for allowing these painful facts to be made public through its influential columns.

WILLIAM TENN.

Rede Hall, Dursdon, Surrey, Eng.

For Dyspepsia

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. GUY McCANDLESS, Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "I have used it in various forms of dyspepsia, with gratifying results."

Connecticut Missionary Speakers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I append the by-laws recently adopted by the Connecticut State Association. Every Spiritualist in the State should carefully study each section, and then make every effort to get one or more pledges: Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Norwich, Ct., has the matter in charge, and you will please notify her of your intentions.

We would also ask every Spiritualist to cut these by-laws out of THE BANNER and forward them to people in different sections who will make efforts to form an organization on the plan outlined.

We believe this plan will be the result of bringing into existence many new societies.

We cannot employ a salaried State organizer, and every Spiritualist should make a personal answer at once, and see how many pledges can be secured; send the list of your pledges to Mrs. J. A. Chapman, Norwich, Ct.

I would like Spiritualists in other States to read these by-laws, and induce their State organizers to adopt them.

Under the plan proposed by these by-laws it would seem that it would be well-nigh impossible to find a locality where at least one pledge could not be secured.

In carefully perusing these by-laws it will be seen that the plan is one that makes it to be a great advantage to every well established society, to every struggling society—and makes it feasible to create societies where heretofore it was utterly impossible to effect an organization.

Geo. A. Fuller, President of the Massachusetts State Association, will give one week a month to the establishment of this plan in Massachusetts, and other State speakers will follow suit. Will Connecticut speakers do likewise? DELOSS WOOD.

Danielson, Ct.

By LAWS of the Connecticut State Spiritualist Association Governing State Missionary Work.

Section 1. Any society, persons or persons located in Connecticut, who will pledge \$5.00 a month for a guarantee of one meeting by State speaker or medium, shall be entitled by these regulations to one meeting per month by a speaker or medium under direction of State Committee. All pledges being on a basis of \$5.00 per month.

Section 2. Societies or individuals may make as many pledges as they like; each \$5.00 a month for a guarantee for one meeting by State speaker or medium.

Section 3. When twenty pledges for eight months at the rate of \$5.00 per month pledge have been made, and so long as said rate is maintained, the State Committee shall engage, and keep employed, capable speakers or mediums, changing as often as deemed advisable by consultation with local officers and voters.

Section 4. After twenty pledges for eight months at the rate of \$5.00 per month have been made, single pledges of \$5.00 will be accepted by State Committee, and a speaker or medium supplied for one meeting.

Section 5. All pledges shall be paid to Chairman of State Committee on or before the first day of each month in advance.

Section 6. Any society or lecture course failing to send the monthly pledge to State Committee by the first day of each month, services of the speaker for that month will be omitted.

Section 7. The State Association shall elect annually a committee of three, who shall have full charge of the work of engaging speakers, arranging lectures, receiving pledges, and paying all bills. Said committee shall give a bond for \$2000 keep a detailed account of all receipts and expenditures, and shall render a full report at each Annual Convention of the Connecticut Spiritualist Association.

Section 8. All accounts shall be audited by a Special Committee appointed for that purpose by State Association.

Section 9. The State Committee shall be empowered to appoint canvassers in every locality in the State to secure \$5.00 pledges for monthly meetings extending from October to May.

Section 10. It shall be the duty of this Canvassing Committee to see that some energetic person makes a thorough canvass of every available locality in the State, for the purpose of forming new societies or arranging lecture courses. Each society or lecture course thus organized shall be transferred to State Committee, duly entered in its books, and supplied with a speaker as soon as possible after payment of the \$5.00 pledge.

Section 11. If a local branch is held as a society, said society shall lodge with State Committee a statement signed by its officers, giving amount of pledge, name of society, and its officers.

Report

Of the Proceedings of the Twenty-Seventh Annual Convention of the Vermont Spiritualist Association, Convened in Grand Army Hall, Montpelier.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Friday, Jan. 10, 10 A. M., our Vice-President, Sarah A. Wiley, called the meeting to order, after singing by the choir.

G. A. Newton of Montpelier gave the address of welcome, to which Dr. S. N. Gould of Randolph responded. Addresses were made by Abbie W. Cressett of Waterbury, Sarah A. Wiley of Rockingham and A. B. Robinson of Cincinnati. O. Adjourned till 2 P. M.

Afternoon session, President E. A. Smith in the chair, opened with a Conference; J. D. Stiles of Weymouth, Mass., recited a poem, followed by a short speech by Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon; Mrs. E. L. Paul of Morrisville, and Newman Weeks of Rutland, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley gave the regular lecture.

Evening session, 7:30 P. M., President Smith in the chair. After singing, invocation by Mrs. Abbie W. Cressett, C. W. Hubbard, Mass., gave a fine lecture, subject, "The Needs of the Home," which J. D. Stiles gave the names of fifty spirits present.

Dr. Hidden occupied the chair Saturday morning and led the Conference. He spoke on the "Doctor Law" and "Organization," and was followed by Newman Weeks of Rutland, G. W. Whitney of Weymouth, and Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon. E. Hubbard of Tyson gave the regular lecture of the morning; Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley of Rockingham, Abbie W. Cressett of Waterbury and Mrs. G. B. Nichols of Barre, spoke on "Woman Suffrage." Adjourned.

Afternoon session, 2 P. M., President Smith in the chair. Mrs. Emma L. Paul of Morrisville spoke on "Modern Spiritualism"; J. D. Stiles followed with a descriptive séance.

The President then called a business meeting and election of officers, with the following result: President, Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley of Rockingham, A. F. Hubbard of Tyson; Secretary and Treasurer, Janus Cressett of Waterbury; Auditor, A. F. Hubbard of Tyson; Board of Managers, Don Chalmers of Fletcher, S. N. Gould of Randolph, Newman Weeks of Rutland, Mrs. L. G. Hammond of Ludlow, Mrs. Medora Eastwood of Winooski, Mrs. E. M. Walker of St. Albans, E. B. C. ment of Barre, G. W. Ripley of Montpelier, and L. D. Smith of St. Albans.

Saturday evening at 7 o'clock Dr. C. W. Hidden lectured on the theme, "Of Such is the Kingdom of God," closing up with a descriptive séance by J. D. Stiles.

Sunday morning, 10 A. M., Dr. C. W. Hidden opened the Conference with an address on "Temperance," followed by John Willard of Montpelier, P. O. George W. Whitney of Weymouth, Don Chalmers of Fletcher, G. B. Nichols of Barre, Mrs. Kate A. Stafford of Stowe, Dr. S. N. Gould of Randolph, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley of Rockingham, Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon, Geo. W. Ripley and Aaron Bancroft of Montpelier. The regular lecture of the morning was delivered by Mrs. Abbie W. Cressett of Waterbury.

Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock, Dr. C. W. Hidden lectured. His subject was "The Threshold of the Great Beyond." J. D. Stiles followed with a poem and séance.

The closing session was Sunday evening. Dr. Hidden lectured on "Hypnotism: Its Uses and Abuses," and J. D. Stiles gave a long descriptive séance, giving the names of three hundred and sixty spirits present. Resolutions as follows were adopted in memory of members of the Association who have died during the past year:

Whereas, in harmony with the laws of Nature, our beloved sister and co-worker, Mrs. Zenith Pratt, has entered the Higher Life;
Resolved, That this Association laud the loss of one of its earnest and most self-sacrificing lecturers and mediums, and holds in high esteem her memory, and hopes to continue worthy of the cooperation of her exalted spirit.

Whereas, the spirit of Sarah Towle Scott, esteemed companion of our long-time and venerable brother, Sabia Scott, has passed to the Better Land;
Resolved, That this Association deeply feels her loss, and tends to her husband and family its heartfelt sympathy and regards.

Whereas, Mrs. Willis Gillette, our worthy brother, whose long connection with our Cause added and dignified this Association, has entered the Higher Life;
Resolved, That it greatly misses his presence and encouragement, and extends to his wife and only son its sympathy, hoping to continue worthy of his spiritual helpings.

Whereas, Mrs. L. D. Smith, ripe in years, rich in true womanhood and many good deeds, has joyfully responded to the call to come no higher;
Resolved, That while we feel her loss we rejoice with her in spirit, and hope to be the recipients of her pure spirit's ministry.

Resolved, That a copy of each of these resolutions be presented to the respective family of each of the deceased, and printed in our spiritualistic publications.
Per order Convention,
Mrs. Emma L. Paul, Committee.
Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 12, 1896.

We also extend our thanks to the Central Vermont and Montpelier and Wells River Railroads for courtesies extended to landlady M. S. Davis and wife, and the employees at the Exchange Hotel, for their hospitality to the Brooks Co. and for the use of the hall, and to the Brooks Hotel Corps for their assistance, efforts to make the Convention a success.

Joseph D. Stiles was at his best; his many tests were readily recognized and appreciated. Dr. Hidden came to us a stranger, but soon won the hearts of all present by his fine lectures, his courteous and gentlemanly manner, and his willingness to assist at all times.

Through the earnest endeavor of the Vermont speakers, kindly assistance of the singers, and good, appreciative audiences, occurred another of Vermont's fine Conventions.

Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 20, 1896.

HERSEY, OR LED TO THE LIGHT, by HUDSON TUTTLE.

One of the most useful and practical works that have come under my observation is Hudson Tuttle's recent production, "Hersey, or Led to the Light."

This most valuable addition to our spiritualistic literature is admirably adapted for missionary purposes, and cannot fail, in course of time, to become a powerful medium in leading thousands from the darkness of mind enslaving doctrines into the light of soul-awakening.

The gifted author has succeeded in presenting to the reader life-like characters, such as the observant student of human nature meets in the every-day walks of life.

The early investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism, the clairvoyant medium in the first stages of development, and other equally striking characters, are vividly portrayed within the pages of this highly interesting and instructive book, and reveal to the reader the intricate and subtle operations of psychic laws as manifest in human relationship.

The aim of the truly inspired author is evidently expressed in the title of his book.

Prompted by that noble impulse that should fill the soul of every true Spiritualist, i. e., to share with his fellow-beings the blessings of that universal and eternal "Light" which illuminates each soul with its own light, the writer has impressed upon his words a living force that acts with its subtle power upon the susceptible reader, and leads him to the "Light."

The nominal price (thirty cents) of this excellent book brings it within the reach of all, and its value for missionary purposes cannot be over-estimated; may it find the large circulation it so richly deserves.

HENRY SCHARFFETTER.

Baltimore, Jan. 2, 1896.

"The Memory of the Just is Blessed."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The sad news of the sudden transition to the higher life of that noble worker and friend to humanity, HENRY J. NEWTON, gave me infinite pain, and I felt I must add a few words to the many that have been spoken, expressive of my high esteem and love for one whom I believe to have been one of the noblest men of our time.

A few years ago my dear departed wife, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, lectured for his Society, and I accompanied her to New York, and spent a week with him and Mrs. Newton at their charming home. I shall never forget that visit, the sweet influences and delightful surroundings of that truly lovely home, the pleasant talks with Mr. Newton and his wife, and their genial and kindly hospitality. He was, indeed, no common man, and the many and widespread testimonials to his worth and excellence since his departure, testify to the good effects of such a true and noble life as his was, even on those who differed widely from him in opinions and beliefs. His loss to the cause of Spiritualism would be irreparable, did we not know that his spiritual presence and influence are yet with us, and will, no doubt, still take part in the work he so faithfully and energetically carried on while on earth. Truly his light did shine before men, and his voice gave no uncertain sound. The good that such men do will surely live after them. "The memory of the just is blessed." DR. E. A. SMITH, President of Vermont State Spiritualist and of Queen City Park Camp-Meeting Associations, Brandon, Vt., Jan. 18, 1896.

IT IS A FACT ESTABLISHED

by modern elements, that the fifteen or more elements found in the human system are also found in about the same proportion, in a matured wheat kernel. The FARMER'S WHEAT FLOUR OF THE FINEST QUALITY is a Bread Food gives you all these elements.

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\$1010.50, \$1011.50, \$1012.50, \$1013.50, \$1014.50, \$1015.50, \$1016.50, \$

For the Banner of Light.
ROBERT BURNS.

BY STEPHEN H. BARNESDALE.

Oh, Robert Burns! our memory turns
With grateful recognition,
To all you've loved and thought and done
To help the world's condition.

Oh, Bard of Scotland, not yet dead!
Ye sure will live forever
In rapturous lines of poetry,
We can forget? No, never!

You've loved and suffered not in vain,
Though short your life on earth was;
You've thrilled the world with joyous thought,
And sweeter, nobler purpose.

In spirit sphere, oh! Robert Burns,
May you reap life's fruition;
And ever be replete with joy
For blessing man's condition.



Brief Memoir of Emma Hardinge-Britten.

Sent by Special Request to the Banner of Light, and Originally Written by the Author of "Art Magic" and "Ghost Land." [C]

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

HAVING been earnestly solicited to contribute some account of my own remarkable public career in connection with the cause of Modern Spiritualism to the pages of the dear old "BANNER OF LIGHT"—a publication which for years has been to me and thousands of others a veritable SPIRITUAL BIBLE—I feel it impossible to decline the honor that such a request implies; at the same time I am at a loss how to crowd up into a few columns of space any special account that would do justice to the wonderful and truly phenomenal career into which spiritual power and influence has led me.

I would, however, wish to premise that in justice to the aid, direction and prevision with which my strange life has been guided during the past thirty-five years, also to revive the memory of the noble pioneers of the spiritual movement, amongst whom my first years of labor were outwrought—I have written a full and complete autobiography of my own spiritual life—the details of which I can now only review with wonder that such things were, and deep gratitude to the world of spirits that brought me through the tremendous scenes of trial there recorded.

One year ago, on the same date as that on which I am now writing—namely, November 24, 1894—my beloved husband, Dr. Wm. BURNES, closed his eyes forever on this sad scene of mortality, under the action of incurable heart-disease.

The best and truest helper of my storm-tossed life taken away, and my main support—whether financial or practical—lost to me on earth, all means of my publishing a full and well-prepared Encyclopedia of the early spiritual workers (or even of my own eventful experiences) was ended. None came forward to answer my appeals for help; my large collection of spiritualistic memories remains in *statu quo*, and my own wonderful autobiography awaits the time when a temporary and fitful interest may be awakened by my departure from a world which rears up monuments to the dead, who have passed away from a generation which permitted them to languish in obscurity and die of neglect.

Still desirous to oblige my esteemed friend of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and furnish that journal with the mere sketch requested, I send herewith a paper written some years ago at the urgent pleading of the late JAMES BURNS, and by him published in *The Medium*, then the principal spiritual paper in London. The article in question was written by my life-long friend, the CHEVALIER DE B.—author of the two celebrated works entitled "*Ghost Land*" and "*Art Magic*." My good friend's sketch does not, of course, include the records which notice the noble army of early spiritual pioneers treated of in my full autobiography—a work which if not published in my own fast-waning life, will yet be left to posterity, and if then disregarded, will yet be found engraved on the indelible archives of eternity.

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.
*The Lindens, Humphrey street, 1
Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng.*

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

(The following extracts are taken from a memoir of Mrs. Hardinge-Britten, written by her friend and occult associate, the author of "*Art Magic*." The memoir was prepared for publication in a foreign periodical, but its completion having been delayed by unforeseen causes, and Mr. Burns having frequently requested permission to add a brief sketch of Mrs. Britten's career to the biographical notices that have already appeared in *The Medium*, one of the readers of that paper has undertaken to make the following few extracts from the memoir in question. It must be added, however, that the mere fragments which are here presented cannot do the smallest justice to the charming style of the original writing, or the marvel and interest of the memorable life, of which these passages give only a slight and most imperfect sketch.)

In an address given some years ago in San Francisco, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, on the subject of "Death," the speaker said: "Truly we may die many times in one brief mortal existence! Death is a radical change of state; an alteration of the conditions of being, but one so entire that whilst the functions of mind which make up the sum of individuality are preserved, the influences which bear upon the mind of the individual are completely altered.

"The molecular changes which break up the body and separate it from the indwelling spirit, are only the death of the mortal form, or garment of clay we wear, but the effect of the

(The above picture represents Mrs. Britten and her favorite Australian Zee. "I'm a good boy now, Emma.")

change from the earthly to the spirit-life is not greater than that which may take place from time to time in our feelings, purposes and perceptions. In this sense, therefore, we may experience many deaths during our one brief sojourn on earth. I could, if I would, illustrate this position fully in my own history, for I have died many times, although my spirit has not yet quitted its earthly tenement.

"I am the same individual, but in no respect the same *thinker* that I was ten, twenty or thirty years ago. I died a complete death the first time I ever crossed the waters of the Atlantic; in short, I landed on the shores of New York a being wholly different from the one who left London a fortnight before, and since then I have died many times to the past, and been born many times again."

Such are the opinions expressed by one whose eventful career has given her abundant opportunities of confirming her theory, and such are the truths which a profound and philosophic study of Occultism in life and nature will inevitably disclose.

As there is but one phase of Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's memorable history which immediately concerns her spiritualistic associates, or those who are most interested in her recent experiences, it will be unnecessary to impinge upon the narrative of her earlier years except to note that from infancy she manifested the possession of those occult powers which are now classified under the general appellation of "mediumship." A ghost seeress, somnambulist, improvisatrice in music, a prophetess and clairvoyant, the strange weird child, "Emma Floyd," was as much the terror of her nursery attendants as she was the problem of her parents, and all who knew her. It seems probable that hereditary influences were strongly prevalent in this singular child's nature. Descended in a direct line from the renowned "Welsh Wizard," "Owen Glendower," little Emma also partook of the characteristics of her sailor father, a gentleman of phenomenal abilities, wonderful powers of prevision, and other qualities of a high spiritualistic order.

There were many circumstances in Emma's early life and training, which, as a thoughtful woman, she now considers to have been instrumental in preparing her for her present mission. Being deprived of her good father's care at a very tender age, the young girl, like the rest of her family, was compelled to depend upon her own talents for subsistence. Her phenomenal musical endowments, and the possession of a magnificent soprano voice, determined her friends to educate her for the operatic profession. The exercise of her musical powers, and other circumstances incident to her life and character, threw her constantly into the society of persons far above her in rank and educational culture, and thus, as she herself modestly alleges, she derived certain advantages and refining influences which she never could have enjoyed as an humble musical student, and which she now finds have been of incalculable value in preparing her as an instrument for the spiritual rostrum.

A fine magnetic subject and the elected Seeress of a Secret Society of Occultists, Mrs. Britten's spiritual training commenced long before the report of the open communion between the natural and spiritual worlds ever reached her ears, or furnished a clue to her strange and exceptional experiences.

It was during the time that the young girl enjoyed the fairest prospects of achieving eminence as an opera singer, that she found all those prospects blighted by her irrepressible somnambulist tendencies.

During the progress of her studies at Paris, she became impelled to rise from her bed in a profound sleep—climb tremendous heights, traverse the wintry streets, preach, recite, and very commonly to enact fearful scenes as if engaged in some deep tragedy. At such times the somnambulist would utter wild cries and fearful screams, the result of which was to create so violent an irritation of the vocal chords that she ultimately lost her beautiful voice, and was compelled to relinquish her operatic pursuits *in toto*. As a last resort, and to save the unfortunate somnambulist from the pulmonary affection under which she labored, Emma and her devoted mother followed the direction of the medical advisers, and took a long voyage.

In pursuance of the plans of life which circumstances imposed upon her, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, or—as she has been known in the dramatic profession—Miss Hardinge, accepted an engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and it was in the very radical change experienced between the gay, fashionable, and fascinating artistic circles of Europe, and the democratic influences of her American life, as it seemed to her, that one of her "many deaths" actually occurred, in her first passage across the stormy waves of the Atlantic.

"If, as I affirm," says Mrs. Britten, in some autobiographical notes now in the present writer's possession, "I was indeed destined to die to all that I had deemed fair or desirable in my past experiences, surely I may with equal certainty declare I was born again, and that into a far higher and nobler life, upon the shores of New York, for was it not there I first became a SPIRITUALIST? and is there not in that avowed the history of a birth as far in advance of all that earth could give me as the radiant sun of heaven outshines the twinkling lights of the city streets?"

Mrs. Hardinge's Spiritualism was not vouchsafed to her, however, without the payment of many a penalty. Her own occult powers had never, to her apprehension, been connected with the idea of a *human spiritual agency*; in fact, the high spiritualistic tendencies of her nature, lacking the direction of phenomenal proof or intelligent guidance, had not only predisposed her mind to adhere to the religious faith in which she had been educated, but militated against the acceptance of any other ideas of the hereafter save those which the Church of England inculcated. Her conversion to the faith of Spiritualism, therefore, was not effected without severe mental struggles, and such an overwhelming amount of phenomenal evidence as completely set at naught all her preconceived opinions and rendered belief irresistible.

It may not be out of place at this point to quote a few passages from Mrs. Hardinge's own exhaustive history of "Modern American Spiritualism," in which she details with much point and felicitous expression her first experience with "the spirit-rappings." At page 126 she says:

"As suggested above, my first attendance upon a spirit-seance was failure; Mr. Conklin's 'spirits' being too heterodox for my piety, and his table rockings not conveying to my mind the slightest indication of a *spiritual*—to say nothing of an *angelic*—agency."

"My second essay was more fortunate. My friend, Mr. Augustus Fenns, of the B.—Theatre, had so captivated me with promises of revelations through the amazing fact of *knocks produced by spirits*! that I at length consented to accompany him on a visit to the now celebrated medium, Mrs. Ada Foye of San Francisco, then Mrs. Coan of New York.

"The dire misgivings with which I set out were intensified into disgust by Mrs. Foye's cool indifference of manner. Placing a pencil with a card, on which the letters of the alphabet were printed, in my hands, she proceeded with a merry, and to my apprehension thoroughly *unspiritual* conversation with my companion, simply bidding me point with my pencil to the alphabet, when the spirits would rap at the letters they desired to indicate. Indignant as I felt at Mrs. Foye's indifference to the *soul welfare* that might be concerned in this seance, I was quite convinced in my own shrewd mind that the whole thing was a humbug, and that I was the keen detective destined to expose it. At the moment when my companions were most off their guard, therefore, I seized the little wooden table at which we sat, and resolutely set myself to search for the *spirings* which I knew must have caused the loud knockings that were vibrating beneath my hands. Whilst engaged in this polite proceeding, the sounds became transferred to the ground beneath my feet, and whilst occupied in feeling eagerly along the ground for more concealed springs, the walls, chairs and every portion of the room became alive with tremendous poundings. Compelled at last to own that the sounds were too locomotive to be produced by machinery, I yielded to my companion's advice and set myself to work to point to the alphabet, whilst Mr. Fenns recorded the letters which spelled out names and sentences.

"Without imitating the silly egotism which prompts too many Spiritualists to inflict upon strangers tests and communications of a character too personal to be of the slightest interest to any one but the recipients, it is enough to say that at this one seance the names and tokens of identity of nearly all the dear ones that I had ever known and loved were spelled out with lightning rapidity and unflinching precision. Every name was foreign to the two strangers before me. Every message was special only to myself and the buried dead; and yet here, thousands of miles away from the scenes in which alone these invisible communicants could have been known, their names were given, and their messages of personal identity were showered upon me, like the dews of heaven falling from the realms of immortality!"

At this and many succeeding seances held with various other mediums, Mrs. Hardinge was informed that she herself was a great medium, destined to perform a mighty work, and that she "must sit at once for development." The mode in which these instructions were carried out is whimsically enough described in Mrs. Hardinge's "Modern American Spiritualism," although too diffuse for these columns.

It would seem that the curiosity and interest of the young investigator once aroused, she was not to be satisfied without the most crucial evidence pro and con. She therefore visited scores of mediums, public and private; attended circles amongst all classes; now in the salons of wealth and fashion and anon amongst the very humblest. "I have heard, seen and conversed with these spirits, in parlors and cellars, amongst all classes and in every imaginable scene," says Mrs. Britten.

When she herself became developed as a medium, at the desire of her spirit-friends she gave her services to the world, sitting free for eighteen months for all who chose to visit her or attend her circles. These latter were held chiefly in a handsome building in Broadway, where Mr. Horace H. Day, a wealthy and prominent Spiritualist, had established a sort of Spiritualistic Headquarters, under the title of "Society for the Advancement of Christian Spiritualism." In this building was published and circulated a weekly paper, entitled *The Christian Spiritualist*. In one of the rooms was an extensive free library, in another the generous *entrepreneur* paid Kate Fox, one of the original Fox sisters or "Rocheester knockers," to hold daily seances to which the public were admitted free of charge, whilst Mrs. Emma Hardinge was assigned another apartment, where she too received all who chose to visit her without money and without price, until through every conceivable diversity of gift she became at once one of the most celebrated, popular and reliable of "test mediums." The spirits apprised their mobile and enthusiastic medium that her marvelous array of powers were to be exercised in other directions than that of giving tests, and that she was only influenced in various forms and modes for the purpose of acquiring practical experience of the different gifts which constitute "mediumship." What the ultimatum of these remarkable powers and exercises were to be, we shall presently touch upon more at length.

The mode in which "the spirits" (as Mrs. Hardinge was at length compelled to acknowledge the power to be which influenced her) succeeded in leading her to perform her mission as a platform orator, is of too noteworthy a character to be omitted here.

Besides devoting herself as a "test medium" to all comers, Mrs. Hardinge held nightly circles, at which her trance utterances were of such a striking character that she was solicited, almost to the point of persecution, to fill the rôle of speaker on the spiritual platform. This the young girl's English sense of conventional propriety shrank from with absolute terror. Finding herself, however, unable to resist the constant pressure which her circle of spiritualistic acquaintances put upon her, she determined to break the spell, and quit them at once. For this purpose she secretly advertised for the post of musical governess in a family, hoping by such an employment to escape altogether from her over-zealous associates.

The only respondent to her advertisement, to whom she was attracted, was Gen. Bullard, of Troy, who was very desirous of securing a musical companion for his young invalid wife. Gen. Bullard called upon Mrs. Hardinge, who was then boarding with her mother in the family of Mrs. E. J. French, a renowned medium and clairvoyant physician of New York. To Mrs. Hardinge's dismay, she found Gen. Bullard was as warm a Spiritualist as any of her other "persecutors," and even whilst she was in the act of explaining to him her motives for wishing to change her surroundings, Mrs. French entered the room in a deep trance, and addressing the visitor, informed him that he had been impelled to come there by certain of his own spirit-friends, and that for the sole purpose of bringing out the reusant medium, Emma Hardinge, on the spiritual rostrum. The visitor was delighted, and thus notwithstanding the deep reluctance and earnest refusals of the party most nearly concerned, she was entangled in the psychological web spun around her, and her new acquaintance actually succeeded in extorting from her a promise to come to Troy, and fill the rostrum on the following Sunday.

In her own autobiographical sketches, Mrs. Britten says: "The days which intervened before that awful Sunday were about the most miserable of my life. Committed as I was to do I knew not what, or how, as a sort of preparation for my tremendous task, I proceeded to write out a couple of lectures, and I actually spent two whole days and nights in completing some commonplace stuff, purposing to read the same when I was forced on to the Troy platform. On the third day of this work the spirits said to me: 'What is Emma so busy writing?' 'My beautiful Troy lectures,' I suddenly answered. 'She will not read them,' was the cool reply. 'We shall take away her sight.'"

"Beginning to know, from experience, what these spirits could do, and would do, I abandoned the prospect of reading, and next tried to commit my poor papers to memory. For the following three days I paced a deserted upper chamber, manuscripts in hand, striving vainly to fix the sentences in my mind. 'What does Emma take such long walks for in this weary attic?' at last murmured the mocking voice of one of my invisible tormentors. 'You know well enough,' I savagely responded; 'I am trying to learn these dreadful Troy lectures.' 'We shall take away your memory,' was the final answer, and thus was my last hope shattered. 'Oh! that miserable Sunday; shall I ever forget the agony of mind I experienced as I was led into the ante-room, and for the first time that day left alone? I held my Bible firmly in my hand, resolved to read as a last resort certain chapters from it, and then run away—somewhere—anywhere: away from those dreadful Spiritualists."

"Conducted finally to the platform, my last clear remembrance was of a spiritual hymn, beautifully sung by 'The Troy Harmonists,' and then I had a dim perception that I was myself standing outside of myself, and listening with intense admiration to a speech made partly by myself, and partly by my dear father, dead—when I was only a very little child, but whose noble form I could plainly see, gestulating to, and addressing somehow, *my second self*, which was imitating him, and repeating all the lovely, thrilling words he was uttering."

From that memorable Sunday Mrs. Emma Hardinge continued to occupy a position on the spiritual rostrum, the high and honorable status of which has never been lowered or impinged upon. The full details of her remarkable career, and the untiring energy with which it has been pursued for thirty-five years, would read like a romance; but phenomenally wonderful as many of its passages are, it would be impossible even to enumerate them in this brief sketch. Suffice it to say, for the first two years of her work, the enthusiastic young convert still gave her services to the world as a test and circle medium.

During two years of almost unceasing rostrum service in New York and Brooklyn, Mrs. Hardinge organized one of the finest volunteer choirs that has ever graced the American spiritual meetings; she also composed all the hymns, anthems and songs, taught the singers, played the harmonium, and then leaving her seat as organist and choir-mistress, mounted

the rostrum to deliver those burning and thrilling lectures for which her ministrations have been so remarkable.

In obedience to the counsels of her faithful spirit-guides, Mrs. Hardinge at length left her now beloved associates in New York; her choir, the singers who almost worshipped her; and her friends, the brave New York veteran Spiritualists, including Judge Edmonds, Drs. Gray, Hallowell, Messrs. Partridge, Brittan, and hosts of celebrities—"now saints in heaven"—who hailed her as the well-beloved "spiritual child of New York," to go far and wide, and carry the white standard of Spiritualism through every State, from Maine to California; through the vast wastes of Australasia, New Zealand, and other tropical countries; to speak, write and labor incessantly in Europe and her adopted country, America, crossing the ocean some twenty-six times; these were only some of the items of the mission Emma Hardinge has been called upon to enact.

In nearly twenty instances she performed her pioneer work in the face of threatened danger to her life. In her first visits to Montreal, Georgia, Alabama, New Orleans, California, Nevada, and several other places, she was warned that she should be "lynched," mobbed, or otherwise maltreated, if she dared to fulfill the engagements announced for her. "Go forward!" was ever the charge of her spirit-friends; "not a hair of thy head shall be harmed, and we will defend thee against the whole world." Nobly faithfully, were these glorious promises fulfilled, and it was in the strength of such guidance and protection that Emma Hardinge, a young, lonely and sensitive woman, sped over the world, and advanced to storm and carry many a "forlorn hope," never retreating until her work was done, and always leaving the post of duty loaded with honors and crowned with blessings.

Neither has Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's work been limited to the spiritual rostrum. For some years she labored indefatigably for the reform and benefit of that unhappy class known as "outcast women," and had nearly succeeded in obtaining from the New York Legislature a grant for the foundation of Country Asylums and Schools for this most helpless class, when her benevolent plans were defeated by the breaking out of the American Civil War. During the unhappy struggle between the North and South, Mrs. Hardinge, who was a devoted partisan of the Union cause, raised by her efforts upwards of twenty thousand dollars for the "Sanitary Fund" organized for the Union soldiers. For four years she devoted all her week-evening earnings to this cause, and was handsomely credited for raising the above sum by the *New York Herald*.

During the mighty struggle which closed in the second election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, the sudden death of the Rev. Thos. Starr King left the Union cause in California without its most brilliant and renowned orator. At the earnest solicitation, almost at the solemn command of the Union party of California, Mrs. Hardinge undertook to "stump the State" as the campaign orator for the election of Abraham Lincoln. She delivered thirty-five addresses to thousands and tens of thousands of listeners; dared all the rancor and fury of bitter political opposition, rendered desperate by the war fever of the times; and by her matchless eloquence and disinterested efforts she won thousands over to her side; the State of California (registered as "doubtful") returning a majority of twenty thousand for Lincoln. And all this noble service, rendered at the hourly risk of her life, Mrs. Hardinge gave, refusing to take a single dollar in compensation. For hospitals, asylums and charitable enterprises of all kinds, Mrs. Hardinge's clear voice and inspired utterances have ever been freely given. Wretched prisoners have been cheered by her unnumbered times, and she has ever gratefully thanked the officials of such institutions for permitting her to speak comfort to the hapless inmates.

Her literary labors have been simply endless, she contributing constantly to all the spiritual papers. Mrs. Britten edited for one year the *New York Christian Spiritualist*, published by Mr. Horace H. Day. Her great works, "*The History of Modern American Spiritualism*" and "*Nineteenth Century Miracles*," have run through more editions than any spiritualistic books ever issued. Besides these she has written a charming fictional volume entitled "*The Wildfire Club*"; a fine and very learned series of essays called "*The Faiths, Facts and Frauds of Religious History*"; a capital *ode mecum* of electricity, "*The Electric Physician*"; and a vast number of smaller works and tracts on various occult subjects.

After her happy and auspicious marriage with Dr. Wm. Britten, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten and her husband made a tour round the world, lecturing, writing, working, each indefatigably, as they went. Assisted only by her good husband, Mrs. Britten published also a splendid monthly magazine called the *Western Star*, a work that was unfortunately suspended by the calamitous Boston fires. And thus until the last few months, when domestic cares and bereavements have pressed upon her all too heavily, Mrs. Britten's untiring pen, like her clear, ringing voice, has been unceasingly devoted to the cause of humanity and spiritual progress.

We pause—not because our theme is exhausted, for the title has not yet been touched upon;—but we have trespassed over-long upon the pages of a crowded journal, and we must halt. Happy do we feel to know, beyond a peradventure, that all the unfinished records of a wonderful life, redolent of unacknowledged good to mankind and unrewarded effort to the world, will be found, item by item, inscribed in the archives which never perish, and the ineffaceable types of eternity....

The author of these lines is also the author of "*Art Magic*" and "*Ghost Land*," two books on the occult side of being which Mrs. Britten translated and edited, and which her husband at his own expense published. Those works were both given to the world at a time when Spiritualists seemed to think that the all of life and being in the universe was comprehended in the facts and phenomena of human spirit-communion. Perhaps it was for this cause that, whilst a certain portion of the community received those writings with an amount of high appreciation which far exceeded the author's expectation, the majority of the Spiritualists—especially the "authors" of the ranks—loaded the unfortunate editor and publisher with insults, denunciations and contumely.

"Time tries all." The works so extravagantly blessed and banned, in the course of a few years have become priceless in value, and are even now sought after as the rarest of treasures. They also communicated an impulse to the study of "Occultism," which has flowered out into the wildest extravagances, so that the folly and imbecility which have been put forth under the much-perverted name of "Occultism," should cause Mr. and Mrs. Britten to rejoice that self-styled "Occultists" have forgotten even the very names of those who first impelled the present generation forward to the recognition that such a science as "Occultism" exists.

May past insults and present ingratitude never move thy lofty spirit, or the depths of thy noblesoul, Emma Hardinge-Britten! Trust thou to the anchor that has ever stayed thy tempest-tost barque of mortal life until now, when it almost bears the eternal port where justice cannot fail. The evening shadows are closing fast around thee! Amidst the deepening gloom, may this humble and imperfect tribute prove a star of promise for the speedy dawn of a better and brighter day!

LOUIS DE B.—

NOTE.—As the memoir, from which the above extracts are translated, was written before Mrs. Britten's last few years of labor on the spiritual platforms of the North of England, the experiences incident thereto must be referred to the mark they may have made on public opinion, or those same "eternal archives" mentioned above.—TRANSLATOR.

"I was all run down, and always feeling tired, but I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla a cure for these troubles." Mrs. J. C. Davies, 18 Kingston street, Charlestown, Mass.

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THE DREAM SHIP.

When the world is fast asleep
Along the midnight skies—
As though it were a wandering cloud—
The dream-ship flies.

An angel stands at the dream-ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the dream-ship's side
With a rudder on her bow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty,
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman—
The pauper be a king—
In that revenge of recompense
The dream-ship dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies—
As though it were a cloud astray—
The dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

—Eugene Field, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.



New Year's Address,

Delivered Inspirational at the Watch Meeting at Everett Hall, Alameda, Cal., during the Closing Minutes of the Year 1895.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

THOUGH all time is equally sacred and precious in the eyes of all who are alive to the thought that divinity is universal as God is eternal, there are surely moments in man's earthly history when the occasion seems particularly opportune for facing the receding past and the advancing future in a special manner.

Though the natural New Year's day is Xmas day in the Christian calendar, it is easier for business purposes to begin a year on the 1st instead of the 25th day of a month, therefore Jan. 1 marks the commencement of the civil year.

In the old Roman days, as the names of several of the months abundantly testify, January was regarded as the eleventh month, September being the seventh, October the eighth, November the ninth, and December the tenth; from the Latin names Septem, Octo, Novem and Decem.

The year then commenced at the time of the vernal equinox, March 20, which is now about the season when the Jewish Passover and Christian Easter are celebrated.

The prevailing custom of celebrating the birth of Jesus in the middle of winter by no means goes back to the first Christian century, but as poetry and romance often gain ascendancy over literal history, the symbolic appropriateness of commemorating the birth of a Savior at the time of the winter solstice bore all before it, and the ancient solar festival became the feast of the nativity of Christ.

It is not by reason of historical accuracy or inaccuracy that we unite to observe the passing out of one and the coming in of another year, and it is no idle sentiment which assembles the multitude and makes Old Year's night a time of mingled merriment and seriousness.

The change of a figure on our calendars reminds us of the changeableness of all external things, and suggests vividly to those who can read the symbology of numerals, some special thoughts which may profitably secure the attention of all.

1895 has been an eventful year, though there have been others more remarkable in recent times.

The figure five suggests universal human brotherhood, and is associated with the five great races of humanity, which are sometimes aptly compared to the five fingers on the human hand—distinct, but not separate.

It is not delightful to contemplate a warlike spirit overshadowing the globe at a time when "peace and good will" are loudly proclaimed from every pulpit where Christmastide is mentioned, and when the burden of the refrain echoed by hymns and bells and pealing organ is the same, but a little consideration of the vulgar rendering of the Angel's Song may help to a better understanding of the glorious old prediction. "Peace on earth to men of good will," is the exact translation, and to this no intelligent reader can possibly take exception.

There can be no abiding outward peace until inward good will between men and nations is firmly established, for all attempts to induce or maintain outwardly friendly relations between individuals and communities must, perforce, be futile till the prospect of such harmonious relation abides upon the solid rock of interior love of justice and mutual appreciation.

It is because of this—a truth to us self-evident—that we have long identified ourselves sympathetically with all branches and phases of metaphysical endeavor which look hopefully to a readjustment of external affairs as a consequence of a change for the better in the re-

gion of interior sentiment, for true as it is that we cannot gather grapes from thorns, equally true is it that where we cultivate grape-vines, and allow no thorn bushes, we may gather rich clusters of luscious grapes in our vineyards, but of thorns there will be no representation.

As we enter upon the year 1896 let us venture to pay some heed to the symbolical suggestiveness of these four numerals, in such a way that we may profitably consider the wealth of meaning in the old Latin phrase, *nomen est omen*.

One stands of course for unity, and gives the synthetic idea of all-inclusiveness, while the eight, by which it is followed, is the cabalistic double square, and denotes equity in the heavens, or interior states, as well as upon earth, for as four is the number of the single square, and stands universally for uprightness and honorable dealing alike between nations and individuals, the double of this number carries in its suggestiveness the same principle into the interior realm without abstracting it from the external.

Nine, the triple triangle, three times three, is the trinity of trinities, and therefore signifies what has ever been intended by the nine choirs of angels and the nine subordinate emanations or orders of the Sephiroth, which proceed in due gradation from the Central Sun, En Soph, or Supreme Being.

When the number nine is dealt with as to its interior meaning with reference to human affairs, it means that the time has come when through evolution on the three distinct planes of human consciousness, man can if he will express truth, which is the product or offspring of united love and wisdom, not alone on the physical and intellectual, but also on the moral plane, though full-orbed spirituality lies yet beyond, and cannot be perfectly manifested owing to the terrestrial limitations, which yet remain.

Six, the final numeral of this new year, denotes imperfection in all expressions of life, but an imperfect state, which closely approximates to some perfect demonstration which must occur in the following year, as seven always stands for culminations and eventualities.

In the Apocalypse, or book of Revelation, the cabalistic and masonic ciphers are maintained throughout, as they are also in the book of Daniel, and as no one can force mathematics and geometry out of nature, forms and numbers will continue to express distinct ideas for ever.

The number six, which stands for the hexagram or double triangle, is the double trinity, and signifies the perfect expression of intellectual and physical prowess, as far as these are possible without spiritual illumination.

The numbers of this year are ominous, but not in an alarming sense, for while the voices of the prophets and star-gazers may sometimes falter as they predict the storms and difficulties which are likely to arise, those who are prophets of gloom and disaster only are very short-sighted, for they see not the bright light which is in the clouds.

A great deal of injury is done to the cause of astrology and also to that of clairvoyance by reason of the prevalence of a most pernicious habit, viz., that of giving undue prominence to pessimistic forebodings.

Without questioning the intentional veracity of the compilers of Raphael's Almanac and other similar publications, we must say that it is a reflection both upon the intelligence and good taste of the authors or editors of such compilations that they year by year preface their work with a hieroglyphic for the coming season, which is so utterly and absurdly one-sided that it produces laughter at the expense of astrology among really sincere and able-minded persons, who know from past experience, as well as from the exercise of common sense, that such gruesome pictures are misrepresentations, if only for the reason that they present but one side, and that the gloomiest of the picture.

People need encouraging far more than they require frightening; therefore he is a foolish prophet who selects only the terrifying elements out of his stock of possible prognostications to lay before the world.

Meteorology being a science, the weather prophet may foretell storms; but he is not entitled to prophesy of genial weather when such also is approaching?

The year 1896 will not be a year of undisturbed serenity; neither will it be a year of dreadful cataclysms such as have never before or but very rarely visited this planet; 1896 is born in a disturbed mental atmosphere, but it will see during its progress far more arbitration than warfare, for the peace-loving spirit to-day is stronger in man than the ancient demon of warfare.

In wishing every one of you a bright, happy, prosperous new year, we dare to predict that the year itself, all else aside, will be what can fairly be called a good year; a year in which science, art and literature will spread and grow nobler; a year in which psychical research will win victories and yield much important knowledge to the race; a year in which the spiritual life of humanity will be demonstrably quickened, and one which ere it closes will have witnessed in many districts of the earth a fuller realization of that "larger heart and kinder hand" of which Tennyson sings so gloriously in that ever-welcome carol, "Ring out, wild bells." And now that the bells once more ring out, sounding in the same melodious vibrations, the swan song of 1895, and the natal cry of 1896, may we all, chiming with their entrancing melodies, resolve that the new year shall be unto all of us in the fullest sense a good year, because a year in which we steadfastly resolve to cooperate with heaven and do good to each other. Amen.

IMPROMPTU POEM—CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

When the bright glowing orb of day
Grows dimmer to the outward sense,
When Summer's blooms and Autumn's grace
Have all departed, vanished hence,
When day is shortest, and dark night
Reigns long, and when frost arrows fair
From the Snow-King's pure bow so white
Send chill covering everywhere;
'T is sweet to know the shortest day
Heralds the birth of Spring's warm ray.

When doubt and fear oppress mankind,
When strife is rampant far and near,
Translucent beams of holy light
Shed peace and joy with lustre clear,
Some newborn Savior will arise.
When all the nations in their pain
Are looking toward the leaden skies,
Longing for sunshine once again,
When days are darkest; then appears
The light of God to gladden years.

If it be, as historians say,
Christ was not born in Winter time.
If Jesus came in Spring's bright hours
In lowly form, as babe sublime,

Yet still the central fact remains:
When weary nations in the dark
Were struggling on 'mid grief and pain,
No then arose a guiding spark
Of heaven's own beauty, like a star
Shining through heaven's golden bar.

The Christmas morn, the glad New Year,
Must be the birthday of the sun;
The centre of that living light
Which bath through all the ages run.
When fear and grief oppress the heart,
And solitude casts shade so drear,
Then angels bear with sweetest art
Their lay of hope to earth most near,
Lifting the burden from the heart,
Bidding its grief and fear depart;
This is the Savior's birth below—
When a soul new truth doth gladly know.

Hence comes the New Year glad and free,
With promise of fair brilliancy?
Hence comes the new dawn, the new light,
In all its fairy radiance white?
Surely Eternity must hold
All time and space; thus all is old—
Only the form must needs be new
Through which heaven sends some welcome true
Needed by man; that he may know
The path wherein his steps should go.

All recollections of the past
Are in the soul, and bound most fast
With chains the ages ne'er can break;
Though mighty revolutions shake
The face of nature, still her soul
Must ever hold supreme control;
All dreams and visions disappear
Into the silence, still and clear;
They slumber in the soul enshrined,
Till, with some added thoughts entwined,
They gleam abroad in lighted space,
And show their fashion and their grace.

A new-born Savior doth appear
Whenever comes a glad New Year;
Older than Abraham, within
Resides a spirit; all the din
Of outward life and turmoil shows
The means whereby the building grows.
The edifice the soul erects,
Through discipline it aye perfects,
Its habitation then will rise
More glorious to its native skies.

Oh, let this year be fraught with gems
Dug from Dame Nature's richest store;
Oh, let the glad chime of the bells
Lead up the heart; it may explore
Some new-born Star of Bethlehem
Shining in heaven's bright diadem;
A glad New Year, dropped fresh and free
From out God's vast Eternity;
A drop perceived, departing hence
When it hath given its lesson blest,
Back to the whence, from which it came—
On to the whither, a guiding flame.

Original Essay.



Matter or Spirit? Inadequacy of Materialism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

GUIZOT forcibly expresses the value of a knowledge of future life when he says: "Belief in the supernatural (spiritual) is the special difficulty of our time; denial of it is the form of all attacks on Christianity, and acceptance of it lies at the root not only of Christianity but of all positive religion whatsoever."

He does not stand alone in this conclusion. The difficulty to a great majority of men of science and leaders of thought appears insurmountable, and they no longer feel the necessity of defending their want of belief, but smile at the credulity of those who believe anything beyond what their senses reveal. Not only the infidel world perceives this difficulty, it is well understood by the leaders of Christianity, who have been taught its strength in the irrepressible conflict which has culminated in the skepticism of the present time. With the result before them it is idle to assert that the Bible, as a revelation, is sufficient to meet the unbelief which has grown in the very sanctuary and under the shadow of that revered book.

While the value of the Bible, as interpreted by Christianity, depends on belief in immortality, it has not proved the existence of man beyond the grave so completely as to remove doubt, yet of all the evidence it was designed to give, that on this point should be most complete and irrefragable. The resurrection of Jesus Christ, admitting it to have been exactly as stated, proves nothing, for if he was the son of God, and God himself, he was unlike mortals, and what is true of him is not necessarily so of them. As a God or God man, his resurrection has no likeness to theirs, because essentially different in his nature. Yet the claim is made that his death and resurrection proved immortality for all mankind!

Skepticism has increased because the supporters of religion have not attempted to keep pace with the march of events, but on the contrary asserted that they had all knowledge possible to be acquired on the subject, and that everything outside their interpretation was false. Instead of founding religion on the constitution of man, and making immortality his birthright, they have regarded both as foreign to him, and gained only by acceptance of certain doctrines. They thus removed immortality from the domain of positive knowledge, and those who pursued science turned from a subject which ignored their methods and conclusions with disgust.

Hence, unfortunately, the great army of investigators and thinkers in the realm of matter

held aloof from the spirit, which vast and important realm, including man past, present and future, was given over to the clergy, who scorned nature and abhorred reason.

Hence the antagonism, which can only be removed by the ministry laying aside their sacred books and claims to infallibility, discarding dogmas, beliefs and metaphysical word-jugglery, and studying the inner world in the same manner that the outer world has been so advantageously explored. When this has been done it may be found that physical investigators have not the whole truth, even where they have been most exact. It may be found that having omitted the spiritual side in all their investigations, their conclusions may be erroneous to the extent of that factor which may be one of the most important. It may be found that to have a complete and consistent knowledge of the external world, the internal or spiritual must be understood.

There can be but two methods of explaining the origin and evolution of the universe—the material and spiritual. The first sees in matter all potentialities, all possibilities, and claims that of and by itself it passes through the changes called creation. There is no need of an external intelligence, or God. There is no spiritual existence. Love, justice, right and truth grow out of selfishness, are a part of it, and go out with the expiring taper of life.

The second sets out with the claim that beneath the fleeting phantasmagoria called creation is a realm of force and energy of which we only know by its observed effects. Justice, right, truth and love, are not because in the struggle for existence man found them expedient, but because they are inwrought into the foundation of things. The human being is not a wave thrown up from the seething sea of life, to fall back again in foam, but the heir of an infinite existence.

Here we face the time-old questions: What is matter? What is spirit? Here rests the foundation of the philosophy of nature; there is no middle ground. The materialist starts from the atom, which in itself, he says, has all the possibilities of the universe, and outside of which there is nothing.

But who knows of the atom? Who has seen it? Who felt, smelled or tasted it? No one. The materialists claim that all we know is through the senses; yet here on the threshold of investigation confessedly the senses are dumb. Of the atom they know nothing; hence the materialists go beyond the senses, and found their system of nature on hypothetical atoms, the very existence of which some of their number doubt!

It would be a waste of time to explore the field wherein the baseless dreams of philosophers and scientists have grown like Jonah's gourd, overshadowing the barren sands. The manner in which the conclusions as to the nature of the distinct and indestructible atom are arrived at, shows the crudity of the theory. If we take a fragment of matter and break it into distinct pieces, these are again divisible, and so on until we reach a point beyond which division is impossible. One of these indivisible particles, says the materialist, is an atom; a conclusion derived from a gross conception of material division and the limitation of the mind.

Endow this atom with force, or call it a center of propagation, and the material system of cosmogony is complete. With equal arrogance the materialist treads the higher ground of vitality, of mind and morals. Out of the atom springs life, intelligence and morality, forgetting that the fundamental proposition on which their system rests is an assumption, a guess, and little more.

Investigation by other means than the primitive crudity of mechanical division, shows that the atom as a fixed entity has no existence. By way of illustration, granting the existence of atoms, if a vessel be closed and the air exhausted until only one hundred atoms remain, that hundred will fill the vessel, leaving no space. If the vacuum be made more perfect, and only ten remain, the ten occupy the same space, and if the process be carried so far that only one remain, it will still fill the vessel. But it has been found that matter thus rarefied manifests new properties, and the tangible fades into the intangible. Pure force appears, and it has been conjectured that the attenuation might be carried to a point where matter would be resolved into force.

As the idea of the atom is only an immature conception incapable of demonstration, we find that matter, of which the atom is the component, cannot be defined. We never come in sensuous contact with matter; we sense its forces only as expressed in phenomena.

The succession of the seasons, the recurrence of day and night, the teeming earth, the starry heavens—these are concrete expressions of force—matter revealed to us by its appearance.

If the phenomena of matter were only to be explained, this theory might be plausibly maintained. Fronting one, we might accept it as consistent; but we are fronting two, and theories must reach from one to the other. There is the cause and the cause: the world of phenomena and the world of force; the physical and the spiritual. We are never satisfied with the doctrine that the caused, caused itself. We may receive the doctrine of evolution, and yet we find that it is only the road over which causation has traveled. How? By what impelling power? If we stood by the side of a railway and said, "This is the track, these iron rails, along which the trains come and go," we should say just as much of the vast mechanism and inventive skill that goes into the making and management of a great railroad, as we do of creation when we say it is by evolution.

Instinctively we turn to the realm of spiritual causes. Man as a dual being faces two worlds, the physical world and the spiritual, and nothing short of a system of nature which embraces both, satisfies his anxious desire for truth.

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