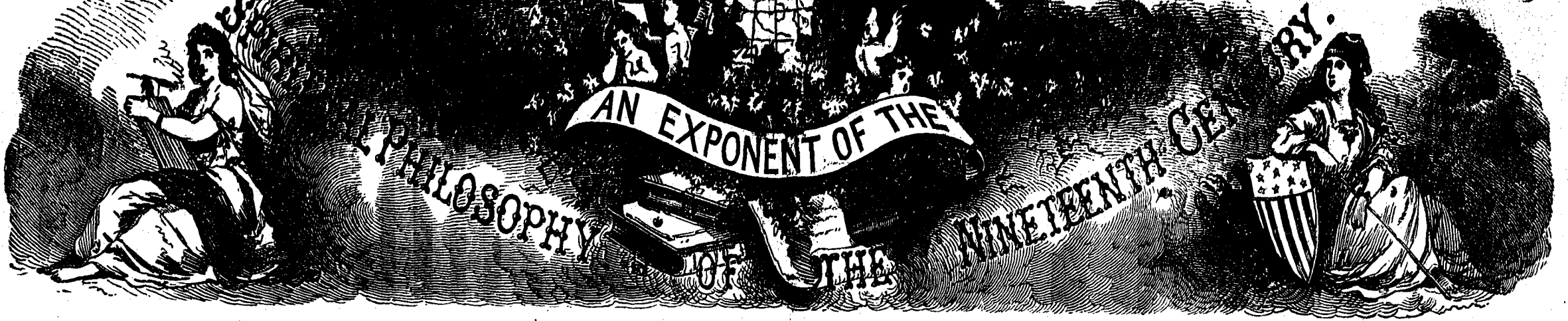


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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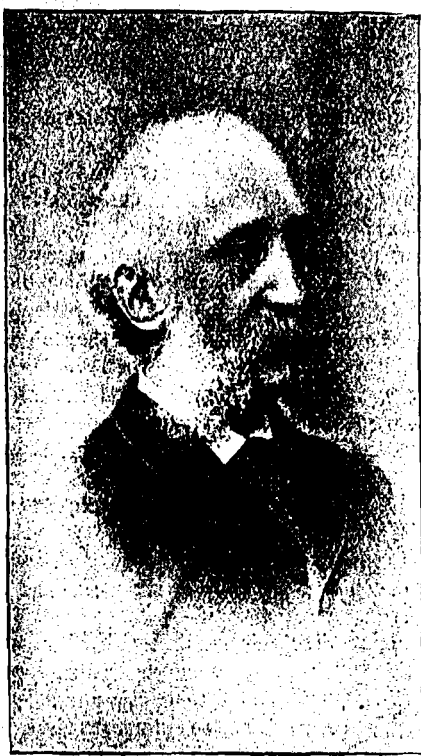
Written for the Banner of Light.

## IN THE VALLEY.

I cannot climb the hills that I behold  
Above the valley where my feet are bound.  
Here flowers rise like jewels from the ground;  
Birds sing; the butterflies' bright wings unfold;  
Bees hum; the brook flows gently through the world,  
And all is beautiful—and yet unbound.  
My soul's delight. Love weaves his meshes round,  
Dear meshes—baby hands and locks of gold.  
Seek ye the hills when these the valley know?  
Yea, Lord, I seek the hills; I cannot hide  
From the white, shining beauty of that height.  
Oh, let this tell, this love, this passing show  
Of earthly life but serve my soul to guide  
Upward unto the hills where all is light!

EDITH WILLIS LINN.

243 Alexander street, Rochester, N. Y.



DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

## Letter from Dr. Willis; The Theory of the Sub; The Subjective Mind; The Submerged Personality; The Subliminal Consciousness.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

What a remarkable age this is we are living in. The poet says:

"We are living, we are dwelling  
In a grand, eventful time,  
In an age on ages telling,  
To be living is sublime."

I have never so felt the force of these words as of late in view of the many startling discoveries that are being made in the realm of mental science and philosophy.

Some of them are so startling and bewildering that it is difficult to determine whether they are bona fide discoveries of higher truths, or merely fables of mental gymnastics.

All these years of close observation, of keenest scrutiny, and, on the part of many of us, of rigid, scientific experimentation, go for absolutely nothing as proof of the power of the spirit to return and hold intelligent communication with mortals after it has been released from the physical body through the disintegrating chemical process called death.

In the light of certain modern revelations, I cannot but feel the profoundest pity for the ancient Bible worthies who were so outrageously humbugged. On a certain occasion Abraham, standing in the door of his tent on the Plains of Mamre, lifted up his eyes, and behold suddenly "three men" stood by him. He did not see them approaching. They were evidently apparitions. They suddenly stood by his side.

And Abraham hastened to bestow upon them the hospitalities of his home, and having washed their feet, he set before them food, and they did eat. It was good, substantial food too, consisting of bread, meat, cake and milk.

After they had partaken of the repast, they rose to depart, and Abraham, who was evidently a man of courtesy, accompanied them a short distance on their journey, and it was then the "three men" revealed themselves to Abraham as messengers from the celestial world, sent from thence to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, for their great wickedness, by calling down upon them fire from heaven.

Then Abraham, who must also have been a very humane, kind-hearted man, plead with the "three men," whom he also called "the Lord," and begged for mercy toward the wicked cities, and finally exacted from "the Lord" a promise that if five righteous men could be found in Sodom, he would not destroy it.

"And the Lord," the "three men," went his way as soon as he had left off communing with Abraham. And Abraham returned to his home fully believing that he had entertained angels, held communion with spirits, celestial beings, and through them had come into a knowledge of the plans of the Most High.

The Christian world has always believed this to be so, and we Spiritualists have claimed that these three apparitions, if there be any reliance at all to be placed upon the narrative, were bona fide materialized spirits; but we have recently discovered that it was nothing of the sort—that the whole scene was purely imaginary, and that Abraham, throughout the entire experience, was the victim of a freak of his own "subjective mind."

We find in the twenty-second chapter of the book of Numbers a narrative of remarkable

occurrences, most interesting in itself, but if we throw upon it the light of the wonderful discoveries made by some of our up-to-date philosophers, it becomes bewilderingly so.

It seems that Balaam, king of the Moabites, seeing what the Israelites had done to the Amorites, and fearing that the same fate awaited him and his people, sent messengers with money and presents to a noted seer, or medium, named Balaam, living at Pethor, and whose fame had evidently spread throughout the surrounding region, begging him to come and curse Israel for him. But the controlling influence of Balaam would not permit him to go.

Then Balaam sent other and nobler messengers, with still greater bribes; but Balaam replied that "not for a house full of silver and gold" would he disobey the voice of his controlling spirit commanding him not to go. Finally, however, he received permission to go, and he mounted his ass and set forth with two servants, and on the way "the Angel of the Lord" appeared and barred his progress, and the ass saw the angel and turned out of the path; but Balaam did not see the angel, and smote the ass for leaving the path, and the ass pressed so strongly against the wall that Balaam's foot was crushed, and he again smote the ass.

Then the Angel of the Lord went ahead to a still narrower place on the road they were traveling, where there was no chance to turn either to the right or to the left, there being a wall on either side, and stood before the ass again, completely barring her progress, and the creature in her fright fell down under Balaam, who was so enraged that he smote her with his staff. Then there ensued a remarkable conversation between the ass and Balaam.

We used to think that this narrative was rich with genuine spiritual phenomena, but our new school of philosophy declares that we are grossly deluded—that there was no angel there, no spirit-voice heard, and that the whole performance was a trick of the "submerged personality" of somebody—but it is a most bewildering point to determine of whom—the host of Balaam, the servants, or the ass. I am inclined to think, however, that as the ass saw the angel first, it must have been her "submerged personality" that got up the entire performance.

Let us glance at the interesting account of the deliverance of Peter from prison. In the twelfth chapter of Acts we are told that, bound in chains, he was sleeping between two soldiers, and the keepers of the prison were guarding the door without. "And behold! the Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side and raised him up, saying, 'Arise up quickly!' And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him: 'Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals.' And so he did. And he saith unto him: 'Cast thy garment about thee and follow me.' And he went out and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of his (its) own accord; and they went out and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him. And when Peter was come to himself he said: 'Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his angel and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the Jews.'"

Poor deluded Peter! He did not know any such thing. There was no angel there—no celestial visitant from the world of spirits. It was all brought about through the wonderful power of somebody's "subliminal consciousness." We are again left in bewildering doubt as to whether the subliminal consciousness that brought about these startling events belonged to Peter or to one of the soldiers, or to one of the keepers before the door of the prison. Possibly it required the combined efforts of the subs of the entire group.

We could multiply these illustrations ad libitum, but we have cited enough for our purpose. It is claimed by these latter-day philosophers that their theories explain the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, and entirely explode the hypothesis that departed spirits or beings from beyond the grave have anything whatever to do with their production. If so, then they certainly prove the same with regard to all biblical accounts of spiritual phenomena and all similar records, wherever found.

It is claimed by them that these phenomena all spring from the action of the subjective mind, the subliminal self, the submerged personality of the individual. This absurd theory has been set forth by T. J. Hudson at great length in his two books, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" and "A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life," in which he most unscientifically differentiates the mind, drawing a sharp line of distinction between what he terms the subjective and objective mind. This theory cannot even claim originality. It is a rehash of the old theory of the double action of the brain.

More than forty years ago one Rogers published a book setting forth this theory. It was considered a very powerful argument against Spiritualism. Only about a year after its publication the author abandoned his theory as undemonstrable. Through his more careful and more scientific investigations of the phenomena of Spiritualism he became an earnest Spiritualist, and remained so to the day of his death.

Then came Mahan, "The Giant of the West," who took up the same line of argument, and in his book, "Spiritualism Explained and Ex-

posed," proved himself a disciple of Rogers. We well remember the great flourish of trumpets with which the publication of this volume was preceded. Advance sheets were sent to the press and to the clergy throughout the country, and great was the exultation of press and clergy over the fact that Spiritualism was about to receive its death-blow at the hands of this mighty Boanerges of the West, with a small alphabet of D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s and Ph. D.'s attached to his name.

Impatiently was the advent of the book looked for, but it had no sooner made its appearance than the press found that it was a mass of undemonstrable assumptions, and the clergy found that it "explained and exposed" altogether too much; that it was a two-edged sword, cutting both ways with equal force, proving to be quite as formidable a weapon against so-called "revealed religion," based upon "spiritual phenomena," as against Spiritualism. So they dropped it as suddenly as they would have dropped a hot poker, and it literally fell dead from the press.

It seems incredible that intelligent, thinking Spiritualists should become befogged and bewildered by these dogmatic assertions and baseless assumptions. During the long and tedious months of suffering invalidism that have passed since my severe illness in May, 1895, and from which I am but just emerging, I have received letters from various parts of the country which prove that some are thus impressed by them. It has been impossible for me to reply to these letters, for I have been compelled to avoid, as far as possible, all labor with my pen.

But I have read both of Mr. Hudson's volumes. They contain a mass of unscientific, unphilosophical and undemonstrable assertions, based upon the above absurd theory. He asserts dogmatically that all the phenomena of Spiritualism, including clairvoyance, clairaudience, unconscious writing and speaking, rappings and movements of physical objects, by means of which questions are answered professedly by spirits, and indicating powers beyond the normal powers of the medium, do not require the agency of disembodied spirits at all in their production, but all spring from the subjective mind of the medium acting unconsciously; while the medium, entirely unconscious of these operations and acts, may be, at the same time, in full possession of all the mental faculties.

Let us think about this for a moment. What is the mind? Is it not the intelligent power in man? If mind is an intelligent power or principle, is not its chief function the collation and dissemination of intelligence? Can the mind perform this, its supreme function, without effort, and must not this effort bring into play the will-power?

Can there be any effort in any direction without an exercise of will-power? If this is so, is it not the height of absurdity to say that the mind can perform its functions unconsciously to itself? Is it not equivalent to asserting that intelligence can act without intelligence?

If the mind in man is an intelligent principle, how is it possible for it to act, and not be conscious of its own action, especially if this action brings into play the intellectual faculties? Then does not this analysis show that purely mental acts, of which the medium has no consciousness, cannot have been put forth by that medium's mind? Some other mind must have projected them. If this is not so, then we have no possible means of identifying our own acts or even our own individuality, and thus all mental philosophy is thrown into inextricable confusion.

Many persons make the mistake of confounding the brain with the mind. The brain is not the mind, but merely a physical organ, like the heart, the stomach, the liver, upon and through which the mind acts. Then can we not rationally and scientifically conceive how an individual mind, either in or out of a physical organism, can act upon a medium's brain, when the medium ceases temporarily to control it for his or her own purposes?

The individuality of the mind thus controlling the mind of the medium, whether it be that of a person still in the mortal body or one who has laid off that body, must be determined by the proofs it gives of its individuality, its personality and identity.

It is inconceivable that in every instance minds that are still in the mortal body, and acting upon the mind of the medium, should insist upon it that they are disembodied spirits, and take such pains, as many of them do, to prove the assertion. These insistent claims to be the spirits of the departed, who have been enfranchised from the mortal body through the process called death, surely merit some consideration, as evidence Mr. Hudson to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is not credible that the "objective" or "subjective" mind of an honest, truth-loving person, acting unconsciously, should always profess to be a departed spirit. The very claim is presumptive evidence of spirit agency worthy of serious consideration, unless we accept the crude theory that these subjective minds are the veriest scoundrels in the universe, so morally depraved that it is impossible for them to speak the truth, and whose supreme delight it is to perpetrate all sorts of frauds upon the innocent and unsuspecting.

Well did Mr. B. F. Underwood say in his criticism of Mr. Hudson's work:

"Mr. Hudson's hypothesis is very objectionable from an ethical standpoint, and serves as a rehabilitation of the Satan of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' who was a purely intellectual incarnation."

It is a profound mystery to me how any intelligent, thoughtful person, who has been any

(Continued on twelfth page.)

## THE TWO MRS. CONANTS.



Mrs. J. H. Conant.

1856-1875.

FRANCES ANN CROWELL was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 28, 1831. Her educational advantages in early life were exceedingly limited, consisting of brief periods of attendance at school, interspersed with much longer terms of sickness, which precluded such attendance—the whole transpiring between her sixth and eleventh year; at which times she left Mrs. Marshall's school in Portsmouth, and did not join any other.

At the age of fifteen years she went to Lowell, Mass., and commenced work as a tailoress, continuing at that business till she attained the age of twenty, when she was united in marriage with John H. Conant, a grandson of Prof. John Hubbard of Dartmouth College.

From Lowell she removed in 1851, and came with her husband to reside at the North End of Boston.

In time she and her husband left their first residence at the North End and made a home with Mr. and Mrs. Fred. G. Pope, and she subsequently lived at several locations at the South End, her home at the date of her decease being at the house of A. F. DeWitt, 76 Waltham street.

On the morning of Thursday, Aug. 5, 1875, after a severe and protracted illness of some six months, Mrs. Conant—who was the earnest and self-devoting medium of the Banner of Light Free Public Circles from the date of their inception to the time of her decease—passed from the sad and cramping conditions of earth to the realization of those sublime after-glories concerning whose verity her lips had been made so long the instruments of proof to the world.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, in the course of an editorial on Mrs. Conant's death, said:

"Who that has known her in the earth-life but will unite with us in saying that truly she kept the promise of a 'clear record' made to her dying mother? Verily she has brought to that mother a 'clear record' of good actions done for humanity—of a never-failing desire to know the will of her spirit-guides, and a never-failing discharge of their requirements when once understood."



Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant.

1895-1896.

This lady was born in Scotland some forty-one years ago—being the daughter of John and Annie Dunn, and the eldest of a large family of children.

When twenty-one years of age she came to America and settled at Rockland, Me., remaining some six years in that State. She then removed to Lawrence, Mass., where she was united in marriage with William T. Conant of Lewiston, Me. While a resident of Lawrence she became conscious of her medial gifts in a marked and conclusive manner. She herself was an ardent Methodist, while her husband had become convinced of the fact of spirit-return. Desiring to demonstrate to him the falsity of that in which he had become so firmly interested, she attended a seance, when she was at once controlled. The evidence presented to her at that time, and shortly after, determined her course, and she has ever since been a faithful advocate of the Cause.

Some fourteen years ago she established her office as a public medium in Lawrence, on Essex street, and from that time has continued her work as a medial instrument with great success. She is widely known throughout New England, and has had individual sitters from various localities in nearly all parts of the American continent. Her work has been largely upon the spiritual platform, though her achievements as a private test-medium and psychometrist have been hardly short of the marvelous. She located in Boston some twelve years ago. Her husband passed to higher life some six years since, while the family resided on Union Park, Boston, and she was left with two young sons to battle with life in its every phase; but by earnest, industrious and careful attention to the discharge of her medial duties, she has not only achieved for herself a wide and enviable reputation, but won for them good advantages as to home and education.

Her services as medium for the Banner Message Department, as now privately conducted, are confined to Friday morning of each week.

For the Banner of Light.

## Soul-Giving and Soul-Living.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

To bestow something for the pleasure or benefit of others is preeminently the spirit of this season. Every new and beautiful thing is considered as to fitness; the whole world spreads temptation before the slim purse as before the well-filled one, and the list of gifts is often quite appalling. We all recognize the fact that it is the spirit which pervades this season that enriches it. We feel the rush of good feeling as we feel a warm breeze from the ocean, or a bracing one from the mountains.

It is given to only a few to recognize the interior force of this external good will. There has been a general recognition of the soul-force as a factor in all progress, but just how it operates is not often commented on. All the mental science that centres around the various organizations that are in danger of becoming sects, or contending schools of Philosophy, is confined mostly to metaphysical arguments or time-honored assertions. This is all well, if we do not limit truth within walls and enclosures, so that it comes before us as one-sided, and not universal.

Now soul-living is an expression of divine power in individuals. It is not attained by intellectual study or by promulgation of dogmas, but by an inner life which must of necessity be force. On the plane of the spiritual life that force becomes as a vital regenerating power. It is truly the Holy Ghost, or outbreathing life of the higher realm. Now as individuals live this higher life through faith and trust and consecration to the divine uses

of humanity, they are sympathetically united to this realm of higher life, and they comprehend in themselves the force of a divine affluence.

All bestowal becomes to such, like the diffusion of light. There is no effort at giving. Giving is simply living. The Divine giving is always paternal and maternal. The Fatherhood and Motherhood of God is the outflow of this higher life. Its blessing cannot be arbitrary or fixed in channels. It is the glow of the Spiritual Sun. It is the illumination of the star. It is the warmth of the summer, the beauty of the heavens, the softness of the dew, the grace and graciousness of all that blesses humanity, and that makes life a pathway of glory to the soul.

This union of the natural to the spiritual is felt, not analyzed, and it becomes a great force within the soul, leading first of all to truth, then to love, charity, hope, trust, and all the virtues that make the sum of goodness. If with every gift that goes forth as an external expression of good-will and fellowship at this season, there went forth the divine life, how much nearer the kingdom of heaven would be to earth!

Those grand souls that have lived their consecrated lives on earth and have commenced a higher training for greater knowledge and wisdom, are as waiting servants to pour of the riches of their life upon human hearts and minds. They are like the shining sun; we, like the atmosphere to be illuminated, and together is formed the new heaven and the new earth.

The Christmas time is the time of all others for the richness of this outpouring love. The hearts of all men are moved to good-will. The door of the soul is open, and grace aboundeth.



Written for the Banner of Light.

## FOR THE TRUTH.

Seeker of truth, go on with joy the earth,  
For God will give that good to bless thy mind;  
And thou this gold of heaven shalt surely find,  
Shalt wear its radiance and retain its worth;  
All blessedness is in the search—and bliss!  
It lures us on in rapture of delight,  
It gives us sweet companionship of right;  
No other passion stirs our life like this:  
It is by movement that the mighty sea  
Is kept in greatness of its strength so pure;  
And so the minds that search God's islands free—  
As strong as ocean in their love endure;  
The steadfast hills are but as shifting sand,  
The tides encompass and possess the land!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

For the Banner of Light.

## WITH ONE ACCORD.

## A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE LEGEND OF ATLANTIS.

AS a course of scientific and historical lectures had been provided for among the varied attractions on the educational program of public winter exercises, it was decided by the faculty of the Dromedary Institute that the subjects treated should be as various as possible, and that each special topic should be handled by a lecturer who had some particular topic of general interest to present in which he was himself especially interested.

Wednesday evening was the time chosen for lectures of this description, and on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1896, Prof. Bucephalus De Vere, a prominent theosophist and archaeologist, one who had traveled widely and studied much, undertook to condense, in popular style, a review of Ignatius Donnelly's extraordinary book on "Atlantis," adding to the review many comments of his own.

As the speaker furnished his manuscript to the special reporter who was present, a good outline of his speech appeared in the *Call* of the following Sunday; he had, therefore, in addition to the highly intelligent two hundred to whom he immediately spoke in the lecture, an audience of many thousands who were profoundly interested in the published abstract of his discourse.

After adjusting his spectacles and unrolling his bulky manuscript with calm deliberateness, Prof. De Vere prefaced the reading of his written lecture with a glowing account of his personal travels in India and Egypt, of his pleasing encounters with Hindu pundits of high renown, and most of all of his fascinating experiences with genuine mystics who "knew whereof they spoke"; then, assuming a pleasant colloquial style of delivery, he delighted his hearers with the following discourse:

"The romantic interest in all tales of the submerged continent, Atlantis, is as great to-day as it ever was; and, curiously enough, what was once regarded as pure romance is now, in many quarters, regarded as historical truth. Many have thought that Plato's tales of Atlantis were fiction, or at least legendary. But now the tide has turned, and civilization itself seems to be turning back for light to the old masters, and many things the western world used to think it had grown past are now coming back as truths. In view of all this it is interesting to recount some of the proofs that are now offered in support of the belief that Poseidon was a reality, and that once a wonderfully developed race of human beings inhabited an enormous continent in the Atlantic ocean, long since submerged.

"Ignatius Donnelly devotes much time and care to the presentation of testimony he has gathered respecting the location of the fragment, if not the whole continent of Atlantis. First is the testimony of the sea, based upon the soundings of the United States ship *Dolphin*, the German frigate *Gazelle*, and the British ships *Hydra*, *Porcupine* and *Challenger*, which have mapped out the bottom of the Atlantic ocean, showing a great elevation, reaching from a point on the coast of the British Islands, southerly, to the coast of South America at Cape Orange; thence southeasterly to the coast of Africa, and thence southerly to Tristan d'Aconcua.

"The various deluges are then taken up and the civilization of the Old and New Worlds contrasted, together with the complexion of the races. Evidence of American intercourse with Europe and Atlantis, traces of Atlantis in Genesis, the origin of the alphabet in Atlantis, artificial deformation of the skull, the pyramids, the cross, and other structures, the product of the Atlantean, all are dwelt upon and handled in a masterly manner, all proving Atlantis as the centre from which they radiated. Colonies from Atlantis entered Central America and Mexico, the Mississippi Valley, Egypt, Peru, Africa and Ireland, along the banks of the Amazon and the Aryan settlements. Many if not all of our great inventions were developed in Atlantis, and we are merely rediscovering much that was well-known to our remote ancestors.

"Donnelly writes:

"If our knowledge of Atlantis was more thorough it would, no doubt, appear that in every instance wherein the people of Europe accord with the people of America they were both in accord with the people of Atlantis. It will be seen in every case where Plato gives us information in this respect as to Atlantis we find this agreement to exist. It existed in architecture, sculpture, navigation, engraving, writing, an established priesthood, the mode of worship, agriculture, and the construction of roads and canals; and it is reasonable to suppose that the same correspondence extended down to all the minor details."

"Prof. Huxley said:

"There is nothing, so far as I am aware, in the biological or geological evidence at present accessible, to render untenable the hypothesis that an area of the mid-Atlantic or Pacific sea-bed as big as Europe should have been uplifted as high as Mont Blanc and have subsided again any time since the palaeozoic epoch."

"Donnelly further says:

"We are but beginning to understand the past. One hundred years ago the world knew nothing of Pompeii and Herculaneum; nothing of the linguistic tie that binds together the Indo-European nations; nothing of the significance of the vast volumes of inscriptions on the tombs and temples of Egypt; nothing of the meaning of the arrow-headed inscriptions of Babylon; nothing of the marvelous civilizations revealed in the remains of Yucatan, Mexico and Peru. We are on the threshold. Scientific investigation is advancing with giant strides. Who shall say that one hundred years from now the great museums of the world may not be adorned with gems, statues, arms and implements from Atlantis, while the libraries of the world shall contain translations of the inscriptions, throwing new light on all the past history of the human race and all the great problems which now perplex the thinkers of to-day?"

"Until very recent years modern science made no distinction between Lemuria and Atlantis; but since the appearance of Donnelly's book there is a disposition to be more accurate.

"An empire which reached from the Andes to Hindustan, if not to China, must have been magnificent indeed; and the more we learn of this mighty drowned nation the more is our pride in nineteenth century achievement wounded.

"Portions of Atlantis lie but a few hundred fathoms beneath the Atlantic ocean; and if expeditions have been sent out from time to time in the past to resurrect from the depths of the sea sunken treasure-ships with a few thousand doubloons hidden in their cabins, why should not an attempt be made to reach the buried wonders of Atlantis? A single engraved tablet dredged from Plato's island would be worth more to science, would more strike the imagination of mankind, than all the gold of Peru, all the monuments of Egypt, and all the terra cotta fragments from the great libraries of Chaldea.

"Probably millions of years have elapsed since Atlantis first rose from the sea, but it is only eleven thousand years since the island opposite the mouth of the Mediterranean, of which Homer sang and Plato taught, was entirely destroyed.

"Ancient classical literature is full of reference to this great country. Its position and its magnitude were committed to the keeping of prose-writing, while the deeds and misdeeds of the races have been preserved in verse. Herodotus recorded the facts of Atlantis; Piny wrote of it; Plutarch refers to it, and many other writers have helped to keep its memory green. But above all other writers (outside of the wisdom-religion records of the East) Plato stands out conspicuously as the fountain-head of information concerning the continent and its mighty people.

"His story stops abruptly, over which fact the whole literary world has mourned from his time to the present day. Plato attributes his knowledge of Atlantis to the Egyptian priests of Sala, who communicated the facts to Solon, a relative of Plato, and from Solon, the great law-giver, the knowledge descended to the sage Plato.

"Plato was a student or pupil of the wise Egyptians, who doubtless obtained their knowledge by direct succession from the Atlanteans, whose descendants they were; and had not Diocletian burned the esoteric works of the Egyptians in 296, together with their books on alchemy; Cæsar seven hundred thousand rolls at Alexandria; Leo Isaurus, three hundred thousand at Constantinople, and the Mohammedans all they could lay their sacrilegious hands upon, the world might know more to day of Atlantis.

"The whole East firmly believes in the existence and high civilization of the Atlanteans, which civilization was much greater than that of the Egyptians. The descendants of these Atlanteans built the first pyramids in Egypt. In the pyramids there are subterranean passages and winding retreats, constructed by men skillful in ancient mysteries, by means of which they divined the coming of a flood; these were constructed in different places, lest the memory of their sacred ceremonies should be lost. The men who divined the coming of the floods were not Egyptians, who never experienced any floods except the periodical rising of the Nile. They were the last remnants of the Atlanteans, those races which science is beginning to believe lived and breathed before the so-called historic period. Charles Gould, the well known geologist, says:

"Can we suppose that we have at all exhausted the great museum of nature? Have we, in fact, penetrated yet beyond its antechambers? Does the written history of man, comprising a few thousand years, embrace the whole course of his intelligent existence? Or have we, in the long-mythical era, extending over hundreds of thousands of years, and recorded on the chronicles of Chaldea and of China, shadowy mementos of prehistoric man, handed down by tradition, and perhaps transported by a few survivors to existing lands from others, like the fabled (?) Atlantis of Plato, may have been submerged, or the scene of some joint catastrophe which destroyed them all with their civilization?"

"Modern research has gone far to demonstrate the truth of Plato's statements, and many are the scientific writers who have added something to a clearer understanding of Atlantis; yet there are some who are skeptical concerning the facts. But if one will take the time to carefully go over the facts and mass of proofs presented by Donnelly in his book entitled 'Atlantis: The Antediluvian World,' he can scarcely remain in doubt concerning the rise and fall of Atlantis. Those who are interested in the Atlantic island, its divisions into land and water, the places, the temples, the statues of gold, the fountains and springs and baths, should read Plato's description.

"The military and naval establishments, the race-courses and docks, the gardens and streets, all come in for a share in the description. The whole country was stated to be 'very lofty and precipitous on the side of the sea, but the country immediately about and surrounding the city was a level plane, itself surrounded by mountain chains. . . . And the place was smooth and level, and of oblong shape, lying north and south, three thousand stadia in one direction and two thousand in the other. . . . They surrounded the plain by an enormous canal, or dike, 101 feet deep, 608 feet broad and 1250 miles in length."

"The standing army of Atlantis is given as upward of one million men; its navy as twelve hundred ships and two hundred and forty thousand men. Such statements are not applicable to a small island State of about the size of Ireland. Concerning the people he says:

"For many generations—as long as the divine nature lasted in them—they were obedient to the laws. They possessed true, and in every way great spirits, practicing gentleness and wisdom. They despised everything but virtue, and, thinking lightly on the possession of gold and other property, they were not intoxicated by luxury, nor did wealth deprive them of their self-control. . . . But when the divine nature began to fade, and became diluted with too much of the mortal mixture, they, being unable to bear their fortunes, became unseemly, losing their fairest and most precious gifts. Then a most honorable race becoming wretched, retribution followed."

"The early Atlanteans, we are told, were like the Lemurians, from whom they descended—giants, but smaller than the early, third-race, Cyclops. It is probable that the Atlanteans were nearly twenty-seven feet high and eight feet across the shoulders, but they gradually diminished in size.

"The term 'Atlantean' must not mislead the reader to regard them as one race only, or even a nation. It is as though one said 'Asiatics.' Many, multiplied and various were the Atlanteans, who represented several humanities and almost a countless number of races and nations—more varied, indeed, than would be the Europeans were their name to be given indiscriminately to the five now existing parts of the world. There were brown, red, yellow, white and black Atlanteans, giants and dwarfs (as some African tribes are even now)."

"It is from the Atlanteans that the early Aryans got their knowledge of 'the bundle of wonderful things' mentioned in the Mahabharata. It is from them that they learned aeronautics, and therefore their great arts of meteorology and meteorology. It is from them that they inherited their most valuable science of the hidden existence of precious and other stones; of chemistry (or rather alchemy), of mineralogy, geology, physics and astronomy."

"It is stated that the Atlanteans learned the secret laws of nature, and the more evil among them misused their knowledge for base purposes. It is even claimed that they had obtained the keys to some of the most arcane laws of magnetism and electricity, to which the X-ray is as child's play. They may even have known of that mysterious force called 'vril' by Bulwer Lytton.

"In fact, their knowledge had risen to such a height that they were true magicians until some of them, by prostituting their powers to unworthy ends, became sorcerers. Then comes the record of wars and ruin, culminating in a great catastrophe and the sinking of the continent, the elect of the nations seeking other lands.

"It is of this cataclysm, the submersion of the great continent of Atlantis, that the old records say that 'the ends of the earth got loose,' and upon this catastrophe have been based the legends and allegories of Valisavota and Noah. Tradition, taking into no account the differences between sidereal and geological phenomena, calls both, indifferently, 'deluges.' Yet there is, in truth, a great difference. Subterranean convulsions destroyed Lemuria, but the end of Atlantis was brought about by disturbances or shifting of the earth's axis of rotation.

"It began during the earliest tertiary periods, and, continuing for long ages, carried away successively the last vestige of Atlantis, with the exception perhaps of Ceylon and a small portion of what is now Africa. It changed the face of the globe, and no memory of its flourishing continents and islands, of its civilizations and sciences, remained in the annals of history save in the sacred records of the East.

"It was several millions of years ago that the main continent of Atlantis perished—that is, during the miocene period—but it was eight hundred and fifty thousand years ago that its famous islands of Ruta and Daitya were destroyed, probably during the later pliocene times; while a more enduring fragment, Plato's island, or Poseidon, did not sink until about eleven thousand years ago."

As may be easily supposed, such a lecture as the foregoing called forth a number of questions from the many earnest students present, most of whom were deeply absorbed in every statement that threw any light upon the probable development of human progress.

In reply to two particularly pertinent inquiries, one concerning colonization, and the other regarding the spiral pathway of man's development, the professor said:

"We are not called upon, if we accept fully the Atlantean theory of the origin of Egyptian civilization, to believe anything at all less credible than much that we all of us unquestioningly accept concerning the upbuilding of the

American nation within the past four hundred years. Think of the state of this part of the world when Columbus set sail from Europe in the *Santa Maria* in 1492; think, then, of the condition of what is now New England, when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock at a considerably later date.

If in so short a time the great American nation has grown up out of mingled European stocks, we need not feel surprise if in a somewhat similar manner the people of old Atlantis established colonies in Egypt on the one hand, and in Central America on the other. Then as to the spiral road traversed by mankind on earth. Familiar as you surely are with the incessant recurrence of day and night, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, you have but to transfer these lesser changes to a larger field of operation, and you have the cyclic law as it works in the destinies of nations and races clearly outlined before your mental gaze.

"But," persisted a particularly eager questioner, "how are we to reconcile the doom of a once fair land with the doctrine of endless progress as retrogression? What became of that gloriously developed race which you say perverted itself or reverted to approximate barbarism?"

"My good friend," responded the Professor, "think you that I teach that the individual soul does not advance because a land lies in ruins or a cycle reaches its close? Those individual human entities who were great and noble then are still greater and nobler now; but every era reaches its meridian splendor, and afterward its lustre declines.

The same souls are not embodied as the population at the time of the submergence as constituted the ruling race of moral and intellectual giants when the empire was in its prime; but these questions must be specifically answered if you wish to put them at a special meeting for the purpose of replying to inquiries. For to-night I can but say to you, the wisdom-religion teaches naught but real progress for one and all. Peace be with you."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## DEMONSTRATIONS OF TELEPATHY.

AS one section of the college work at Dromedary House consisted of systematic research into the mysteries of telepathy, Thursday evenings were regularly devoted to an inner circle of special students, who generally had some distinguished visitor among them who was exceptionally able to demonstrate in an instructive and entertaining manner the operation of the marvelous law governing and rendering fully possible the most perfect communion between kindred spirits, no matter how far apart their material frames might be.

As this particular line of work was one of Mrs. Parrot's specialties, though she rarely officiated in the capacity of active telepathist, she took great interest in the work of the circle, and gave valuable directions to beginners how to proceed; so that instead of relying upon her to produce the phenomena, she instructed them how to gradually obtain it for themselves.

On the evening following the delivery of the lecture reported in our last chapter, the number of sitters in the telepathic circle was exactly twenty-seven; and there were those present who attached great importance to the three times nine.

Mr. and Miss Leech, while in no way opposed to such proceedings, held themselves aloof from actual contact with this branch of the work carried on in the institute, on the ground that it was less than highest to seek to exercise any psychic force for any lesser object than healing the afflicted.

Miss Leech and Mrs. Parrot had talked the matter over seriously, and had agreed that the two ladies should adhere closely to the work of their respective departments, which they soon came to do, with the uttermost good feeling on both sides; therefore there were no mental barriers between them, and whenever one could help the other she stood gladly ready to render assistance.

On the evening in question the special visitor present was an English army officer, Captain Donald Palgrave Fortescue, one who had spent over three years in India, and had taken a strong superficial interest in Oriental magic, though of the deeper teachings of Hindu philosophy he was confessedly ignorant.

Captain Fortescue was a rather handsome man, not over thirty-five, of engaging manners and considerable self-assurance. Almost every one who met him was attracted to the gallant captain, not only on account of his distinguished military bearing and his pleasing address, but because beneath a certain shallow crust of vanity they could and did discern a nature far above the petty faults of most "men of the world," who are given to idle and often malicious gossip.

"Though by no means a saint, either in his own eyes or those of others, Captain Fortescue deserved to pass, as pass he did, for a gentleman of honor among his associates. In society he was a pronounced success, and with his regiment he was deservedly popular.

English to the core and patriotic to the backbone, a truly loyal subject of the British Crown, he always felt a little humiliated when he was bound to confess that Marie Corelli's silent Majarajah was no creation of fiction, but an actual portrait of one of nature's noblemen, who, despite the swarthy hue of the East Indian complexion, are quite as numerous among the native population of India as among the conquering, or, as some persist in saying, the usurping race.

Having witnessed telepathy at its home in India, Captain Fortescue smiled a little at the avidity with which the American populace is accustomed to swallow the slightest record of the marvelous, for to him the usual experiments, which are considered great in America and also in Europe, seemed very insignificant when he contrasted them, as he was in the habit of doing, with the far greater marvels with which his Indian experience had familiarized him.

Mrs. Parrot, who took a great interest in Oriental magic and mysteries, questioned the "guest of the evening" very earnestly on the Hindu Secret Service, and other matters on which she had spoken and written as well as read, and without much urging the Captain undertook to explain the matter as he declared it had been expounded to him by an expert in the practice of telepathy.

"There are," said he, "two great divisions of this subject, which I will call theoretical and practical telepathy. The first is very much affected or indulged in by our friends the Theosophists, while the latter is confined almost entirely to those who have gone in seriously for a thorough investigation of the laws of the mind.

"Most of you, I presume, have read Hudson, or at least you have read notices of his books in the periodicals. I do not think he is far wrong when he says we all of us have two minds, one of which he calls the subjective and the other the objective; but, two minds or one, we must all admit that the human entity is a very complex reality, and one with which the best informed among us are but poorly acquainted.

"In India the sub-self, as it is sometimes designated, is far more active than in this country or in England; though I think that in California conditions seem somewhat more favorable than in the Eastern or Middle States for the culture and exercise of the telepathic faculty."

"Repose is absolutely necessary to psychical development of a reliable type; therefore it follows that ladies like Miss Leech, with whom I had the pleasure of conversing the afternoon, make the best mental healers. Anxiety, trepidation or any violent emotion, disturbs the mirror, or reflecting medium, without which thoughts cannot be reflected in the auric field of a sensitive; and it is equally true that no one can send a clear, distinct mental message to another unless he is himself quiet enough to dwell mentally upon the thing he wishes to convey to visualize perfectly upon the sidings he wishes to the exclusion of all other thought-pictures. My experience has taught me that excitement is the besetting sin of the West; and though you all know I am a loyal British subject, and would defend Britain's honor with my very life-blood if need be, I should be unjust to the Oriental races, with whom I have freely mingled, were I to question the veracity of many of their pundits and other teachers; while as to the fakirs—though by no means as a whole an inviting set—there are among them many genuine wonder-workers, who laugh at us for being so greatly astonished at what to them are simple every-day occurrences."

(To be continued.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

## Between Two Slates.

BY DR. CHARLES EDWIN TAYLOR.

I HAD just graduated as a Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Chicago, that Dream City of the West, its metropolis. With this success obtained I felt desirous of spending a few weeks in England, the land of my birth; so instead of returning to the Danish West Indies, where I had resided for many years, I took passage in the *Alaska*, and a few days after found me domiciled in London.

I had entered the ranks of the medical profession rather late in life, but I had always been a student, and the opportunity presenting itself, I had carried out the desire of my youth. Not without hard study and close application. It was all work and no play from morning till night, and I, who had heard so much about the ease with which American diplomas were obtained, was surprised to find so much exacted from students. There was no beer-drinking nor dueling, as in Germany; no shirking of lectures, no waste of time in idleness and dissipation.

So I was proud of being an American physician, and though I had no intention of practicing in the great city where I was born, I was perfectly satisfied to possess a degree that I knew had been honestly earned and obtained.

But my relations were not so. They were full of insular prejudice, and suggested that I should at least obtain the Licentiate of London. This would add a few more letters to my name, of the kind of which my countrymen are so proud, and of which to possess a whole alphabet would not be too many for some of them.

So I consented to go in for another qualification, and presenting myself at the ancient edifice, whence so many men, renowned for their scientific knowledge and acquirements, have obtained the right to practice in the city of London, I was accepted with a deference and respect accorded to my degree that will never be effaced from my memory.

"Perhaps you may be weak on a point or so—some of our best men are," said the Doctor, looking over my papers, "and as our 'exam' is a pretty stiff one, you might read up a little beforehand with Harry Thompson; he is a capital 'coach.'"

To this I assented, and thanked him, not without a nervous feeling at the idea of having to go through such another ordeal as I had faced in Chicago; but having made up my mind, I obtained the address of this indispensable vehicle to a successful examination and left.

And this is how I came to know Harry Thompson, my "coach," and the hero of this story.

He lived in a gloomy old building not far from the College of Surgeons, and "coached" his students in a room in the basement. It was here that I first saw him.

There was not much in the apartment to impress one with the learning of its occupant. There was a blackboard over the mantelpiece, a microscope upon the table, a female manikin and one or two books; but of the man himself a whole volume might have been written. He was about my own age, fairly good-looking and powerfully built, though somewhat pale and careworn. He was an M. D. of London, and what he knew of the science of medicine was simply bewildering. In less than five minutes he found out all I did not know, and, after the pleasant remark that he was glad to see that America had learned how to turn out good men at last, we agreed upon terms, and he said that he would have me ready in six weeks for the Court of Examiners.

I saw him every day after this, reading with him about two hours at a time. Gradually we became intimate, and, by degrees, he gained an insight into my life and some of the reasons which had impelled me to enter upon the study of medicine.

"I cannot imagine what can have induced you to give up a money-making business to take up with such a thankless profession as ours. Look at me. I graduated with honors, took a 'double first,' and here am I, nothing but a poor old 'coach' after all. Hundreds of men whom I have helped pass successfully are riding in their carriages, some of them famous physicians. It is a funny world, but not half so funny as the people within it."

He spoke cynically, and as I looked at him I felt full of sympathy. Perhaps he saw this, and resumed in a more natural tone:

"I suppose it is to be able to ventilate more successfully some of your heterodox ideas; but, believe me, it will turn out to be all vanity and vexation of spirit for you. How can you expect, as an Orthodox graduate, to be able conscientiously to stand up for the principles you profess, and I must say, without flattery, defend with such singular ability."

"Thanks for the compliment," I replied. "When I started I knew only my side of the question; now, perhaps, I may claim to have a knowledge of both."

"Well put," he said; "but few medical men believe in Spiritism, Occultism, Mesmerism, Theosophy, et alia; they are only 'fads' of the hour."

"Perhaps so," I said gently; "but who knows if, under different disguises, like hypnotism, for instance, which is another name for one of them, they may not be accepted as truths by-and-by, quite as necessary to the progress of man as are your soul-crushing theories of annihilation and no other existence but that of the present."

"If there were only some truth in what you say," he said sadly.

"Truth!" I exclaimed, "why, there is some truth in everything. Perhaps you would admit it if you were to come with me to-morrow. I am going to have a séance in broad daylight with X—here I named one of London's most famous mediums—and if there is any truth at all in what I said of him, I shall at last get my share of it."

"Between two slates, I suppose," said Harry Thompson ironically. "Well, you are not alone in the idea that messages from our departed friends can be sent in this manner. It is said that even the Prime Minister has had satisfactory séances with him. Still, I cannot comprehend how a trick in legerdemain can impose upon intelligent minds. Nevertheless I will accompany you. Four eyes are better than two, and who knows whether I may not detect him if it is nothing less than prestidigitation."

I thought differently. And if it were legerdemain, then I was as able to detect it as the most clear-headed thinker alive. From boyhood I had been an enthusiastic devotee of sleight of hand. My father before me had been a manufacturer of apparatus of the best known tricks of the day, and there was not a conjurer's wife for which I was not prepared.

And here I might as well state that if I had become interested in the Spiritual Philosophy, its phenomena and kindred subjects, it was from a desire of ascertaining the truth of them. Just as I had studied medicine with the object of knowing if a large dose or a small dose was best for my patient; just as I had mastered hypnotism to convince myself of its verity, and entered heart and soul into the study of all those recondite phenomena of nature which, from ages long ago, have interested mankind; so had I become anxious to know if a man lives again; not an undignified subject for research it seemed to me. Religion asserted it, with no positive proof. Science denied it with no better argument. And the majority of men and women hoped for it, though sadly weighed down by the realism of the age, and the pessimism which had taken possession of its leaders in science, philosophy and literature.

I, too, had looked for it ardently. Over and over again in the dissecting-room had I searched for it—sometimes heard the mocking laugh of one of my fellow-students asking me if I had found a soul yet, forgetting, perhaps, that if it were still lingering in the poor relic of humanity I was studying I would not have been carving an inanimate clod.

I met my friend punctually at the medium's residence. It was situated in a fashionable quarter of the city. We were shown into the drawing-room at once. It was elegantly furnished and full of objects of interest—bric-a-brac—gifts from his admirers. Many photographs of promi-



ment men and women connected with Spiritualism and Theosophy were distributed around. Thence we descended to the dance-room, which was plainly furnished, and illuminated by a large stained-glass window from the west. A small, plain deal table stood in the centre of the floor.

Mr. X—welcomed me cordially. He had heard of me before, as interested in the phenomena. He greeted my companion rather stiffly. They were about the same height and build, and the medium might have been as readily taken for a professional man. They both considered me an American, though I was just as much a Londoner as they were. The remembrance of this has often amused me.

We then sat down to the table, the medium having asked me to examine it thoroughly. Mr. X—then handed me a double slate, with hinges and a lock, asking me at the same time to wipe it off with a wet sponge. He then requested me to write a question on the inner left side of the slate; to select a small piece of pencil from a heap on the table; to notice that its edges were not worn, place it inside the slate, close it and look it and lay it on the table—all of which I did. He then placed his right hand upon it, mine upon his; grasped with his left the right of my companion, who clasped my right hand, thus forming a chain. In a few moments I distinctly heard the scratching of the pencil, as if inside the slates; then three taps were given, and I was requested to open them. Upon doing so I found a pertinent answer to my question, signed with the name of a person who had long since passed away and could not have been known to the medium.

My companion looked somewhat surprised, but only for a moment; the old look of distrust came back; then, taking up a pair of ordinary school slates, which were lying on a small desk behind him, he commenced to rub them vigorously with the sponge, dried them with his own pocket-handkerchief, placed a small piece of pencil in one, and, putting the other slate on top of it, asked the medium if he thought he could get the message in that way, we all three grasping the corners of the slates.

The medium said he would try, and almost as soon as we took hold of the corners the scratching of the pencil commenced between them. The face of my companion was a study; but what shall I say of it when the writing was finished and he took off the top slate and looked at it? He turned ghastly pale; big tears stood in his eyes and he seemed ready to faint.

Recovering himself he turned to the medium and asked sternly:

"Is this a trick? Do you know anything of what has been written?"

"Certainly not," replied the medium.

"Will you allow me to keep these slates?"

"With pleasure."

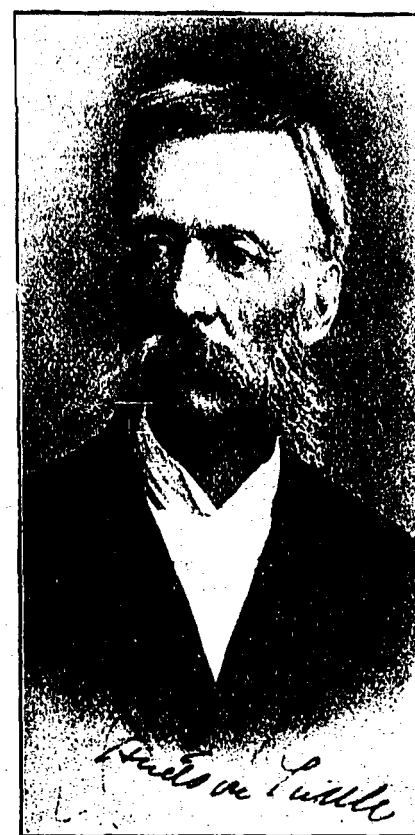
"Thanks, a thousand thanks," he replied, as he gathered them up and said good-by to the medium.

"My God! if it should turn out to be true," he exclaimed when we left the house.

More than this I could not get him to say; and though we met several times prior to my examination he never once alluded to the subject.

It was not until a year after my arrival in the West Indies that I heard from him what is really the most extraordinary part of the story.

[To be concluded.]



Written especially for the Banner of Light.

## A Christmas Gift from the Dead.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

### CHAPTER I.

They had been walking across the narrow ridge of land dividing Long Island Sound from Peconic Bay, along the path leading from the fishing hamlet of Orient. It was autumn, and the Sound, green as emerald, flashed and sparkled in the soft sunlight, with rifts of spray that looked like banks of daisies twining in endless wreaths. Immense rocks guarded the shore-line from the encroaching sea, and scraggy evergreens showed darkened foliage against the white sands. They walked along the path leading to the secluded spot where for nearly two centuries the dead had been placed with tender love, and the slabs of black slate, moss grown, bore their names, with quaint verses in their praise, while gawwome sculptures of skulls and cross-bones, reminded of the terrors of death and dread of the hereafter. The gnarled cedars and dwarfed pines whispered above their heads in prolonged sighs. It was a lovely yet lonely place, and they continued their walk toward the Bay. Now they seated themselves on a moss-grown trunk, without speaking a word—they had scarcely spoken during the long walk. There are times thoughts interchange, and silence is more expressive than speech. There are times when spoken words are tame and weak and a mockery of the burning thoughts of the soul. Before them, beyond the olive-green sedge meadows, bared by the retreating tide, Peconic Bay extended like a silver mirror to the shores of Shelter Island. To the left the view extended out to the broad Atlantic. The land-birds had all sought the South, but over all the waters winged the tireless gulls—like restless spirits

with bodies of sea-foam beaten into form by the wind.

They were fair to see—he with his strong frame and erect bearing, as though born to command; dark eyes; dark, curly hair; a mouth soft in expression, yet with lips that were drawn with unchanging decision, and a straight nose that gave strength and force of purpose. He wore a sailor's cap, and on his breast was a medal for life-saving gallantry. She was fair as the wind-flower, with sunny hair, blue eyes, and that ripe tint which comes of health and exercise in the sea-air—delicate, yet strong, and able to pull the oar, if need be, with the best. A courage, too, had she, born of a long line of seafarers who loved the sea as a mother and laughed at her wrathful moods, and once it had been tried when one was wanting in the crew pulling through the breakers to the suitor of a wrecked ship; she took an oar, and, with encouraging smiles to her comrades, pulled out into the hell of waters.

Mark Treecott, Captain Treecott of the *Albatross*, whaler in the Arctic seas, although but twenty-five years of age, had made his mark among men who valued men by their successful combat with dangers, and who shrank not to grapple with the elements. At sixteen he had gone down to the sea with his father on a whaling voyage, which carried them into the Pacific Ocean, and a year later his father being thrown from his boat by a sperm whale, and going down into fathomless depths, he assumed command of the ship, and after two years returned with a full cargo. His next and last voyage had been prosperous, and he was regarded by the community, inclined to superstition, as a favorite of fortune and immensely wealthy.

Elsie Harley was the daughter of his partner in the ownership of the *Albatross*, whose dwelling overlooked the little port, and was one of the first objects to meet the eye of the incoming sailor. There was between them the attraction of opposites and of likeness, and they had known each other from childhood, when they had played with the wreck of the shore, built houses of the pretty shells, and wondered at the strange forms thrown up by the waves. Yet he had never spoken, and she had been seemingly unconscious that she was all the world to him.

That autumn day he had invited her to that walk, resolved to tell her his life's secret. Now the opportunity was his, his tongue refused to speak, and the boon he desired seemed so great, his audacity in the asking was overwhelming. She, with a woman's tact, first broke the embarrassing silence:

"I love the shore and the sea. The gulls are as friends, for when they come in from the waste, they bring our fishing boats. Our sailor lads are as wise as the birds, and know equally well when a storm is brewing. Oh! there is your ship! When did she come in?"

"Last night, from New London, where she had repairs. I had her come over the Sound, as I want to ship some old comrades here."

"Oh, are you to go very soon?" she asked, with suppressed emotion. "Four years you were away the last time, and only two months at home!"

"I have consulted your father, and we decided that I sail with the tide to-morrow morning."

"So soon?" The tears starting to her eyes would have told the story to one less blind, and yet honest Captain Mark saw it not. In her presence he was of so little moment that the smallest request he might make appeared insufferable arrogance.

"It is so decided," he replied, not looking at her upturned, earnest face, fearing he would read her indifference.

"Why must you go like a Viking, seeking dangers, when you might stay at home and give to others the spoils of the sea?"

"Really I do not know; I do not amount to much here on land, and there is something for me on shipboard. But if I am fortunate, this shall be my last voyage."

"Fortunate! You mean if you gather a full cargo you will then be so wealthy you will not go again?"

"That would be fortunate, yet not the fortune I seek. If that were all, I would keep right on, and my home would be my ship to life's end."

"There is but one fortune, is there?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, there is a greater fortune, and that is to have a loving wife who will put a cable around the heart and be a sheet anchor holding one at home. And now I have said this much, I will say more, and that is, if you consent to thus hold me, the fortune I shall make is yours, and I go no more."

"Oh, how at random you talk! You would weary of a quiet life, and away you would go. I should redder my eyes with weeping and watching, and grow weary with waiting for a ship that returned not, and would sink into the nonentity of a sailor's widow—scarcely knowing if I were one or not."

He grasped her hand, and said earnestly: "Oh, you are cruel to jest! Answer me, do you love me?"

She turned her blue eyes to his, and with frank honesty replied: "Yes, truly I do; but you do not love me, or you would not go."

"I go because I love you. I want to give you a home as good as the one you have; and I assure you that you will not wait too long for my coming."

"Only four years, or at least three, for that is the usual time for a whaler."

"No, not four years; not three; I'll be back in one from Christmas time."

"That is half the time I would have imposed," she said banteringly, "but you have set the month and the day, and, further, if you do not return on that day I shall consider myself free."

"Ay, free. Have the wedding guests invited, and, if I come not, count me dead, and marry another."

[To be concluded.]

"It is wonderful," said young Mrs. Torkins, "to think of the progress the world has made." "Yes," replied her husband, "one can't help seeing evidences of progress everywhere. If you walk out on the streets you see electric cars and electric lights everywhere." "Yes; whenever I see an electric light I do feel so sorry for the poor Romans. How they ever managed to read anything by the light of those spittery Roman candles is more than I can imagine."—*Washington Star.*

The minister preached from the familiar theme, "Many are called, but few are chosen." The youthful son and heir, who has been instituted into his mind the importance of remembering the texts, announced it with some dignity at the Sunday afternoon dinner-table as follows: "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

### Starved to Death

In midst of plenty. Unfortunately, we hear of it. The Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.



J. J. MORSE.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## What Do We Stand For?

BY J. J. MORSE.

Whenever an individual (or a considerable body of persons) challenges public attention by the presentation of new or unfamiliar ideas, the public has the right to demand not only an explanation of the ideas *per se*, but, also, the objects for which they are presented. It is in the fierce clash and heat of criticism that truth and use are cleansed from the chaff of opinion and prejudice.

Spiritualists have appealed to the world for forty-eight years now, and no one can deny that they have been assailed by all forms of criticism—criticism that has, in the main, been well met and ably responded to. So long as we appeal to public recognition, so long must we be willing to accept public criticism. To resent such is folly, to profit from it is wisdom indeed.

We must not forget that though to us our facts are beyond question, there are millions of people still unconvinced—as we were once. We must remember that, though we can see the beginnings of a new science in our experiences, the tendency of certain phases of modern scientific opinion is to deny the spiritual any place in the phenomena of the universe; that, in a word, our work has but begun, and that, in the promulgation of our facts, philosophy and opinions, a ceaseless activity is still necessary, while an unwearied alertness in frankly meeting every honest challenge from the skeptical will be our only sure road to final success. We are aggressive, as well as progressive, Spiritualists. We challenge the world by our claims, and, if asked to define and defend our faith, ours the duty to understand what it is first, and then defend it, by deed and word, to our utmost ability.

My esteemed friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, recently issued a splendid little text-book, "Who are these Spiritualists?" This article may, in a sense, be called, "What is this Spiritualism?" or, as headed, "What Do We Stand For?" when we speak of our cause as the most glorious Gospel of the Ages. To proclaim so far-reaching an assertion puts the duty upon us of explaining what is involved therein. Can we vindicate it? The writer thinks so, and he will attempt to outline an explanation that may be a vindication, in part, if not entirely, of the caption selected for his contribution to the Christmas Number of the BANNER OF LIGHT for 1896.

We stand for man as being a spirit here and now—the divine consciousness individuated in the human ego and its environment—a natural, sequential evolution from the elements of being, innately divine, susceptible of eternal unfoldment, and of an illimitable expansion of consciousness.

We stand for the continuity of the life of this man beyond the grave, not as a favor, but as a direct consequence of his life on this side of the grave—that life differing only in its surroundings, but not in its essential character, from our present personal and surrounding circumstances, and, also, that there are no arbitrary barriers between that state and this; that, by natural laws, susceptible of accurate investigation, we know that communication exists between the two modes of being—the natural and spiritual.

We stand for a wider interpretation and a deeper examination of the universe and man

than is possible so long as the limitations of materialistic science are permitted to dominate. We know that man's five senses are not the limits of his functions and faculties. We infer that "matter" is not the only conditioning in the universe. The phenomena of mediumship support the first contention, the existence of decarnated beings demonstrates the second. The phenomenal manifestations of our work indubitably establish both of the foregoing claims. Briefly, such are the things we stand for, scientifically and philosophically.

Ethically we stand for truth in all things—for truth and reason. That which does not conform to truth is not for us. Falsehood is a curse to any cause or party. We stand for truth in the lives and deeds of adherents as well as workers. We stand for truth and honesty all around the world. For the returning ones, who visit us, insist that truth is the only road to happiness in the Beyond.

Socially, we stand for probity, virtue and honor; for equal rights for men and women, and equal mutual duties and responsibilities; for personal purity and persistent effort to improve social life in all its relations, until crime, vice and all open and secret wrongdoing be known no more. We stand in this connection, also, for the rights of the children—their inalienable right to a healthy and pure begetting, birth and training; to a fair and unclouded start in the career before them here. A nation with a healthy childhood is reasonably sure of a noble manhood, without which peoples dwindle, pine and die.

We stand for industrial equity, that labor may receive a just share in the results it produces; that the dignity, as well as the necessity, of labor be recognized throughout all ranks of life.

We stand, politically, for the greatest good for the greatest number—and a just consideration for all minorities; for honesty in government, and for loyalty to whatever nation we belong to. But we further stand for "the brotherhood of man and the federation of the world," which, if a dream to day, is, nevertheless, a possibility of the future.

Finally, in this most brief review, let it be said we stand for the all important and undeviating law of consequences, whose operations affect us all, sooner or later—here or hereafter, from which law there is no escape, against whose decisions there is no appeal.

We stand for Truth, Science, Philosophy, Ethics, Social Progress, Personal Character, National Honor and Self-Responsibility, in the highest, best and broadest sense in which all such things, and others that may be related thereto, can be understood by man, and applied by him in this life. We stand for active work, each according to abilities and opportunities, for the world and our fellows, that not only may we annul the effects of the erroneous teachings of theology, as to man's nature and destiny, or dispel the gloom of materialistic pessimism, or remove the doubts of unbelievers in a future state, by our evidences of that life, and our efforts to instruct our fellows how to prepare for it, but, also, that we may do our part to make this life happier, wiser, more divinely human. We stand for a double gospel, the purport of which is—as we make of our lives here, so shall we find ourselves when we first enter the land of our second birth. These are some few of the things the writer, as a Spiritualist, stands for. Reader, what say you?

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Für Vieles, das als übernatürlich seitlich betrachtet wurde, finden wir die natürliche Erklärung, und dadurch wird ein neues Feld der Forschung eröffnet, welches ein Segen für die Menschheit zu werden verspricht. Das Fortbestehen des geistigen Lebens nach dem Tode ist klar und vernünftig, ja sogar der Hand völlig materialistische Wissenschaften genügend bewiesen und so wird das Werkchen zum reichsten Schätze, zu einer Festgabe für Gemüth und Verstand, bestimmt, uns über die Flackernden des irdischen Lebens zu erheben. Es giebt uns mehr als die Hoffnung, es giebt uns die Gewissheit eines ewigen Lebens und gewährt uns einen Blick in jenes geistige Reich, welches wir das ewige nennen.

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# 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 out line of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger Groups?

### A CLUSTER OF MISTLETOE.

BY LILLIE S. BERRYLEY.

A pine tree stood in a forest dense,  
And an oak-tree stood beside,  
And each was famed for its statelyness  
And beauty far and wide.  
The evergreen, in its rustling cloak,  
Stood erect in the wintry air,  
And smiled to scorn the spreading oak  
Whose limbs were brown and bare.  
Said she: "Behold my mantle green,  
Unfaded by autumn's chill,  
Frost gives to it a glossy sheen,  
That winter cannot kill.  
A dreary day would Christmas be  
Without my thrifty branches  
To add to it, right merrily,  
A cheer that much enhances."  
Then spoke the oak, with drooping head,  
"I have not much to offer—  
No branches green nor berries red;  
But one thing I would proffer:  
When wintry winds blow cold and drear  
Across the driven snow,  
I too will add a spark of cheer—  
A spray of mistletoe."

Oh, how we bless the modest oak  
When Christmas joys are near!  
The autumn takes away its cloak,  
It leaves a prize most dear.  
The holly is sweet, and its berries fine,  
And the evergreen's fresh, I know;  
But before them all I will take for mine  
A cluster of mistletoe.  
Middlebourne, W. Va.

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

### The Lyceum Question.

I am very much pleased to see increased interest in being awakened in the Lyceum cause in your midst; that Lyceums have been advocated at your camp-meetings. This is a cheering sign, as the cause will grow and make great headway if we can only enlist the sympathies of our speakers sufficiently to introduce the question and remind Spiritualists of their duties to the young in some portions of their addresses.

I have found an annual appeal to all platform workers to be productive of very beneficial results. For three years, now, I have appealed to them, enclosing an addressed post card for their reply. My last one was issued recently, and ran as follows:

"AN APPEAL TO ALL MEDIUMS AND PLATFORM SPEAKERS.

Dear Friends: I write to thank you, on behalf of the British Spiritual Lyceum Union, for your kind efforts in the past to help on the good work by recommending the formation of Lyceums where you find a Society without any provision for the teaching of the young, and giving timely advice and words of encouragement to the teachers and parents where Children's Progressive Lyceums are already formed.

I am pleased to inform you that during the past year eleven Lyceums have been opened; but, as a set-off against these, seven have had to be closed for lack of workers. I am sure you will deplore, along with myself, this lack of interest in and care for the children, and see in it a just cause for renewed effort to stir up that spirit of zeal and enthusiasm that is born of conscientious convictions, which never hesitates to sacrifice the pleasures of self and indolence that our children may be partakers of those blessings which are ours, and have been won for us by the cruel sufferings and persecutions of the pioneers of Spiritualism.

We should bear in mind that every liberty which we prize and hold dear as English men and women has been purchased for us with the blood and lives of reformers; and if they had not prized liberty of conscience more than freedom of life, we to day should have been serfs and bound by priestly fetters. But, thanks to those reformers, we have not to fear the dungeon, headsman's block or stake and fagots.

Our greatest enemies are indolence and complacent indifference as to what becomes of our children. One-half of our societies, and more than one-half of Spiritualists, are the victims of this enemy of progress. Remembering our indebtedness to past reformers for liberty of conscience, and also our great indebtedness to our Heavenly Father and his holy angels for the mighty and wonderful revelations of the spiritual world, ought we not to sacrifice some of our indolence—our selfish pleasures—that our children may be benefited and blessed; or is it we lack moral stamina and true zeal?

Dear friends, let us not give way to this indifference, but throw off the lethargy which binds us, and show our worthiness to be recipients of God's divine message to humanity by resting not, pausing not in our efforts until every society recognizes its duty to the young, and makes due provision for their moral and spiritual development.

Will you be one to lift your voice against this apathy, and point out the better way? You may assure all societies that help and advice will be accorded as far as possible if they will make their wants known.

Societies whose Lyceums have been closed should be encouraged to try again and again until success crowns their efforts. It is the workers who win success in the world's busy life.

Perhaps you will be pleased to learn that according to the last returns there are 84 Lyceums, of which 74 are members of the Union. The membership is officers, 796; and scholars, 4,886.

I sincerely hope that by our combined efforts a great and wonderful change will be effected in the progress of the Cause during the next twelve months, and to this end I earnestly solicit your kind cooperation, and beg to enclose a directed post card for your assent to this appeal.

Nearly two hundred of the above were sent to speakers, care of the societies. The wisdom of this step is manifest in the replies received from societies having no Lyceums, stating the Circular had been read to their members, and as soon as provisions for holding a Lyceum could be made they would have one!

I have reproduced the Circular, not just to let your readers see what is being done here, but in the hope it will meet the eyes of many mediums and normal speakers, and that they will be induced thereby to appeal to American Spiritualists to train their children in the facts and teachings of Spiritualism, and all that will enable them to understand themselves physiologically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

How much true Spiritualism is there in fathers and mothers who go to séances and public meetings, singing

"Hand in hand with angels,"

while their children are being sent to Sunday schools, to be taught fiction concerning their corrupt nature, a vicarious atonement, a vindictive God, and a more terrible devil?

That the time will speedily arrive when such a reflection can no longer be made on Spiritualists, is the sincere and earnest desire of

Yours fraternally, ALFRED KITSON,

Gen. Sec'y B. S. L. Union.

Royd street, Bromley Road, Haring Heaton, N. R. Dewsbury, Yorks.

### "Follow My Leader."

I have heard that a great part of the success of the first Napoleon lay in the word "come," and I know from personal observation that many failures in life are due to the word "go." There is a partnership, a sharing of things, a sort of fraternity about "come" that is irresistible, while "go" is a word whose imperiousness and isolating tone is calculated to raise a spirit of remonstrance if not resistance, and is the starting point to many a small boy or girl of deceit and disobedience.

"Go and practice," to a child full of musical talent, is to chill that talent. To a child with no music in its soul, it is a torture. "Come and let us study our music lesson," said a lady to her little daughter in my hearing some days ago. And, after listening in an adjoining room to the patient one, two, three and four of the mother, while the little one touched the keys in time, interspersed with "no, dear, it is sharp," or "remember, darling, we must have this very perfect," for nearly an hour, I was pleased to see the happy faces of both emerge from the parlor, and the mother, with her arm over the neck of the little one, saying, "I think we shall have time for two games before tea."

"Come, let us try." It was always "come" and always "us."

Do you say that mother had more time than most mothers, or that she was a slave to her child? Let me tell you she had brought up four in the same way, and earned her living meanwhile with her pen.

In contrast to this is a neighbor who has two bright boys of twelve and fifteen years.

She began with "Go and play, don't bother me"; "go to school"; "go wash your hands"; "go to bed"; and now her main anxiety is that they shall "go to college," and it may end by their going to the bad as well. Not that they are badly inclined, or in any way vicious or malicious in their disposition, but they have no love for home, no recollection of a jolly time with mother, or a small rank with father.

Their only idea of the one is a person who is always getting rid of them, and of the other a man so absorbed and studious that they have no desire to follow his profession, and no sympathy with him in his perplexities.

There is a sweet way of governing even the most fractious lad, that, if mothers would only study and practice, there would be no hero so readily worshipped in after life, no talisman so powerful to guard from harm and temptation, as the remembrance of the mother who was always the ready companion.—*The Household.*

### Home.

Home is the residence not only of the body, but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop, for children to love and learn and play in, for husband and wife to toil smilingly together and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach;  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.  
Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world be made to feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble deed. —Selected.

### The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Dec. 6, Berkeley Hall was filled to overflowing at the usual session of this Lyceum. Long before the opening hour every seat that could be placed in the main hall was occupied, and the annex was seated, and quickly filled, many being obliged to stand through the long session.

The question "What is Influence?" was very thoroughly discussed by the following: Ralph and Eddie Ransom, Charlie Hatch, Ralph Bakemau, Willie Sheldon, E. Belle Graville, Marion Seibel, Harold Frost, Jessica Ellsworth, Maud Beckwith, Eddie Hatch, George S. Lang, Albert P. Blum, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, and the Assistant Conductors, Dr. J. R. Root, and Miss M. E. Penman.

The concert was a most successful one. The Lyceum we use to express that reciprocal or mutual interchange that is ever going on between us, our surroundings, and others in this and the spirit world.

"Bees" was the subject for the younger groups. Mabel Emmons said the lesson we learn from the bees is to be ever useful, ready and willing to do all we can for the good of others; while Annie Ireland said "we should be busy bees" (does any one know of a child that is not?). Winnie Ireland thought that the bees teach us a lesson in self sacrifice by their willingness to die for the benefit of all; Annie Haynes and Nutter Ormsbee had also learned a lesson from the bees; their Leader, Mr. A. R. Waitt, spoke upon both topics, and made a touching appeal to all Spiritualists to come forward and sustain the Lyceums by sending their children, and attending themselves.

After a very finely executed Grand March the following excellent program was presented, each one to participate doing so well that no words of commendation can be used that are not applicable to all: recitation, Little Maid Arcturion; song, Winnie Ireland; violin solo, Master Charley Hatch; recitation, Willie Sheldon; song, Miss Grace E. Warren; recitation, Miss Maud Beckwith; violin solo, Prof. Shaler; recitation, Mabel Emmons; overture, orchestra—Prof. Shaler; violin; Mr. George E. Coule; cornetist, Mr. Fred H. Watson; pianist, recitation, Miss Victoria Moberg; violin; Mr. William M. Lockwood; recitation, Miss Lellaone Thrall and Miss Emily Graville.

Mr. J. Morse of London, Eng., the special guest of the Lyceum on this occasion was then introduced, and received an ovation as he stepped forward, and our sturdy English brother touchingly responded to this hearty welcome in his interesting talk to the children.

Although more than an hour past our usual closing time many were still standing in the aisles and rear hall when Mrs. J. J. Whitney was introduced. She briefly told the children how by the passing out of an only son she was led into Spiritualism, yielding to her contrails, who gave several demonstrations, that were all recognized.

Besides Mr. Morse and Mrs. Whitney occupying seats upon the platform, were Mr. J. W. Day and Mrs. J. S. Soper of the BANNER OF LIGHT; Mr. Byron Libbey, Mr. J. H. Allen, and Mr. J. H. Lewis of the Board of Directors of the Boston Spiritual Temple; Past Lyceum Conductors, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sen., and Mr. A. J. Darrow; Prof. William M. Lockwood of Chicago; Past Lyceum Guardian, Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Sen.; Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President of the Ladies' Aid Society, and Mr. J. J. Whitney.

Subject for Dec. 20, "The Origin and Purpose of Christmas Time."

A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

17 Leroy street, Station K.

### Haverhill Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Dec. 6 we held a very satisfactory session, both in attendance and in the interest manifested.

Nearly all the members of the elder groups gave fine answers to the question "What is Spiritualism trying to do?" Some remarkably good answers were received from the younger groups in reply to the question "What is Love?" The lesson of the day, "What is Thought?" was clearly defined by Mrs. Hattie C. Webber.

After the Grand March we had recitations and readings by Alice Bastine, Albert Atwood, Bessie Rich, Clinton Rich, Lena Bean, Irene Palmer, Miss Boyden, Vern Blake, Ida Seuter and G. Orgie Leland; songs by Sarah Seider and Flora Clark. Groups Nos. 4 and 5 also favored us with choruses. Remarks by Mrs. Jones closed the session.

Next Sunday's question, "Heroism." The Lyceum shows a marked and healthy growth from Sunday to Sunday. A new group, No. 6, was formed to-day.

Preparations are being made for a good time on Christmas, when we will have our ENTERTAINMENT and Christmas tree.

## 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: "When I arrived in Rochester the first of last September, I was enthused by an impulse that possessed me day and night, that there must be greater activity going on in the local Cause of Spiritualism than I had heard of. The girls were tried and proven true; here is where it was proven to the world that the 'raps' were produced by the spirits; here is where Modern Spiritualism found birth. True, at Hydeville the first raps occurred. And now, as I write, the raps sound on my table as I say: 'We shall rap forever!'"

At Hydeville, the contest the spirits told us we had a work to do here to usher in a great new move for the truths of spirit-life. The Fox girls say from their present sphere of life: "We are better than ever able to help the Cause—and hope for opportunity to do much we neglected in earth-life." They do not ask for a monument, but they ask for love and sympathy. They have to have the people home in the raps served as a memorial to the first public trial of the spirits to prove to humanity on earth that 'they live.' It is for Spiritualism we wanted to purchase the cottage—but Mr. Hyde declines to sell, and offers only to lease. As my requests made to purchase the cottage did not receive much popular endorsement, I hope to suggest something in the future.

We are organizing in Rochester a Spiritualist society, to be known as 'The First Spiritual Church.' Effort will be made to raise funds in course of time to build a Temple here. Now only a few Spiritualists, without means to help materially, are interested in the local Cause. There are some here who are able to liberalize the home, and it is proper to let the National Spiritualists' Association go ahead with the movement, and derive a permanent benefit from it. But there should be local cooperation. I am satisfied that the local people can be enthused. Indeed, they had been planning before they dreamed the National Spiritualists' Association would take an interest.

Spiritualists have any power, in their souls, if they really love the Cause enough to build any tribute, it can suggest a means to express these emotions, and carry to the world that 'We mean business.' I know we are all burdened—and every locality needs help; but the Cause in Rochester should be a national cause. Instead of raising heavy funds to make a great 'Jubilee' by renting a large Auditorium and employing liberal forces to hold a great meeting at least once a month until March, 1898, for this time, how many others will offer? There is no time to lose!

If the National Spiritualists' Association will officially make the call, and be the depository for funds, we can no doubt have a large Auditorium in Rochester to meet in at the 'Jubilee,' March 31, 1898. And the celebration will thereby be of greater proportion than if held in a hall. In every speaker, in every medium and medium will gladly join their forces to this great movement and will gladly contribute free services for the 'Jubilee.' Some of us will do so, no matter where our engagements may then be.

Let everybody write at once to the Secretary of the National Spiritualists' Association, and say what they can promise."

NEW YORK CITY.—The Spiritual Temple (127 Columbus Avenue), writes H. C. Underhill, Sec'y, met afternoon and evening, on Sunday, Nov. 22, 1896. There was a large number present at the afternoon session, and we had a good old-fashioned meeting-time given to the mediums present: Mr. G. A. Stryker, 157 West 231 street, Dr. Trask, 345 West 34th street, and Mr. V. J. M. Moorey, 126 West 100th street, New York, gave a large number of tests, most of them fully recognized.

The evening session was opened by our pianist, Miss M. E. Penman, with a solo.

Prof. Z. R. Sanford lectured briefly upon questions given by the audience.

Tests were given by Mr. V. J. M. Moorey, and another solo by Miss Penman. Miss M. E. Penman is a brilliant pianist and powerful vocalist.

### Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—H. W. Booser writes: "During forty five years' activity in Spiritualism, I have been profoundly impressed with the importance of music as a factor in making conditions for the cooperation of spirit workers in both the teaching and demonstration of our central truth. The present method of its delivery, as given by the individual and competitive strife, and results in this, that to-day Spiritualists are singing more Christian doctrine than Spiritualism. Congregational singing has proved its value in the old-time religious revival, the political campaign and in the growth of that strange sect, the Salvationists. The effect of professional effort and display is the same as that of a concert hall, and offers but little for the spirit aid we recognize as connected with public work."

Yet, like all questions, this has two sides. It must be conceded that the musician's harmony is disturbed by the discordant attempts of those who make no effort save in a public assembly; and it is not "in good form" nowadays to render music save by a concerted choir; this is no longer a dispute. Then the question remains, does congregational singing give enough to more than offset these objections? I believe it does. Judging from what we see, a large proportion of our speakers, writers, and musical companies entirely, are either opposed to it, or they dare not say otherwise. It is a delicate subject. There are no interests.

Misses and Mattie Hull, and some other fearless ones, say that all should sing, and make effort that they shall. The question is generally referred by societies to their musical committees. These have their personal interest in voice display, feelings of rivalry, pride of custom and other things which all must first, with the needs of the Cause come last. If at all. It is a matter which should have the intelligent consideration of the societies themselves, with the committees' action as servants and not as rulers.

The interest of the individual in a public service gives it vital life; and only when each takes a part in the singing can this be done. Intelligent and self-sacrificing persons do not at all times desire to sit at audience for the professional speaker or musical expert. To give strength to conviction, and to aid its inception, no agency can equal the individual expression of spiritual truth in song. With music's magic power is made the condition required for the action of spirit power. Then is established the rapport between teacher or demonstrator and audience which is the first result of the work.

It is not infrequently heard from persons outside of our ranks inquire about Spiritualists. "Do they believe it?" We initiate a formalism common with those who accept plain truth that we know they cannot with thought believe, and thus cause such inquiry. Do not the same questioners say of the Salvationists, "Well, they believe it anyway." Now, why the difference? Just this: one voice uniting in a faith belief in song, while the other has sung for them doctrine they know is untrue.

And so psychologists are we with that in which the church methods have educated us. We shrink from the use of the best which man's musical genius has given because it is not sacred music. It is the excellence of the melody and the vocal adaptation to the sentiment for which is desired musical expression—this, and not what some brainless disciple of Grundy may say, is it one thing to be considered. "Barroom melodies" lose all their attractiveness when fitted to words which embody an overwhelming truth; and when we chances to sing such airs we wonder how else they could have been told anything else except that truth.

Our musical service should have first of all an unmistakable sincerity. It should be attractive by its originality, believing as we do that, as Spiritualism contains within itself all things necessary for its development, it has no occasion to imitate, though it should, the right to an excellence known. This service should be educational, every song a teacher of some vital truth. In this way we disarm incredulity, and the pride that would avoid us with the coolness we meet, would all disappear.

To sum up, if we desire a vitality in our public service which will first charm and electrify the new comer, then deeply interest him so that conviction will be secured, we must use of Solitude the truths in congregational singing; the time will be short to when no one will dare to even hint of its unpopularity."

### Missouri.

SPRINGFIELD.—A correspondent writes: "Prof. J. Madison Allen spoke in Springfield, Mo., South Side Society, the last six Sundays preceding December. Will visit several points in Missouri State Missionary and Organizing tour the month of December, unless prevented by too long continuance of his 'wrestle' with La Grippe."

As Secretary of the Missouri State Association he invites immediate correspondence from each and every city, village and rural settlement throughout the State; so that the spiritual forces of the entire

# BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

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DR. ROBERTS BARTHOLOMEW, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, etc. "BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS of Virginia contain well-defined traces of lithia, and are alkaline. This is used with great advantage in Gouty, Rheumatic and Renal Affections. It is the best table water known to me, and I have some experience of them all."

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field may be brought into sympathetic touch and active unity. By means of a system of general distribution and cooperation, all may be made acquainted with the work and with its others; the most interested corner or quiet nook, can be reached and personally visited perhaps, and incalculable good accomplished. A complete census is needed. Write at once. Address at 233 Commercial street, Springfield, Mo."

### Massachusetts.

WEST GROTON.—Mary L. French writes: "The meetings of our Liberal Association have closed for the season. A great deal of interest has been manifested, and we feel that the lectures and tests have had a good influence, as some have said they would have their home circle, where they could hear from the mediums. We have mediums in our circle whom we hope soon to bring out; and so ends our twenty-fifth season of service in this place."

PIGEON COVE.—Mrs. Abbie F. Story writes: "On Thursday evening, Dec. 3, Mrs. L. A. Prentiss of Lynn was at Pigeon Cove, and held a very interesting meeting. A song by Miss Bessie O. Story was followed by prayer by Mrs. Prentiss; then another song, after which Mrs. Prentiss gave some fine tests."

LYNN.—Dr. G. W. Fowler writes: "The Lynn Spiritualist Association, of which Mr. J. M. Kelly is President, and Mrs. E. P. Averill Secretary, has opened its season's meetings under very favorable auspices, reports of which have appeared very early in the columns of your valuable journal. The officers have the confidence and hearty cooperation of all the members, and an earnest desire is made manifest to make all of the meetings tell for our Cause. It is a pleasure to recognize that the numbers are rapidly increasing, and that many of those investigators are receiving the evidences in such a degree that they are becoming identified in carrying forward the good work."

Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly of Newburyport, Mass., who has just begun a four weeks' engagement with this Society, was greeted by large and intelligent audiences, and the numbers are rapidly increasing to the eloquence and indisputable logic of his inspired utterances.

Then they have upon their list such valuable workers as Moses Hull, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, Mrs. Lizzie Harlow, Joseph D. Stiles, etc.—all of whom are sure to attract crowded audiences."

Under the wise leadership of the board of managers the Society is sure to achieve in the future that measure of success which has been theirs during the past years of its existence. Plans for the annual celebration of the anniversary of its formation and incorporation under the laws of the State, which occurs on Jan. 2, 1897, are now being made.

An encouraging indication of the good work being accomplished here, I may mention that the weekly sales of THE BANNER are constantly increasing, and we are proud to be able to assist in unflinching to the breeze of spiritual thought—which is sweeping over the world generally in all climes and everywhere where the English language is spoken—the folds of the dear old BANNER, that has for so many years been so ably conducted in the interest of the cause of our medium and speakers—and not alone these, but including believers and investigators also. I anticipate, with improved financial conditions in our nation, a much larger circulation, hence a wider field of usefulness, and I desire to impress upon the minds of all officers and members of all societies everywhere the importance of making an effort to extend its sale and circulation, thus cooperating with all the forces, both here and in spirit-life, in spreading the humanitarian gospel of Spiritualism, that we may be not only 'hearers of the word, but doers also.'

The Ladies' Social Union, an auxiliary to the above Society, which has been holding meetings at the homes of its members, has rented a cozy hall at No. 15 City Hall Square and will there continue holding its meetings every Monday evening at 7:30.

Sunday workers, and many local mediums, will meet here, and a cordial invitation is extended to all friends to be present, that these gatherings may be made enjoyable and profitable."

### Indiana.

VALPARAISO.—E. W. Sprague writes: "Mrs. Sprague and myself are visiting our dear friends, Mrs. E. V. Wilson and daughter Lois. We find Mrs. Wilson in very poor health, being scarcely able to care for herself."

Last winter she passed through a long and terrible sickness. She was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia about the middle of December, and did not leave her bed for four months; for six weeks she was not expected to live from day to day. On one occasion the doctor told the daughter that her mother could not possibly live until morning; but the spirit-friends declared that she would live—that she would get up again."

A circle was formed around the bed, and the spirit-friends manifested their presence with great power. After a little time the sitters were delighted to see the patient open her eyes, and hear her say: 'I feel better now—much better. From this time she improved, though slowly. She is still very feeble.'

E. V. Wilson did a noble work for the Cause of Spiritualism, as all liberal people know, and this good sister, his widow, is now in need of assistance (not charity); she has, with the assistance of friends, been enabled to publish a new edition of her husband's book, 'The Truths of Spiritualism.' It is a book of four hundred pages, bound in cloth, and contains a splendid portrait of the author, also a record of many remarkable tests given through him in different parts of the country; also many of his personal experiences—some of which were ludicrous, some pathetic, and many startling; one chapter is devoted to an explanation of the laws governing mediumship. It is a remarkable book, and is worth double its cost."

Friends, please send your orders at once, that Mrs. Wilson may receive them before Christmas. The price of the book is one dollar, postage paid. Address "Mrs. E. V. Wilson, 91 South Locust street, Valparaiso, Ind." The book will make a splendid present to a friend."

### Rhode Island.

PAWTUCKET.—H. K. M. writes: "Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding of East Somerville, Mass., occupied the platform of the Pawtucket Spiritual Association on the evening of Dec. 6."

She spoke before one of the largest audiences of the season. Her subject was handled, as her themes always are, in a manner that gives entire satisfaction to all, and her tests were instantly recognized. The Society have had the good fortune to secure Mrs. Harding for a Sunday in January."

PROVIDENCE.—James Wilson writes: "I attended one of Mrs. Allen's séances on Thanksgiving Day. During the séance a great many forms appeared. Two of my sons came, also my daughter, and while I stood talking to her she asked me to open the curtain. I saw the medium in her chair, also a form making up at her right. This convinces me of materialization. Mr. Wilson's control came, and led me into the other room, under a light, where I had every possible chance to see the features. She was shorter than the medium. There were three other ladies in the room, who saw the form as distinctly as I did."

I desire to say a good word for the BANNER OF LIGHT. It still finds its way into my home, and will continue to do so as long as I am able to take it."

### Vermont.

SOUTH BARRE.—Mattie G. Ward writes: "The members of the First Progressive Spiritualist Association of Barre met at Unity Temple, Dec. 3, 1896, to elect officers. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. B. P. Willey."

The officers elected are as follows: President, B. P. Willey; Vice President, A. E. Hutchins; Secretary, Miss Mattie G. Ward; Assistant, Ed. Ward; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosina Claffin; Board of Managers, Johnson Esterbrook, J. M. Ward, Mr. Clement Little; Auditors, Ed. Ward, S. S. Smith, Mrs. Johnson Esterbrook."

The Society is in a very prosperous condition, and took in twelve new members at its last business meeting. We have for our speaker Mr. Louis Colburn. The Society held a Thanksgiving ball and supper, which was a great success, and cleared over fifty dollars."

### Ohio.

LIMA.—W. W. Hawkins writes: "I point with pride and pleasure to the efforts made upon the general rostrum by Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, whose lectures at this place have enlightened many in his phase of the philosophy. From man primitive to man scientific covers the human experience through which he must accomplish that most desirable of all states, true spirituality! Through this maze man must not only be led by the hand, but his every sense of direction must be appealed to; and who has done this more successfully as the subject of this notice?"

We are by no means alone in our appreciation here, yet we fully appreciate the mastery methods of Mr. Lockwood, and we feel certain that upon his return we will be able to present him at least with a much more numerous audience."

Grateful Man—"Didn't I loan you ten dollars a month or so ago?" "Yes, I believe you did. I am ever so much obliged for your kindness. I feel that I can never repay you."

## BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE  
Spiritual Philosophy.

### ISSUED WEEKLY

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BY  
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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FRED. G. TUTTLE,.....TREASURER.  
JOHN W. DAY,.....EDITOR.  
Aided by a large corps of able writers.

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

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

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

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

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1896.

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"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

## Two Dollars Per Year.

The management of the BANNER OF LIGHT has reduced the subscription price of the paper to Two Dollars per year (former price \$2.50). The reduction commenced with the issue for March 7, which is No. 1 of Vol. 70.

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.

It is our desire to maintain the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER, and to add to the value of its contents and the practicality of its work, wherever opportunity shall be given us; and we hope the Spiritualists of the mundane world will work with us, to strengthen our hands for the service of that world of spirits, whose Cause this paper has so long defended.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## Notice to New Subscribers.

All new patrons of THE BANNER who will, before Jan. 1, furnish us with two dollars, as subscription for 1897, will receive in addition such numbers of THE BANNER as may be issued by us before the expiration of 1896—including the special CHRISTMAS NUMBER—Dec. 19.

## Living the Ideal.

That should be the aim of each one of us. Only as we aspire to it can we ever hope to attain the real. It is when we speak of what appears to us like a vision or a dream, of what we regard as but a flight of fancy, that we unconsciously describe our intuitions, coming we know not whence and passing like a soft-atmospheric wave over and across the sky of our being. It is upon these same cloud-like intuitions that our intelligence rests for its foundation, on which is built up reason and those other faculties which function in the experience of our individual lives.

Take the one topic of the aim of life. We can, in almost a supreme sense, order that as we will. We are free to decide whether it shall be self or service; whether we shall regard the welfare of others much or as little as possible; whether we shall delve and deny for our own sake alone, or change our servitude into a divine royalty by serving in the spirit of sacrifice and selflessness. If we think such an attitude of the spirit demeaning or debasing, we are committing a fatal mistake. It was Jesus who was the most supreme when he performed the menial service of washing the disciples' feet.

We all have ideals of one kind and another. The lustre of their vanishing robes will reflect itself on the surface of our grossest thought. The instinct is hidden in each one of us. Not yet has it risen from its low surroundings, perhaps, into the higher realm of intuitions. These are direct from heaven, swift-winged, silent, like the drawing away of the curtains of existence. One of the secrets of our lives is to make search for the profound significance of desire and be able to recognize it, to study it in its progress upward to aspiration and outward to adoration. It is all a matter of degree. The latent instinct needs to be instructed and guided.

We can trace the path of this idealism all along from a cannibal to a Christ. In business

it is no higher with many than the desire to make money and consolidate wealth, while with others it is a desire to provide for the comfort and welfare of those who cooperate in securing the profits. It is far more and deeper than mere sentiment that prompts the latter feeling, and those who deary it for such a reason only acknowledge the low standard that governs them. We stand amazed to think how all human industries would be elevated and ennobled, and at once wear an expression of divine instrumentation, if they were to be carried on in such a spirit and aim only at the higher service.

The same reflection applies equally to all walks and spheres of life. It is as true in respect to our domestic life, our school life, our social life, and all the other branches and forms of it, as it is to that of work and business. The latter will yet be run on a plane that is a much nearer approach to idealism. An English preacher, well-known in this country, says with wisdom and truth: "Men enter the industrial realm at present for profit, and the most successful are those who reap the largest profit. But the nobler idea would be to enter the same realm for service, and the most successful would be those who rendered the largest service."

Everywhere, in all callings and situations, the ideal must come from within, because it is wholly and purely spiritual. It either does not recognize or care for what the world around us expects of us, or it puts it aside without a gesture of contempt or distaste, doing it gently and unperceived. Then it is that we become truly independent, equipoised, and divinely serene. We are taught as in no other way so effectually to know ourselves, to be ourselves, to bestow ourselves. In this way only are we to help bring on the world's salvation. Let us pursue such an ideal, and life will become life indeed for us.

## Immortality.

A recent issue of *Light*, commending a sermon of Mr. Savage, in which he gives an instructive summary of beliefs in immortality since Christ, sketches a brief outline of his method in rapidly but clearly expounding the ideas of Paul, etc., coming down to modern times and presenting Mr. Savage's own view in a very striking manner. Among the extracts given are such as follow: "I do not believe," said Mr. Savage, "that death came into the world as the result of any invasion of evil from outside; or that death is the result of human sin, or any token of God's anger, or that it is an after-thought, something that God did not originally intend." He believed instead that it is a part of the divine, the universal order, that it is as natural as being born, and as such an indication of the love of God as being born. He believed in no under-world, and it seemed strange to him how long such ideas persist. All these conceptions belong to a Ptolemaic universe. There is absolutely no place for them in a Copernican universe. They are simply survivals of the world's ignorance, of the barbaric ideas of the past. Death is simply a natural phase of life.

He believed there were reasons, and adequate ones, for believing that what we call death is not the end of individual existence. He believed we pass through it, and out and up and on. We do not go into any under-world. We do not ascend into any heaven just above the dome of blue, which is only an optical delusion. Once it was believed to be a solid dome, which might be a fitting foundation for a celestial court. He did not believe, either, that we went out as disembodied thoughts, for to him it was inconceivable. He believed that the souls of those that we call dead are not unclothed, but, in the language which Paul used, clothed upon. He believed that we possess bodies not as real as these, but unappeakably more real, thrilling with an intensity of life of which at present we are perhaps utterly unable to conceive. He believed that, as the result of our thinking and our feeling and our loving and our hating, what may be called a psychical body is being built up in us, organized day by day. In the process of death we are released from this outward shell very much as the butterfly is released from its chrysalis.

There has been going on through the whole length of the life of the cocoon the organization of another, and, to us, invisible, form within. By-and-by it breaks open, and the life comes forth, and enters upon another stage of its career. It is transformed, lifted, goes on to something finer and higher. He used this only as a crude illustration. He believed that something akin to this is going on within us, and that death means the breaking open of the chrysalis and the escaping out into this larger life; and that we enter on that life—and here lies the tremendous moral power of a belief like this—just the kind of men and women that we have made ourselves by our thoughts, our emotions, our actions here; only that there, as here, is infinite opportunity, through suffering, if need be, through whatever experience is necessary, for study, for growth, for ascent toward the highest. The body is the instrument for the purpose of advancing the work in the direction of spirituality: the master is the spirit. It is to the perfection of this mastery that all our experience and our efforts tend. We are all our lives in the process of being created. Not a single human being who is not on the march, who may not contribute to the advance of the race.

## A Well-Deserved Eulogy.

The tribute paid to the life and character of the Apostle Eliot by Hon. William Everett, in his recent address, was as rich in intrinsic interest and natural eloquence as it was luminous and appreciative in its analysis of the remarkable personage portrayed.

There were occasional diversions of a more or less egotistic character to be noted in a critical estimate of the performance, but it will have to be allowed that they only heightened the interest excited by the exceptionally faithful presentation of the subject under treatment.

The effort was a display of biographical felicity such as rarely claims the attention and enjoyment of either hearer or reader. Without indulging in any attempt to single out the special features of so entirely worthy a performance, in whatever light considered, and commenting but briefly on its singular merits as a whole, there are two points of consideration that may be dwelt upon with not less profit than interest. They are the noble example of self-sacrifice set forth by the pioneer Indian apostle, and the historic interest revived in the presentation anew of the red man of New England two and three hundred years ago.

Nothing could be more stimulating to the

general mind, on the one hand, or more timely to the reflective mind, on the other. The ease and grace of the thorough scholar are displayed for the special delight of the cultivated reader and the uniform enjoyment of all. The speaker and the subject were fitly conjoined. The grasp of his theme showed the easy familiarity of the master, while the abundant glimpses of felicitous description are natural and charming vestments for the sincerely eloquent strains that penetrate the whole with their melodious harmony.

The public can hardly testify with undue emphasis the profound gratification with which such a model of biographical and historical oratory supplies them, at a time when the reign of materialism menaces the habit of reflective thought and healthy emotion. The memorial address is like an oasis in the arid sands of our preoccupied and plodding lives, reviving the tones of the masters of speech long silent and gone.

## A Chance to Do Good.

There are a good many regular subscribers to THE BANNER who are become aged, who are able to say they have taken the paper from its very first issue, which is almost forty years ago. They are more than ever interested in it for the sustaining comfort it furnishes them, and they confess that their dependence on it was never so great as now, but the times are too hard to allow them to continue taking it as subscribers any longer, and they do not know how to do without its regular companionship.

We are doing what we can to assist them in the way of furnishing gratuitous copies, but of course the same stringency of the times which affects them, also operates to limit our powers of assistance as well. It does seem hard that they should be denied the enjoyment of their long-continued privileges. They acknowledge that they cannot raise the money to pay their subscriptions for the coming year. We therefore appeal to the benevolent readers of THE BANNER on their behalf to kindly help out these necessitous cases for the year before them by remitting the amount of a single subscription for each of these needy persons, for which due acknowledgment will be made by us. Here is a chance to carry out in practice the principle of fraternity in human relations.

## Business of the Post-Office.

The increase reported in the post-office business of the large cities of the country for the fiscal year 1896, as indicated by the auditor for the post-office department, is an improvement of the largest and most definite encouragement. Prior to 1894, for several years, the normal rate of increase throughout the country was eight per cent. a year, amounting in five years to forty per cent. of the earliest year chosen. The year beginning July 1, 1893, opening with the panic, showed a marked falling off in postal receipts. The year 1895 showed only a partial improvement. The increase in the aggregate of postal receipts in 1896 over 1894 is about \$7,000,000, of which amount \$500,000 is credited to Massachusetts. With New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, comprising together a little more than a quarter of the entire population of the country, more than one-third of the postal revenue is paid, and they alone show nearly half of the increase for 1896 over the depressed period of 1894. The business condition in all its branches is believed to be most accurately indicated by the condition of the post-office. Thus we find fresh grounds for congratulation over the real improvement which has actively set in.

## Winter Days.

Such days at any season as the two at the beginning of the middle week in the month are so rare as to be regarded as a special gift from the skies. They are, in fact, celestial days, right from the hills of heaven. Croakers are always ready to exclaim that such visitations have to be paid for pretty soon afterward, but alternations of weather, like those of luck, are to be expected. If all was halcyon weather, it is a question whether any would be reckoned such. Even the aerial prospectors and prophets cannot tell what the new season is going to give us. It may be avalanches of snow, or it may be little or none. Besides, it is not to be forgotten that even the sharpest atmospheric extremes are like flitting birds, lighting only to fly away again. It is not always one way. There are fine winter days, as well as fine days in the other seasons. No temperature can claim a monopoly. Nature avoids monotony. We may have an ideal winter, all things taken into account. Few are they on the hither side of life who can recall a Christmas Day like the one before the last. It was a perfect winter dream. But cold is to be expected. The great luminary decides that. As he withdraws his warmth, let us dispense ours all the more.

## An Improved Snow Map.

The weekly snow map of the weather bureau, which shows the approximate depth of snow wherever found and the southern limit of its fall, is to cover a wider range in data this winter than ever before. The facts gathered and used hitherto have come from the bureau's regular observers only, at points as far separated as Boston, Albany, Oswego and Buffalo, which give an insufficient idea of the snow conditions. But during this winter the volunteer observers of the State weather bureau will be asked to furnish reports of their localities on the depth of the snow on the ground and the thickness of ice in the rivers. Being, particularly in New England, only a few miles apart, the summary from their data will closely approximate the actual snow-covered area. These reports will be telegraphed on Monday nights, and issued and the map distributed on Tuesday. Certain lines of business are greatly benefited by these snow-maps—lumbering, long hauls of perishable merchandise, like fruits from California, the winter wheat outlook, being but a few of them. The snow-and-ice map is to be an institution.

## The Banner of Light Establishment

Will be closed on Christmas Day—in obedience to the plans of the authorities, and the wish of the people.

Dr. J. Jay Watson, Esq., called recently at our office. Will be around Boston for the present, affording those who desire, in Cambridge, etc., an opportunity to listen to the celebrated instrument presented him by the late Ole Bull.

A copy is desired at this office of the BANNER OF LIGHT for Feb. 3, '94. If any one has this issue to spare, we will see that he loses nothing by sending it to us.

## Christmas Revelations.

The Christmas festival is not significant of birth only, but of death and the spirit's resurrection as well. It ushers into the thought of a new life in another world. It is not to be entered on at the dawn of some distant and unknown millennium, but now and immediately. We are not to wait for the resurrection of a body that has lapsed into decay ages ago, and been absorbed into other animal or vegetable life, but it will be to us a resurrection of the individual spirit that has a conscious existence—the resurrection of the human ego, the essential self, in the higher and purer life of the spirit. Paul said "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." The one "is of the earth, earthy"; the other "is the Lord from heaven."

Our Christmases come and go, and with them we wear our little lives on earth away. We are greatly helped by our experience with them, if only we extract from them continually new meaning on a larger scale of thought and a deeper reach of reflection. Above all, let us never permit ourselves to dissociate the day and the time from the ideal of childhood, and immortal innocence. That it is which makes of it the new birth to the human spirit. Except as we are bathed in the brightness of this divine flood, the eternal freshness of our lives dull and decay, and the immortal youth that possesses us with its dream insensibly parts with its glancing lights, one by one, and the clouds of hopeless gloom gather and settle down upon our heads when we are most in need of the lamps of hope. But blessed be God for the endless gifts of His providence! Not the least among them all is the communication with the spirit-world which is opened to mortals while yet they were wandering without guides and strayed like sheep without a shepherd. What was thought lost has in this respect been more than found and gained.

Spiritualism is to us an unfading Christmas in that it is all the time a new birth—an immortal childhood—the ladder on which the angels ascend and descend to bring us to the light.



Written for the Banner of Light.

## A CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST.

BY EMMA HOOD TUTTLE.

Snow, snow, and hark, brown branches,  
Striped clean of draperies!  
How grim and stark and gloomy  
You distant forest lie.

"Oh, such a world as this is!"  
Sneers grandma, looking off  
Across the pallid country—  
"No wonder I've a cough!"

Summer indoors—no snow here,  
But carpets soft and warm,  
And no one has a reason  
To mutter at the storm.

The fire is glowing ruddy,  
The breakfast smoking hot,  
"Buckwheats" and maple syrup,  
And coffee in the pot.

Outside the human race in  
Sore want and woe! behold,  
A flock of quails are piping  
Out on the barren wold.

No house, no food, no water;  
A snow-waste everywhere;  
No hand to stay their faming,  
No ear to hear their prayer.

Sweet Mercy's voice said: "Feed them;  
Thy bins are full of grain,  
And it is always blessed  
To balm another's pain."

I took a board, and spread it  
With plump, sweet grains of wheat,  
And such a hearty breakfast  
As those shy quail did eat!

I went back to the "buckwheats"  
And coffee, steaming hot,  
With vastly better relish  
For kindly deed and thought.

## Readers Should be Supporters.

In 1891 Luther Colby published an editorial on this important and practical subject—the closing paragraph of which is here reproduced, with our unqualified endorsement:

"What shall be said of certain Spiritualists, so-called, who, while boasting that they number by the millions, and while proving as eager as ever to peruse weekly the thoroughly-prepared pages of THE BANNER, decline to send in their subscriptions to it, borrow rather than buy it for reading, and practice every scheme of evasion possible to invent in order to get rid of supporting the paper on which they steadily rely, and whose disappearance they would unquestionably regret? If they want a paper like THE BANNER, it is their duty to support it."

## Homeward Bound!

On Wednesday, Dec. 9, Bro. J. J. Morse called on us to bid farewell, as he was to leave for New York in the evening; thence by steamer *Umbria* on Saturday 12th to his home in England. Mr. Morse, as is known to our readers, has been speaker for the California Psychological Society for a year past, and left a high reputation with its members. Before coming East he visited San Diego and Los Angeles. Our good wishes go with him to his home across the sea!

We desire to say that the valuable aid rendered by Mrs. Maggie Butler as a clairvoyant physician, is truly wonderful. The evidences of her excellent professional work are scattered for years along THE BANNER files.

We shall print next week an abstract report of J. J. Morse's address before the Boston Spiritual Temple, which was delivered in Berkeley Hall on the evening of Dec. 6.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## International Arbitration, the Dawning Day of "Peace on Earth."

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

What better time for that dawn than the Christmas season? What greater cause for rejoicing can there be?

Feudalism and brute force meant the military age. Industry and science, art and liberty, mean the industrial age. True, there are great armies, kept up at enormous cost, but commerce is a great pacificator, and the moral sentiment gains and helps. No two countries in the world are so linked together by commerce, and by a common language and lineage as Great Britain and the United States. By the time this reaches your columns the Arbitration Treaty, now being shaped, will probably be completed, and signed by both powers. This is the beginning, by slow steps; other nations will fall in—great despotisms like Russia, and kingdoms full of the military spirit like Germany, perhaps among the last. With this beginning we can wait and work for the sure progress of international peace, with

"Patient, firm and persevering,  
God speed the right!"

for our motto.

But is arbitration feasible? Its great growth in this century is little reason. Eighty times have international disputes been arbitrated peacefully since the year 1800, and in every case they have stayed settled, while great wars have settled few great disputes.

Thus the hour is ripe for a permanent Board of Arbitration between us and Great Britain, and for other like tribunals. Modern war is a wasteful and costly game. The national expenses of Europe, more than half for war, exceed the revenues of Europe some \$600,000,000 yearly, and no nation but ours tries to pay this immense debt. This yearly excess of debt has doubled in the last twenty-five years, increasing faster in proportion than the wealth of the rich European continent.

What will the end be? Fearful taxes, distressing conscriptions, popular discontent, leading to bloody revolutions, and the world's bankruptcy.

In the past ninety years the wars of Europe have slaughtered four million five hundred thousand lives. Most Christian Europe!

We may grant that wars have sometimes done good. We may honor brave and true soldiers who have done their duty, as best they saw it, for country and for mankind; but a better way is opening for more good, and no waste of precious life. Let all the people uphold our government in the great upward step it is so wisely and so nobly taking.

All who think of man as a spiritual being, his inner life unfolding with the years, know that such unfolding means harmony, fraternity and peace.

Nations have fought because they supposed it was impossible to settle their differences otherwise. This nineteenth century is demonstrating how grave has been this mistake, and we know well how frightful its results have been.

There was a great word spoken in Judea some nineteen centuries ago—simple, but wise and kind—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Once get the thought into the minds and hearts of people and rulers that justice and peace, safety and good-will, can be reached and maintained by arbitration far better than by that "bloody duel of nations which we call war," and the sounds of battle will die away. The great mission of the coming century—the work for its wise men and its gifted women—is INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION!

"Yosemite as I Saw It," by Dr. Cora A. Morse; a booklet suitable as a holiday gift, 6210 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, Cal. 50 cents per copy. Dr. G. W. Fowler, Eastern agent, 26 Highland Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

"The Duty of the Hour," by H. D. Barrett, reached us so late on Tuesday as to render it impossible of use this week. It will be published in our next issue.

The Fitchburg (Mass.) Mail of Dec. 7 gave good reference to the address on "Mesmerism," delivered there on the 6th by Dr. C. W. Hidden.

Read the announcement made by Dr. E. F. Butterfield, on ninth page.

We are constantly in receipt of requests to publish Spirit Messages out of regular order. While we always endeavor to please our friends, we feel obliged to decline to advance or furnish copies of Messages out of the regular course. The consistency of our position must be apparent to every thoughtful person.

FREDERICK POOLE has removed to 443 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, where he will hold séances Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 8 p. m., and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., instead of as stated in advertisement on ninth page.

Report of work of the First Association of Spiritualists at Philadelphia, Pa., has been received from W. J. Colville, and will be printed in next issue.

A GOOD IDEA.—The Salvation Army has a bureau for tracing lost and missing friends, thousands of whom are found every year. Its officers are specially able to deal with these matters because they have agents throughout the world. No charge is made save for postage. Letters should be addressed "Inquiry Department," 122 West 14th street, New York.

## The Annual Convention

Of the Massachusetts State Association will be held at Union Hall, Boylston street, Boston, Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1897.

Meetings will be held morning at 10:30; afternoon at 2:30; evening at 7:30.

The best speakers and mediums that can be had will be in attendance during the day. Watch this paper for the list.

Business meeting and the election of officers will take place in the morning. Seats will be reserved for members. Come and join us.

J. B. HATCHER, JR., Chairman,  
W. H. BARKS,  
N. B. PERKINS,  
CARIE F. LORING,  
ELVIRA LORING.  
Dec. 12, 1896. Committee of Arrangements.





Written for the Banner of Light.

## Spiritualism a Living Light.

Through all the ages man has ever sought to pierce the gloom surrounding the change called death. The form erstwhile thrilling with life and love in a moment is stilled. Religion in vain seeks to solve the vexed question, Do our loved ones live after the death of the body? How many of us, in agonized tones, have exclaimed beside the casket containing the form of one who was our hope and joy: Oh! for some sure sign that all is well. But not even an echo answered the cry of the heart. In spite of our outward exclamation that we could trust in God—in spite of our earnest declaration that we had faith in him, every human heart felt the still, small cry which pleaded for knowledge, not faith.

How well the writer remembers a little one who was laid away from the home before Spiritualism came to her knowledge. How could God be so cruel—to take away the little flower which every day shed forth fragrance and love? "She is safe," they said, "resting in the arms of Jesus." Empty words! What did they convey to a heart grieving for the love which yesterday had been so real? As we write, recollections come back to our mind of those days when religion sought to stifle the human instincts which pleaded for some light from beyond the covered bridge—the tomb. Then came the memories of the first message of Spiritualism, which demonstrated the continuity of life beyond the grave.

What a comfort is the knowledge of Spiritualism! It embraces all the hope, all the faith that is instinctive in the human breast. 'Tis the keynote of the inspiration of the poets and songsters of the past, and they immortalized it in poetry and song. They wrote of love and faith—the world read and waited; they wrote and sung of love, but something was lacking; they wrote and sung of home and heaven, but the keynote to human hearts had not been struck. "Dreams, dreams, dreams," cried the listening hearts; "if death ends all, of what use is life? of what use is love, if it must end at the open grave? of what use is home, or heaven, unless death brings reunion with those we love? Not faith, but knowledge; not theory, but fact, is what we need."

Then Modern Spiritualism came. Through the mediums came knowledge, peace and assurance which faith or hope could not give. The ideals of the poets became realities—then we knew that life was worth living, death worth dying! Knowing of the possibilities of intercourse between the spirit and mortal, we could understand the living truth contained in the poem of Edwin Arnold, entitled "He and She," and the gladness of the bereaved husband when he heard his bride say, after he thought she was "stilled in death," in answer to the agonized cry of his soul:

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;  
And am your angel, who was your bride,  
And know that though dead, I have never died."

With Longfellow, we, too, can see  
"The forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit us once more."

Was Phoebe Cary a Spiritualist in the sense of believing in the visitation of spirits? We quote from her poem, "Border-Land":

"I know you are always by my side,  
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear,  
For I never called on you since you died,  
But you tenderly answered 'I am here.'  
You are my own, my darling still,  
So do not vanish or turn aside;  
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,  
Wait till my heart is pacified;  
Oh! world, you may tell me I dream, I rave,  
So long as my darling comes to prove  
That the feet of the spirit can cross the grave,  
And the loving live, and the living love."

How much Spiritualism means to us who can interpret the living truth in the above quotations! No wonder the mediums and their protection should mean so much to us. We have been blinded for so long, thinking that death robbed us of our treasures, but Spiritualism has made so plain that it was death who restored them to us.

Sometimes it is life with its chilling blasts that bows us down more than the parting at the open grave. As Adelaide Proctor most happily expresses it, "Nothing is our own except our dead." They are our links to another life.

Sometimes in the twilight we see the little one, around whom such tender memories cluster, come in company with other dear ones who have passed to the other shore, and in sweet communion with them forget all except the wonderful thought of Spiritualism. Their loving counsel as they bid us be brave to press forward in the battle for truth, inspires us with a courage which animates our daily life. They bid us be faithful, to do all in our power to aid and protect the mediums, and above all to be true to our convictions of right, cost what it may.

Dear friends and readers, perhaps at times you feel discouraged with the untoward conditions of life; but after all, would you always care for sunshine? As the writer looks back upon life with its trials, it comes as a conviction that it was the struggle which brought the strength of character needed in times of trial.

Spiritualism, to its true adherent, is a living light illuminating all the dark places of material life. All hail the glorious day when all men shall know the truth of Spiritualism, when shall be given to all the power of seeing and

hearing the spirits; when each heart shall be so attuned to the spirit world that it shall catch the echo from the home of the soul; when the mother through her tears shall be blessed with the sight of her arisen loved one, and shall need no other medium to transmit the message for her. So sure as there is a ruling power in the universe, the time will come when through the evolution of man's spiritual nature he will be enabled to come in close relation to the spirit world! Let us help onward that time by giving the best conditions to those who are now gifted with mediumistic power. See to it that you dull not their brightness by undeserved censure.

May angels bless our mediums! May they surround them with love and tenderness, and so encourage and cheer them in the dark places of life that they may be inspired to look upward and march onward until they reach the mountain top, and plant the standard of truth to be seen of all men.

M. E. CADWALLADER.  
Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1896.

## MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

**Lynn.**—T. H. B. James writes: The Spiritualists held services Sunday, at 33 Summer street, with large and appreciative audiences.

At 2:30 test, healing and developing circle. Mrs. S. J. Wilson presided at the piano, Mrs. C. A. Sherwin gave a sublime invocation, Dr. S. M. Furubush remarks on "Worship," Dr. I. A. Pierce on "Harmony," Mrs. D. E. Matson on "Spiritual Phenomena," Capt. J. Balcom on "Spirit Communications," Mrs. C. B. Hare on "Spirit-Return." Tests and spirit messages were given by Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, Mrs. C. B. Hare, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin, Miss F. Isabel Hancock, Mrs. C. A. Sherwin, Willie A. Estes, Dr. E. M. Furubush, and others. Dr. I. A. Pierce, Dr. S. M. Furubush, Alfred E. Warren, W. H. Rounseville, Jessie H. Blokford, and others, gave magnetic treatments to many, benefiting all.

At 7:30 selections by Misses Lena and Elsie Burns; Mrs. L. A. Prentiss gave an invocation; Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, musical séance; Dr. I. A. Pierce remarks on "Investigation of Spiritualism," Mrs. D. E. Matson on "Laws that Govern the Universe," Mrs. C. B. Hare on "Spirit-Communication." Many recognized tests and messages by Mrs. Annie J. Brennan and Mrs. L. A. Prentiss.

Next Sunday, at 2:30, test, healing and developing circle by the same mediums, and others. At 7:30 short addresses and tests by Mrs. C. B. Hare, Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin, Mrs. Annie J. Brennan, Dr. I. A. Pierce, Capt. J. Balcom, and others.

At Mrs. Dr. Dowland's, Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, Capt. J. Balcom presided and gave remarks on "Higher Life"; Mrs. Dr. Dowland, on "The Truths in Nature as Jesus Taught"; Mrs. D. E. Matson, on "Spiritual Laws"; Mrs. L. A. Prentiss, on "Spirit-Communication." Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Mrs. Vina P. Goodwin, and Mrs. Florence A. Lamphier gave many recognized tests.

Friday evening, Mediums' Meeting, the hall was packed. Dr. I. A. Pierce presided and gave well-chosen remarks; Capt. J. Balcom, remarks on "Spirit Communication"; tests and spirit-messages by Mrs. J. A. Prentiss, Mrs. C. B. Hare, Mrs. D. E. Matson, Mrs. Alice M. Lefavour, Mrs. Dr. Dowland closed the meeting with well-chosen remarks for the Cause of Spiritualism. All mediums are invited to take part in these meetings.

**Cadet Hall.**—Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: On Sunday, Dec. 13, Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, delivered two most powerful and eloquent lectures, taking subjects from the audience. He handled the various questions in a masterly manner and to the great satisfaction of his hearers. His tests were also clear and readily recognized. Mr. W. H. Thomas and F. E. Averill rendered an instrumental duet in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Edgerly will remain with us during the month.

**Salem.**—"N. B. P." writes: The First Spiritualist Society, Dec. 13, was addressed by Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea; he was the speaker and medium. He has just returned from a successful engagement in Tusculum, Pa. He is a great favorite among the Spiritualists of this vicinity, and is always greeted with large and intelligent audiences. The subjects of his lectures for the meetings to-day were: in the afternoon, "Genius of the Geniuses"; in the evening, "Scope and Benefit of the Spiritual Rostrom to Mankind." Mr. Baxter treated both of the subjects in a clear, comprehensive and intelligent manner. He also gave a great many spirit delineations, which were described very minutely, full names given and of course were recognized. Sunday, Dec. 20, '96, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree will occupy our platform. She is a gifted speaker and a very accurate test medium.

**BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale at the hall. Subscription, \$2.00 per annum; \$1.00 semi-annually; 50 cents quarterly. You could not do better than at this time purchase a copy of this valuable paper to some dear friend who is seeking for the true light.

**Lowell.**—Ed. S. Varney writes, under date of Dec. 14: The meetings of the First Spiritualist Society of this city have been having a special boom of late, much credit for which is due the Chairman, Mr. Hill, and the Secretary, Mr. George H. Hand, for their tireless, self-sacrificing labors.

On Sunday, the 6th inst., we had Lowell's favorite, Miss Blanche Hazel Braithwaite, test medium and lecturer, who packed the hall. She came again the first Sunday in February.

Yesterday we had one of the brainiest medial investigators on the spiritual rostrum, Dr. Theodore F. Price, of Boston. In the afternoon he spoke before a good-sized audience, and in the evening a still larger one greeted him. His discourse at night was an evolutionary one. He also dwelt upon the law of heredity, especially in its relations to the criminal classes.

At the close of each service Dr. Price gave convincing delineations of spirit presence.

**Marlboro.**—Mrs. H. A. Spaulding, Pres., writes: Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth officiated at the evening meeting held by the First Spiritualist Society Thursday evening before a large audience. An exalted and dignified speaker, he made remarks in which was embodied a brief summary of events of his forty years of life on the spiritualistic platform were very interesting and pleasing to his listeners; test demonstrations were numerous, and promptly recognized.

A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation of a solid gold watch, charm, or the snuffbox designed also as a beautiful bouquet of flowers by the President, to Mr. Stiles in behalf of the members of the Society—being the anniversary day of his birth. He feelingly and appropriately responded to the act.

The singing by the Lyceum children was highly appreciated. Sunday, Dec. 13, Mr. Stiles again occupied our platform.

**Worcester.**—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Dr. Geo. A. Fuller occupied our platform as speaker Sunday, Dec. 13. The subject of his evening lecture, as announced in our daily papers, was: "Personal Experiences in Physical Phenomena," and attracted a large gathering of people, among them many strangers. He said that the powers of the unseen through different mediums throughout the country, including different phases—independent slate-writing, materialization, etc.—proved conclusively that evidences of spirit-communication were more than abundant for those who care to seek them.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon and evening, Dec. 18, with Mrs. Mary Wicks, 84 John street.

Edgar W. Emerson will be our speaker next Sunday.

**BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale at each session.

**Springfield.**—E. W. P. writes: We had for our speaker the opening Sunday, and the next following, Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester. His discourses were of a high order, and were listened to by an appreciative audience.

Dec. 8, Mrs. A. Cummings of this place gave two very fine discourses.

Sunday, Dec. 13, we had with us one of the oldest speakers in the field, Rev. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster (settled speaker for the Greenwich Society), who gave two most excellent discourses to large audiences. Music on all occasions has been excellent.

It is also noted that Mrs. Cummings will conduct the services next Sunday.

Dr. Fuller will doubtless become the permanent speaker in the near future.

**Cambridgeport.**—St. George's Hall, 622 Massachusetts Avenue.—J. F. Fredericks writes: Morning circle opened at 11 A. M. with good harmony and power.

Evening Service—Congregational singing; invocation and remarks by Mr. J. S. Scarlett; recitations by Mrs. J. F. Hunt and Mrs. Abbott; Mrs. Tracy, Mr. William Gates, Mr. Farnam, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Fredericks gave due tests.

We feel much encouraged by the general interest manifested in our meetings.

**BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale at all the meetings.

**duum, singer and musician.** He speaks for us again next Sunday, Dec. 20. Societies will make no mistake in securing his services.

**Springfield.**—H. A. Budington writes: A new church has been organized in this city, under the title of the "Church of the Spirit." Dr. H. G. Hawkins is President, and Mrs. Laura A. Cummings, of 66 Palmer Avenue, Cor. Sec'y.

The Society holds Sunday meetings in America Mechanics Hall, corner of Harrison Avenue and Main street.

On Thursdays sociables and suppers are given in the same place.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller spoke the first two Sundays; Mrs. Cummings spoke the 6th of December, and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw the 13th.

The church has already obtained some forty members, and has been of a valuable aid in introducing the cause of a higher Spiritualism.

**Leominster.**—Juliette Yeaw writes: The platform of the Independent Liberal Church of Green which was occupied Sunday, Dec. 6, by Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Association. He was all heartily by the assembly of his manner, with his eloquence and unanswerable logic, he listened to with almost breathless interest. The opening exercises were conducted by the regular speaker.

Dec. 13 the many warm friends of Miss Lizzie Harlow were gratified to welcome her again. She is a favorite in the Society for her own sake, as well as that of the ever fondly-remembered Clara Banks.

**Cambridgeport.**—G. A. R. Hall.—Patriotic Band of Spirit-Return Society.—L. J. A. Kerman writes: Our morning circle is growing in numbers as well as spiritually. Afternoon and evening meetings we have a large attendance and a number of the best mediumists to select. Mr. Thomas and Katie Butler sang. **BANNER OF LIGHT** for sale.

**Malden.**—Mary E. Wellington writes: Mrs. Loring spoke for us on the evening of Dec. 13. Her delineations and tests were wonderfully accurate.

At Odd Fellows' Hall, at 7:30 P. M., Mrs. Hattie Webber will speak and give tests Dec. 20.

**Haverhill.**—"O. H." writes: Large audiences greeted Mr. E. W. Emerson Sunday afternoon and evening, Dec. 13. The discourses were well received, and the delineations were accurate and convincing.

Sunday, Dec. 20, Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydenville.

**Fall River.**—S. Mottenthead writes: Dec. 13 we had two very largely-attended meetings, the evening meeting being conducted by local mediums, who gave very good tests. Next Sunday we have Mr. J. D. Stiles.

## CONNECTICUT.

**Meriden.**—H. W. Hale writes: The Psychical and Liberal Association of Spiritualists of this place, of which I have the honor of being President, is in a flourishing condition. We have just had the Fosters, Frank N. and Benj. F., physical mediums, with us, who gave two of their remarkable sances in our hall to large and appreciative audiences; they gave universal satisfaction. I heartily recommend them to any society desiring a public séance for physical manifestations in the light.

## RHODE ISLAND.

**Providence.**—Benj. F. Prouty, Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association held its regular meetings afternoon and evening, Sunday, Dec. 13, at Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street. Mrs. Russeque being sick, we had for our speaker Mrs. Laura Cummings of Springfield, Mass., who gave us two very able lectures.

Next Sunday we are in hopes that Mrs. Russeque will be able to be with us again.

## Cleveland Christmas Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Christmas! What pleasant memories are revived on the recurrence of this annual festival, yet how widely different are the thoughts and emotions of the writer as to the meaning and significance of the holiday to what they were in his youth. Born in a country (England) where Christmas day was and is regarded as the day of all days, the holiday of all holidays in the entire year, even when dissociated from its theological significance, it seemed particularly strange, on the writer's first arrival in America, in 1853, to find so little attention paid to the celebrating of Christmas day by Americans. Public enthusiasm there was concentrated on the "Glorious Fourth" and "New Year's day" as the two principal American holidays, with "Thanksgiving day" as a good third. But somehow, for some reason, mainly theological, I take it, Christmas day has since steadily grown in importance, and been more generally observed throughout the United States the past quarter of a century than ever before; until to-day it is second to none as a holiday, and unsurpassed as a season of feasting.

With its theological significance and suggestion we as Spiritualists care but little; in fact, there is no proof whatever that the twenty-fifth of December was the birthday of the one in whose honor Christendom celebrates—the date marks an astronomical event rather than the theological one attributed to it. However that may be, the season is one that Spiritualists as well as Christians prize as a season of peace and goodwill, and one of the lessons humanity is slowly learning, and may eventually lead to a practicalization of "the brotherhood of man," which at present is only dimly recognized in theory.

The churches, as usual, are in active preparation for the proper theological observance of the day. The storekeepers have their windows artistically dressed so as to show off their wares to the very best advantage, that they may catch the trade of those purchasing Christmas presents; and the children are talking of and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mythical "Santa Claus." So notwithstanding the hard times, and the anxiety to share the festivities of Christmas, particularly Sunday school children, are ever on the alert for the presents so generously dispensed at this season.

What of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland? Alas! for the first time in its history (thirty years) no presents this Christmas will be given the scholars; the reason given by the officers thereof is that the Lyceum is in need of a renovation, followed by light refreshments and a social time, will be all the celebration the little ones of our Lyceum will get this year. The rent must be paid, new singing-books are needed, and the paraphernalia of the Lyceum needs entire renovating. Of course the children will not like this breach of such a time-honored custom, nor will it add any to the credit of our Sunday School.

The Young Folks' Lyceum Supper Parties, the fourth of which was held at the Thayer Kindergarten, on Van Ness street, on Friday, 11th inst., have been very pleasant and financially successful, but the fund raised from this source is a special one for the purchase of new books.

The next Lyceum business in order is the election of officers next Sunday for the coming year. Every year seems to make it more difficult to get capable and willing workers to select from.

No Sunday Evening Meetings being held now in this city under spiritualistic auspices, many Spiritualists have got in the habit of attending the more "theological" lectures on "Psychic Phenomena" (not Spiritualism, you know) given by the Rev. Dr. S. P. Sprecher, of the Euclid-Avenue Presbyterian Church. The learned doctor has taken great pains in his researches, and clearly sets forth the well-attested facts of many phases of the phenomena he presents, but—unavoidably closes his discourses by saying: "Now, my hearers, to think I accept the spiritualistic theory, believing that 'psychology' will in time explain all this class of phenomena." Dr. Sprecher is even more guarded than the Rev. Minot J. Savage, who does not know what to do with the facts he has collected. It is a very difficult thing for a popular minister of the gospel, like Dr. Sprecher, to keep abreast of the times and yet hold on to his salary of \$4,000 per year.

A Merry Christmas to the Banner of Light publishing Company and its editorial staff, who have made such a gallant fight to sustain (ay, more than that), I might truthfully add to surpass the high prestige of the veteran spiritualistic journal of the world, the **BANNER OF LIGHT**. It seems to me that Colby must be more than pleased at the improved make-up of the paper his noble heart was set on while editor-in-chief so many years. May the broad folds of the good old **BANNER** continue to flutter in the spiritualistic breeze, until all appreciate the noble work it has done in the past and is still doing.

Memorial Services for our late Guardian, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Cattell, will be held at the Metropolitan Hall. The Lyceum has not yet recovered from the loss of this able and spiritual worker.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston, who has lately been visiting and speaking in several towns in Northern Ohio, sojourned two weeks in this city. While no opportunity offered for this excellent medium to hold public sances, she did hold a number of social receptions were tendered her. The genial lady, though a stranger, made many warm friends while here.

Return of an old Favorite.—Mrs. Rena Conover, better known as Rena Hatch, our former Lyceum Musical Director, whose home has been in Cincinnati

the past five years, has again taken up her residence in Cleveland, and mingles once more among her numerous Lyceum friends.

In conclusion, your correspondent takes this means of wishing his many friends and the many thousands of your other readers, the best compliments of the season—a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR. Fraternally yours, THOMAS LEWIS, 11 Lodge Avenue, Dec. 11, 1896.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. J. J. Whitney has returned to her Pacific home, and may be addressed at 218 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. J. Colville is lecturing in Union Square Hall, New York, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 P. M.; also on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 8 P. M., at 52 West Fourteenth street, to excellent audiences. On Christmas Day, at 3 P. M., in Union-Square Hall, there will be festival music and special lecture, at 3 P. M., subject, "The Message of Christmas to all Humanity." Collection for the poor.

Frank T. Ripley, the well known speaker and test medium, having recovered from illness of rheumatism, is at Toledo, O., and will serve societies for January and February. Address all letters for December to 323 Erie street, Toledo. For January, all letters addressed to 242 31st street, Chicago, Ill. Bro. Ripley has just closed a most successful engagement, as reported, for the First Society at Detroit, Mich.

J. C. F. Grumbine, who is serving the First Spiritual Temple, will be pleased to lecture in New England any week evenings for very reasonable terms; also to hold classes for development in psychometry, clairvoyance, inspiration and psychopathy. See his notice in this paper, and address him Box 23, Station B, Boston, Mass. He will be in Boston during December and January, and has opened his classes at the Temple.

Edgar W. Emerson is engaged in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 20 and 27; Indianapolis, Ind., the month of January; New York City, the month of February.

Mrs. E. M. Ripley, platform medium, having returned from the Lakes would like to make a few engagements in places near the city. Address 1098 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. J. W. Kenyon lectured and gave tests in Fall River on Sunday, the 6th inst.—her tests giving great satisfaction; is reengaged for further work. She filled the sixth call to Lynn last Wednesday; lectured and gave tests in Pawtucket the 12th. Societies wishing for a first-class test medium can address her at Waverly, Mass.

Mr. J. W. Kenyon will lecture in Fall River, Mass., Jan. 10, and in Brockton, Jan. 11. Societies desirous of services address him at Waverly, Mass.

On Sunday, Dec. 13, W. J. Colville addressed two very large audiences in Warner's Hall, Broad street, Philadelphia; he will speak there again Dec. 20, at 3 P. M., subject: "Do the Planets Influence our Destiny?—If so, How?" and at 7:45 P. M. on "The Evolution of the World's Great Religions." Class in Spiritual Science meets on Mondays at 2:30 and 8 P. M., at 534 North Tenth street.

## Southern Cassadaga Camp-Meeting, Lake Helen, Florida.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A large number of New England people are proposing to visit the camp, which opens Feb. 14. On Dec. 2, thirteen people sailed on the *Comanche* of the Clyde Line, from New York, most of them bound for the Camp.

On Jan. 9, a second party will go on same ship. I have obtained very low rates for this excursion, and those who wish to join it should communicate with me at an early date.

The names of those who went Dec. 2 are:

Mrs. A. G. Sumner & Son, of Riverside, Mass.; James C. Walker and mother and Mr. Rugg, of St. Albans, Vt.; Mrs. Sarah T. Goodnow, of Brattleboro, Vt.; Mrs. Sarah T. Wright, of Torrington, Conn.; Nathan C. Conner, wife, of Chicago Falls, Mass.; H. B. Johnson and wife, of Springfield, Mass.; Miss Shay, of Springfield; Mr. Harrison of Chicopee.

91 Sherman street. H. A. BUDINGTON.

## Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The People's Progressive Spiritualist Association, holding services in B. T. Hall, had another largely-attended meeting on Sunday evening, Dec. 13.

Mr. F. H. Roscoe was the speaker, who always calls out a large and intelligent audience to hear him. He is unquestionably one of the most magnetic speakers upon the spiritual rostrum.

He paid a glowing tribute to the **BANNER OF LIGHT** and the grand work it is doing in carrying the truth of immortality to hungry souls.

Miss Olive Hunter, the soloist of the Association, sang very sweetly several fine solos. Prof. Josselyn presided at the piano.

Our Entertainment and Festival for Dec. 21 is prospering finely.

Whenever you come across an advertisement of anyone who claims to be able to

reunite absent lovers, husbands and wives, give lucky lottery numbers and all such stuff, let them severely alone. They are humbugs and frauds, and will rob you if they have an opportunity. And further, do not pay them money in advance to develop your spiritual gifts. Honest mediums are willing to take their pay as they earn it. The true Spiritualists are after these humbugs and frauds, who are bringing our beautiful religion into disrepute, and will drive from the ranks all such pretended mediums. Have nothing to do with them.—*The Dawning Light, San Antonio, Tex.*

## 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 Osanburgh 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.

**Theosophic and Occult.**

A select list of most popular Novels, Essays, etc., representing Corelli, Collins, Kinsford, Judge, Bennett, Harman, Van der Mar, and others; parry, and others; price, \$2.00; post free on receipt of 50 cents. Send for "Theosophy," by Marie Corelli, and read of a disembodied spirit, \$1.00. Catalogue mailed on request. Mention the **BANNER OF LIGHT**.

**American Publishers' Corporation,**

310-318 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. Dec. 19.

## A Remarkable Offer.

**PROF. TATLOW**, Clairvoyant, Physician, Onset, Mass., will give full diagnosis of your case and tell you what will cure you. Enclose lock of hair and ten cents (silver). Business readings, \$1. Six questions answered, 50 cents. Dec. 19.

**Mrs. L. M. Bixby**

Will give writings from the Ancient Order on the law of mediumship, and how to hold forces. Price \$2.00. Address 287 Washington street, Roxbury, Mass. Dec. 19.

**Dr. Fred Crockett,**

Electric or Massage Treatment, 71 W. Brookline st., Boston. Dec. 19.

**Maine's Mysterious Healer,**

DR. A. R. GILMORE, 296 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. Dec. 19.

**Learn how to permanently destroy SUPER FLUOR HAIR** yourself. Instructions by mail, \$2.00. Mrs. M. M. BARBARETTE, Box 57, Hyde Park, Mass. Dec. 19.

## WILBRAM'S WEALTH;

Or, The Coming Democracy.

BY J. J. MORSE.



## 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 Consulting 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 Nov. 6, 1896.

#### Spirit Invocation.

Spirit of Love, Spirit of Knowledge, we beseech thee this morning that thou wilt draw nigh unto us, that we may feel thy guiding hand, that we may realize thy protecting power, and awaken all the dull faculties that seem to be lying in the brain of man; awaken up to the consciousness of the living being, the power to penetrate—that the God of the Christian, the God of the heaven, and the God of the universe, is the power that awakens the souls of men. Awake those atoms that are imbued with thy likeness, quicken those atoms that seem to be dead through ignorance, and are kept silent through superstition.

We thank thee, oh God, this morning, for the enlightenment of education, and the advancement of free thought; and yet we desire still more freedom, for we desire freedom in action, freedom in speech and liberty, and progress in all things. Oh draw near to each one this morning who is laboring for the education of humanity; draw closer to each one who is now in thy presence, as we have once again met to secure the privilege of opening the way of the immortals, so that they can communicate with mortals; oh! that we might realize with more fullness the responsibilities that rest upon each one—and also realize how much is yet to be penetrated; to feel that we are reaping the harvest of success! We thank thee for what has been done; we thank thee that thou hast sustained this channel for so many years as the open door to all who may come in and meet with us. We have realized the various instruments that have been reared through thy great power, and how many instruments in various ways are to-day trying to teach the people right. Oh! give us individual development; give us within ourselves the consciousness of thy sublime power, and we know that thy name shall have influence now and forever; yes, all through eternity.

#### INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

##### Hervey Van Waggoner.

Good morning, Mr. President. I am going to try and hold this medium for a little while if I can, but I see as I come very close to material I am thrown a good deal into the last conditions that I went out under; I might say, that although I feel a stranger among you, the good Chairman on our spirit-side has informed me that I will feel better if I give my sentiments to the world. I have been very much interested in the present campaign, and I might say that I lost my own life fighting politics; so you will see by that that I was very much interested in that direction while in earth-life, and it was more than my head could contend with—or we might say, perhaps, the physical was not strong enough to take up the mental pressure that was upon it; hence I have been out of the body some four or five years, I should think.

I went out very suddenly, but I do not wish to call back the dark scenes of action then; I do not wish my friends to recognize me by the rash acts, but to recall me as a friend, a man who was desirous to see success for his country, his friends and family. I was not a Spiritualist, neither did I understand much about what we would meet in the life beyond; in fact, Mr. President, I never gave it a second thought. I found, since I was liberated from the body, that there have been many changes, and I have seen, after it was too late, that I caused more trouble and sorrow and anxiety to others than I did for myself. I liberated myself from my troubles, but I regretted later that I did not relieve my friends.

I have been seeking all this time to come in contact with some one that would tell them in earth-life that I am not dead, that I have still an interest in my home, and that I have been trying to lift the shadows from off their soul and say to them: "Be of good cheer."

I should like to send this message, because I know your paper goes broadcast, and I know it falls into the hands of so many people that perhaps can sympathize with me as I can with them.

I should say especially, Mr. President, I don't suppose you like a political message, because it is not always, they inform me, best; I merely say what I do to identify myself to those who do not know how beautifully a spirit can return to friends and help them.

I would merely say to those that feel the death—to those that have not seen their cherished hopes brought to success—fear not, for the spirit-world is working for the benefit of humanity, independent of religion, independent as far as politics are concerned. I will say to all: Seek diligently, work faithfully, and all will be well.

Mr. President, I will say that while in earth-life I was very much interested in political affairs, and by conditions that came against me, as I was once striving for collectorship, but did not get it; the condition proved more than I could bear, and the result was that I committed suicide; but I am now well and happy, and desire happiness to all.

My name, Mr. President, is Hervey Van Waggoner; I shall be recognized through New York, especially in Utica. I will also be remembered in Louisville and several of the surrounding towns there.

##### Lewis B. Wilson.

Good morning, Mr. Day. I thought I would take control of the medium a few minutes; I have never controlled this instrument before, but I thought it would be better for others and myself to follow the last one that manifested, and to bring the organism en rapport again with others, because we have found many times in the spirit-life that where we have been familiar with the work, and watching the controlling powers as they control the various mediums with the peculiar conditions that are sometimes thrown upon them, we sometimes can assist, and I am always glad to be able to assist a medium in the control.

I want to say, Mr. Day, that I feel that you will be perfectly familiar; I am so glad to see you in the position you hold, and have held for so many years; I am glad to see you able to carry on the work, but I many times wonder how you get through it—how you manage to turn out so much more than used to be done. We want to say, that if you do not gain the material aid, you gain our spiritual aid, for it is truly said that there are few of us who are appreciated until after we are gone.

I want to say, I am glad to be with you this morning, both in spirit and in cooperation. I am glad to see that the work is still progressing, and that we have not quite so many things to contend with. I want to send kind greetings to all who are connected with the work, especially with the firm. I oftentimes look back over the many years that we have labored together, and ask myself, especially since I have been in spirit, oh! if it had not been for the power of the unseen forces, could we have stayed through all that we have? And yet, when I look back and see how much better things look now, how much easier and closer things are prevailing, I feel to-day like saying, Thank God and the good angels, and even a few who have cooperated with us in mortal.

I will not take up too much time this morning; there is so much I would like to say, but feel the time has not yet come—but I send this as my greeting to all. I should like to say that there are many of the old workers who have labored in the field with us here this morning, Mr. Day, let me extend my thankfulness and kindness to you; it is the prayer of your old friend, Lewis B. Wilson.

##### Sarah Otis.

Oh, is it not just beautiful this morning? The sun shines so pretty, and your flowers, oh! they are just the picture of beauty and love. It seems to harmonize everything so beautifully. The mortal never sees until after he leaves it. I can say, the same as the one who preceded me, that I was familiar with control, and sometimes I used to go and see mediums when I was in the body; but I didn't really believe in Spiritualism. Mr. President, I found so many in the spirit-life just as I was, so many who used to go and see mediums, and talk with them and get encouragement from them—and I feel this morning that I want to return and say to my dear loved ones on earth (for it is my own I am anxious about), I have found spirit-life so much different, and in fact so much more real, that I have not the power of language to give you the expression I would like to. I have met Fred, and I have met so many of my own here that it seems truly like home.

I have met father and mother, and also Susan; she is not of my own family, but the dear loved ones will know to whom I have reference; and I want them in earth-life to know that I have not left them, neither have I forsaken them. I do say, especially to my husband and to my children, that if you will only open up an avenue; if you will only seek a little, or look a little into the spiritualistic side of life, and understand it, you will see where your friends are always around you, but you do not see them and do not think they can come in contact with you, for I have seen my companion since I have passed on to spirit get so discouraged, and he seems to be so much alone, and I am afraid he is breaking down physically; I say to you, Daniel, you must not do it; be of good cheer, and all will be well. I see where you need our encouragement and our assistance, and will try and help you all I can, only be faithful and seek for yourself, and the light shall be given you. And by-and-by, when we all meet again in the spirit-land, oh! we will understand each other better.

My name is Sarah Otis, and my home will be remembered especially in Lowell, Mass.; I have friends also in Concord, N. H. I should like to say: "James, be careful." Thank you very kindly, Mr. President; I hope that the earth ones will think of me, because I tried so many times to come in contact with them, and I do wish them to become interested.

##### John Warren Tuttle.

I feel very much at home here, because everything looks familiar—that is, as far as this beautiful city of Boston is concerned; I also should say that I was not entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, because to me it was the very essence of life; to me the physical was gone, and it sustained and upheld me both in body and soul. I feel still that there are those surrounding that I am interested in, who have the consciousness of the spirit-communication; and yet they do get discouraged while they are traveling in earth-life adventures. Experience is a great school, both to the material and the spiritual world.

I have not many relatives left, as far as the mortal body is concerned, as I found the most of them in spirit; but I have dear friends who are brought close to me by that tie of love that falls to us—that belongs to us. Mr. President, there is one thing that seems to show me more than ever since I have been in spirit, that we feel that there is not such a thing as separation.

I am anxious to reach one, especially, in earth-life, and through this communication encourage him and make him feel stronger. I oftentimes hear him say: "I wonder if Warren is with me." I say: "Charlie, yes, indeed; although I was called home very suddenly, yet not unexpectedly." The angel friends who had guided me so many, many years, prepared me for the change; they gave me to understand to be ready, for I knew not the minute nor the hour; and I was ready, although I was taken somewhat suddenly—more so than I expected, for I was in hopes they would let me get home, but I did not; for on my way I was called home. I want them to know I am still with them; I am still laboring to assist them.

I know your paper is still valuable to many of my friends. It was to me the Bible, and I loved to watch and study over the columns and read the varying expressions of the very many reports. I hope this will be received sincerely, for my friends were quite reserved, and I did not like a great deal of show—I did not like to make a great fuss. I felt if I did a thing I did it because I wanted to, and that is why I am here this morning. I say to all: "Seek well, for when you reach the spirit-side you will be all right if you have improved the opportunities you have had on earth."

Mr. President, my name is John Warren Tuttle, and my home was in Mills, Mass.

##### Idaline F. Martin.

I seem to feel as if this looks like the old body over again; I seem to feel as I come in and look around, as if I would like to come back and stay all the time again; it seems awful good to have the privilege of visiting our friends, because it used to look such an impossible feat after we passed out of the physical form; for they seem to conceive that death hides all faculties and all consciousness, and after they get the physical body laid aside that is all that is left them. There were a few perhaps that thought they might meet again.

Mr. President, I suppose if any of my friends see this communication they won't hardly believe it—that after so many years of silence, and being dead, as they term it, that I will now

make an effort to come forth, and communicate with them; but the reason I have done so is, that during these years of silence I have not been dead, but active; I have been learning the laws of spirit-life.

I was quite well advanced in years before I passed out of the body—well nigh on to eighty years—it only lacked a little while of it. I have been out of the body I should think very near twenty years, and I have just a few of my own now left; but in these past years they have made progress, the earth people think differently now, and our ministers talk differently, and it is for that reason I want to come back, and prove to Caroline, my granddaughter, that it is all right, that the spirit does live after leaving the body. The spirit is conscious of what its earth-friends are doing. I would say to her that "your mother is with me this morning, but she is too weak to give forth her own communication." Say that they are all together, and if you will develop your own mediumship you will find that years and time are nothing to the spirit when the earth-ones wish to communicate with them. You see the spirit can travel very rapidly, and we can come to you under right conditions.

I want you all to realize that those that have joined me since I passed out of the body are here this morning, and my husband is also in spirit with me. I want the earth-ones that are left to know that we will administer to life continually.

My name is Idaline F. Martin, and my home, when I was in the body, was in Chicago, Ill. My granddaughter, the one I want to reach, is here in Boston. I shall be remembered in New York and in Chicago. I say, if they will open the door of investigation, all will go well.

##### Amasa Bailey.

Good-morning, Mr. President. I feel pleased to have the permission of identifying myself this morning. I would like to say to the earth ones who are left that I was well paid for the time spent in my investigation of the life beyond the grave and the possibilities of their communicating with us. I have been in your midst many times, and it always does me good when I can hear some one bring back words of encouragement—especially where the light is just beginning to burn. I suppose I can thank my good mother for imbuing me. I felt disposed toward liberality, and from my youngest day I never could see the justice in a true loving God bringing any great suffering upon his children. In mortal life I was very much interested in Universalism, and I like that word to-day; I like to feel that there is a universal God, I like to feel there is a universal salvation, and I like to feel that we belong to the great universe of the higher divine powers. I was brought still closer to the consciousness that our friends could return and communicate with us, and it gave me great consolation—especially in the last few years, or last of my earthly career. I felt their presence, and I knew that when I stepped out of the one I should be clothed with the other.

While I was confident in that, and while I knew my faith made others feel it, yet I told them I should come again, and I have come in various ways. I have tried to keep my word, but I have been so many times around this open door that this morning I would like to send out a message of love and gratitude and affection to the dear ones that are left in earth-life.

My home was in the far West, and I find that there they are progressing; I see that Spiritualism has made quite an advance—much more than it did years ago; but it is nothing more than I expected. I used to tell them it was the great truth, and that the spirit did not come to satisfy, but to liberate man from the superstition and darkness of life—it came to assist us in our needs.

I want to say, Mr. President, both to relieve my own spirit and also to give encouragement to those who are still seeking light and knowledge, it is well over here.

My name, Mr. President, is Amasa Bailey, and my home is in Ohio. Perhaps it is well to say it was in the town of Massillon.

#### Messages to be Published.

Nov. 13.—Mary Lee; Capt. Albert Cummings; Charles P. Temple; Elizabeth Norris; Mary Elizabeth Cook; James McCallan; Alfred Frederick Morris; Mrs. Mary C. P. King; Charles E. Elderger; Charles Hooper; Ida Dyer; Capt. Elijah N. Bolton; Jerome Butler; Mary E. MacLaughlin.

Dec. 17.—Mary C. P. King; Mrs. Ruth Jones; Henry Jackson; Ellen J. Annles; Dr. H. F. Gardner; Catherine L. Murphy; for her son, Alfred Gleason.

Dec. 4.—Edmund James Helling; Edwin E. Varney; Emma F. Fales; William Harris; Mary Stevenson; Eben Phil lips.

Dec. 11.—Abigail Marshall; Joseph P. Hazard; Emeline Alden; Mary Ann Atkinson; Mary A. Crosby; Archibald Clayton; Eva Emery.

#### December Magazines.

LADIES' HOME COMPANION.—The current number is adorned with a Christmas number, from its title page, adorned with holly leaves and boughs, to the Christmas ball of fare. On the first page is "A Bachelor's Household, A Christmas Story," by Sophie Sweet, illustrated by B. Martin Justice; then follows "The Lord's Drunken Cup, A Christmas Story," by Ella Higgluson, illustrated by Jessie Hart Dodd; "Four Feet on a Fender, A Christmas Story," by Elizabeth Overstreet Cuddy, illustrated by Harry Roseland; "A Journey to Nowhere, A Christmas Story," by Hezekiah Butterworth, illustrated by Otto Toaspen. The closing chapters of the serial, "An Inheritance," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, illustrated by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Christmas poems, etc. The departments are all well cared for, and combine to make a very fine holiday number. Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, Publishers, Springfield, O.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—The Christmas number presents itself in a special cover, which one can scarcely fail to see and admire. It is decorated with a fine drawing by Henry McCarter in interpretation of a well-known painting of Botticelli's, and is richly printed in colors. There is a Christmas poem by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; a Christmas Drumchuck story by Ian McClure; a second installment of the Kipling serial and a Kipling short story; a characteristic humorous story by Frank R. Stockton; and others too numerous to mention. The frontispiece is the earliest known portrait of Grant, lately discovered, and never before published; there is also a portrait of Washington, for the first time published. The Editor gives an account of a journey over the historic highway from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, with some interesting views taken under his supervision. The S. S. McClure Co., 141-153 East Twenty-fifth street, New York City.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—The delicate cover of this number most artistically symbolizes Christmas, and the sentiment and spirit of the holiday season are reflected in its pages. An appropriate opening is a characterization of "Scrooge," from Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," the first of Charles Dana's series of sketches of the great novelist's best-known characters. There are also many other Christmas papers from prominent writers, notably Lady Jeune and M. F. Woolf; also poems by James Whitcomb Riley, Clarence Henry Pearson, Frank L. Stanton and others. The editorial page by the editor, and the several departments are all in a truly holiday vein. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A new tabulation of the salaries placed under the government which are included in the classified civil service, shows a total of \$3,299, of which only 781 are exempted from examination.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By Mrs. E. H. Degrew, Boston.] Is it possible to heal a person whose mind is not in a condition to heal him or herself? If so, how could it be done?

ANS.—Certainly it is possible to set in motion a force on behalf of a person who, in his present condition, cannot help himself. Though it is always necessary to win the spiritual consent of a patient or he cannot be successfully reached, there are many instances where it is impossible to win the verbal consent, or even that of the intellect, which in many cases of serious disorder is in a much belated condition.

The essential spirit in every case is willing to respond to whatever appeal is wisely and lovingly addressed to it, and, indeed, were we to meditate in this connection upon nothing higher than simply animal instinct, we should still be led to the conclusion that the primitive, rudimentary instinct of self preservation alone does actually cause all sensitive living creatures to cordially welcome whatever influences make for their welfare, and to as decidedly repel whatever is likely to prove detrimental to their well-being.

Animals, very young children, feeble-minded persons of all ages, as well as those who are temporarily insensible to rational appeals on account of some immediate lapse of outer consciousness, are all amenable to the good offices of the mental or spiritual healer, because the sub-self invariably welcomes in an instinctive manner whatever approaches it in the way of conferring a blessing.

We may surely agree that no one wishes to be ill or unhappy. The utmost that any one seems able to do in the direction of submitting to illness is to endure it without complaint.

New on the side of health and happiness the case is directly reversed. Everybody enjoys health, and consciously delights in happiness, therefore every suggestion made with the kind intention of helping some one to become well and happy is seized upon with avidity by the sub-self of the sufferer, who absorbs helpful suggestions oftentimes in sleep or in conditions of semi-insensibility.

The mental healer in order to be truly successful must be very gentle but very firm. Sympathy of the right sort is a valuable therapeutic agent, though misdirected sympathy is a bane, though intended for a blessing.

Remember whenever you are treating an invalid that you are his sincere friend, working for his best interest; you are consequently the determined and relentless opponent of whatever is operating to his detriment.

Take your stand quietly and serenely that the spirit is master of the flesh, and address your mental conversation to the interior seclusion of your patient. If you are troubled, vexed or agitated, you cannot exert that tranquilizing, harmonizing effect upon another that you can, and assuredly will, when you have obeyed the prime injunction, "Heal thyself," which assuredly means that he who would confer a blessing on another, must himself be sensible of the possession of that inner blessedness in which he desires a neighbor to participate through his instrumentality.

As you continue your appeals to the inner-consciousness of your patients, you will find that they are becoming steadily prepared to receive and profit by verbal lessons which they may be disposed to take more readily from you than from any one else, seeing that you have already proved yourself a friend in need to them.

The simplest illustration of the working of the universal law which governs silent healing is clearly shown in the conduct of an ailing child or wounded animal, who will make every possible effort to reach you, though you may be a total stranger, provided your psychic emanations are of a character to help the sufferer.

When people are delirious or utterly unconscious of their outward surroundings, they may be just as amenable to spiritual treatment as at any other time, and you will often observe, if you carefully take note of symptoms, that the accidental presence of some persons in the vicinity of a sorely stricken invalid will at once induce an extraordinary improvement in that invalid's condition.

We are never alone in our efforts to help others, for no sooner do we inwardly express a sincere desire to help others, than we ally ourselves with unseen intelligences similarly minded, and welcome into our auric atmosphere a spiritual influx akin to our most benevolent aspirations.

Q.—[By C. E. Sargent, Boston.] Can there be purpose of will, divine or human, without consciousness? Is such a thing conceivable?

A.—So far as we can possibly interpret language we should be disposed to answer this question in the decided negative; but as negations prove nothing in themselves, and our Philosophy is a purely affirmative system, we prefer to state the proposition thus:

CONSCIOUSNESS AND WILL are inseparable; that which is possessed of will must be conscious to the extent of the ability to will. This objective universe is the product of an unseen spiritual universe, to which it corresponds.

All the archetypes are in spirit, and precisely as the architect of a building must be a conscious entity, capable of conceiving of and predetermining the nature and dimensions of the as yet unexecuted edifice, so the conscious-

ness of the Supreme Architect of the boundless universe of life must be the cause of the visible universe. The universe may be without beginning and without end as to its grand totality, but if it never began, and will never end, but is coeval with the Infinite Divine Mind, it is still the perpetual effect of a perpetual cause.

Scientific reasoners along all lines of research seem very favorably disposed to the theory that energy itself is eternal, and that whatever the ultimate or primal substance is out of which all organic bodies are constructed, it is in itself unvarying. All that we outwardly behold of suns and solar systems, as well as of all the objects discernible upon any single planet, is but the ever-changing outer robe which the indwelling spirit temporarily wears. All finite conceptions of God are of course less than the perfect idea of Deity, but they may be quite true as far as they go. There are guardian angels of earths and of planetary systems, and these are the Elohim of the Kabbala and the Demurgos of the Gnostics.

When you are sufficiently advanced you can build and govern a planet as easily as you can now erect and control a building on earth. The law of the universe is absolutely unvarying, therefore it may be truly said that God's will is alone supreme; but as the universal law permits us to do whatever our development enables us to perform at any time, we should be quite astray in our reckoning were we to declare that because of the omnipotence of Divine Will, man can have no freedom. The absoluteness of law, the changelessness of order must be first grasped as a primary doctrine, then the words apply "With God all things are possible," the obvious significance being that when we work with instead of against the universal "stream of tendency," we can accomplish whatsoever we desire.

Two things are always necessary to the production of a result, viz.: WILL and UNDERSTANDING. When we have both the will to do, and the knowledge how to do, all things we desire are possible to us. Not simple belief, which is merely introductory, as the twilight precedes the dawn—but positive realization of the law which makes results possible, opens the gates to man of unlimited possible achievement.

#### New Publications.

TRUE MEMORY; ITS LOSS THROUGH ADAM—ITS RESTORATION THROUGH CHRIST.

This work, by Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reidsnyder, is one of those astounding books that will be read and talked about all over the land by thinking people. It stands out singularly unique and clear, like a white cross on a black background. It clears the mists of doubt from the mind in a strangely subtle manner, as it were by a touch of Divinity, and one is led to exclaim: "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

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THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE REPORT OF 1895 is a magnificent record of heroism and self-sacrifice on the part of the poorly-paid patrolmen of our rock-bound coast. This report is replete with statistical interest relative to the great and noble work accomplished by this magnificent institution during the year 1895, also in its description of the ways and means used in life-saving, and in its instruction for restoring to life the apparently drowned. The "Services of Life-Saving Crews" will be found very interesting reading. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office.

WHITTIER: PROPHET, SEER AND MAN, is an able and very interesting exposition of the life and time of this distinguished singer. It is a scholarly and finely-written book by B. O. Flower. Arena Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

## QUATHAINS.

## THE DAWN.

The time foretold by bard and sage, thank God! is drawing nigh,  
When all things beautiful and true within our gates shall dwell;  
When Love and Truth, like angels fair descending from on high,  
Shall open swing the gates of Light and quench the fires of hell.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

Oh! ye who blindly struggle for the things of little worth,  
Who hold and hoard as treasures dear the sordid things of earth,  
Remember, 'tis that which we sow, and not that which we reap,  
That some day shall be counted as among the things we keep.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

Oh, let your hearts be comforted, ye mourners by the grave!  
No longer need you shrink from Death, nor with its mysteries strive.  
They've heard a knock at Rochester, a shout across the wave,  
To tell us that the lost are found, the dead are still alive.

MARY KINNEAR.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Difference Between Religion and Morality.

BY E. W. GOULD.

There is none, in effect, from my standpoint, but in the general acceptance of the terms there is a wide difference. In order to understand them, let us see the definition given by Webster:

**Religion**—"The recognition of God, as an object of worship, love and obedience.  
Right feelings toward God, as rightly apprehended.  
Any system of faith and worship, as the religion of the Turks, of the Hindus, or of Christians.  
Religion is a high sense of moral obligation, and spirit of reverence or worship."  
**Morality**—"The quality of an intention, or an action, which renders it good.  
The conformity to an act of divine law, or the principles of morals.  
The practice of moral or social duties.  
The duties of men in their social characters."

The language used to define these two terms, Religion and Morality, according to Webster, when critically compared and reduced to their last analysis, will be seen to mean about the same thing in effect, when applied to the practice and development of character in the human family; and the distinction that is made when using the two terms arises more from a false conception of their true definition than a proper interpretation of the language justifies.

As all sects and denominations claim a religion, the principal question at issue is, Can there be such a thing as pure religion except that which comes through the practice of pure morality? If not, then this religion "by faith alone"—this "getting religion" we hear so much about from our Orthodox friends, is a delusion, a snare, and chargeable with a large amount of crime that never would be committed, only from the hope that an eleventh-hour, or a death-bed repentance, will, through a simple act of faith, make the transit easy from the prison-cell or the gallows across the dark river, into Father Abraham's bosom.

Among the many definitions given to the term religion, Herbert Spencer says: "Religion shows a fear that some day all things may be explained."

Professor A. R. Wallace says: "Religion consists of practical love to God and to our fellow-men."

E. D. Cape, in the "Origin of the Fittest," says: "Religion is the sum of those influences which determine the motive of men's action into harmony with the divine perfection."

M. A. (Oxon) says, speaking for Spiritualism: "Religion is a sense of the responsibility to the Power that made us."

Abraham Lincoln said: "When I do good, I feel good; when I do bad, I feel bad. And that is my religion."

Thomas Paine said: "To do good is my religion."

St. Paul said: "Pure religion and undefiled is to deal justly, love mercy, and keep one's self unspotted from the world."

The only ambiguity in St. Paul's definition is: "Keeping one's self unspotted from the world."

If living a pure, moral life does not cover this injunction, I fail to comprehend its meaning. Such a life certainly will cover the other two points involved in St. Paul's definition.

Any code of morals that does not include the practice of these virtues will never be claimed as religion by a sincere Spiritualist.

Any religious faith or dogma that involves the cruel, inhuman, unnatural doctrine of vicarious atonement, original sin and of eternal punishment, can never claim divine authority as pure and undefiled religion, from St. Paul's interpretation.

To accept the orthodox definition of the term Religion, as taught by revivalists, theologians and others, we not only do violence to our sense of justice, to natural law and common sense, in addition to the definition found in all lexicons in the English language; and far worse than that is the effect of the teachings of that definition in many instances. To illustrate, allow me to cite an instance coming under my own observation:

When I was less than ten years old a "revival" broke out in the town in which I was raised, and a large number of people were converted, or got religion, as it was termed. Among the number converted was my mother, then about forty years old. She joined the Presbyterian church, and conformed to all the rules and requirements of the church—even having her children baptized, and trained up in the Sabbath schools, and taught the Catechism, and the thirty-nine articles of faith, etc., etc. She was a woman of fair education for that period, and quite the average in reasoning faculties, and lived as she had always been trained to live, a pure conscientious life, until she was near ninety years old—but never appeared to be happily spiritual, although always regular in her devotions and attendance at her church, and in its observances. Her great apprehension was the fear of death, and that continued to the end of her long life.

Soon after she "experienced religion," which was the term used at that time, a younger son, about six years old, sickened and died, after a few days of great suffering. Mother was very sick at the same time, and unable to sit up or visit her darling child, although she knew of his great suffering.

After his spirit left the body, and it was prepared for burial, she was placed in an arm-chair and carried into the room to take the last long

look at the remains. A very affecting scene of course occurred. After recovering sufficiently to speak, she remarked, with as much composure as she could command: "If his soul is annihilated there is an end to his suffering."

Those last and suggestive words sank so deeply into my heart, even at that early period, they will probably never be effaced. That a fond mother, recently having embraced the orthodox creed of eternal punishment to all who died without religion, without sanctification, could look upon the remains of that beautiful child, whose life was as pure and free from sin and intentional wrong doing as is possible for humanity, and admit the probability, even the possibility, that its soul was to suffer through endless ages, was more than I could comprehend; and I concluded that if "getting religion," or a "change of heart," produced such a result upon the affections of a fond mother, the less religion one had the happier they would be, both in this life, and the one to which we expect to go.

My mother's long experience and example were very nearly duplicated in the lives of two of my sisters, who have recently passed to the higher life, at the advanced age of over four score years. The predominant sentiment of their lives, and the one that gave color to nearly every act, seemed to be a fearful apprehension lest they should commit the "unpardonable sin," and be forever lost.

Long and useful lives, mothers of large families of children, living under the terrible apprehension lest they should "grieve the holy spirit," or "commit the unpardonable sin," can only be the result of false teaching, or a disordered brain, which the Orthodox theology so often produces.

I have no reason for supposing either my mother or sisters were in any way affected differently from most sensitive persons who accept the teachings of "The Church."

But a faith, a religion that is involved in so much uncertainty as to overshadow the happiness of this life, and the fond anticipations of the higher life, had better be abandoned, and the less pretentious claim of Morality be accepted. That we can all understand and practice.

Some one has said: "Purity is as essential to soul-life as oxygen is to animal existence." And if our present civilization is to triumph over socialism, it must be by the development and maintenance of pure morality. A religion that has no firm and clear intellectual basis is a fraud and a delusion.

## Letter from Dr. Willis.

[Continued from first page.]

thing of a student of psychic phenomena, or rather of the phenomena of Spiritualism, can be impressed to any extent by these works of Hudson's, vitiated as they are throughout by dogmatic assertions and theoretical assumptions utterly incapable of demonstration.

The only chapter of any value whatever in "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," is the one on healing; and heaven pity and help the poor soul seeking, in the hour of its desolating grief, for proofs of the continued existence of a loved one suddenly snatched away by the cruel hand of death, if "A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life" be its only resource. And I consider his "Logical and Scientific Conclusions," as assumed up in the closing chapter of this work, an insult to the scientific intelligence of the nineteenth century.

Finally, in his closing chapter, he makes Jesus the only authoritative revealer concerning these matters, and declares that his revelations ceased at the portals of the tomb that received his mortal body, and yet he cannot furnish a scintilla of positive proof, either scientific or historical, that such a being as Jesus of Nazareth ever existed. Let me say that in making this assertion I am not affirming my disbelief that such a being did really exist in mortal form in ancient Palestine, I am simply stating a fact as to the evidence of his existence that cannot be disproved.

At the same time I recognize the fact that Mr. Hudson has done his work very ingeniously and very skillfully. He has reared a stately edifice, quite imposing in appearance to the casual observer, but full of structural weakness because founded so largely upon baseless assumptions, and surely destined, like all of its predecessors, to fall into innocuous desuetude.

Is it not a thousand pities, Mr. Editor, that so many difficulties lie in the way of our accepting this elaborate mosaic of assumption, inference, hypothesis and dogmatic assertion of our modern philosophers. It would impart such a fine pedantic flavor to our vocabulary if we could accept their terminology. It would enable us to converse so learnedly about "the subjective and objective mind," "the subliminal self," "the submerged personality," etc.; and we might get rid entirely of those old-fashioned terms, such as Spiritualism, Spiritualist, medium, upon which our opponents have cast so much odium that some of us who are troubled with weak spinal vertebrae mention them with bated breath, and are tempted to substitute for them the more grandiloquent terms—psychic or sensitive, Occultism or Occultist, Theosophist, etc.

If there is one thing more than another that I thank the powers that be for, Mr. Editor, it is that for more than forty years I have had the grace and strength, or the pluck and backbone, to stand up and boldly declare myself a Spiritualist and a medium against temptations and inducements of the strongest character to be false to my colors, and I rejoice that I have been counted worthy to suffer odium and reproach, and the loss of worldly honors therefor.

But I am trespassing at too great length upon your space. In closing allow me to say to all those who have written to me asking what I think of Mr. Hudson's arguments, and why representative Spiritualists do not attempt a refutation of them, when so many who had been previously friendly to Spiritualism are accepting them as explanations of its phenomena, that for reasons given above representative Spiritualists, and the great body of intelligent Spiritualists, are not impressed by them. They deem them crude and absurd, and very many of them feel that if they prove anything they prove the reverse of his claims.

I wish once more to protest earnestly against all efforts to Theosophize, Christianize Spiritualism, or even Christianize Spiritualism, for the Christianity of to-day is as widely divergent from Spiritualism as it is from the primitive Christianity that was lived into the world by Jesus and his apostles, which was pure Spiritualism, untainted by ecclesiasticism or sacerdotalism.

DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS.

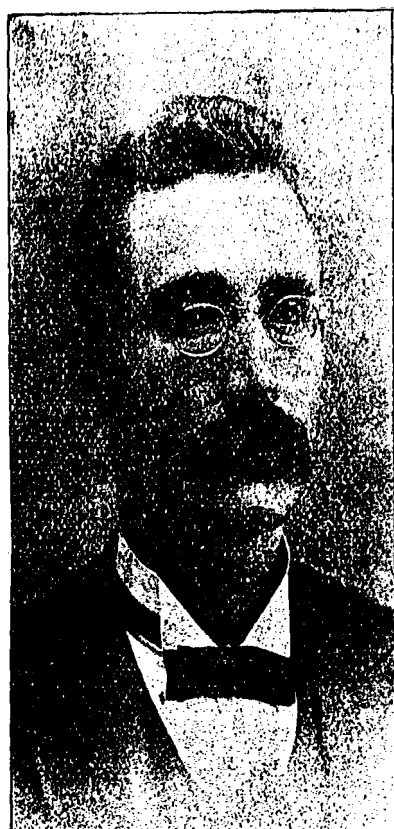
There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life; that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others.—Confucius.

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W. H. Bach.

Mr. Bach was born in Carlton, Wis., May 5, 1863. His father was of German parentage, but born in Bohemia, and came to this country when he was about eighteen years of age. His education the earlier years of his life was to fit him for the Catholic priesthood, and he early began to assist the priest in his duties, and was for some time a "bell boy." Coming to this country, they were thrown in contact with the liberal element that settles a new State, and became first Liberalists, and then, after investigation, Spiritualists. His mother was of Protestant extraction, born in this country.

When Mr. Bach was about seventeen years of age his cousins were living among a community of Belgians who had table-tippings, and they developed the faculty to produce them; and a visit the father made to them inspired him with the desire to develop the same powers—to learn what caused them: the question of Spiritualism not being acceptable in his materialist surroundings.

After several months spent in experimenting, the son became able to produce the phenomenon of table-tipping. He soon sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT for a Planchette, and wrote with it almost the first attempt. Then came automatic writing and drawing without the aid of any device except the pencil and paper.

About this time the family were visited by an uncle who, at Anita, Ia., had been connected with the Spiritualists, and had become a very good trance medium. During the circles held in the home at the time Mr. Bach was entranced, and gave lectures and answered questions beyond the knowledge of his own individuality.

The development of table tipping and automatic writing remained with him for some years, and became stronger. So much so that it was impossible for strong men to hold the table down when his hands were on it, and his brothers and sisters from four to eight years younger than himself used to get upon the table, and with one of his hands upon it the table would carry them around the room. On one occasion the father, who weighed about two hundred and twenty-five pounds, sat upon the table, and it rocked back and forward with him.

This soon gave way to other and more intelligent phases of phenomena, including strong healing powers, and while they still remain with him, the intellectual powers have been the strongest, and his desire has been to develop them more than the others.

Becoming interested in hypnotism he took a course of instruction under Prof. J. W. Cadwell, and traveled with him (C.) for a short time, after which he used it in his own work, both instructing and using it as a curative agent, and also for the development of mediumistic powers.

For about seven years he gave his powers to any one who came to his home for them, his father and himself frequently treating a number of sick people after their day's business was done, and making their home an open house. For this no charge was made, and no remuneration ever received. For the next three years the young man devoted himself more particularly to business—going among the Spiritualists to a certain extent, and doing what he could to assist them by the exercise of his medial powers.

After a great deal of solicitation at the hands of his friends on both sides of life, he began the profession he now follows Oct. 1, 1890, in St. Paul, Minn. He conducted meetings there during the winter of 1890 and 1891, and in the spring and summer laid plans for the work of the year.

After the summer which he spent at the Minnesota and Clinton, Ia., camps, he went out as missionary for the Northwestern Spiritualist Association, having been elected to the office of Secretary of that organization. He took sick on this trip, after holding fourteen meetings in ten days, and went south for three months. He returned, and was selected Manager of the Northwestern Camp Meeting of that year, and was selected as Secretary and Manager of the camp for the next year. After that season he declined reelection, and has since traveled in the interests of Spiritualism. He has filled engagements in twenty-six different States in the Union, and also in different places in Canada. He has worked for long engagements, believing that it is best for both speaker and society. The longest he received was a year's engagement with the Spiritualist Society of Aberdeen, S. D., after having been with the society two months.

While they do not claim to be "accomplished musicians," himself and wife are very fond of music, and play several instruments fairly

well, his wife's favorite being the mandolin, and his own the autoharp and cornet. They use, however, the large size autoharps, which are not playthings, as the small ones are.

He is now filling an engagement with the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass.

Mr. W. H. Bach writes:

"I favor strongly the education of mediums and a proper system of credentials as a means of protection to mediums and societies. I am in sympathy with the objects and aims of the National Spiritualists' Association, was one of the workers in its interest when it was organized, and was selected Secretary of the Convention that organized it. I have attended all its Conventions except that of '95, when it was impossible for me to attend."

My platform work consists of lectures on liberal and educational topics as well as spiritualistic, either from subjects presented by the audience or those selected by myself, poems from subjects given by the audience and occasionally hypnotic entertainments. My lectures are of the practical order. I favor the Children's Lyceum, and work in its interest whenever there is an opportunity.

I have published one book, "Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Develop It to Assist Development," which, issued in '91, is now going into its fourth edition.

I am the designer and manufacturer of the Spiritualist badges, or, as they are better known, the Sunflower Jewelry, and also the designer and manufacturer of the badge for the Order of the Magi. I also invented and make the device known as Psycho, for assisting the development of mediumship. All of these are for sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT."

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With timbrel and with tabour, with viol and with lute,  
Bend out of heaven, dear spirits, across your frosty height,  
For the crown of every labor, and of every flower the true,  
The happy earth inherits, Love being born to-night!

Over the vast abysses of nothingness and gloom,  
Where the old gods go feeling at the cry of the new name,  
Lean out your untold blisses, and make the midnight bloom  
With your throbbing gladness stealing in a thousand points of flame.

O Angel of all Innocents, your viol make more sweet,  
O Angel of all Lovers, touch tenderly your lute,  
O Angel of all Heroes, your rapturous labor beat,  
O Angel of all Triumph, sound your timbrel's swift pursuit!

For ye, the Voice above you, like the breath of some strong love,  
"To-night, to-night, Great Love is born, and joy is absolute!"

Forget, O Voice untiring, Gethsemane's dark cup,  
Foretell not the heart-breaking despair of Calvary's height,  
For with boundless sweep and gyring all the universe moves up,  
The depth the dark forsaking with this primal Christmas night!

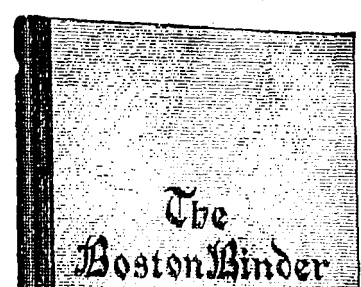
While slinking at the warning of the clear and mighty cry,  
Shall the evil that is hoary, with the doom that was need,  
In the void of night and morning, like a mist dissolve and die,  
And death grow into glory now Love makes life complete!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in McClure's Magazine for December.

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