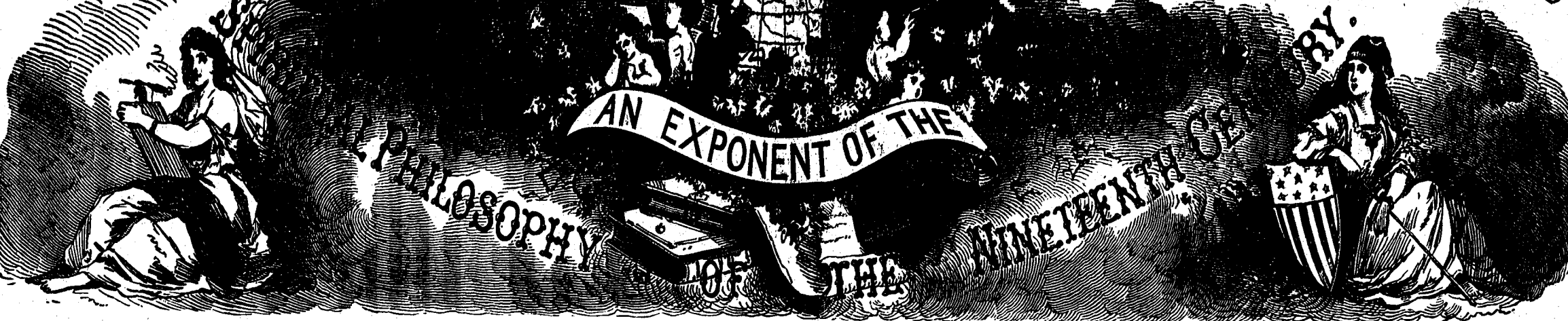


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
GROWTH.

Lines suggested on reading the little poem entitled "That's the Way," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which appeared in the Banner Aug. 22.

Just a little every day—
That's the way!
Bravely we must climb the height,
From vales of darkness into light:
Never any other way,
Than tolling, struggling for the right—
Hand in hand, and might with might;
That's the way!
Night will change to golden day.
Just a little every day:
That's the way!
In our homes—where'er we go,
Let us serve and cheerful sow,
Our very best, from day to day;
And by-and-by, before we know,
As we help others, so we grow
To lead the way,
As we press forward day by day.
Just a little every day:
That's the way!
We shall learn to cast aside,
Hate, and bitterness, and pride,
And all the show of self-assert;
And then, when love has conquered fears,
And our blind eyes are opened, dears,
We then shall say,
Hail! each for all, and all for aye!
Just a little every day,
Poets say!
Man and hero mounts the plane—
Then angelic states attain;
Never any quickening ray
Floods to glory at a bound,
Slowly, slowly, round by round—
That's the way,
Light proceeds from dawn till day.
Thus a little, day by day,
Angels say,
Did they rise upon the earth,
From low estate to spirit-birth,
From harsh discord to rhythmic lay;
And from experience gained here,
Transmuted all to wisdom's sphere.
All this, they say,
They learned while here, from day to day.
Unrolling thus an endless page,
Says the sage!
Angels—then to gods—we ken,
Then, beyond all speech or pen;
Never any one can gauge,
Infinite by sense, forthwith,
And limit thus the realm of truth.
Age after age,
Eternities the soul engage.
Oh! let us each, day after day,
In every way,
Strive the noblest to attain—
To knowledge and its power to aim;
That like the May,
That giveth freely of her flowers,
To crown with grace the leafy bowers,
So may we give with purest joy,
Of conquests won without alloy,
And strew the way,
To bless mankind from day to day.
NELLIE E. DASHIELL.
836 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

European Letter.

Monsieur de Rochas Interviewed.

New Experiments with Eusapia Paladino.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A new series of sittings with this celebrated medium has recently been held in Paris by French scientists, including Professor Richet, Monsieur de Rochas, of the Polytechnique University of Paris, Monsieur Sully Prudhomme, of the Academie Française, and others. No fresh feature was noted, however. The usual phenomena, as previously described, occurred again—the levitation of a table above the heads of the sitters without contact by the medium, and which resisted pressure on the part of two members of the committee who tried to force it down; movement of objects at a distance from the medium; lights, etc.

A further series of séances was held afterwards at the house of M. Maxwell, Deputy Attorney-General of Grenoble, at Bordeaux, to which Monsieur de Rochas, Baron de Watteville, and Count de Grammont had been invited. These gentlemen had hoped to mechanically experiment with the psychic force radiated through the medium and obtain records by recording apparatus they had specially prepared for that purpose. It was, however, found that the expression of this force through the medium could not be directed by the investigators, and they had to abandon their hopes in that direction. Apparently the phenomena occurring through Eusapia are conditioned by her physical peculiarities, and also, perhaps, limited by the capacity and knowledge of the invisible operator. While the sitters may obstruct their manifestation by an aggressive or determined skeptical attitude, entailing "suggestion" to the medium and perhaps determining fraud, yet the phenomena cannot be modified in character to any great extent apparently in an individual medium.

It was decided, therefore, to take the phenomena in the order presented, but to specially observe the manner by which the movements of objects at a distance from the medium were moved without contact on her part. The conclusion was unanimously arrived at that these movements are effected by means of "astral" hands projected from the medium to distance, while objects close to the medium may be moved by an invisible force flowing from her hands. This conclusion is considered by Monsieur de Rochas to constitute an important addition to our knowledge with regard to psychical phenomena.

While Monsieur de Rochas himself held both of the medium's hands in his own, his face was squeezed with some force by an astral hand. Hands were inserted under his arms, and he was lifted off his chair, the chair being then placed upon his shoulders. Several of the

other investigators were touched in a similar manner; one of them saw the fingers of the hand that was held over his face.

Monsieur de Rochas would express no opinion as to whether the hands thus externalized and moving at a distance from the medium were those of the medium's own "astral" form or not.

It would appear to be impossible that the vitality called "astral," or psychical, could be extracted from the molecular cells of Eusapia's physical hands and externalized. That would entail the disintegration of her hands, as occurred in the case of Mme. d'Esperance, when the lower part of her organism was dissolved, according to the account of M. Aksakoff. But as one or other of the investigators retained hold of Eusapia's material hands throughout these sittings, this evidently did not occur in the present case. The astral hands which were projected, and acted at a distance from the medium, must, therefore, have been most probably those of the invisible operator, materialized temporarily by the use of the subject's exteriorized vitality.

There remains, however, the possibility to be considered, that these astral hands may, perhaps, have been constituted by the invisible operator's thoughts, or determination, acting through the subject's vital radiation. It is now well-known that suggestion by a mesmeric or hypnotic operator entails the objective presentation in the subject's mind of the idea suggested, or transferred. Such visualizations even appear more vivid and concrete to the subject than his normal physical surroundings. On the other hand, occultists claim to effect the externalization or projection of thought-forms, which are substantiated by means of their aura, or vital radiation. When taken in connected association, the latter phenomena, it will be observed, are but a sequential development of the former. Such thought-forms are but thought-objectivations, but externalized and substantiated in auric radiation. We may infer that operators in higher states than ours may probably be able to develop this process yet another stage, and by "coagulating and fixing" as alchemists say—or, in other words, condensing the exteriorized vitality of the subject further than is possible to occultists—render such objectivations more solid and palpable to our senses.

The fact that the vital aura carries dynamic energy and sensation has been shown in M. de Rochas's published works. It was further demonstrated in the present experiments. Eusapia was requested to hold her hands over one end of a table, when the end rose into the air. While so suspended, M. de Rochas pinched the intervening space, between the table and the medium's hands. Eusapia uttered a cry of pain, showing that the sensation of the pinch had reperated to her, and consequently that an invisible connection passed between her and the table, which carried dynamic energy and sensation. Materializations are now known to be invisibly connected with the medium in the cabinet, and injuries done to such materialized figures reperate to the medium. M. de Rochas has shown that sensations produced in the vital human exteriorized "double" reperate to the embodied self, or original of the double. These astral hands may consequently be materialized thought-suggestions of hands, projected through the medium and clothed in her vitality, while carrying dynamic energy and sensation.

There remains still the further question as to whether these astral hands are the objectivations of auto-suggestions of the medium herself, or are determined by the suggestions of the invisible operator. Several leading psychologists, such as Profs. Richet and Ochorowicz, consider that mediumistic phenomena are produced by auto-suggestions of the medium. But as all objective visualizations in hypnotic phenomena do not result from auto-suggestion, but presuppose an operator, the same law most probably applies in mediumistic objectivations or phenomena. Dr. Baradac has indeed experimentally demonstrated that mesmeric suggestions imply a transference of vitality from the operator to the subject.

That an operator was present in Eusapia's séances was verified by several of the investigators, one of whom entered the cabinet, and was handled most palpably. Others saw his face in part, and his beard, at other times. Curiously this intra-normal operator took the name of John King, and told his audience, through his subject, that he had been an Egyptian when embodied. It would have been interesting if some of the committee had asked in what way he was related to the John King who used to perform similar services for Madame Blavatsky, when she called herself a Spiritualist, in the early days in New York, etc. Col. Olcott, however, informs us that this King claimed to have been an English buccaner called Morgan. When Madame Blavatsky came to call herself an occultist, this unfortunate John King became simultaneously degraded in rank, and was described as an elemental, which Mr. Sinnet now explains is a "thought." How John King liked the change does not appear in the story; yet he must have enjoyed the mystifications of that lady, which perhaps were in affinity with his love of creating a sensation in his old days of sea-roving, or presumably he would have abandoned his subject, and undoubtedly have entailed the simultaneous cessation of her "occult" tricks. A John King used to act as operator for Miss Cook, whose phenomena Mr. Crookes investigated. A John King still works for a London medium. Why the entities who are delegated to do that sort of work affect that name particularly would be interesting to discover.

It was discovered that passing an electric current through the medium, and connected with the object to be moved, assisted considerably in the strength of the phenomena. A Wimhorst machine was used. Eusapia in her normal state was afraid of electricity, but when under control asked that it should be used.

Eusapia was found to be very susceptible to mesmerization and suggestion. The usual visual and auditive phenomena were reproduced with her by M. de Rochas. It saved time to induce her mesmerically into the secondary state, when the invisible operator took control of her, rather than wait for him to entrance her. The phenomenon of the "exteriorization of sensibility" was also produced with her by M. de Rochas, which formed into a column at her right hand side. He was prevented from developing this into the human "double," however, as he wished, by the invisible operator, John King, who seized on this vital radiation and used it in the production of his own phenomena as described.

Eusapia was found to be as susceptible to suggestion when entranced by her invisible operator as when mesmerically induced by M. de Rochas. Suggestions made to her by M. de Rochas when she was entranced were executed by her in as earnest a manner as the suggestions made by her invisible operator. This in itself constitutes strong evidence that mediumistic phenomena are the result of "suggestions"

made by invisible operators to their subjects or mediums.

Subjective phenomena are evidently caused by suggestions which give rise to visualization in the medium, while objective phenomena are of a similar origin, but externalized and substantiated in the medium's aura.

The positive value of these experiments, as compared with the mere negative results achieved at Cambridge, entailed probably by persistent determining skepticism, is self-evident. M. de Rochas observed with regard to this that he was of a similar opinion as Ochorowicz, that if a considerable number of experimenters in different places affirm the reality of certain phenomena they have observed, while a few others fail to obtain them, the probability is that the latter did not know how to establish the necessary conditions to obtain them.

The special value of the evidence here adduced will probably be considered to lie in the similarity of process which is shown to exist in the production of mesmeric and mediumistic phenomena. The suggestion evidently arises therefrom that by the study of mesmeric phenomena we may come to understand the meaning of spiritualistic phenomena. The mesmeric operator evidently stands in the same relation to his "subject" as the invisible and disincarnate operator stands to the medium. In both cases the medium or subject is a relay for the transmission of messages from an operator visible in the latter case and invisible in the former. Passy, Paris. QUESTOR VITÆ.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Rambling Reminiscences.

BY MOSES HULL.

I believe my last letter to the BANNER OF LIGHT left me in Allegheny, Pa., where I ministered to the Church of Spiritualists during the month of October. I did something more, however, than to preach to them twice on Sunday and once during the week; I made several political speeches; beside that, I attended the meeting of the National Association of Spiritualists at Washington, D. C.

That meeting in Washington, I think, presented good omens to those who can read and rightly interpret the signs of the times. A more intelligent, or a more earnest body of men and women, does not often get together.

All seemed to feel that Spiritualism is a grand truth vouchsafed to this world by the angels; and that we enjoy the glorious privilege of cooperating with the good and best of former generations in devising ways and means of leading the world to see the light which shines upon our pathway. The result was that, while many of the delegates differed from each other in plans of accomplishing the work, all felt that the work must be done, and each was willing to listen to the plans of each. These annual gatherings will not only confer an annual baptism, and thus annually increase our energies for the work to be done, but they are leading to a combined, a united assault on the bulwarks of ignorance and superstition. Spiritualism will stand before the world in the future more as an organized—a combined work, than it ever has in the past.

Now, if we can induce all of our speakers, who have not already done so, to study Spiritualism systematically, so as to present it in a logical and concise form to the world, our Cause will not suffer so much from wasted energy as it has in the past.

I hope the school which is to be inaugurated in Mantua, O., next June, will do something in that direction. Speaking of "The Spiritualist Worker's Training School," I wonder what its real prospects are? I wish those who desire to avail themselves of the benefits of that institution would write to me; or, if they prefer, write to Prof. D. M. King, at Mantua Station, O. Those who have inaugurated that enterprise begin to want to know about how many students they are to have; they have taken a heavy financial responsibility upon their shoulders, and deserve and should receive encouragement. Wealthy Spiritualists all over the land should contribute to this enterprise. I am in no way financially connected with this school, and only urge Spiritualists to take hold of this matter, because it is an enterprise which deserves the approval and aid of every one who is interested in the growth of the Cause we all profess to love. I doubt whether there is a church in Christendom whose more wealthy members do not contribute more to spend their life in working in their Cause.

We come before the world with the most worthy and important truths it ever heard; why should not those who have been blest with a knowledge of these things do something toward preparing young men and women to march out in their defense? Spiritualists, put your means in this work; it will be found to finally pay much better than to spend your dollars for personal communications and tests to re-convert you every week to the facts of Spiritualism. I urge you to do this for the sake of the Cause, for the sake of my honest and talented men and women who would gladly enter this work but have not the means to properly prepare themselves for this arena, and partly for your sakes; you will, in this work, find a blessing in proportion to the interest you manifest in assisting it.

Other schools are started, and yet others will start; undoubtedly all will be good in their place, but none are in incubation to do the specific work for which this one is to be inaugurated. Mr. Editor, allow me, while I am jumping from one subject to another, to endorse the several articles I have seen from the pen of that noble worker, George W. Kates, in the various Spiritualist papers, about starting and maintaining a Spiritual Speakers' Association. Such an Association would have many good features which cannot be mentioned. The clergy know the benefits of ministerial associations. Speakers, if they could meet in convention occasionally, to discuss the methods of work, could be of great benefit to each other. Bro. Kates, put me down as a charter member of that Association.

At present writing I am in the city of Philadelphia, where I have spoken to audiences increasing in size and interest for the past four Sundays. I have one more Sunday here. There are few Societies that know how to treat a speaker better than does the Philadelphia Society of Spiritualists. It seems like a rest to speak here; in this I only echo the sentiment, so far as I know, of all who have spoken here. Bro. Locke, a distant relative of old John Locke, from whom everybody likes to quote, is the President. His good wife is the Treasurer, and in a certain sense the financier of the Society. The somewhat odd name of the Secretary I cannot at this moment recall. Whatever brother and sister Locke propose, that the

Society does with all its might, and perfect harmony reigns.

Connected with the Society is also a Ladies' Aid, which does much to keep the main Society afloat. The Ladies' Aid is small, but as plucky as a bantam rooster.

One other Society, the oldest in the city, if not the oldest in the State, is presided over by that venerable worker, B. B. Hill, with Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader as Secretary. That Society is also striving to sustain regular lecturers. Oscar A. Edgerly is speaking for it this month; I understand that he, too, is having good audiences. He is to be followed by Mr. W. J. Colville, and Mr. Colville by Mr. J. W. Fletcher.

The Philadelphia Society of Spiritualists, for whom I am speaking, will be favored during December with the services of Prof. W. F. Peck, and during January Prof. Lockwood will speak for it.

There are other societies here, but they depend upon mediums and home talent to entertain and instruct their audiences.

Mrs. Hull and I soon go to our new home in Stoneham, Mass. We still own our home in Chicago, but, as Mrs. Hull's health is always better in New England than in the West, and as speaking-places are nearer together, we decided to rent our home, partly furnished, and ship enough of our goods to furnish two or three rooms, and try the East for a year or two at least.

Our house in Stoneham will be found next door to that veteran worker, Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood.

If we could exchange our Chicago property, at reasonable rates, for property in some desirable locality in New England, we might perhaps again become Yankees.

Sundays, Dec. 20 and 27, will be spent in Bridgeport, Ct. We go to New England to work—in fact, to become a part of the work. Any one desiring the services of Mrs. Hull or myself, or both of us, for either Sunday or week-day evening work, can hereafter address us at Stoneham, Mass.

I hope that the BANNER OF LIGHT may still be the "Banner" given to those "who love the truth," and a "Light" to enlighten all who "sit in darkness."

Another Authentic Apparition.

In the recently published biography of James Holmes, the artist, by M. Alfred T. Story, a chapter is devoted to the Leigh family, who were related to Lord Byron, and were on intimate terms with Holmes, whose eldest surviving son, by the way, was scenic artist at the Opera House in Auckland, N. Z., where he lost his life by fire on the 21st of January, 1885. Col. Leigh was the narrator of the following incident, with all the particulars of which, it will be seen, he was particularly well acquainted:

"A private in his regiment had been sent to the hospital for a wound that appeared likely to prove fatal. He was greatly concerned lest he should fail, and his grand mother, his only living relative, not knowing what had become of him, The Colonel promised that he would write to acquaint her with his condition. In the morning he paid the man a visit, and informed him that he had dispatched a letter to his grandmother. Said the man, as it appeared very happily, 'Ah! sir, it will never reach her—she is dead. She came to my bedside the night and told me she died shortly after I left home. But she bade me be comforted for she said I should get better and return to England and live happily.' He added, as he thanked the Colonel for the trouble he had taken, 'It's very pleasant, sir, to know that she's not in want, and that I shall see her again some day.' The proof of the accuracy of this vision came to hand in the form of a letter from the schoolmaster of the village in which the old woman had lived, saying that she was dead and giving the date of her decease, which coincided with what the soldier had been told in his vision."

This could not be called a telepathic communication, because it occurred some time after the death of the aged woman; and the only rational explanation of the phenomenon is that her spirit, attracted to his side by his affectionate concern for her, visited her grandson under the circumstances described.—*The Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

Joan of Arc Before the Judges.

The questions addressed to Joan, and her answers day by day, have been transmitted in the records of the court. To read them is to understand the brutal ferocity with which she was tortured, until, turning on her accuser, she cried: "You call yourself my judge; be careful what you do, for I am indeed sent by the Lord, and you place yourself in great danger."

To answers almost sublime succeeded answers filled with naive ingenuity. Questions were piled, traitorously conceived, concerning the visions which had come to her, and the celestial voices which she heard and which throughout her mission had counseled and guided her. But on this point she was firmly silent. It was as though it were a secret which she was forbidden to betray. She consented to take an oath to speak nothing but the truth, but concerning her visions she made a reservation. "You could not my head off before I would speak," she protested. At night, in the darkness of her dungeon, St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, and celestial voices comforted her. She avowed that she had seen them "with the eyes of her body," and when they leave me," she added, "I wish that they would take me with them."—*The National Hero of France, by Maurice Boutel de Monvel, in the November Century.*

The Great Increase of City Population.

More than one-third of the entire population of these United States now live in cities. In some States it is much greater. In Massachusetts, 70 per cent.; in New York, 60 per cent.; in Connecticut, 54 per cent.; in New Jersey, 52 per cent. In 1790 there were but six "cities,"—i. e., having a population of more than 8,000—in 1890 there were 448 such cities. In 1840 there were but three cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants; in 1890 there were twenty-eight such cities. In 1870 there was no city having 1,000,000 inhabitants; in 1890 there were three such cities. In 1896 the new New York is estimated to contain 3,200,000 inhabitants, or nearly as many as the thirteen United States when George Washington took the oath of office as first President.—*From "The Government of the Greater New York," by Col. F. V. Greene, in October Scribner's.*

We suppose a man in a cyclone feels a good deal like a fly in a glass of water.—*West Union Gazette.*



Mrs. Helen T. Brigham.

Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, or "Nellie" Brigham, as she is known to her friends, is one of the inspirational speakers of the early days of the movement. We quote from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* certain points concerning her life and labors.

Helen Juliette Temple was born at Henniker, N. H., and was the youngest of eight children. She was a frail child from her birth, and did not inherit the robustness of the hardy races from which she was descended—English on her father's side, and Welsh and Irish on her mother's. Her parents were married when they were very young, Jabez Temple being but twenty, and Mary Boardman but sixteen. This young pair started out bravely and boldly, but it was a bitter struggle for many years. The hard life of a New England housewife of fifty years ago had begun to tell upon the strength of this devoted mother, and for several months preceding the birth of little Helen she was obliged to rest. It was the first time in her busy life that she had had time to read. Among the books that she read was the "Scottish Chiefs," that delight of the past generation, and it was from her favorite character, Helen Mar, that "Nellie" received her name.

It was impossible for a child so delicate to be submitted to the confinement and routine of school life, so she was allowed to roam the fields and become a firm friend with all the birds and animals. Her entire school life was contained within a period not exceeding two years, and little did the friends of Helen Temple dream that other forces were at work that would give her a knowledge more satisfying than that derived from books, and that she was destined to become a teacher among men.

When she was about fourteen years old, her mother and uncle, who had become very much interested in the new subject of Spiritualism, sat down with Helen to see if any possible result could be obtained. To their astonishment Helen became "entranced," personated several spirit-friends, played upon a guitar, and improvised some verses which she could not possibly have done in her conscious state.

She no doubt inherited this mediumistic tendency from her mother, who remembers at the age of twelve, while she was visiting an aunt in Chelsea, Mass., seeing at the foot of her bed one night a boy, who looked at her intently with large, brilliant eyes. She woke her sister, who was sleeping with her, and so thoroughly frightened her that she aroused the whole household. At another time, soon after her marriage, she and her husband were awakened by strains of wild, weird music. It seemed to come from a deep dell across the road, and was different from anything they had ever heard. They went out to listen, and tried to find the cause, for everything was apparently deserted. As they lived on a lonely hillside, with no other house near, it was apparent that it did not come from any neighbors; as they listened, the strange sweet music, deep and full like the tones of an organ, seemed to rise from the dell, then passed slowly over them and died away into silence. They never heard it again, but Nellie remembers hearing her mother singing the air as she recalled it.

Helen Temple married Luther A. Brigham, and in April, 1836, her only child, Clarence, was born. For many years her home has been in Coleraine, Mass., but every Sunday has found her in New York, where she has given lectures morning and evening, at first before the First Society of Spiritualists, and later for the Ethical Society of Spiritualists. Besides this, she has given on an average four lectures a week, to say nothing of numerous funeral services. No call but finds her ready, for she is never so happy as when doing for others, and many a family will feel comforted if she is there to say the last words over the lifeless form.

Her life from the beginning has been a noble example of a pure, gentle woman who has helped to make the world better for having lived in it, and her teachings from the rostrum have always been of a high order.

It is a wonderful thing to the newspaper publisher just why so many people are so zealous of the integrity of the news in the publication. Let a mistake appear, no matter how trivial, and every reader of the paper that has noticed it takes it upon himself to remind the publisher of it. The next time you stop a newspaper man to remind him of a mistake that he let slip in the paper, just stop and think that he is only human, and occasionally is misinformed or misunderstood, just like you do once in a while.—*Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantagraph.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE NEWEST OF NEW WOMEN: A BOSTON INCIDENT.

BY W. J. COLVILLE,

AUTHOR OF "ONEBIMUS TEMPLETON," "DASHED AGAINST THE ROCK," "WITH ONE ACCORD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS EVE had come again with all its copious wealth of beautiful tradition and glorious association. Boston was gay beyond compare in honor of this the sweetest festival of all the livelong year. Shops and stores, houses and churches, all seemed to vie with each other in the splendor of the garments in which they were arrayed to greet the annual birth of the Christ-child of humanity into a world which often seems so cold, callous, and heartlessly indifferent, that sympathetic natures feel sometimes almost driven to doubt the sincerity of the loudly-professed declarations of the optimistic school of anthropology which unswervingly teaches the essential goodness despite the apparent badness of our common human nature.

If any day in the year can serve to dispel the clouds of pessimism which gather occasionally over even the brows of those whose dispositions are sunniest and sweetest—that day is December 21, for on the eve of the gladdest holiday in all the year everybody seems to be going out of self to seek to make others happy.

The blessed institution of Christmas grows more and more dear to the hearts of the millions of New England with every passing season.

The old puritan Fast-Day is practically dead. Thanksgiving-Day continues to hold its own as a religious and family festival, but Christmas and Easter are rising year by year into ever-widening prominence.

Never had Boston been so brilliant, never had the business houses done such a tremendous business as during the great ante-holiday season of this memorable year concerning which we write, when, after a dull, wet, though not particularly cold November, December had brought with it a glorious, exhilarating wealth of pleasant sparkling cold. The air was keen and frosty, but this was favorable to the busy shoppers, who crammed the stores to suffocation, and elbowed each other mercilessly in their usually good-natured efforts to get served as quickly as possible, that they might the sooner reach their homes laden down with gifts for those to whom they felt they owed some special offering.

We can afford to be silent with regard to the lavish presents the rich bestow upon each other, and most of all can we wisely omit to dilate upon the prudent, calculating offerings which many people in middle circumstances make one to another, always excepting a fully-returned equivalent.

It is with nobler gifts than these that the angels of the Nativity are pleased as they draw specially near to earth every midwinter by reason of the love which attracts them from so many honest, childlike hearts.

At 10 o'clock in the morning of the Christmas eve of which we write, Mrs. Eastlake-Gore, accompanied by a sweet, bright girl of nineteen summers, sat in her carriage facing an array of packages formidable in bulk; the large carriage was so full of Christmas presents for the needy that the two small ladies had hardly room to deposit their little selves in the midst of such an immense array of turkeys, toys, and all sorts of sweetmeats, in addition to piles of clothing, every package labeled with some name and address, carefully selected by Mr. Gore during the course of his painstaking investigation of the actual condition of the Italian population at the North End of Boston. These lovely children of beautiful Italy chose to deposit their offerings among their special compatriots, because they knew how greatly an offering was enhanced when the donor can go in person with it and speak the mother-tongue of those to whom it is given.

Among the Italians of Boston there are many very necessitous families who strive to keep up courage amid all disappointments, and do, to a wonderful extent, illustrate in their simple lives some of the sublimest teachings of the highest ancient and modern philosophy. Neither cold, neglect, poverty, hunger nor unkindness, ever does more than mar the surface of their natures, which, underneath a never altogether unimpassioned exterior, remain sweet, tender and courageous. The itinerant musicians and chestnut vendors, so often slightly alluded to by people who do not know them, are for the most part people of innate refinement and entire good-nature, needing only to be better known to be much more greatly loved.

Down into the midst of the Italian quarter went the finely appointed carriage from Beacon street, and out of it sprang two beautiful young women, accompanied by a footman, who carried all he could possibly lug in his strong willing arms, while the ladies were equally weighted down with Christmas burdens. Into a large old rickety tenement house they entered, and to every family therein made offering not alone of the food which nourishes the body, and the clothing which protects the flesh from frost, but of that divine sympathy which is felt beyond all words.

An Italian Christmas festival is always singularly touching, and though some would-be art-critics will surely be offended at the tinsel displayed on every hand, there is, notwithstanding the crudity of the art itself, an inexpressible charm in the hallowing sentiment which accompanies it, and not infrequently in the really beautiful combination of colors and effects, which, despite the tawdriness of the material employed, suggests at once a fervent love of the beautiful, which is always the uplifting.

All too quickly sped the hours away thus happily and usefully employed, for when the last turkey had been stewed on a very poor woman with seven children (among whom the last of the toys had been distributed), it was long past the hour set for luncheon.

Quickly the carriage returned with the two ladies to their home, and quickly too was lunch despatched, as they had resolved upon another charitable expedition during the afternoon, this time accompanied by Mrs. Catt, who knew of many poor families at the South End who were sorely in need of cheer for Christmas, though they were American natives, and therefore in a sense in a less pitiable condition than those who felt themselves in a foreign land, with whose language they were unacquainted.

The afternoon offerings were far more quickly delivered than those of the morning, as it was unnecessary for Mrs. Gore or Signorina Bernardo to linger to speak in their native tongue with the inmates of all the houses visited. Wherever the three ladies went they were welcomed as much for their kindly selves as for the generous gifts they brought.

Would that all givers could and did but realize how much is added to the felt and appreciated worth of an offering when the giver puts something of living, sympathetic, personal influence into the gift! Charity often seems cold when institutionally and mechanically administered, whereas the individual presence of the friendly donor contributes more than words can express to the true psychical value of whatever may be ostensibly bestowed.

Mrs. Catt, who was a practical, far-seeing woman, was rarely, if ever, deceived by hypocritical assumptions of distress, and as she had been looking up cases at Mrs. Gore's request for ten days or more previous to this delightful Christmas eve, the distribution of gifts was far wiser and more systematic than it could have been if only the spur of immediate desire to help others had been unaccompanied by knowledge of the most pressing wants of deserving individuals and families.

All sorts of things were given away that bright glad afternoon: Cakes, ducks, shawls, coal and books, figured prominently among the offerings, and in addition to the actual presents a great many inquiries were made as to what would be most useful to certain worthy people who were

given orders upon well-known firms or responsible individuals within reasonably defined limits. One old lady asked for a wig, declaring that her nearly bald head was the cause of her pitiful neuralgia. An order was at once given upon Mme. D'Agincourt, of Winter street, in whose well appointed establishment the venerable dame discovered exactly what she wanted within an hour after Mrs. Gore's carriage had driven away from her door in Camden street.

A young man who had recently had a severe fall in an elevator, which had resulted in the knocking out of nearly all his front teeth, was given a letter to Dr. Edward Botsford Chandler Woode, the genial and gifted manager of the Dental Association on Tremont street, who at once took the necessary impression and set his staff of competent assistants immediately to work upon the much-desired artificial molar.

Every gift proved thoroughly useful to its recipient; no money was wasted, no foolish caprices gratified, but good judgment coupled with prolific generosity marked the entire outlay.

Soon after six o'clock all the inmates of Eastlake House (as the Gores had named their Boston residence), sat down to a simple dinner served in the breakfast-room, as the large dining-hall was reserved in connection with other spacious chambers for the festive exercises, which were to commence at 7:30 with a Christmas tree and various jollifications, as well as some more serious exercises.

As Mrs. Catt was a lone widow, living in thoroughly respectable but not over-cheerful lodgings, the Gores insisted that she should spend Christmas with them, and, as they had no idea of limiting the Christmas celebration to anything less than the full octave, she was comfortably domiciled, with a good-sized trunk containing a plentiful change of raiment, in a cozy little front bed-room adjoining the larger room occupied by Signorina Gloria.

Signor Bernardo had another large room back of his sister's, and the fourth room on the same floor (the third in the house) was occupied by Mrs. O'Connor, the trusty and trusted housekeeper.

Never had Mrs. Catt realized during the ten long years of her widowhood such a sense of perfect homelikeness as she experienced in that large and stately house. As she went to her room directly after dinner to dress for the entertainment, and looked out over the beautiful Common in its pure white dress of winter's substitute for verdure, her heart swelled with thankfulness alike to God and man for the perfect joy and rest which then and there possessed her.

Verily houses have their atmospheres; they take their dominant notes from those who occupy them, and little do many realize the boundless influence for good which can be exerted by "magnetizing" the very walls of one's dwelling and all the furniture therein through the always potent and ever-accessible agency of strong, kind, wisely directed thought.

Ruminating thus, and for the nonce forgetful of the swift passing of the moments, Mrs. Catt sat herself down in an ample easy-chair beside a perfectly appointed writing-desk, and yielded to sweet, blissful reveries. Reminiscences came thick and fast. Childhood returned, with all its innocent pastimes and sweet associations. Her long-departed parents were again beside her. Brothers and sisters, some gone from earth and others in lands far distant, mingled their voices with hers in Christmas carols. Once more she kissed the little baby boy who had passed to spirit when only nine months old. All her past history seemed compressed into a moment, as though a vast moving tableau was outspread before her. Mrs. Catt might have remained thus hour after hour, forgetful of the present and all its joys and obligations, had not a glorious strain of music suddenly awakened her.

The grand organ in the music room was pealing forth the strains of a majestic march under Mr. Gore's masterly touch, and she was instantly recalled to the festivities which were just commencing two floors below her. Quickly she sprang down stairs with the agility of a kitten and the buoyancy of a girl just home for a vacation; but as she was rapidly descending the second flight of stairs to reach the four great rooms (all thrown into one this evening)—dining-room, drawing-room, music room and library—she was arrested by the sight of the most amazing spectacle she had ever dreamed of witnessing in an aristocratic house. "Society" was not represented, but in place thereof appeared a moving throng of Italian "peasantry," men, women, girls and boys, all belonging to the much despised "lower classes."

The fair, dark sons and daughters of sunny Italy, all in the simple, beautiful and decidedly picturesque dress of their native land, were filing into the brilliantly-lighted and splendidly-decorated reception rooms of this lordly mansion, each one personally welcomed by the hostess and her Italian guests.

Visalia and Gloria stood on either side of Ludovico, who played the part of receiving host, as the master of the house was seated at the organ, filling the place with rapturous harmonies. Ludovico, tall, stately and magnificent in Roman festive attire, smiled his sweetest and spoke his cheeriest to these sons and daughters of his own beloved land, through which the immortal Tiber flows. "To son Romano" (I am a Roman) spoke from every muscle of his frame and from every gesture of his fine, expressive lionlike head.

Contrasting forcibly with this large, imperial-looking youth, appeared the exquisitely-delicate sister, who, though small in size, and apparently almost fragile, when one took a first glance at her, nevertheless displayed in the powerful build of her petite frame the enduring nature of the true artist. The strength and beauty of her small, exquisitely-fashioned hand excited so much admiration from her beauty-adoring compatriots, that many were the fervent kisses bestowed upon it by her many loving if humble friends.

Visalia (Mrs. Eastlake-Gore), the hostess of the feast, had never looked more beautiful than when clad in simple Italian robes, unpretentious but wondrously artistic in their soft and generous folds, she thanked each of her guests for honoring her with their presence. Queenly, dignified, but ineffably sweet, these newest of new women stood, all unconscious of their charm, wearing their crowns of beauty as unpretentiously as flowers blossom and birds pour forth their entrancing song.

True greatness is always simple, yet invariably sublime. Its majesty speaks loudest when its possessor is unmindful of her diadem; thus Visalia Discolleis (as she was known to the reading multitude, who loved her through her exquisite books) received her crowd of simple "peasant" guests with as much stately grace, combined with loving welcome, as had been shown to her not very long before by Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and Princess Beatrice, when she had dined at Windsor Castle en famille with three of the noblest, purest, kindest women who ever graced thrones or set examples of genuine womanly nobility to all who rejoice in the endearing titles of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

Was this "proud, cold" woman who had received \$17,500 royalty in a single year on a single book, and who had said to a Duke and Duchess, as well as to the richest multi-millionaires of England and America: "No one can honor me with patronage, for I am the personal friend of Queen Victoria," really sincere in her cordial attitude to all these "inferior" people who flocked around her? Absolutely so, for her great heart and noble mind, which scorned pettiness and detested littleness, when masquerading as importance, went out in copious love to every honest, loving nature, regardless of nationality, creed or social station.

Three hundred eager, delighted, Christmas-loving pairs of eyes (mostly very bright ones) were soon fixed upon the improvised stage, where the performance of a Christmas Cantata commenced as soon as the audience was seated. The stage represented the first Christmas eve in the world's history. Bethlehem was the focal point toward which all were tending, but the first scene was purely pastoral, and therefore outside the town. A bright electric star shone over the hill-slopes, on which sheep were peacefully grazing or lying down at rest. The celestial

choir was heard, but not seen; one strong, rich voice rang out alone, declaiming in the soft, sweet Italian tongue the salutation to the shepherds; then a choir of child-angels sang in sweetest unison the sublime historic words, "GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO, ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS BONE VOLUNTATIS."

Again and again the superb tenor pealed forth the well known words of the inimitable gospel, and again and again the answering angels sang the Gloria.

When the story reached the point where the words occur "Let us go even now unto Bethlehem," the curtain fell on the scene of shepherds marching in the direction indicated by the celestial luminary. Whilst the shepherds were supposed to be traveling to Bethlehem (a considerable distance), a door flew open into another room, and a monstrous Christmas tree, richly decked and heavily laden, stood revealed. Everybody was in ecstasies over this splendid electrical triumph, for, in place of the traditional candles, hundreds of fairy electric lamps hung all over and around the tree. The presents were piled on the floor at the foot of the tree, in front of two beautiful statues, one representing Father Nicholas, and the other Santa Claus, who were both represented with hands extended full of gifts.

After the presents were distributed a collation of rare excellence and much beauty of surrounding was served in the servants' dining-room, in the large basement of the commodious old house. Fruits, nuts, cakes and sweetmeats there were in almost bewildering variety, and though three hundred mouths (some of them pretty hungry) were to be fed, there was no bustle, rush or grab once manifested; all these Italian "peasants" behaved in a manner which, if it were but imitated by the frequenters of "fashionable crushes," would encourage the uninitiated to believe what they now seriously doubt, viz.: that "civilization" civilizes.

After supper there was a return to the upper regions, where the cantata was beautifully concluded with an exquisite representation of the Holy Infant surrounded by all that history and legend have reverently and poetically associated with the sacred scene. "Il Bambino" was, however, no wax doll or parian image. Intense realism was lent to the scene by the actual, living presence of the beautiful child of the host and hostess, while Mrs. Gore herself impersonated the Madonna, and as she bent over her own beloved darling, she did indeed portray a scene of actual motherhood, inspiring and ennobling in the extreme to all who were privileged to witness it.

A private view of a sculptor's studio was the last number on the program, but strange to say Mrs. Catt was shut out from this most curiosity-exciting feature of the entire evening's entertainment. Could she have understood the enthusiastic and excited Italian phrases which greeted her ear on all sides, she would soon have discovered what was evidently intended to be, from her, a secret.

As it was she was compelled to rest content with her kind friend's reiterated assurance, "To-morrow you shall know everything."

By eleven o'clock all the company had departed, and then it was that sweet, loving Gloria nestled her beautiful dark head on her devoted guardian's lap, and softly whispered, "No mother could be more to me than you are, loved one." The elder lady, looking straight into the deep true eyes of this pure loving orphan, whom she had adopted as a sister, said, "Now, tell me truly, is there no cloud to night on Gloria's radiant brow, no wish ungratified, no prayer unanswered?"

Very reluctantly, as though she scarcely dared to frame a word that might cast the suspicion of a shadow over her devoted guardian's joy, she answered, "The only regret I can have to-night is that at twelve o'clock I shall not be in church, as I always was with my mother in Italy, but though there is no midnight mass in the churches here, I can go to sleep before twelve, and go at five in the morning, when it will seem just the same as though it were midnight."

"So my darling has one disappointment, has she? because we are in America, and not in Italy?" answered Mrs. Gore carelessly. "In half an hour from now the carriage will be at the door to take you and me to see a very dear friend, so you can't go to bed and sleep through your disappointment. I must have you with me, dearest."

"With you I am always perfectly happy," fervently responded Gloria; then the two ladies retiring to their rooms to change their dresses, Mr. Gore and Mrs. Catt were left to spend as long as they wished together in animated conversation.

No sooner had the ladies left the room than the noble gentleman, who almost worshipped his beautiful wife for her goodness, said to his genial visitor: "That wife of mine has found out that there's midnight Mass in the chapel of the Angel Guardian, a private sanctuary to which the public is probably not admitted. She told me that Gloria had said a day or two ago that she wished she could go to church at midnight, and it was not half an hour later when she was in Mme. Marlier's Catholic Art Store on Tremont street, earnestly soliciting information as to the possibility of gratifying that girl's desire. Now this carriage ride is to end in a surprise, for the destination is that chapel. It is probably not every husband who can say what I can; but, thank God, every act of my beloved companion stamps her more and more as one of those angels of heaven clad awhile in mortal guise, whose happiness solely consists in the joy they bring to others. You, my friend, have seen and are still seeing the world; in your journalistic career you must see much to shake your confidence in your own sex as well as in mine, but one such woman as the queen of my life is enough to redeem a world of error. Good women do live, and we know it."

Mrs. Catt's eyes filled with happy tears; she had seen intrigue, ingratitude, vulgarity, and much else too vile to mention, disfigure her sister woman; but in the serene, bright home where she was now spending the loveliest season of the year, she found herself thrown only with men and women who counted honor and friendship dearer than all earth's most coveted possessions.

Mrs. Catt had worked and suffered; often had her toils been many, her remuneration scant, and her well-meant attempts to help her struggling sisters perverted by base ingratitude to the most unrighteous ends. Now at last she had seen her ideal of womanhood actually realized, and she was blissfully content.

Two hours slipped away, and still she and Mr. Gore were conversing, chiefly upon some of the most striking incidents in "Cynthia." Then about 1:30 A. M., the carriage wheels again approached the house, making music with their rumbling on the clear night air, and two of the very happiest faces she had ever seen beamed upon her, two pairs of sweet, fresh lips were pressed against her cheeks; a strong, manly hand shake was the last impression left upon her, and the good-hearted, thankful widow ran up to her room, slipped off her garments very quickly (for she now realized she was intensely sleepy) and sprang into a snowy bed in the midst of a fragrant pine and holly decorated room to meet (who shall say in fancy only?) in slumber-land the dear ones of her youth, all of whom came to her in gladsome vision, assuring her of the realities of life immortal, and the deathlessness of love sincere.

Nine o'clock in the morning. It is Christmas Day, and the breakfast bell is loudly clanging through the resounding house. Mrs. Catt wakes with a pleasant start, to find her delightful apartment flooded with sunshine, and she herself summoned to good cheer. No such Christmas waking had been hers for over twenty years, if ever, for fortune had never before emptied cornucopia in her lap.

Breakfast was a bright, simple meal, and as it consisted of nothing more elaborate than coffee, rolls and omelets, it was over in ample time to allow of the whole party attending service at half-past ten in one of the great churches, where the music and decorations are made especial features.

After a magnificent festival service, in a brilliant, over-crowded church, and a brisk walk in the clear, frosty air of a truly ideal Christmas Day, every one had a hearty appetite for the grand Christmas dinner, which was served precisely at half-past one and lasted till after three.

As the Directors of the Faith and Hope Association had

arranged for a beautiful Christmas entertainment in their charming headquarters on St. Botolph street, and Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake-Gore were specially interested in the educational and benevolent work carried on by that excellent organization, they drove over at four o'clock to lend their presence to at least a portion of the exercises. Directly they entered the doorway their ears were greeted with the glorious music of a superb organ, exquisitely manipulated by the master hand of Prof. Augusto Elliott Franklin, a gentleman of great wealth and exalted social standing, who devoted a large share of both time and means to furnishing refined and ennobling recreation for young working people, with whom the hall was filled to repletion when the visitors entered.

Mrs. Fielding, who had charge of the entertainment, was never so much in her element as when actively contributing to the benefit as well as the amusement of those whose lines were cast rather in shadow than in sunshine, and who needed the invigorating influence of noble surroundings to cheer them on their difficult way and help them to rise superior to the many temptations incident to their state.

When the music ceased Mrs. Genevieve Livingstone sang a heart-reaching Christmas carol in her rich, full, mezzo-contralto voice—that rare, deep, soulful voice which can better than any other interpret in purest melody the pleadings of the soul.

The song ended, an address followed, also by Mrs. Livingstone, who was an excellent teacher, as well as accomplished vocalist. In the course of her fervent exhortation to all the young people before her she spoke forcefully concerning the vital connection which must ever exist between psychical and physical development, contending that the intercourse between mind and body is so intimate that whatever emancipates the one must of necessity benefit the other.

A collection for purely practical benevolent work followed the speaking, and as the plate passed in front of Mr. and Mrs. Gore each deposited thereon a fresh crisp one hundred dollar bill.

More music succeeded the taking of the offering, this time a magnificent tenor solo by Mr. Franklin, whose great expansive heart seemed to pour itself out in generous abandon as his rich, sweet tones reverberated through the crowded, gaily decorated rooms. The very spirit of Christmas, that sweet, holy influence of which Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Dickens, and many another great writer has written so fervently, seemed to have verily incarnated itself anew amid the festive celebrations in those delightful rooms, and it was with a feeling almost akin to pain that when the impressive and most enjoyable exercises finally terminated, the large audience slowly melted away.

As Mr. and Mrs. Gore were alone in their carriage, and Mrs. Fielding had no very pressing engagement for the evening, they insisted upon taking her home with them, as they knew she would heartily appreciate what was in store at their house, for the evening. Mrs. Fielding knew very little of the Eastlake-Gores, but she was intensely desirous of meeting the renowned though unknown sculptor, whose surprisingly beautiful work she had gazed upon more than once with almost adoring eyes.

The scene which greeted her as she alighted from the carriage on Beacon street was indeed inspiring. The magnificent reception room in the front of the house, gorgeously decorated and brilliantly illuminated with electric lamps in all sorts of fancy devices, shed its glories not alone on the road outside, but far across the wide stretch of Common, which it directly faced.

A Christmas tree superbly ornamented with a blazing electric star on its topmost bough was the centre-piece, while on every hand rare pictures, works of sterling art, were surmounted with holly crowns, while mistletoe pendants drooped gracefully from the massive chandeliers. Scarlet ribbons and fair white blossoms contrasted symmetrically wherever a place could be found where they might enhance the beauty of the scene, and as this splendid room opened out into two others of still larger dimensions and equal grandeur, it was plain to be seen that the approaching soiree would be one of unusual magnitude and symmetry.

Tea was served immediately in the library—a delicate, artistic repast, consisting chiefly of fruits and cakes whose contribution to the sense of taste could certainly have been no greater than to the sense of sight. Food is never so wholesome, and never serves its purpose so perfectly, as when it appeals as forcibly to man's love of the beautiful as it ever can to the gustatory sense of the fastidious epicure.

By eight o'clock the fête of the evening was ready to commence. This time the guests, to the number of at least one hundred and fifty, were many of them people who stood well in the most distinguished circles of Boston literary and artistic life. The music was worthy of the grandest cathedral or of the finest opera house. A string quartet from the celebrated Symphony Orchestra accompanied the organ and piano—both splendid instruments—the one manipulated in masterly style by Mr. Gore, the other attacked with equal power and efficiency by the hostess.

Signor Bernardo really made his debut on this occasion, and though his voice had always been fresh, clear, strong and beautiful, he had never before risen to the heights to which he soared on this Christmas night, when, his rendering of Adams's inimitable "Cantique de Noel" seemed to open the very gates of heaven to his admiring and almost awestruck listeners.

This gem of the evening came at the very end of the program, long after the intermission at ten o'clock, during which refreshments of the choicest character and in purely artistic variety had been bounteously dispensed.

At the close of the song Mr. Gore faced his guests, standing just in front of a rich velvet portiere which had not been lifted, and proceeded to read a sublime extract from his wife's unequalled novel, "Cynthia," as a fitting close to the day's festivities. His voice was rich, distinct, and deeply sympathetic, and it vibrated with intensest feeling as he read the following words:

"Gloria had made a conscientious and thorough study of anatomy before she ventured to undertake her most ambitious design, which was to portray the Sacred Heart in strict accordance with the true construction of a perfect human organism. Unlike all previous portrayals of this unprecedented theme, her conception was wholly natural and entirely lifelike. The marble opened slightly on the left side of the body and displayed a heart of exquisite perfection exactly where the Creator places it in the human frame. One hand of the heroic figure was extended in blessing, and reached outward as though to embrace the world; the other pointed to the exposed heart, and on the back of this exquisitely molded member were graven the words, 'Venite ad Me Omnes.'"

"The girl sculptor, a beautiful Italian maiden of only nineteen summers, was seen in her workshop, chisel in hand, on that memorable Christmas night, and as they saw they all exclaimed in chorus, 'Here indeed have we the newest of new women, heaven's latest ambassador to earth!'"

As Mr. Gore ceased reading, before any member of the eager listening throng attempted to break the mystic, magic spell which rested over all, hushing them into almost supernatural silence, the curtain lifted at his back, and there stood the actual living sculptor, putting the last finishing touch to her latest masterpiece. Lavinia Gloria Victoria Bernardo was the owner of the strong though delicate hand and arm which had dealt powerful, biting blows to all the solid marble which, fashioned into rarest molds of almost super-terrestrial symmetry, had won for the unknown "youth" who had executed such wonders the well-deserved title of "the greatest sculptor of the age."

The initials "L. G. V." no longer a mystery, and the "impossible, unnatural" heroine of one of the greatest romances of the age was proved, in spite of all contradiction, a superb living reality.

Wearing her diadem of transcendent genius as a true queen wears her regal crown, this innocent, unassuming girl received without bashfulness or pride, the unstinted plaudits of the enraptured gathering.

Every one longed to shake her by the hand, yes, and to kiss the little hand with fervent gratitude and heartfelt love, because through it not only had art been gloriously crowned, but woman's power to produce majestic creative work had been superlatively demonstrated.

Gloria's studio was a large room, in an extension of the lower stories of the house, and there stood beside the central glory of the place, a full size representation of England's beloved Queen, Victoria, Regina Dei Gracia, and though sixty years have sped since a tender, graceful girl was called to wear the crown upon her proud yet humble brow, still rises the cry from hearts and lips alike of millions of loving, revering subjects not alone in Britain, but far off in distant lands and 'mid the islands of the sea:

"Long live our gracious Queen!
Long may Victoria reign!
God save the Queen!"

Woman's era has come, and come to stay, and she who may dare to rank among the newest of new women must fill to the very brim the high requirements voiced in that sweetest of sweet ballads, "My Queen!"

"She must be gracious, she must be holy.
Pure in her spirit, the maiden I love;
Whether her birth be humble or lowly,
I care no more than the spirit above."

The midnight hour sounded the departure of another Christmas Day, but with its last sweet message of peace and good-will to all, there rose over many a doubting heart a new star of faith shining with the light of the ever-glorious and divinely truthful words, AKAOR VINCIT OMNIA, and as Love conquers all things, the truest of true women, because of the greatness of her love (regardless of her station), must ever be in sweetest fellowship with true man, her brother and her equal, the ever royal Victoria!

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?

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.
BRING MY MOTHER BACK TO ME.

BY ELIZABETH FISKE.

Come a beautiful band of angels fair,
They draw so near, in this soft, sweet air,
That I can feel o'er my weary brow
Their hands softly laid in blessing now.
Oh! angel friends, do you draw so near,
That I, with my short, earthly sight, may peer
Through the shadowy portal of perfect day,
Where friends I love have been called away?

Do you come, oh! angels, with pure white hams,
To lead me to this—promised land?
To unfold to me, 'mid its beauties rare,
The loved and lost in that home so fair?
I feel your presence beside me here,
And stretch out my hands in hope and fear;
I try to pierce with your angel light,
The mists that gather about my sight.

Break, oh! break this strong earthly chain!
That seems to hold me, and still to claim.
When, oh! angel friends, I long to be
In perfect communion with them and thee,
I can feel your presence, and hear your voice.
Oh! come still nearer, and let thy choice
Of gifts to me, be the one I would choose;
The one I would beg, if all others I lose.

It is this, oh angels! that I may meet
In materialized form, and once more greet
The dear mother, now gone to heaven above,
Away from me and my yearning love.
Bring my mother back, with her gentle smile,
Her love for me, which knew no guile.
Oh! I've missed her form in her old arm-chair
Such a weary time, let me see her there.
Let me see once more her much-loved face,
Oh! only once more in her looks to trace
The old affection, so true and tried—
No other like hers, since the day she died.

Once more to sit by her old arm-chair,
My head resting low in happiness there;
To know my mother was with me again,
Would be the best gift I could wish to gain.
Oh angels, listen! draw still more near,
Guide, oh! guide me through shadows drear.
And if only one gift I may beg of thee,
'Tis this: Bring my mother back to me!
Orange, Mass.

President Barrett's Remarks on the Lyceum Appreciated.

Many thanks to you, Bro. Barrett, for the well-merited chastisement which you deal out to those who, under the head of Spiritualists, allow their children to be sent to secular Sunday-Schools, thereby "setting them backward" some fifty years in their education and development.

Now the facts in the case are that in nine cases out of ten the parents are to blame. They teach their children to speak and think slightly of this "school" transferred from spirit-life and watched over by our spirit-friends to these mortal shores. Shame on you! What answer will you make the spirit-world when they ask: "Didst thou eat of the heavenly manna, and give it to the young, that they might be refreshed likewise?" Alas! I am afraid you will go sneaking through the by-roads of spirit life, saying, when too late, why did I cater to popularity and close the door of my child's heart? I have spent over eighteen years of my life as a worker in the Lyceum, and there is not a better equipped one in America, as regards regalia, flags, books, targets, etc.; but there are plenty of empty seats, as far as earthly forms are concerned, in the Worcester Lyceum.

The aim of the Lyceum is improvement. "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." If our "sessions" are not interesting to you, come and help make them so; we will give you all the opportunity one can desire. Where are the audiences that will greet the next generation of speakers, if all your children attend secular Sunday-Schools and are educated in them? One more fact, and I will close. In all these eighteen years of struggling not a word has been said concerning the morality of our teachers by the spirit-friends who watch over and guide us from day to day. Are they not able to see the conditions of earth? Many, many little spirit children are brought there by the earth-born guides. Are ye better than they? If, when I am called to spirit life, this earth-experience is deemed sufficient to allow me to become a worker in spirit Lyceums, what few outcast children and sad-hearted Magdalens are within the scope of spirit vision will be most kindly invited, in morality or no morality, by
FRED L. HILDRETH.
Worcester, Mass.

A Little Gentleman.

The outward-bound electric car, running from Boston to one of the large suburbs, was unusually crowded on the particular night on which I was obliged to take it. Before it left the crowded part of the city there was hardly standing room; and yet eager people beckoned to the conductor, and crowded into the narrow aisle.

Among these was an old woman, bent with age, and feeble with evident ill health. Her shabby dress and shawl showed her poverty; and the large basket which she carried with difficulty, seemed to grow heavier and heavier as she changed from one arm to the other. Seated near where this woman was standing sat two persons—one whose immaculate dress and dignified bearing proclaimed him a man of the world. The other was a ragged newsboy. Tired from his work, the little fellow's head now and then dropped on his shoulder, and his weary eyelids closed.

Awaking from one of these naps, he saw standing near him the shabby woman with her heavy basket. Perhaps he thought of his tired mother, taking in washing in order to swell the small earnings which supported him and his baby sister. Perhaps it was only the instincts of the true gentleman in this little newsboy; but, at any rate, the old woman, standing there so patiently, felt a little hand on hers, and a young voice saying: "You must be tired, Mrs.; take my seat. I'll hold your basket."

Why was it that at the next stop, when an elderly woman entered the car, the boy's neighbor rose, and said, "Here's a seat, madam?"—*Christian Register.*

Overheard at Noon on the Lawn.

"Say," said the Lawn Mower to the Lawn Roller, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me a roll, won't you?"
"Can't do it," said the Roller. "They're too heavy to eat. The Rake tried to eat one the other day, and broke two of his teeth off short. Why don't you ask the Sickle for a pear?"
"I'd rather go to the Ax. I don't want any fruit."
"What can the Ax give you?"
"A chop, of course."
"That's so—didn't think of that. If he falls you, you might go down to the garden and get a Stake. By the way, what's the matter between you and the Weeds? They tell me you cut them whenever you pass."
"I do. I don't like the Weeds. They in-

truded themselves into a lawn party I was at last summer and spoiled the whole thing. Did you get off to the mountains this summer?"
"No, I went down to the seashore to see my relatives."

"Relatives? I didn't know you had any down there."

"Oh! yes, the Rollers are famous all along the Jersey coast. You get away?"
"No, I've been right here, attending to business. I didn't feel that I could afford to go off this summer. I've been pretty poor, and I had to do a good deal of cutting down to pull through the hard times as it was. I hear that Hose is going to be married."

"Yes, he met one of the Faucets at a watering place up here, and they got much attached to each other. It's a good match."

"I think so myself; but for lighting a lamp I think I'd rather have a parlor match."

"Hail! How cutting you are!"

"Yes, that's my business."

And then, as the hired men had finished their luncheon, the Roller and Mower had to return to work.—*Harper's Young People.*

What is Wealth?

By suggestion of one of our exchanges we reprint this from a book number:

Does wealth consist in money, houses, lands, banks stocks, railroad bonds, etc., alone?

We think not. The young man starting in life with no money, but with good digestion, good sleep, good health and ability to work in some profitable employment, has what the aged capitalist would be glad to exchange all his millions for.

What compensation is money for sleepless nights and painful days or the misconduct of dissipated children?

What brings the greater happiness—the glitter, show, jealousies and falsity of fashionable life, or the heartfelt friendships which prevail so largely in the homes of the industrious poor?

In how many of the palaces of our millionaires will you find greater happiness in the parlor than in the kitchen?

How many millionaires will tell you that they are happier now than when starting life without a dollar?

On the tops of mountains we find rocks and ice and snow. It is down in the valleys that we find the vineyards.

Let no man envy those richer than himself until, taking all things into account—age, health, wife, children, friends—he is sure he would be willing to exchange.—*George T. Angell.*

Flotsam.

BY M. A. KELLEY LOGAN, W. VA.

Work wins.

Doubt destroys.

Patience is power.

Faith finds a way.

Self is the worst foe.

Laziness brings want.

Ill words have wings.

Gold is poor medicine.

Time has no back hair.

Integrity walks in light.

Rogues hate photography.

Do good without question.

Soft favors and reap friends.

Seek good; sin needs no finding.

Children's pranks show parents' folly.

Falseness is often the shadow of truth.

Industry and economy are parents of plenty.

Sloth and fear are the parents of despair.

Childhood's innocence gives a glimpse of heaven.

Flattery is food to the fool, but poison to the wise.

Men who never make mistakes seldom make anything.

Prayer does not bring down, but brings us up, to the blessing.

Poverty to propel, honesty to guide, and love to lead, make the most possible of a man.—*Religious Herald.*

Two Friends.

In one of the police stations in New York there are two friends, Jennie and Nellie. Jennie is a South American monkey, and Nellie is a terrier dog. Jennie is a life-prisoner, tied to a chain. The chain is ten feet long, and that represents Jennie's limit of freedom. Jennie is a thief. When she first came to the station-house she had entire liberty. She climbed fences and visited the neighbors; but after a time it was discovered that when Jennie went home something was missing. Last summer she stole all the raisins out of a rice pudding set on a window-sill to cool. The neighbors complained of the disappearance of small articles, and Jennie was caught with a hand mirror in her possession. Since then she has been fastened by a ten-foot chain. She is moved about, and she and Nellie have very delightful times together.

Are You Kind to Your Mother?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you how to read? Who has borne your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own mother? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"—*Michigan Advocate.*

Burdett gives good advice, as follows: "There are young men that do not work, my son; but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old-so-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world doesn't even know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, son, and take off your coat, and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holi days, and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 29, this Lyceum met as usual in Berkeley Hall.

"How Can we Best Place Spiritualism Before the World?" was the topic considered by the o-d groups, and E. die Hatch, the first pupil to respond, said, in part: "I think we ca best place Spiritualism before the world by its phenomena, but we should first be sure that the mediums are genuine; that their character is the best, and not leave it to be imposed upon in the name of Spiritualism by every impostor that comes along." George S. Lang substantially agreed with Mr. Hatch, and suggested organization as a remedy for correcting this evil. Mr. Albert P. Blinn thought that to the Christian world Spiritualism could be best presented as Moses' Hail does, from the Scriptures. Mr. Parkard, Mr. Manserth and Mr. Watson also responded from the young men's group, and Mr. J. H. Lewis, their leader, said he felt proud of his boys for the very excellent answers they had given.

Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Harold Frost, Mr. J. R. Snow, Master Charlie Hatch and the Assistant Conductor, Dr. J. R. Root, also answered the question. The subject for the title ones was "Heroes" and all but two had something to say about heroes, and Dr. Root told them a story illustrating the subject.

Following the Grand March there were recitations

by Mabel Emmens, Little Maud Armstrong and Miss Maud Beckwith. Miss Grace E. Warren sang two verses, with chorus, written by Mr. Manserth and set to music by Mr. Watson, that we hope to soon introduce as a feature of the Grand March.

One of our new members, Mrs. J. S. Soper, was called upon, and feelingly spoke of the deep interest she had taken in the Lyceum, and expressed the hope that she might continue to work with us, although soon to be the Conductor of another Lyceum, and we know that Mr. Hatch voiced the sentiments of our members when he said, in reply to Mrs. Soper, "We wish you God-speed in your new Lyceum. Our only regret is that your opening hour is so close to our own that it will not allow those that wish to do so an opportunity to attend both Lyceums, as many did last season."

"We are interested in promoting the cause of Spiritualism through Lyceum work, and know that the more Lyceums there are the more children will be reached, therefore I say again we wish you all God speed, that your efforts to revive the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 may be crowned with success."

Subject for Dec. 13, "What Value has Music as an Auxiliary to Spiritualism?"

Lyceum meets at 1 P. M. All are welcome.

A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.
17 Leroy street, Station K.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

ANGEL MEMORY.

We only see
Dimly, a little way,
When it is day!
When night her murky pall
Sullen lets fall,
Oh! then we turn to thee,
Serene, sweet soul,
Beseeching dole
Of angel ministry.

Oh! spirit springs,
Sacred, that never fail
Our fever'd all.
Oh, spiritual wine!
Oh, draught divine!
Softly thy succor sings
A balmy peace.
Our pains surcease
Aneath the mercy-wings.

N. N.

The Disappearing Horse.

We have all grown familiar with the trolley, cable and electric cars on the streets, and even country roads have been taken possession of by the trolley. Now, what has become of the horses who used to do this work, and of the men who used to care for the horses? Think of all the oats and hay and straw that was needed to care for the thousands and thousands of horses that were used in drawing street cars in this country! In Chicago alone there were 30,000 horses used in drawing street cars, and 3,000 men were employed in caring for them, besides 1,500 blacksmiths. They ate 5,400,000 bushels of oats and 1,000,000 tons of hay. The men will have to learn new businesses, and the farmers will have to raise something else than hay and oats. The horses, perhaps, are back on farms, plowing and reaping, and carrying children to school. Do you suppose they have to ring a bell to make the horse stop and start? I heard of one farmer who could not use the horse he bought from a street car company until he had put a bell on his plow, and another on his rake. After the farmer learned how to ring the bell so that the horse recognized the sound, he proved a valuable horse.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

MEDICAL EXPERTS.—A child in Philadelphia vomited a creature looking substance about six inches long, and the family physician pronounced it a very dangerous worm, and recommended medicines accordingly. It was taken to another physician, who declared it was not a parasite of the worm persuasion, but something of the reptilian class, which must have been taken in with water when young, and had grown to this great size in the child's body. A third physician admitted that there was something "mysterious-looking" about the creature, but—it is supposed, being a homeopathist—he cast doubts on the verdicts of his pseudo fellows, and recommended that the "creature" be sent to the Academy of Natural Sciences. The first test proved that the "creature" belonged to the vegetable and not to the animal world; and with a little skillful unrolling and microscopic work the fearful thing proved to be a narrow strip of banana peel which the child had eaten with the fruit! How many wonderful things recorded in pathology may there not be which could be as simply explained if the proper care had been taken.—*Independent.*

In 1871 Wm. Lloyd Garrison wrote: "I will state for your private information that after a long and close investigation of the subject, I have had sufficient evidence again and again to convince me that it is more or less practicable for those who have left the body to hold communion with relatives and friends still in the flesh, and to make known their presence by signs and tokens in the shape of what are called 'manifestations.'"

Education is a curious thing. A Russian Nihilist, a graduate of the University of St. Petersburg, was recently pursuing advanced studies in Cornell University. He was professing his great admiration for President Lincoln, when some one chanced to mention his assassination. The Russian's look of astonishment would have made his fortune on the stage. Yet this same man who did not know Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, had read every one of Cooper's novels in a Russian translation.

NEW MONEY MAKING INVENTION.

I am so thankful to Mrs. Wymen for her experience. Being out of employment, I ordered 2 dozen of the New Patent Aluminum Cases, for attaching photographs to tombstones, from M. World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O. These are indestructible, will last forever and make a beautiful appearance on any monument. Anyone can put on in 2 minutes. I sold 6 the first day, profit \$12. In 8 days my profits were \$40. Everybody is glad of a chance to buy, as they are handsome and yet so cheap. Sister met me last week selling elegant Aluminum Door-plates and house numbers for the same firm. Anyone can do as we if they try. JOHN C. B.—

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The world wants to be convinced.

What people want is proof that a medicine will cure; then they will use it gladly.

Some one you believe in, a prominent person who you know will tell the exact truth, and who has seen the wonderful effect and observed the remarkable cures wrought by the remedy he recommends, is what you want, and when such testimony is given, you will not hesitate an instant to follow his advice, obtain the remedy, and thus be speedily cured.

When, therefore, the Hon. Judge Willard S. Martin, of Plainfield, Vt., Associate Judge of the County Court, Senator from Washington County, and Director of the Barre National Bank, a man honored and esteemed throughout the entire State, tells you to use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and backs up his advice by telling you that he has repeatedly used it in his own family with the greatest benefit, and that he has known of its having cured many people in his locality and elsewhere, you can certainly have the utmost confidence in the wonderful curative powers of this grand medicine, and take it yourself if you are sick, ailing or out of order, with absolute assurance of beneficial results.

Read his honor's the Judge's own words, in which he advises you to try Dr. Greene's Nervura, and be convinced that this wonderful curer of diseases is just what your case requires:

"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in my family, and have found

good results from its use. Especially in cases of sleeplessness and nervousness has it been of benefit to some of my family.

"I have heard of many from this locality who have derived benefit from its use. My son was in a large school when a fire started, and at one time threatened to be disastrous, which excited him and unsettled his nerves, and on visiting home he used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy with quite satisfactory results.

"We are glad of this opportunity to recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura for others' use, and give permission to publish this letter for the good of others."

No greater proof that a medicine will cure you can possibly be given than these words of an honored Judge and distinguished Senator. Take Dr. Greene's Nervura and feel again what it is to be well—to feel powerful and vigorous, to have strong, steady nerves, to sleep soundly and wake mornings refreshed and energetic. No matter how badly you may feel, Dr. Greene's Nervura will go to the root of your disease and cure you of your troubles.

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We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by THE BANNER in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction of former prices.

Will the regular subscribers for THE BANNER make an effort to increase its circulation? It would be an excellent and practical plan if every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1896.

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The Christmas Banner

Will appear Dec. 19. That issue will be of an extra number of pages, and contain many articles by various writers, such as Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS and his family, W. A. CRAM, HUDSON TUTTLE, and, if possible, EMMA TUTTLE, and many others.

We trust the friends will remember, and make efforts to send us orders for special copies.

The Last of a Year.

In spirit life there is no time, neither is there space. All is life alone. But on this "bank and shoal of time," where so much is external and material, we feel necessitated to measure passing experience by the coming and going of the sun in his vast orbit, the rolling of the silver moon, and the ceaseless march of the starry constellations across the depths of the concave that canopies our heads. Thus come in their regular order the procession of the months and years, the filing march of the weeks and days, and the softly silent footstep of the dissolving hours. At the present time we stand on the line of the great divide between an ending year and its yet invisible successor. At such a time memory awakens us to almost a new consciousness. As we know nothing as yet of what is to come, what has so recently gone into the great reservoir of the past becomes vivid and real in a sense it did not possess while in the unnoticed act of passing. To most minds the contemplation of such a past brings not much more than feelings of saddened melancholy. Yet we are left the consolation to reflect that memory is but a treasure-house for every one of us. As we advance in years, it contains possessions that are dearer to us than almost all of those that are left. Say what we will, none of us would give up the riches of his and her past.

The Psalmist exclaimed, "I remember the

days of old." We all have a personal past. It is our personal experience; it is according to what we have gone through in the time remembered. Childhood has no memory; it is always looking forward; it parts with no friends, grieves for no recognized losses, lives wholly in present sensations. As we become older, as year follows year with its glad or sorrowful experiences, the past grows more and more into the life of to-day. Shadow-land as we may call it, nothing can be more real. It is a land of romance, in which we love to indulge our aimless wanderings. The activities of our lives are gone through again. What we achieved years ago, and brought us keen satisfaction, thrills us again to-day. The friends we knew in our waking hours, but are no longer visible to sense, are seen and heard once more. We experience again the loves and the friendships that are now no part of the living world. Till at length the past becomes to us a country in which things are more real than this in which we are playing every day our parts as active men and women. The past is never wholly gone and forgotten. It is what we call forth from it that makes a part of the joy and the sorrow of life, a means of warning to us, and a means of inspiration for to-day. It is a part of ourselves, and we can neither escape its presence nor its influence.

In a very real way every fitting emotion, every thought, hope, feeling, wish, every experience of our lives, is henceforth a part of us. Suppose the past were wholly blotted out, were a perfect blank, and we stood on this narrow little isthmus of to-day, neither remembering the past beyond the time we last went to sleep, nor seeing anything of the future; we cannot conceive how empty and bare our lives would be, how many of its pleasures would be wanting. The most absorbed man of business will at times relax his mental hold on what is before him, to let his thoughts wander away through the pleasant land of retrospection. It is the Roman moralist, Seneca, who says: "That which is past we are sure of; it is impossible to make it not to have been." We are sure of nothing in the world as we are sure of these treasures of the past. The joys, the friends, the experiences passed through, so long as we are ourselves, are ours forever; when we cease to be ourselves, if so it could be, it will not matter. But of all sad remembrances, the saddest are those of what we might have done or become—a lost opportunity, a lost friendship, a lost love. They are the saddest of all things in the world. Yet not altogether so, either. There are certain others. Carlyle's heart-breaking grief for the loss of his wife, in his old age, illustrates our meaning best.

He sits alone in his study after she was called away, reading over her letters and recalling her patient, gentle life and the relations in which he stood to her. He, a rough, strong giant, she at his side all through his life, frail, gifted, beautiful, poetic, appreciative, he not once dreaming what she was till after she had faded from his sight. He sits broken-hearted, sorrowing and wailing because he cannot speak to her and tell her now what he has in his life learned of her. And he cries out aloud: "Oh! if I had only spoken what was really in my heart while she could hear it—if I could only have her back five minutes, to tell her what I think of her now!" Such saddest memories of the past, grievous as are the hard lessons they teach us, ought not to overburden or crush us, nor should the memories of our sins, mistakes, and failures, if only they can be turned to account in the future. The sweetest fruit is sometimes shut within a bitter rind. So, then, does memory play the part of a guide, or a warning in our daily lives. We organize memory into our lives in the unconscious and spontaneous activities of every day. Morality is only the result of the world's experience—the world's memory organized into precepts, principles, examples. Humanity would be utterly disorganized, and life would be impossible, if all that goes with memory were to be cut off.

We have no cause for discouragement, even if there have been vices and wrong habits in the past, if we now see the course we ought to have taken, and are ready to use these experiences as helps and guides for the future. We are not to deem the irrevocable past as wholly wasted and wholly vain, if, rising on its wrecks, at last to something nobler we attain. The mainspring and motive force of our self sacrifice, our devotion, our resistance to temptation, our sincere endeavor to make the world a little sweeter and better, is to be found in some fountain of memory of which others may know nothing, but which is a sacred shrine to us, where we go to kneel in the silence and solitude of our own hearts, and vow that we will do our sweetest and best as though the lost dear absent ones were by our side giving us the dearest words of praise, or ready with the warning look of appeal to deprecate anything unworthy, and anything poor, or low, or mean. Thus the past is all alive for us, for joy and for sorrow, for guidance and for inspiration. The passing year is not dead, nor will it ever be. We are not to be in the future what we would have been if one even of the least of the experiences of the past could be blotted out. The whole world has been influenced by it. The universe itself can never efface these slightest personal experiences of ours that have made up the dying year. They will tread close in our footsteps with their warning if they are evil, until we have outgrown the evil, and made it only a means of being noble and true men.

The Docking of Horses.

The horse's tail has fifteen bones and four pairs of muscles. The latter are all supplied with nerves of sensation and of volition. The common way of getting the animal ready for the barbarity of docking is to firmly secure him by a twitch on his nose, to raise one of his four legs to his breast and tie it there, to cut the hair from the stump of the tail, and to tie a string or a piece of catgut above the vertebrae which are to be removed. Finally, after the severance of the tail by the docking instrument, a red-hot iron is applied to stop the bleeding. The animal's behavior while undergoing the operation is sufficient evidence in respect to the torture. The horse's first action is to jerk the head as violently as he can, but the twitch on his nose soon controls that movement, the twitch being an instrument of torture of itself. He then crouches nearly to the ground, and screams or moans with pain. When the operation is over he is found to be dripping with sweat; as some who have seen it say, the water fairly runs off of him. Grooms especially advise docking, for it saves them the trouble, which is considerable, of caring for the tail. Even so long ago as the eighth century, in England, the practice was prohibited

on the ground that it was a barbarous custom. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers a standing reward of a large sum for the arrest and conviction of any person found docking horses. It is argued that the operation is nearly, if not quite, painless, because of the low degree of sensibility possessed by the tail, and to the rapidity with which the amputation is effected. Also, that harnessed horses are prevented from throwing the tail over the reins, and thus prevent running away or kicking. It is denied on the highest authority that the horse's tail is endowed with but little sensibility. And it is asserted that when horses have run away or kicked from getting the reins under the tail, they have nearly always been docked, their behavior being due to their remembering the painful operation, and dreading to have anything touch the tail. Docking is, moreover, a disfigurement, which destroys the contour of the body. There is no valid reason in favor of docking the tail but disease of the tail. On the other hand, docking is liable to cause lockjaw. Paralysis, due to inflammation of the spinal cord, is also liable to ensue. Or the inflammation may extend to the muscles of the hind quarters, and lead to gangrene. The testimony of veterinary experts is conclusive against the practice. It is defended only by a cruel fashion. It is pronounced a useless, worthless and inhuman mutilation. And oftentimes the death of the animal is the result of it. It is time such a barbarity went out of practice everywhere.

A Spiritualist Church Established.

Since the return of Rev. Samuel Weil from a sojourn in Chicago to his old home in Bradford, Pa., he has been chosen pastor, or teacher, of the newly-organized First Spiritual Church of Bradford for the ensuing year. An Advisory Committee of seven was likewise chosen for the same term. The church has a large membership, and prospects are flattering for an addition of many more in the near future. The aims and objects of the new church are announced to be as follows:

To spread the light of Spiritualism as a religion, a science, and a philosophy; to lift up, reclaim, and save the erring; to give justice, aid, and encouragement to the sorrowing, suffering, and disconsolate; to give the unbelieving and doubting minds evidences of a continued intercourse and relationship between the living and the so-called dead; to advance the interests of civilization and humanity, and thereby encourage the highest religious, moral, scientific, intelligent and humane conditions, both for this life and the future; to encourage lectures upon Spiritualism and kindred subjects.

Further, to foster the moral training of the young by establishing a Lyceum for the teaching of the philosophy of Spiritualism; to meet together, united in song and thanksgiving, and exchanging literature and experiences, so that they may be mutually benefited and promote universal friendly relations, and to hasten the ushering in upon earth the glorious fulfillment of the beautiful truths and teachings of Jesus, as taught by him in the Sermon on the Mount.

Mr. Weil had served the old society faithfully for about a year, but had felt that he did not enjoy a complete liberty to express his views for fear of opposing those of some of the most prominent members, and he was ill at ease from this cause continually. This was one, if not the chief, reason for establishing the new church to supplant the former Free Religious Society. It really was not free, if it was necessary to suppress any portion of the truth for fear of giving offense and arousing hostility. The object was, in dissolving the society and establishing the church, to form a more perfect union among Spiritualists, to be known under that name and title before men in their true light. It is our sincere wish that the new church may prosper in its belief and in numbers, and become more and more a shining light to illuminate the region round about.

The Indians as Landholders.

The five civilized tribes are now willing to accept severally allotment, on the payment to them of forty million dollars altogether. Hitherto they have been almost violently opposed to it. Ex-Senator Dawes is the father of the severally law, and naturally takes great pride in the system. The law specifically exempts the five tribes from its operation, but Mr. Dawes has never ceased his efforts to bring about an acceptance of it among these tribes. Allotment measures have been carried out with the other tribes on a large scale. The movement of Indians to get homesteads, and of others to induce them to take such allotments, must be set down among the most noteworthy of recent developments regarding the red race. It is considered a little singular that the five tribes most fitted for severally landholding are the latest to come to it; but this no doubt arises from their exemption from the provisions of the Dawes law, and from other causes. Among the latter is the feeling that the allotment system will render isolation more difficult, and bring the Indians into more direct competition with white men. The leading men of the Indian tribes likewise have an interest in leasing for themselves the lands held in common at low rents for grazing or agricultural purposes. Severally allotment, too, means the disintegration of the tribal system of government. This leasing carries with it a provision for education without taxes for it. It supplies the school fund.

Fred L. Hildreth writes from Worcester, Mass.: "This Sunday morning I have devoted to reading THE BANNER, and one of the best things in it is Bro. Fletcher's 'Are Spiritualists in Earnest?' I am glad one keen, discerning speaker is not 'harnessed down' to some milk-and-water society where his desire for engagements hampers his usefulness. Bro. Fletcher and myself were raised in the same town, and that perhaps makes us more akin. I give him high greeting for his straightforward letter."

After an absence of eighteen months from the rostrum, on account of ill health, there is now a prospect of Dr. F. L. H. Willis returning to the spiritual work of which he is so fond. We understand that the genial Doctor has concluded an engagement with Mrs. Rathbun to speak in New York the month of February.

Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., lectured in Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday afternoon and evening, being greeted by the largest audiences of the season. Following the evening lecture he gave an exhibition of healing which aroused deepest interest and enthusiasm.

A Eulogy to be Coveted.

At the public funeral services of William Steinway, the great piano manufacturer of New York, after singing by famous vocalists, an address was delivered by Hon. Carl Schurz. He spoke of the deceased as one who "remained always the simple, honest, restless workman—the true, the ideal knight of labor in the broadest, noblest sense." "He was a pattern," said Mr. Schurz, "of German-American citizenship, blending in himself the best traits of American character with the best of the German—a great American in enterprise and affection for this republic, and a German in soul and in true reverence for the old fatherland—the patriotic American with a German heart. He was a pattern of the master-manufacturer on whose heart the weal of his workmen lay like a father's, and who found in their contentment his happiness and pride."

"And," continued the speaker, "what is in our day of special significance, he was a pattern as a rich man. I wish I could call the millionaires of the land to this pier, and say to them: 'Those among you who lament that at times poverty looks with mutterings on riches, learn from this dead man. His dark glances were never begrudged him. The dark glances of envy never fell upon him. Covetousness itself passed him by disarmed and reconciled. Yes, every one would have rejoiced to see him still richer, for every one knew that everything he got contributed to the welfare of all. Simple as ever remained his being, modest his mode of life. But he knew one luxury, and he practiced it: that was the luxury of the liberal hand—a princely luxury that few of the world's greatest have indulged in more richly than he.'"

Clairvoyant Work Again.

An interesting case of the discovery of a brother and sister by a Rockland, Me., man, after a separation of twenty years and more, comes to the light, to show what changes occur to individuals, and how strange are the combinations of events for some of us. Mr. Carleton, otherwise David E. Supplee, one of Rockland's well-known citizens, has been anxious to find his relatives, in which desire his wife has shared equally.

He was given away conditionally when but three and a half years of age to a Mr. Carleton, who lived at Isle au Haut, about thirty-nine years ago, by his uncle. The boy liked his new home so well that he refused to go away with the latter when he came for him. But he was told that it would be useless for him to attempt to find his relatives. At one time he received cards, on which were the names of his brother and sister, which he carefully kept. His uncle also told him of the former life of his folks at Seneca Falls, N. Y. He and his wife took the cards to a clairvoyant, sealed in an envelope. He was at once told that the parties were living in the West, and that his sister had a great desire to see him. He wrote a letter of inquiry to the postmaster at Seneca Falls, who corroborated what was told him, and located them both. Immediately they went to that place, found his brother, Charles H. Supplee, and then proceeded to Bethlehem, where they found the married sister. So the clairvoyant helped them to find the objects of their long search.

Dogma in an Executive Proclamation.

The Rabbi of a Jewish temple in Cleveland, O., makes public protest that the President, in his Thanksgiving Day proclamation, did what no other President ever did in mentioning Christ. He believes the President exceeded the prerogatives of his office and all precedent by referring to a mediating influence in religious affairs.

The Jews recognize no mediator. The proclamation could be construed as a secular declaration. Saying to the interviewer that he intended to make a public declaration of his views on the following Sunday, he did not regard the matter as serious enough to require a lengthy comment; but its serious possibilities cannot be overlooked.

The President tells us—the Jews as well as so-called Christians—to implore forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of heavenly favor through the mediation of Him who taught us how to pray. The Rabbi said he would be inclined to let the matter pass unnoticed if it did not interfere with one of the principal tenets of the Jewish faith, which recognizes no medium between man and God. The President undoubtedly used the language he did obediently to the dogma ingrained in him from his youth.

Sunday Law in New Jersey.

A man, Peter Larson by name, has been lying in jail for more than two months for the dreadful crime of protecting the property of his employer on Sunday. He shot and killed a chicken-thief. The chicken-thief was a hawk, that happened to be hovering over the chicken-house of Farmer Nicholson of Bound Brook.

Of the murderous transaction the *New York Sun* ironically remarks that so far the courts of the State have not been able to determine whether the shooting on Sunday of a thieving hawk, with no visible means of support, barring his wings, and caught almost red-clawed in the act of stealing, and with strong circumstantial evidence against him in previous cases, is legal or illegal.

The case must go up to the Supreme Court, which does not set till next February, and Larson must stay in jail.

Verily, verily, and yea, verily, Sunday in New Jersey is a day of the week that will stand no secular trifling. By-and-by a man will have to dress as well as shave himself over Saturday night, for fear of committing the unpardonable sin. How pious and holy some people would be, if eating and drinking were prohibited on Sunday, or perhaps altogether!

The Fancy Dress Party, held under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, in Phoenix Hall, Monday evening, Dec. 7, was a very pleasant affair, under the floor direction of A. R. Waitt and the following aids: J. Browne Hatch, Jr., Geo. S. Lang, Albert Blinn and Edward B. Hatch. It is sufficient to say that Coule's Orchestra furnished the music.

J. S. B.

Prof. Lockwood, the widely-known Spiritual Physicist of Chicago, who is filling an engagement with the Berkeley Hall Society, Boston, during the Sundays of December, will respond to mid-week evening lectures in adjoining places at very low rates. Address him at 303 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

E. W. Gould is now located at 1443 Q street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Read the announcement made by Dr. G. W. Fowler, on the seventh page.

A Parting Word, Bro. Day.

In a few days I shall be upon the rolling ocean, on my third pilgrimage around the world. Oh! Neptune, brother of Jupiter, and God of the Sea, deal gently with me while gliding o'er your deep waters! "And as ye go, teach," said the man of Nazareth. I have already engagements to lecture in Australia, Ceylon and India. Personal friends are writing me, "You are too old, doctor; too old to take such a journey alone; you cannot stand what you could when I knew you fifty years ago." Old! I am not old; but in the morning, the morning-time of eternal youth.

True, the hairs may have whitened, but the silvered hairs are not me. The brow may have become wrinkled, but the wrinkles are not me. The knees may be weaker, stiffer than fifty years ago, but knees are not me. The hands may be a little tremulous, but the hands are not me. They are but the instruments that I use. This body of mine is not me, but the tabernacle, the tent, the house that I live in. I've fashioned it very much to my taste. The head is the topmost story, the mouth the front door, and the hairs the shingles upon the roof. Age has whitened them. But I, the ego, the conscious self, am not growing old. I tent this evening in the center of eternity. I am young, and life to me is afire with youthful hopes and towering aspirations.

Growing old is only a delusion of the senses; the immortal soul, a divine entity, a potentialized portion of God, cannot grow old. Eternal youth is his birthright.

Occasionally I have neglected the house that I inhabit, for the purpose of repairing the houses of others. Both duty and the law of self-sacrifice required it. There's no loss, however; 'Whosoever loseth his life for my sake'—that is, for the sake of truth and human good—said Jesus, "shall find it"—and youth eternal!

The **BANNER OF LIGHT** was never so interesting—never so rich in spiritual truth and wisdom—as now. Spiritualists may well be proud of it. All honor to its present editor. Speaking of the **BANNER OF LIGHT** brings to mind a thousand sunny memories of William White, Mrs. Conant, Wilson, Colby, Denton, A. E. Newton, Sargent, Brittan, Storer and other dear saintly co-workers of whom the world of materialism was not worthy—faithful veterans—gone, all gone on and up higher. . . . Pardon me, friend Day, my eyes are swimming in tears. Memory is undying—and friendship with me is as abiding as the stars.

Scorred by battles fought in the anti-slavery movement, the temperance movement, the woman's suffrage movement, the liberalizing medicine movement, the anti-vaccination movement, I can only compare myself to an old, time-worn oak, standing on the hillside quite alone, battered by storms and torn by wild tempests, awaiting the call of my comrades from the other side—waiting only to renew the battle for the right over there.

This life is only rudimentary. And it matters little to me whether my body go down into the depths with green sea-weeds for a winding sheet, or perish upon a Hindoo pyre aflame with bamboo and sandal wood. If I do not return to America in body, I shall in spirit. The universe is my home. All human beings are my brothers and sisters. My peace, my love, I leave with them. God reigns, and all is well.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

San Diego, Cal.

During this voyage Dr. Peebles will take in Honolulu, the Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, the East Indies, Siam, Malacca, Johore, Ceylon, India, Persia, Egypt, Palestine, Southern Europe, Rome and Paris to London, and will be absent one year or more. We join our own to the many good wishes that are expressed for Dr. Peebles's success.

Mrs. Gulick Informed in a Mysterious Way of Her Husband's Death.

At 8:25 o'clock Friday evening, Nov. 6, at Atlantic City, says an exchange, Mrs. Peter Gulick, a deaf mute, rushed into the room of Mrs. Peterson, with whom she was stopping, and seizing a pencil and paper, excitedly wrote: "Something has happened to my husband!"

At that time Gulick was supposed to be well, and on his way home from a tour of the New England States, where he had been selling pictures.

Mrs. Gulick became hysterical, then unconscious, and soon died.

Next morning came a telegram addressed to her. Mrs. Peterson opened it, and read:

"YONKERS, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1896.

Mrs. Peter Gulick, Somers Point, N. J.: Your husband was killed on the railroad track near here last night.

WILLIAM JAMESON."

The Gulicks were a most devoted couple. They had four children, one of whom is in the United States Navy.

Reorganization of the Arena Publishing Company.

On petition of the creditors of the Arena Publishing Company made Oct. 1, 1896, before Judge Dunbar, to appoint a temporary receiver, A. D. Chandler, Esq., was appointed for the protection and adjustment of the interests of the creditors during a reorganization of this company. The officers of the company did not contest the petition, feeling that it is for the best interests of all parties concerned as an equitable plan pending the business changes to be made.

The Arena Company will be recapitalized by experienced business men and placed in new hands and on a firm financial basis, the magazine to be an open court for the promulgation of all authoritative and important opinions.

Verification of a Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to state that the communication from my wife, LIZZIE FOSTER, given in THE BANNER for Nov. 14, is in the main correct and satisfactory.

She had many friends among Spiritualists in Boston and elsewhere, and was herself an excellent medium, although she never made public use of her gifts. She will be better remembered by friends in Taunton, as Lizzie M. Wrigley.

JAMES M. FOSTER.

58 Day street, Roxbury.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of the 21st of November is a communication from MARY HAYDEN. I knew her well, and have visited at her house before she passed away.

Have wanted to see if some of her people would acknowledge the communication, but dare say they have not seen it in your paper.

Her mother was cousin of the late Gov. Rice, and she a sister of the noted medium, Joseph D. Stiles.

WM. G. PRESCOTT.

Quincy, Mass., Dec. 5, 1896.

Correction.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I beg to correct an error in my letter of last week. In that letter I said Mrs. Bliss holds materializing séances Wednesday and Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings, and dark circles on Tuesday evenings. I have learned since that she holds materializing séances on Saturday afternoons, and dark circles on Sunday evenings, as well as on Tuesday evenings.

T. A. BLAND.

Thomas Jackson holds circles at 89 I street, South Boston, every Monday evening.

Modern Wonders; Or, What Psychic Force, Coupled With Scientific Knowledge, Can Do.

To successfully treat and cure a patient, it is essential that the physician understand fully the diseases and lesions affecting the patient. Bombastic assertion and unsupported claims carry no weight with the public. The thousands of cases which Drs. Peablies & Burroughs have diagnosed in the past year, without a single failure, demonstrates that they do understand diseases and the causes producing them. We submit the following few from the many which are received every day, testifying to the absolute accuracy of their diagnoses:

Sedgewick, Ark., Nov. 18.—In regard to the diagnosis of my case, it is perfect in every respect.

MEDIE SHAFER.

West Pullman, Ill., Nov. 24.—Your diagnosis of my case received, and will say that it is correct in every detail.

GEORGE A. WOOD.

Hollister, Cal., Nov. 22.—Your kind letter of the 16th came to hand yesterday, giving a diagnosis of my case, and I must say that it is a very true and correct one—far better than I could have described it myself.

JOHN L. LINDELEAF.

Ashland, O., Nov. 5.—I am in receipt of your letter, and would say that you told me how I feel better than I could myself.

MRS. F. A. APPELBE.

Colorado City, Col., Nov. 23.—I received your diagnosis of my case yesterday, and will say that it is entirely correct.

CLARA PARKER.

St. Edwards, Neb., Nov. 26.—Your answer to my letter of inquiry came last night and greatly surprised me, for I think you diagnosed my case correctly.

MRS. J. O. DISHER.

The most enlightened and successful treatment practiced to-day is the psychic. The wonderful results achieved without the administration of medicines are something wonderful. We set forth no exorbitant claims, but the following will demonstrate that this feature of our treatment is rarely, if ever, duplicated:

Central Falls, R. I., 29 1/2 street, Oct. 10.—To-day, when your letter came, I was suffering with neuralgia in my face. I took your letter in my hand and laid my head on the table, and in ten minutes the pain had left me and has not returned.

MRS. M. R. HUGHES.

Chicopee, Mass., Oct. 28.—Last Thursday evening, during our half-hour sitting, I asked you to visit a lady in Springfield and relieve her of her mental depression. I insisted upon it, feeling sure that she would feel better. I have since been told that she did feel better and slept all night and worked all day Friday, and said she had not felt so well for four years.

ADA L. STONE.

Hanselma, Mich., Oct. 9.—One month ago, I hurt me so between my shoulders that at times I could not lean back against a chair. Last Tuesday I ached from my neck down to my knees, but that evening, no sooner had I touched your signature than my right hand flew upward, and then I commenced to rub myself, and when I had done this, I found my aches were gone.

MRS. SADIE UPKIRK.

But the many cases that are thoroughly chronic in their nature, the causes producing the lesions dating back many, many years, require, in addition to the foregoing, the most skillful and scientific medical treatment and the wisest discretion in the selection of medicines and their doses, it being an established fact that what is a dose for one person will produce disastrous effects upon another. In our hands medicines act like magic, as the following will demonstrate:

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 14.—Pursuant to your request for information as to my case at weekly intervals, I wrote to say that, from the first dose, I have noticed an improvement.

O. H. BARKER.

Evans City, Pa., Nov. 14.—I am feeling in splendid health at this writing, thanks to your kind treatment and the help of Dr. Dear Doctor, I hope you will live two hundred years, that you may still bless suffering humanity. I have taken your treatment three weeks, and received more good than from all the medicines I have taken during the whole six years I have had asthma. Wishing you more and still better success, I remain, your ever trusting patient.

MRS. ADA DANCE.

For an absolutely correct diagnosis and free medical advice concerning your case, address Drs. PEABLIES & BURROUGHS, Indianapolis, Ind., giving name, age, sex and leading symptom, and you will receive same by return mail.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The regular monthly meeting of the Union was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, at Gould Hall, Vice-President Eben Cobb, Chairman.

The audience sang "Throw Out the Life-Line." Mrs. M. F. Lovering, accompanist. The record of the previous meeting was read and accepted. Our first speaker was Mr. Henry F. Campbell of Waverley, the former owner of our new home, in the sale of which to us he was a liberal donor of the grove, etc., in which to hold our open-air meetings. Mr. Campbell, after commending the practical and humanitarian direction in which our work had now taken shape, paid a lengthy tribute to the poet Robert Burns; in his opinion he was the sweetest of all poets, as he lived nearest to nature, therefore nearest to God. He said one way to be truly happy is to get light on the hereafter and make others happy.

Brief addresses were made by Mr. James H. Lewis, Mr. Hebron Libbey, N. B. Perkins, Mr. Baxter, Dr. E. H. Matthews, F. D. Edwards, Dr. U. K. Mayo, Treasurer Dolan, Vice-President Eben Cobb, and Dr. Matthews announced his intention to furnish one room in the new home.

Dr. U. K. Mayo contributed \$30 to the Home Fund, making, with a previous amount of \$75, a total payment of \$105. Mrs. Mary A. Karcher also paid the sum of \$25. Several new members were obtained, and while a collection was taken Mrs. Penny and Mrs. Lovering gave a vocal selection.

The next regular meeting will be held the third Thursday of December (17th), at the hall of the Ladies' Spiritualists' Industrial Society, at 7:30 p. m. Supper can be obtained there at a low price at 6:30 o'clock.

It was intended to commence regular public meetings with the Ladies' Aid Society on the fourth Friday of each month; but as this would occur this month on Christmas night, therefore meeting with them will not commence until the following month. Donations are solicited, also memberships; annual, at \$1, and life memberships at \$25 each.

WM. H. BANKS, Clerk.
No. 77 State street, Boston.

When the hair begins to fall out, or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Pilgrim Peablies Abroad.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. J. M. Peablies departed from his home in San Diego on Wednesday, Dec. 2, for his third circumnavigation of the globe, in his seventy-sixth year. He goes from here to San Francisco, whence he will sail to Honolulu, thence to New Zealand, Australia, India, China, Egypt, Palestine, France, Germany, England and many other countries in Asia and Europe, returning home via New York.

While in India the Doctor intends to make a microscopic search for the "Mahatmas." His sage lectures will undoubtedly give our Cause a new impetus in all the countries where his voice is heard on his last long pilgrimage in the mortal form.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 2, 1896.

The greatest waves known are those off the Cape of Good Hope, where, under the influence of a north-west gale, there have been found to exceed forty feet in height. Off Cape Horn they have been measured at thirty-two feet from trough to crest, and in the North Atlantic waves from twenty feet to twenty-five feet are by no means uncommon.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.
R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

An Appeal to the Spiritualists of America.

THE VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION was incorporated in 1891, under the laws of Massachusetts, for the purpose of enrolling and organizing Spiritualists for cooperative action in promulgating the truths of Spiritualism, to solicit bequests and donations from all Spiritualists who desire through its agency to alleviate the necessities of the sick or destitute—a work which it has carried on to the full extent of its means, having sent out nearly six hundred checks and post-office orders, ranging in amounts from three dollars to fifty dollars, into fifteen States of the Union, from Maine to California, to sick and destitute Spiritualists, who, for the assistance received from the Union, would have suffered for the necessities of life.

The Union is not local in its membership, or in the bestowal of its bounties—its members being from nearly every State of the Union, and even from Europe, and its beneficiaries in nearly half the States. There are many old people among Spiritualists who have outlived relatives and friends, and are dependent upon the cold charities of the world, and many more who have been ostracized and abandoned simply because of their belief, and in many cases, are without home or friends to care for and sympathize with them in their declining years. Many of them have drifted to us. To whom else could they go?

It was for these unfortunates the Union was organized. It was for the fixed purpose of providing a "Home" on a large scale, commensurate with our needs. The Union has steadily worked to acquire the means to accomplish its purpose, and has at last reached the point of action.

Believing that the time has fully arrived, and the needs of the hour call for immediate action, the Union, in accordance with the objects for which it was organized, proposes to establish and equip a "Home" in which to care for the aged and destitute, and in connection therewith, as soon as practicable, a Hospital building, in which to treat the sick, in accordance with the most advanced ideas in hypnosis, magnetism, and kindred remedies.

It has also been proposed to care for orphans as soon as our means will allow.

It is with great pleasure that the "Union" announces that after six years of persistent effort, it has succeeded in procuring a tract of land, with building thereon, peculiarly adapted to the purposes of a Home.

The establishment is situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Boston, known as Waverley, in the town of Belmont.

This property, known as the "Campbell Mansion," has been purchased from Mr. Henry F. Campbell, a gentleman who is deeply in sympathy with the objects and purposes of the Union, and a member thereof, and who accompanies the sale with very generous gifts of both land and money. The estate immediately adjoins the "Beaver Brook" reservation (so called) of the new "Metropolitan Park," and embraces within its limits a part of the celebrated "Agassiz Moraine" and "Agassiz Oaks," well known to scientists throughout the country.

The grounds also contain a grove in which to hold open-air meetings in the proper season, which will undoubtedly be a marked feature of the movement and a valuable aid in disseminating the truths of Spiritualism.

Within a radius of nine miles are the cities of Boston, Somerville, Cambridge, Waltham, Newton, Woburn, and the towns of Belmont, Watertown, Winchester, Arlington, Stoneham, and the historic battlefields of Lexington and Concord, and embraces a population of nearly or quite a million of inhabitants; thus opening a vast field in which to sow the seed of the new gospel of Spiritualism.

The executive work of the Union is done gratuitously by a board of fifteen Directors, and no member receives any pecuniary compensation for services rendered. Having assumed the large pecuniary obligations of this purchase, the Union confidently relies on the great spiritualistic public to sustain it, without whose aid success will be impossible.

Let every Spiritualist in the land join hands with us to support this movement and contribute according to his or her means, believing it will redound to the interests of our grand Cause, remembering that THE POWER TO DO IMPLIES THE OBLIGATION, AND THAT "HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY."

[The terms of membership in the Veteran Spiritualists' Union are: Life, twenty-five dollars; yearly, one dollar. All Spiritualists are cordially invited to join. All applications, accompanied with the membership fee, to be sent to William H. Banks, 77 State street, Boston.]

All contributions for the Hospital and Home fund sent to the Treasurer, MOSES T. DOLE, No. 71 Perkins street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass., will be acknowledged in the BANNER OF LIGHT, with the names of the donors.

CHRISTOPHER C. SNAW, Pres.
MOSES T. DOLE, Treas.
WM. H. BANKS, Clerk.

VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Contributions to the Home Fund, Dec. 7.
Amount previously acknowledged..... \$6,436 00
Dr. U. K. Mayo, Boston..... 105 00
Mrs. Mary A. Karcher, South Boston..... 25 00
Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, Orange, Mass., a "New Home" sewing machine, the third machine donated by her..... 50 00
Total..... \$6,616 00
MOSES T. DOLE, Treasurer.

Death from use of Tobacco.

The Tobacco poisoned heart stops without warning, often on the street. SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum, overcomes the craving. No sickness, no starving, affording safe and prompt relief. Try it today. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet free. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

What All the World's A-Seeking.

The above is the title of a most attractive new book from the facile pen of Ralph Waldo Trine, who gives great promise of fully justifying his right to the possession of two of the names of one of the greatest essayists of the present century. In this contribution to practical idealistic literature Mr. Trine has succeeded remarkably well in combining transcendental theories of life with self-evident appropriations of exalted visions to the daily needs of struggling humanity. Each of the five parts into which the book is divided is complete in itself, but the earlier four distinctly and logically pave the way for the superlative fifth, which clearly sets forth the total gist of the gifted writer's meaning. Asceticism receives no mercy at the hands of this valiant knight of optimism. Joyousness is everywhere shown to be the legitimate concomitant of righteousness. The good use of every faculty with which we are endowed is shown to be the truest road to all we understand by those three mighty words, *health, success and happiness*. The interior, spiritual thought-forces are explained in a simple, practical manner in their vital relation to daily living, and the entire practicality of truly idealistic philosophy is proved to demonstration. All who are interesting themselves in the truly practical aspects of psychical or metaphysical teachings will find in this choice book of nearly two hundred pages a concise, helpful guide to a happier, holier and more successful union of self with religion than has often been accomplished. That such a book will carry hope and gladness to many thousands of readers; that it will intensify living faith in all that is divine, and broaden human affection, seems a self-evident conclusion.

The volume is tastefully bound, and seems especially adapted for a holiday offering to a thoughtful friend.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Price \$1.25.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Co.

"It must have been awfully uncomfortable inside of that whale," said Keats to Jonathan. "It was frightful. I could not breathe as Jonathan," "for fear of setting fire to the oil."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Fear God and you will be safe from all other fears.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

The Mexican government has placed an order for a thousand bicycles with an American firm. They are to be used in the Mexican army.

An enthusiastic artist up in U. S. Army, who wanted to get a snap shot picture of a mad bull, asked permission of the owner of the beast to stir it up a little in order to get a life-like picture. The result, like the man's account of his p. to drop, was rather less than expected, but more than he anticipated. The bull entered into the game with great spirit, rolled the artist on the ground, tossed him in the air a couple of times, tore his clothes, and was still at bat when the farmer rushed in and saved the artist's life.—*Sedgewick (Kan.) Panthograph*.

The poorest tenant of the Libyan wild, Whose life is pure, whose thoughts are undefined, In fitted ranks may claim the first degree; For Virtue only is nobility.

—Ephraim, B. C. 540.

"Smith got off a bright thing the other day." "What was it?" "A lighted cigar some one had carelessly dropped into the chair he sat on."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Thought is the first faculty of man; to express it is one of his first desires; to spread it, his dearest privilege.—*Diderot*.

Irishman (at telephone)—"Send me up tree bales hay and wan bag oats." *Kansas City Hay Dealer*—"All right. Who for?" Irishman—"There now, don't get gay. For the horse, ay, corse."

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into truth, never attempt to force a man into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all.—*Kansas*.

Life toucheth still this secret:

That none can find his good

Save as one happy unit

In one grand brotherhood.

—The Moslem World.

ANCIENT MEDICINES.—In a standard work, "Collected Ancient Medicine," London, 1725, page 26, are prescribed the following remedies: For quinsy, powder of burnt owls, two drachms; burnt swallows, one drachm; cat's brains, two drachms; dried and powdered blood of white puppy dogs, two drachms; wolf's guts dried and powdered, two drachms; sheep's excrements, two drachms; with other like horrors are "a sovereign remedy." Bah!

The new psychology is coming to understand that what constitutes life is the intensity and variety and scope of what we feel—that is, what makes men.—*G. Stanley Hall*.

Gussy—"Why do you so persistently wear the hair of another woman on your head?" Beatrice—"For the same reason that you wear the skin of another calf on your feet."—*The Great Divide*.

In the absence of the regular golf editor the following question from a beginner was referred to the editor for an answer. "I am a beginner in golf. Is it right to fiddle your put, or is it better to fiddle on the tee?" The turf editor set his teeth firmly, stared hard at the wall in front of him a few moments, and wrote the following reply: "In case a player snags his iron it is permissible for him to fiddle his put; but a better plan would be for him to drop his guppy into the principle and snoodle it out with a niblick."—*Chicago Tribune*.

I am unable to see what the modern system of burying bodies in the soil has to rest upon except custom and that prejudice which springs from custom.—*Charles Francis Adams*.

Cornell University has received a patent of nobility. It is issued to the University of Cornell in 1792, and confers the rank of Baron on Procopius von Bollen and his heirs. This patent, which is engrossed upon vellum, is a present to the University from Henry R. Ickelheimer, '88, of New York City. Among other interesting memorials in the possession of Cornell are some of those letters de cachet committing men to the Bastille, which were signed blank by the French kings and given to their favorites. Cornell's library also contains a decree issued by the "Committee of Safety" with Robespierre's speaking signature crawling off on one side, and the signatures of his colleagues huddled together on the other.

Someone threw a head of cabbage at an Irish orator while he was making a speech. He paused a second, and said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears, I don't care for your heads." He was not bothered any more that evening.—*Ez*.

PRECIOUS TIME.—Mrs. Wheeler—"My husband and I decided not to go to Europe, because it takes too long to get there." Mrs. Jones—"Too long?" Mrs. Wheeler—"Yes; fancy being unable to use one's wheel for six or seven days!"

Uncle Hiram—"No wonder them bicycle fellows is all bent over like monkeys." Aunt Hilda—"I'd like to know what you know 'bout it, Hiram." Uncle Hiram—"I don't know much, I'll allow, but they say the best on 'em has got rheumatic tires."

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.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Helen Stuart-Richings speaks in New Bedford, Mass., during December. She has finished an engagement in Brooklyn, where she filled one of the most agreeable terms of service.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter closed a successful series of lectures in Tinsville, Pa., last Sunday, having been there, and in vicinity, since the first of Nov. He returned to Boston this week, and on Sunday next, Dec. 13, he will lecture afternoon and evening in Cat's Hill, Salem, Mass.

Prof. M. Milleson will fill a few Sunday platform engagements this winter. Societies wishing to see his new drawings, showing the X-Rays of the soul, in action—one of the many marvellous attributes of the spiritual man—should engage him, and permit him to demonstrate that these "X-Rays" were drawn through his hand under the control of ardent artists, thirty-five years ago, when Prof. Roentgen was quite young. Address Groveland, Mass.

Abbie N. Burnham will speak Jan. 10, at Lynn, Cadet Hall; Jan. 17, Pawtucket, R. I.; Jan. 24, Manchester, N. H. The last three Sundays in December are unengaged. Address, 350 Salem street, Malden, Mass.

The address of G. W. Kates and wife during December will be 283 Seventh street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Leslie, the medium, would like to state that she is seriously ill, and unable to see any one.

W. J. Colville lectures on Sundays during December for the First Society of Spiritualists, Philadelphia, in Warner Hall, Broad street, near Wallace street. On Sunday, Dec. 6, he was greeted by two large and very appreciative audiences. Meetings commence at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. On Monday, Dec. 7, he spoke to a class of earnest students, at 504 North 10th street, at 2:30 and 8 p. m. Class lessons are continued each Monday until Dec. 28 inclusive.

Mr. F. H. Roscoe, the well known lecturer and platform test medium, of Providence, R. I., would like to hear from societies within a radius of one hundred miles from Providence, relative to lecture engagements for the season of 1897. He may be addressed 183 Broadway, Providence, R. I.

Mr. A. C. Robbins, platform speaker and test medium, open for engagements for '96 and '97. Address BANNER OF LIGHT.

E. W. Sprague of Jamestown, N. Y., will serve the Philadelphia Society for the month of February next. He can be engaged to lecture and give tests for January, March and April. Address him at 963 Grove street, Meville, Pa.

Mrs. Abbie E. Cunningham, test medium, would like to make engagements for the Sundays of December, also January, 1897; would also like to make engagements for camp-meetings. Address 247 Columbus avenue, Suite 8, Boston, Mass.

W. J. Colville is now in New York, where his present term of work commenced in Union Square Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 3 p. m., and at 102 West Fourteenth street at 8 p. m. He lectures in Brooklyn on Wednesdays at 3 and 8 p. m., at Singleton Hall, 1188 Bedford avenue. Address all letters, etc., care Warde Bingle, 8 Union Square, New York City.

A Christmas Tree and Festival

Is to be held in B. T. Hall, No. 728 Westminster street, opposite Dean street, Providence, R. I., on Monday evening, Dec. 21, for the benefit of the deserving poor.

There will be provided a most excellent musical and literary entertainment by some of the best talent in the city, who have volunteered their services; also a Christmas Tree and Santa Claus.

Contributions of money, cake and pastry, groceries of all kinds, dry goods, toys, coal and wood, or any useful articles of clothing, are solicited.

This entertainment has been arranged and projected by Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Roscoe, of No. 151 Broadway, where all contributions may be sent, and where tickets may be obtained, to be given to the poor; where all contributions of money, or whatever may be contributed, will be made.

F. A. Wiggins' Work.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dec. 6 was the tenth Sunday that I have tried to serve the wants of the people of the First Spiritualist Church of Indianapolis for this season.

My work will terminate here with the last Sunday of this month for the present. For the month of January my work is to be done in Baltimore, Md. If large audiences are to be taken as a criterion of successful meetings, we can certainly lay claim to over two months of successful work done in this city. Since I came (though through no effort of mine) a Lyceum has been started, and has at present a regular attendance of about seventy-five. New members are being taken in each Sunday. The work here is not organized as well as it might be, and as it doubtless soon will be. It can be justly claimed, however, that the machinery of both Church and Lyceum is being run with much less friction than can be claimed for many another society.

The people here, as in many other places, are, as it seems to me, too anxious for the presentation of the phenomena, and too unwilling to inform themselves properly concerning the Philosophy. There are, however, about a hundred and fifty who come out to our meetings when no tests are expected.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that a too niggardly disposition upon the part of Spiritualists, as a whole, is now and will be, if not corrected, a fatal check upon the wheels of our progressive movement. As Spiritualists, we certainly have much to learn; and possibly more to put into practice, through a little personal sacrifice, than we have to learn. I feel that great progress has been made here in the last few months; but then not much can be done in so short a time.

F. A. WIGGIN.

"I ate a piece of pie for supper last night." "How did you feel when you awoke this morning?" "I haven't been asleep yet."

The Second Summer.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., 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.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

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

Medical Clairvoyant.

DR. MARY NEWCOMB receives patients and gives examinations free on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 9 to 7. Office 120 West Concord street, Boston, or Tremont, where her remedies, which are so well liked for their curative powers in all chronic cases of both sexes, are for sale.

MRS. D. R. ALDEN, Dec. 12. Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass. 13w.

Mrs. M. R. Coff.

TUESDAY, 8 P. M., Saturday and Sunday, 2:30 P. M. 75 East Newton street, Boston. 4w.

ADDRESS a stamped envelope to J. C. F. GRUBBINE, Boston, Mass., for terms, flattering testimonials, etc., for development by correspondence in psychometry, clairvoyance, inspiration and psychopathy. Reduced rates. Dec. 12.

FREE—Pages of Astrological information. Good and evil data listed numbers; accurate descriptions, etc., etc. Send date and hour of birth, with stamp, Box 3408, Boston, Mass. Dec. 12.

A Charming Spiritualistic Story.



Nora Ray, THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

Price Reduced from 50 to 25 Cents.

Now is the time to get a copy of this delightful book, as the entire large edition will soon be disposed of at this low price. It comprises 170 pages, good clear type.

The volume gives a remarkable experience of spirit-power through the wonderful mediumship of the little girl, Nora Ray, who is abducted in her childhood by those who wish to obtain her property; but through her mediumistic powers she is enabled to discover the plot, and returns to her native land and secures the valuable plantation by the aid of friends, who received advice from her while in the trance state.

SPIRIT Message Department.

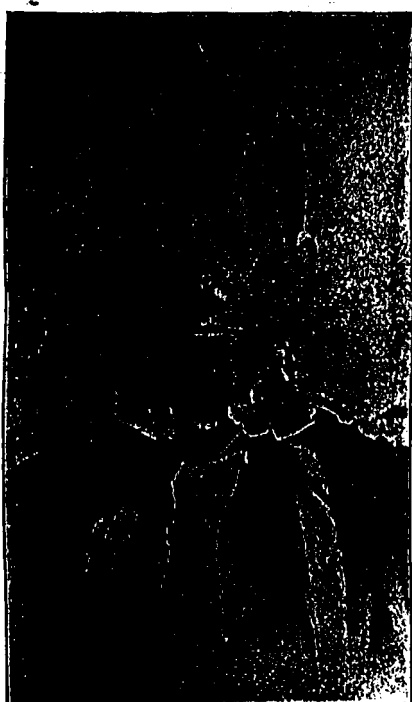
SPECIAL NOTICE.

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.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Oct. 30, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Thou Spirit Divine! again do we consecrate ourselves to thee, seeking thy wisdom and knowledge, that our light may shine so that it will glorify the angels that brought it to mortals. As we meet this morning in our circle to open the pathway, that those who have passed through the change called death may assist in blessing glad tidings of immortal joy to their friends, we ask thy great divine spirit to assist, help, and teach us how to send forth that light so it may be a benefit to the mortal world. Oh! inspire all this morning with such words as may start the narrow soul to a consciousness of what constitutes right and justice, and what is the true relationship of man to man. Oh! may each one be filled with that allowing power, that we may have liberality, that we may have sympathy, that we may realize there is a broader pathway that leadeth to light—that we are not in the narrow and straight way only, but that we are in the bright way of progress, too.

Oh! draw near this morning; we ask it not only for ourselves, but for all such as may be affected by the various environments that surround the mortal body and the spirit therein. Bless us while we are here engaged in our work. Be with us this morning, oh! thou Great Spirit of Love; bless each one as thou seest it needed; lead each one into the pathway wherein they can do the best; and may those who are trying to love and benefit humanity. We seek the destruction of all selfishness, but we know from the spirit-life that after all what seems evil is only undeveloped good. Hear us this morning, bless us as we are now ready to take up the work once more in this our circle, and give each one strength, knowledge, and the consciousness that out of all darkness will come light; and that name will have the praise now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

David Carpenter.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I am very much pleased at being permitted to speak here this morning. It seems as I take control that it is hard for me to fully express independent thought through this organism, and then have others read it and criticize it; but I have learned from experience, both in the mortal body and in spirit life, that it is impossible to suit all people.

This morning I feel interested in the various advancements that humanity makes. I loved, when I was in the body, to see things brought about that would help humanity; whether it was through the power of religion, through the power of political affairs, or whatever the power might be, if it brought happiness to the soul, if it was only happiness to a few, I felt thankful for it—because I realized the great law of life, so vast in its comprehension that I know it is impossible to bring happiness to all.

I feel this morning that I always had an interest in the welfare of our country, especially in the town that I so well represented. It is to day as it was while in the body, we appreciate our friends and their encouragement when we are battling with strife and when we are in trouble. We appreciate them more, for they come to our assistance more than when all is sunshine and pleasant. It is with that spirit, then, that I desire to return this morning, to encourage my fellow men, to encourage all to work for the welfare of the many and not of the few.

I have also those near and dear to me by the tie of love and affection, and I should like to say unto them: "Be of good cheer. While things seem to look dark sometimes, I say your father is not silent, neither is he dead." I thank God, Mr. Chairman, that I had some little consciousness of your beautiful Philosophy.

I want to return to bring knowledge and truth, that I may say unto all, whether they believe or not, that I have found a home—yes, more natural: I find our homes are decorated, ornamented, by the deeds that are done while in the body. This morning I should like to say to all: "Seek well; make good use of your time; do not be directed by others; use the faculties that God has given you, that you may know and understand for yourself what lies both in the spirit-world and in the earth-plane."

Mr. President, there is much I would like to say, but time will not permit. I want all to know that David Carpenter is still active, and is trying in his feeble way to assist mortals in the struggle and the environments of life, especially at the home where I was well-known. I feel like sending this message through the BANNER OF LIGHT, because your columns are very many times searched for a word of consolation or enlightenment—whether it comes from any one they personally know, or whether it merely comes through some spirit that is willing to assist others. Hence I hope that the mortals, while they are struggling in this election time, will remember the day has come when the spirit is working, and will work to rise superior to matter. All things are for the best. My home was in Bennington, Vt.

Israel Piper.

This seems natural, and it seems really good when I can look through the eyes of the mortal again upon earth action, and the people that surround me in the earth sphere. I feel perfectly at home in Boston, and some time has elapsed, yea, years since I passed from the body; it seems to me I hardly know how to express the change, as I was pretty well used up before I passed on to the spirit-life. After laying the body aside I felt so comfortable that it seemed it was impossible that I had passed through the change, any more than it made me feel much happier: I did not need to feel the effects of the physical form; and at this time especially, when I look back thirty or thirty-five years ago, and think of the excitement that the various elections brought, and the anxiousness of the various parties to place themselves in office.

I have not come this morning to speak directly on that point, although while in the body it was one of the happiest times of my life to watch the various candidates as they worked their way into position, and I have watched as carefully ever since, although I suppose some of our people in time gone by would have been very much amused if they really thought those that had laid the physical body aside could be traveling around interesting themselves in the earthly ones' welfare. I thank the good angels that as humanity grows in intellectuality, we find progress advancing in free thought. Spiritualism has also done much, in my estimation, in opening up to those inquiring friends the destiny of the spirit after death.

I would like to return this morning, and send words of comfort and consolation to the few of my own who are still in the body. I should like to say I have got most of them on the spirit-side, and that is what made my transition so beautiful—there were so many of my friends that went ahead of me, that when I awoke in spirit it seemed I was at home; there were father, mother, Charles, and so many of them, that it seemed I had just got home again. We are still all together. There are a few yet in the body, and especially one that I am anxious to reach. I think that through her own sensitive organism I shall be able to assist and encourage her. I would like to say to all that will remember me, that I feel happy this morning, and more so, because I have been permitted to enter this channel, and send forth encouragement—to make all realize that death is not the change of the past; it does not bring darkness to the spirit, and the dread they used to have, but now it is like unto a new birth. We feel rejoiced when we can step out of the body, and feel free from all creeds and pains.

I should like to say there are those who have joined me on the spirit-side since I passed on that would like to speak this morning, but time will not permit—hence I will not send a long communication, because it has been a mental request; if they will follow out their desires I will communicate with them in private, so that they will know that I have known, and am conscious of their thoughts.

You can put me down, Mr. President, as Israel Piper. I left the body in Dorchester, Mass. I will be remembered in Great Falls, N. H., in Dover, and in many other places both in the vicinity of Boston and in New Hampshire. I want to say to all it is well, it is well.

Jennie A. Stamps.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. It seems to me as if I am almost too full for expression. Oh! it has been a long time since I left the body—that is, a long time as the mortal reckons it—and I, perhaps, to a certain extent, may be forgotten; but I don't feel so, as I oftentimes hover around those yet in earth-life who are working for humanity. There have been many changes in earth life since I was called home, and there have been many, many advancements that I feel pleased at, but it doesn't seem possible to me that time has elapsed as it really has. I feel that the mortal has made good use of the time.

Mr. President, years ago it was harder for a person to understand Spiritualism; it was something seemingly new, and one was very apt to be criticized in their belief. It was through the change of my husband's being called to spirit-life that I sought comfort, and got it, through the ministering angels of mediums. My home was a long distance from here, and at that time was not surrounded with the modern conveniences that you have now; so I felt pleased at returning and recognizing the improvements that the mortal has made, both in thought and also in conveniences to work with. My home was away down in Texas; away down there where it seemed everything was woods and prairie—that God had endowed it with nature's gifts alone; but through the advanced ideas and progress I see how the place has been improved—how much easier it is for people to live there now. Above all, I am pleased that they have carried out my ideas, to a certain extent—although it has taken a long time to do it—and that is, with the advancement of the material things they have entertained and sustained Spiritualism and its beautiful teachings.

Oh! it does me so much good to see the work that has been done, and I know it has been a struggle for many to even accomplish what has already been done; and it is with that influence around me this morning that I reach this open door, so as to send encouragement, and make them feel that years may have rolled on, and many have been called to the spirit-side who worked with us then, but we are still serving with those who have taken our places. I should like to say to all, especially those who are interested in Spiritualism and humanity, that they will go on; falter not, neither must you fear; the angels are with you, and we will try and open up the doors, so that you will find that your friends can meet with you, and bring to you that sustaining part that is needed in the mortal life to make things successful.

Mr. President, I am glad to be here this morning, and to send forth a few words of recognition; for when your paper reaches its various corners, as I oftentimes express it, to the various homes where it is despatched all over the world, the title is well recognized the BANNER OF LIGHT. Long may you be sustained in your work for humanity, and not only sustained by spirit-power, but we ask all those in mortal, for we know as we have done in the past, a good work cannot be wrought without the material sustaining and assisting. I want all to know that I have an interest in the progress of life, and to help them to stand, both financially and also with their good thoughts. Oh, Mr. President, when I look back over the years, and see how much money is pouring into all the churches, and each one is willing to give something, and the people feel that they can put one brick into the tabernacle for God, oh, where are you, Spiritualists, to-day? Why don't you sustain one of the most beautiful religions that the world has ever been endowed with? I wish I had the power—not from any egotistical thoughts, but my soul is satir as I see so many, many of our societies and meetings and good works going down for lack of financial aid. Oh! cooperate, dear ones; bind yourselves in unity, destroy all jealousy; and oh! mediums, instruments in the minds of the spiritual world, oh! how much is expected from you, how much is depending on you. Then be true to yourselves; each one of you, and clothe yourselves in spotless garments; bring to yourselves higher and loftier spirit-power.

My name is Jennie A. Stamps; my husband was always known just as Judge Stamps. I shall be remembered in Brenham, Texas; I am so happy and pleased to have this privilege.

William J. Brown.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. It seems to me that after having such a strong demonstration of knowledge from our last friend who tried to manifest, I feel as if I were in the background; but my love for my friends is none the less, and I feel like coming in this morning, especially as I have those in the earth-life who are not very well physically. As years roll on, and they are still growing older, I feel like encouraging them and bringing a little consolation to their souls—and especially when I realize that those of the earth ones who have passed on to the higher life are still conscious both of their physical suffering and sometimes the mental suffering.

I would like to reach my own people. I have been out of the body some time, but I was only a young man when I passed on; if I recall aright, just about twenty-two. I know I had just got to where I thought I was going to accomplish things, but I found that the physical could not sustain me. The doctors called it consumption.

I don't want to change ideas, but to me to-day, as I look back over my earthly career and experience, I think it was more nervousness than really consumption. I want to say to mother: Don't fret, all will be well, and I can see where there are so many times I have tried to come in contact with you, but I cannot always come close enough to make the mortal ones understand me. I don't feel like sending a long publication this morning, nor going into details; I should like to meet them in private, and I will try and assist them materially, because I can see where they oftentimes need assistance much in the mortal, badly as they want to know that their friends live.

I would like to say that I am not so very far from home, for my home was in Plymouth Highlands, Mass. I want them to know that I am still waiting and watching for them. I would like to say that your paper goes to the family, and it is for that reason that I wish to send these few words this morning, so that they may realize that I am still interested.

My name was William J. Brown, and my father was the doctor; every one in Plymouth and around there knows Dr. Brown. I want them to know I am still interested in all that is progressive and that which seeks for the elevation of humanity.

Mary Donahue.

Oh! how happy I am this morning that the good Chairman on the spirit-side said I might come in and say a few words. I have been waiting so long, and it seems sometimes so tedious when one feels they want to do something, and cannot. I did not know much about your Spiritualism when I was in the body, and yet we always learned in our church that our spirit friends were near to us, and if we were good we would go where they were. I want to say to the mortal ones that it is true that we go where our friends are; they are not informed that they can come back and talk with them, but I want them to know we can talk with them under the right conditions, and under certain influences, or come in contact with the medium we can control.

I would like to send to Marian and Sarah, my two sisters, that they must not get discouraged because they go to some medium, and they don't get what they want; they wonder why mother or I don't come, but we can't always come, nor can we always speak, and that is why I think there are so many people who don't believe the spirit can return—because they seem to run with the idea that after we get out of the body we are just like the open air, just like a bird in the air, we can light down anywhere, and talk with them, and tell them all they want to know. Again, they seem to think the medium has read their mind; and so I feel as if I would like to have them understand why they don't always get what they want. For that reason, Mr. President, I have been around this morning.

Oh! for so long have I thought that if I could send a communication through your paper they would understand it better, and perhaps it would destroy some of their doubts, and then I could do more for them; for my sister Sarah is somewhat mediumistic, and she is anxious to be assisted, but somehow don't get all that she thinks I could do for her. I want to say to you, dear, don't fret, don't be too anxious, let nature develop, for circumstances in earth-life are such that it is not always beneficial for me to communicate. You know what I mean, for now you are surrounded by those that are very skeptical, and think you are crazy.

I want all my friends to know that it is very pleasant over here, but the pleasantness is only given to those that have been able to round out their health in earth-life, and not to those that have got tired of the mortal life, and come here before their time. I think that will cover all that is necessary this morning, Mr. President, for as I have told them, if they will only be patient, I feel they will yet be convinced there is no death.

My name is Mary Donahue, and my home is here in Boston. I shall be remembered in Lowell, Mass., also, as I have friends there.

Caroline Temple.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. The atmosphere is just as warm and nice as it can be, and it seems such a pleasure to give our friends news, to bring tidings from heaven, to bring tidings from beyond the grave, and to make them feel it is so much better, for we are so much happier. Yet how oftentimes we can hear the mortal ask if the spirit can return, and does return, and if they are conscious of the mortal they don't think the spirit can be very happy, because they think we worry and fret just the same as we did when in the body. But I want to reach those I love, and I want to reach my own children especially, because I can see where they are struggling a great deal

with material affairs, and they have been going through a great deal of trouble lately, especially Henry. I want to say to you, my boy: "Don't give up to that terrible feeling that you have within—that you will never amount to anything. Don't give up to that feeling that you will not be able to conquer conditions—for you will." I know that he feels the spirit forces around him, and yet he doubts so many times, and so do the others, that it seems sometimes hard for us to manifest.

I want to say that, by the first of January, or, in other words, by the time this year passes on and the new year comes in, you will see things different. I do not want to make a public statement, for I don't think they would like it; but I want them to agree among themselves, and would say: "Hold out; be firm."

Oh! there is so much I would like to express, but can't, for just now there is a shadow hovering over them in earth life that makes them feel there is no justice in God or man; and it is with that, that the good chairman said I might send forth this communication, for in due season they will receive it, and I think it will be beneficial for them.

I should like to say, Mr. President, I was not a Spiritualist myself. I was interested in the Methodist church; but I have one boy that is very much interested in Spiritualism, and always has been—and I have also got others. I would like to say to Henry that truly now I see you was more right than I thought you were; but I want you to know that I have learned many, many things, and yet find many things I have yet to learn. Should say that father is with me this morning, so is Francis, and so I want you all to feel I am satisfied.

Mr. President, my name is Caroline Temple. My home was located in Providence, R. I. I have been out of the body about four years. My boy is here in Massachusetts, for he travels a good deal and is all around, but the members of my family will be located in Providence, R. I.

Luther Colby.

Well, Mr. Day, I am glad to see you. I want you to know that I am better pleased now than I have been, and I want the people to know at large that I have not been asleep; I have found so many, many things that I didn't understand, that I want to rectify, and yet at the same time I hardly know how to go about doing it. I am much pleased at the way things are running here, and yet if I had known as much as I do to-day I should have liked to have had things a little different. I want to send this communication this morning not only for the benefit of the firm, but also for the benefit of all who are interested in the work—for I am still interested in the work, and I know, especially as I come in contact with my own, there are many things now I should like to have changed—I don't expect ever to be able to, and the reason is, I know that while I was in life, with my duties and peculiarities, I often attracted spirits around me; it seems sometimes as if I was hardly able to express my ideas, for it doesn't seem just right. I have become conscious on the spirit-side that if I had had more confidence, and observed the merit of others, I would have gained even more for myself.

I should like to reach my brother, and try, if possible, to convince him of what ought to be done, as his time on the earth-sphere will be limited, and I know that we cannot do much now, for anything that comes, I suppose, through this medium, or yet from your BANNER OF LIGHT, I am afraid he may think it is all cut and dried—that the mortal within it is with the spirit, and for this reason I am satisfied that I was always impressed that I was taken advantage of for some reason; but I want him to know it was wrong, for if I had understood you, Mr. Day, and had comprehended your merits, and read you as a man, I should probably have accomplished more.

I should also say to Isaac B. Rich, that if I had known him as the man, and understood him better, we would probably have had things more congenial all around. I want all the world to know that while I am still interested in progress, and while I am still very much interested in the BANNER OF LIGHT, I think we oftentimes see things differently than while in the body. I would like to say, also, that it is sometimes amusing as we study the law of control—for as we come in contact with the various instruments, and with the various brains, it is sometimes hard to get a real honest opinion; but we do not like to own it, to hear our own faults, we do not like to express publicly that we have done wrong. I don't hardly feel that way—that I have done wrong—but I feel that there were many times when in my own narrow contracted brain, from the egotism of my own soul, I was guilty of misjudgment. It is for that reason I want to come in for a few minutes this morning. I should like to say to all, I am with you, and I hope to see you in even better conditions than you are; but when you see your own conditions, and see your own faculties and think for yourself, and not be so afraid of others, or hold yourself too much in submission to others, it will be better.

I want to say to Spiritualists at large that the work in spirit-world is remodeling and inflating, and we are preparing for a greater and a broader work than now. I want to say also to every one that has come in contact with me—you may think this sounds wrong and odd, because I never while in earth-life allowed any one to dictate or yet feel that I did not know just as much as they did—I found that as age grew upon me, and my childhood returned, the brain was not so valuable to the realities of life as I found out after I was in spirit.

I should say, go on with the work; but I want Isaac B. Rich to know and feel that I do not only understand things differently, but I comprehend things differently; and I want him to study others, also, for when he comes on to the spirit-life, as we all have to review our past, he may find much wanting.

With that, Mr. Chairman, I will not detain you a great deal longer this morning. I feel as our election is so close at hand, we must bring forth things financially, because you are passing through a crisis; but you will find it will come out all right, and right away, because the change in government affairs will make things in general better. I want you to know that I understand things on the material side as well as on the spiritual side, and I want you to know that I have still an interest in the welfare of all from the spirit, not now from the selfish side of life. Luther Colby.

Messages to be Published.

Nov. 8.—Hervey Van Wageningen; Lewis B. Wilson; Sarah Otis; John Warren Tuttle; Isabelle F. Martin; Anna Bailey.
Nov. 18.—Mary Ler; Capt. Albert Cummings; Charles P. Temple; Elizabeth North; Mary Elizabeth Cook; James McCallan; Alfred Frederick Morton.
Nov. 26.—Ella J. King; Charles F. Edgerly; Charles Hooper; Ida J. Deane; Elijah N. Bolton; Jerome Butler; Mary E. Leavelle.
Nov. 27.—Mary C. Flint; Mrs. Ruth Jones; Henry Jackson; Ellen L. Ames; Dr. H. F. Gardner; Catherine L. Murphy, for the
Dec. 4.—Edmund James Huling; Edwin E. Varney; Emma Fales; William Bemis; Mary Stevenson; Eben Phil lips.

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.

New York.

ROCHESTER.—G. W. Kates writes: "Mrs. Kates and self have been overwhelmed with kindnesses rendered us in Rochester. We are almost induced to make it our home for awhile; and the local friends are insisting that we shall."

When we came here there was only an indifferent relation to the Cause. Small efforts (but they were then the best possible) were being made to hold meetings. Several attempts have been made here to organize the local work, but perpetuity has not ensued. That is the history of Spiritualism in most places. But in Rochester it should not be so. There should be a national pride to sustain the Cause in the city where really it found birth. Spiritualism is as little comprehended here in Rochester as in any city we have visited. There are persons here who never heard of Spiritualism. Mediums and speakers had not found it a fertile city for their labors. But all that is passing. A wondrous interest is being evolved. A few earnest souls are determined to make heroic effort.

We have succeeded in organizing "The First Spiritual Church of Rochester." It will not have much (if any) support from the wealthy; but there are wealthy persons here who are convinced of the truth of spirit-communication. They will use mediums for personal help. The local church of the Spiritualists will attract them when they erect a beautiful auditorium—if they ever do. But now it must be poor people who will support Spiritualism, and keep it in purity and for the masses—a religion of the people, and not of the classes.

Shall we have some help here to sustain the work begun by the Fox girls? If we cannot purchase the Fox cottage, we may before long erect here a "Fox Memorial Hall." But the immediate work in hand for the new local society is to help provide for and arrange the semi-centennial celebration in 1898. They hope to cooperate with the National Spiritualists' Association, and are willing to assume their share of the risk, with a hope to realize help toward the Memorial Hall. Hence the friends everywhere, who are disposed to help, will be gratefully welcomed into the fold of honorary membership in the First Spiritual Church of Rochester.

The following Committee has been appointed by the Rochester Spiritualists to arrange for and manage the semi-centennial jubilee, in connection with the Committee of the National Spiritualists' Association: G. W. Kates, Chairman; Dr. Sanford, W. W. Mosier, Mrs. C. A. Hammond, Mrs. R. H. Joslyn.

Thus local cooperation is assured the National Spiritualists' Association. The great celebration ever made in behalf of Spiritualism will then attract attention of the world's people.

Mrs. Kates and self have had such encouragement here, and the local work has so prospered under our help, which has been cordially sustained, that we have ventured to return and help develop the great results which will be the harvest of time as a duty there has been formed a society to conduct the meetings in the hall.

From the first the attendance has increased, and many times extra sittings have been needed. So interested have the audiences been, that they were loath to depart after the tests given by our medium, Mrs. L. A. Olmstead.

We are to start a Lyceum for the children very soon, so that they can grow in knowledge, and be ready to take our places when we shall pass over to work on the other side of the river."

Ohio.

COLUMBUS.—J. H. Randall, M. D., writes: "There is no State in the Union in which, in proportion to the population, there are more Spiritualists than in Ohio, and no city in Ohio in which, in proportion to the population, there are so many Spiritualists as in Columbus. From a very early day, in connection with Spiritualism dating from the manifestations at Hydeville, N. Y., Columbus has the most of the time had from two to ten resident persons bearing the reputation of being exceptionally good test mediums for various phases of phenomena. Mrs. Elizabeth Colt during all these years has been known as a seer, a seer of very marked and superior ability. She is the mother of Mr. Stanton Colt, a speaker and a practical humanitarian worker of the Society for Ethical Culture, who worked for human advancement in connection with Mr. Felix Adler, in New York, and is now carrying on the same work in London, Eng."

At the present time there are several trumpet mediums in the city, first among which is Mrs. J. D. Arras, the wife of President Arras of the First Spiritualists' Church of Columbus, O., an auxiliary of the National Spiritualists' Association; he is a most indefatigable and enthusiastic worker, and with Mrs. Arras's very exceptional powers as a trumpet medium, who is constant in her efforts to bring the time her strength will permit her to give the cause, is spreading the light of the truths of Spiritualism by and through new converts they are making every day.

Mr. Ernest Stevens, also, is well known and highly spoken of as a trumpet medium. He has averaged holding seven to ten sittings a week for several years. Mr. Stevens being devoted to the practical, philosophical and religious work of Spiritualism, was recently elected Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Mrs. Clemens is also well known and kept busy in the exercise of her gifts as a healing and trumpet medium.

Mrs. Reed, a trance medium, who gives sittings and is Guardian, and Mrs. St. John, who is Musical Director of the Lyceum, are highly spoken of as devoted workers for the Cause.

Another exceptionally gifted woman—who for many years has spread the glad tidings of truth for the return of departed loved ones—is Mrs. N. R. Walker. The general outlook for the growth of a public sentiment favorable to Spiritualism that will be permanent could not be much better than at the present time. The writer, during his three months' engagement as minister, just closed, organized and got into very successful running order a Children's Lyceum, and as some of the most thrifty and thoughtful people in the city have enlisted in the work, the day is not far off when they will have a temple or church of their own."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—"J. C. C." writes: "The meetings that have recently taken place in Berkeley Hall will ever be remembered by Spiritualists as among the most notable held in this city. The attendance at these gatherings has been steadily on the increase, and it has been a marked feature of them that by far the larger portions of the audiences have been composed of strangers. These have been attracted by what can only be described as the astounding powers of Mrs. J. J. Whitney. Her tests from time to time have been of such merit as to prove convincing to those having no sympathy with Spiritualism. Her control is most essentially of an evangelizing order, the tests being in almost every instance to those outside the fold, and are thus calculated to largely increase belief in spirit-communications. Giving complete and satisfactory messages from departed relatives to their friends—these being total strangers to the medium—and this after identification by explaining minute details regarding names, dates and occurrences in many instances known only to a few near relatives, the medium has moved many to tears of joy."

The answering of mental questions is another beautiful test given by Mrs. Whitney, and one that has proved very convincing to many skeptics. On Tuesday last a well-known Boston gentleman, not associated with the spiritualistic movement, who had been at two of Mrs. Whitney's meetings, and been deeply impressed with the evidences she had given, expressed to her his regret that she should have been in the Boston public in a somewhat remote hall, and so in earnest was he to make her powers more widely known that he offered her three hundred dollars to give four test meetings, and he would agree to take the largest hall obtainable in the city, in which they should be given, after liberal and extensive advertising. Mrs. Whitney, who leaves shortly for her Californian home, and contemplates

You don't know

where you got that cold. Do you know where you can get the cure for it? A Every drug store keeps Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

It cures coughs and colds.

