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LIFE AND LOVE.

BY OLLAH TOPH.

To live our little life, its duties done
As best we can with our concepts of truth;
To lift our faces to the dews that spring
From lands eternal where each drop hath life;
To have our weary souls in streams that flow
From hidden fountains of food; that were the source
Of man's content and of progression's law.
Source of the eternal life, which dieth not.
But, set elsewhere, leaps forward to new work,
Forgetting not, but wiser for the past.

Beyond the lonesome fets of this poor thing
We name the Instrument of Life, are chords
Diviner, gathered into one sweet strain
Of glory for the soul that, calm, endures
The broken measures and the fitful flings
Of base discordance o'er the trembling strings.
There swells the triumph for the ennobled soul
Grown braver, stronger, though the poisoned thrush
Of sordid rousers' tongue well-nigh do drive the strings
And hush the Arabian sweetness of their sighs.

To live! to run our little round of days,
To dream our dreams, and told the airy veil
Of their soft seeming o'er reality,
And then to love! Love! Ah! we name that Life,
The morning of our day of days, the song
Of songs, full pulsing to the beat of heart,
Eye meeting eye, and flashing glad surprise
That kindred souls are one; hand touching hand,
Transmitters of that strange, magnetic glow
Which wraps twin souls within its vaporous breath.

True love is free. No oath nor vow can bind,
Nor cord of man's laws hedge it to place.
No brazen cries of laws conventional
Can still the sweetness of its voice, but clear
It sings his message, and from narrowed sphere
Of two souls' personality speaks out
Unto the larger world of all mankind.
For thus Love, being blessed, would bless in turn,
And generate that brotherhood which seals
The union of our nature and our God.

To live, to love, and then to quit the scene;
To lift our hot, tired faces to the dews
And stars, and reach out for Love's tender hand
As close the shadows fold us in their arms,
And, beating at our feet, the waters sling,
And rise, and bear within their slumb'rous depths
The memory of happy other days;
To hear across the shadowed vale the calls
Of our beloved as strength and courage fall,
And flash the answer back: "Love! Love! I come!"

That! That the brief experience which leads
Unto the perfect day. To live; to love;
And loving, learn that every deed hath part
In shaping that we name the after life,
But which is only fuller, deeper breath
When we make issuance from the vale of death.
The note hangs fair'ring on the whitened lip,
The measure breaks—a rest—the spirit slips
Beyond the vale where waters slug, to one
Who cries with outstretched arms, "Love, welcome
home!"

2909 Capitol Avenue, North, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Bearing of Electrical Conditions on Active and Passive States.

BY QUESTOR VITE.

Part I.

From "Radioconductors." Dr. Ed. Branly, Paris.
From "La Revue de l'Hypnotisme." Dr. Ed. Branly.
From "L'Actualité Médicale." Dr. Pison, Paris.

In electrical phenomena a conductor is a substance which allows electricity to pass through it freely, such as copper, iron, etc. An insulator is a substance that interrupts its flow, such as resin, paraffin, sulphur, air. Conductors are to electricity what transparent bodies are to light; while insulators are equivalent to opaque bodies.

It is well known that electricity passes freely along a metallic wire, i. e., a conductor in which the molecules are in close contact. Dr. Edouard Branly, Professor of Physics of Paris, found in 1890 that if a body in which the molecules are discontinuous—are separated from each other by air, such as a tube of iron filings—is introduced into the above conductor, the electric current ceases to pass.

But if an electric spark of undulatory, vibratory character, such as a spark from a condenser or from a Wimshurst machine, is discharged in the vicinity of the tube of iron filings, even at a distance of twenty-five yards, conductivity then becomes induced therein, and the current passes. Such a body may therefore be called a discontinuous conductor, in contrast with an ordinary continuous conductor.

If, however, a slight shock is given to this body (or its temperature is raised), it loses its conductivity again. It may consequently be made alternately to be an insulator or a conductor.

It is this discovery that forms the basis of the system of wireless telegraphy developed by Marconi, in which the receiving instrument consists in a discontinuous conductor, while transmission is effected by means of induced vibrations of great intensity, which are conveyed by the ether in the atmosphere in the same way and as quickly as light is conveyed by it (or the force generating the effect known to us as light).

Prof. Lodge has stated that if ether is not electricity, it will probably be found to be akin to it. And it must be remembered that dynamo extract the electricity they generate from the atmosphere (as man extracts and generates his vitality therefrom), which consequently appears to be a reservoir of electricity. It would, therefore, appear to be the electricity within the ether in our atmosphere that forms the conducting medium of the induced vibrations propelled from the transmitter, and picked up and responded to by the receiver above described, which becomes conductive under the influence of these induced vibrations. And this transmission is probably effected by a polarizing process carried forward by

the etheric atoms, similar to that set up in an iron bar or electro-magnet, under the influence of an electric current.

This action may be illustrated by an experiment with a Geissler tube. If a discharge from a condenser is passed through a spiral coil of wire of great energy are established; induced in a second similar coil placed opposite to the first. If a Geissler tube is placed between the extremities of the wire of the second spiral coil, then every discharge from the condenser will be seen to illuminate the tube in the second coil, opposite to the first, and not connected with it. What occurs between these two spirals illustrates the action that takes place between the transmitter and receiver in wireless telegraphy.

With regard to the induction of conductivity in the discontinuous conductors used as receivers, it is probable that the etheric sheaths of the continuous but isolated particles, are not in contact with each other, and that it is this fact that insulates them.

The vibratory stimulus of electric induction appears to cause the etheric sheaths to expand and interpenetrate each other, thus constituting continuous conductivity (as in the atmosphere, or in a wire) while a shock causes etheric contraction, with consequent insulation; discontinuity.

The conductivity effected by induction does not terminate immediately with the cessation of the inducing stimulus, but persists for several days, and even then leaves an increased sensibilization, permitting the reproduction subsequently of a similar conductivity by a weaker stimulus than the first. A residual influence appears to be left analogous to that occurring in electric or magnetic polarization. And it must be noted that while heat and shock inhibit or suppress the induced conductivity, so do they also exert demagnetizing and depolarizing effects, which facts go to confirm the inference already made, that transmission through the atmosphere by induced currents is effected by the polarization of the etheric atoms.

These discontinuous, intermittent, conducting bodies may be called radio-conductors, because their conductivity is induced by the vibratory, radiant energy carried by a discharge from a condenser, or a static machine, at a distance. They may also be termed intermittent conductors, as they may alternately be made conductor or insulator.

Dr. Branly has established a most striking comparison between this system of vibratory, radiant electric transmission on discontinuous, intermittent conductors, with that of our nervous system.

It used to be supposed that our nervous system consisted in continuous conductors, which have often been compared to telegraph wires. The similarity between the conductivity of our nervous system and that of electric conductivity was recognized in the adoption of the terms nervous current and nervous conductors.

Dr. Durand de Gros has shown in his "Electro-Dynamisme Vitale" (Alcan, Paris) that men's nervous energy is really electro-motor; that the gray vesicular cells of the brain, of the reflex centres and ganglions, are the generators of this energy, while the white fibres or tubules are receiving and transmitting conductors. All these cells are individual centres of soul faculties; they are soul monads carrying the faculties of sensation, thinking and motive power; motricity. The same faculties pertain to the spinal reflex centres and ganglions of the sympathetic, which he defines as local brains, local soul-monads. The nervous energy generated by these soul-monads pertains consequently to soul—psyche; and consequently is psychic, while being electro-motor, as already stated.

These individual soul monads are grouped in associative affinity of faculty. The synthetics of their associative faculties constitute man's soul, which comprises an associations of individual monads—sub-selves grouped around a central, directing soul or self. This theory he terms poly-psychism. Its validity has been recognized by Dr. André des Essarts and by Dr. Ed. Perrier of the "Institut," in his work on "Les Colonies Animales." It is recognized by many leading biologists and is confirmed by Prof. Virchow's recent definition of man's organism as a "social mechanism." It constitutes the basis of Prof. Pierre Janet's theory of the subconsciousness, as of Mr. Myers' "subliminal consciousness." But the priority belongs to Dr. Durand, as recognized by Prof. Perrier, before the French Academy of Sciences, on the 4th of March, 1895.

Recent histological research by Golgi, Ramon y Cajal, Van Gehuchten, have confirmed this, by showing that the central nervous system is formed of neurones, i. e., of discontinuous elements which are only related to each other by contiguity. Each cell or element possesses a positive and a negative protoplasmic prolongation, which if elongated by a stimulus from without, comes in contact with the similar process of its contiguous neighbor, and thus constitutes continuity and conductivity. As Dr. Papias states in his work on "Neurones" (Steinheil, Paris): "The nervous system is an aggregation of neurones, distinct from and not united with each other, though contiguous." They are veritable anatomical entities, and may be compared to the metallic grains in a discontinuous electric conductor, and behave to each other in the same way as the latter.

As vibratory electric radiant energy (induction) establishes conductivity in non continuous conductors, so do similar stimuli act most efficaciously in effecting the cure of anæsthesia and paralysis, says Dr. Branly, which implies

that they induce contiguity and contact in the conducting elements in both cases.

Lepine considers that hysteria may be due to insulation in the neurones, entailing non-transmission of nervous energy. This discontinuity may be overcome, he says, by a psychio stimulus an effort of will: auto-suggestion, or by suggestion.

This is confirmed by the fact that as a shock weakens, and even arrests conductivity in a discontinuous conductor, so does the nervous shock following on a severe injury to man, entail traumatic hysteria, paralysis, neurasthenia, probably entailed by suspended transmission of the nervous energy, carrying sensibility and motricity, due to the contraction and consequent insulation of the neurones entailed by the shock. This would account for the well-known hysterical phenomena of anæsthesia, sudden transference of sensibility, restriction of the visual field. It would also account for cases of spontaneous lethargy and catalepsy, etc.

Again, the radiating undulations produced by electric discharges of high tension induce conductivity in discontinuous conductors. So do they also produce satisfactory therapeutic results, as shown by d'Arsonval and d'Apostoli, in cases of impaired digestive functioning, and this, probably, by reestablishing contiguity and contact, and consequent transmission between insulated neurones in the vaso-motor nerves.

These illustrations effectually demonstrate the analogy subsisting between man's nervous system and discontinuous electric radio conductors. It shows that transmission in man's nervous system is dependent on a stimulus of a radiant, vibratory character. We will see further on whence this vibratory stimulus originates.

[To be continued.]

Resurrection.

BY R. E. FICHTHORN.

"Whom seekest thou?" According to an ancient record, which millions profess to believe, a mother went very early to the tomb looking for the body of her beloved son. Instead of finding the body she was confronted by its former possessor, who asked her the above question. Assuming the record of this event to be a fact of history, we simply wish to call the attention of those who base their only hope of a future resurrection upon this event, to what we consider an inconsistency.

This dogma is a vital part of the web of theology, and another portion just as important for the stability of the whole system is the teaching that Jesus was exclusively divine. It needs no argument to show that you cannot predicate universal resurrection by taking for your premise the existence of one whose birth and life you declare was unlike yours and mine. A special life means a special resurrection, leaving no hope for others. If we want to share in the resurrection of Jesus we must discard the teaching that he was any more divine than it is possible for us to realize. If both teachings concerning him are true, then we get no benefit from either.

The idea of thinking that we can come closer to our departed friends when near their discarded bodies; and the fetic of giving extravagant, and in so many cases exclusive attention to the "dissolving" house at the expense of ignoring the vanished tenant, is simply ancient necromancy up to date. Less selfish mourning for the loss of the visible idol, and more unselfish sympathy for the departed one would be much better for all concerned.

Should it be proven that the question in the ancient record is not true, it would not make any difference, for the same condition exists to-day. Mothers are seeking for their boys in nearly the same way as did the mother of Jesus. The newspapers suggest that it is the duty of our government to bring home the bodies of our Cuban heroes. A very marked demonstration of the statement that it is still almost impossible for the living "dead" to disassociate the dead "who are alive" from their bullet and fever-wrecked bodies. We would not withhold a drop of consolation from those whose sons and brothers are no longer in the visible companies as they are now returning home, but we feel that they are looking in the wrong direction for genuine consolation as long as they only think of them as the victims of war or the Cuban climate. How much more of satisfaction they would derive by heeding that wise saying of the ancient writer in regard to his master, "that he would remember him no longer after the flesh" and the conditions that rent the veil of flesh, but remember them "after the spirit," and as present in their very homes.

Here is a great mystery. Why do not the millions who profess to believe the Bible enjoy the fruits of their belief? Whatever other meaning may be read into the word "backsliding," the professors of modern churchianity have really lost ground when we consider their condition with that of the mother of Jesus. She heard and saw those for whom she mourned, while the multitude to-day, after many centuries of belief, have lost the use of the hearing ear and the seeing eye. Could anything be more deplorably foolish than the attitude of those blind masses and their leaders toward those who actually believe these Bible statements by demonstrating them in this age. The man who professes only to believe his Bible says "he believes that the power of God was mightily manifested in the past, but those times are no more." The liberal believer says very little about what has been done, but uses his time and energy in trying to demonstrate this dynamis of God as a present reality.

It is easy to tell which of these two believers actually believe the so called sacred record. We think the one who attempts to show us his faith by works, or at least knows that if the laws were understood, the same "works" could be repeated. The former limits God to the past, and, in so far as all practical use of a living, present God concerns him, he is an atheist. "His hand is not shortened." "Prove God," i. e., demonstrate your belief in God by using him. Only believing a record of mighty works that have been wrought through others who proved or used God is a very beggarly faith, "that haunts us with a 'fear' that we might lose it, causing also much 'trembling'."

After what has been said concerning the fruits of superficial beliefs, it can readily be seen why the believers in the orthodox doctrine of the resurrection are still blind and deaf, and therefore so skeptical that they cannot admit that their departed friends are near, asking, "Whom seekest thou?" As believers in a literal resurrection of the body, some are driven to despair and the verge of rebellion against God, because all of what they knew of their friends is going under the sod: all on account of this materialistic teaching which has so magnified the body of man, that man has become dethroned and ignored.

If it is true that there is a "natural body," it is also true that there is a "spiritual body." Now man is spirit, and never had or will have anything less than a spirit body clothed in a material garment. The resurrection is the rising up or *anastasis* of the man and has nothing whatever to do with the material garment, which returns to its original elements. Not according to theology, but common sense, some of the elements of our present fleshly veil may be such as were once discarded; but this patching of the garment must cease when the garment itself is cast aside. "If I be lifted up" for "I am the resurrection and the life," refers to Christ or the spiritual consciousness awaiting recognition and lifting-up by every man. Until this "I am" or Christ mind is set free and at liberty to rise up as our individual consciousness, we have no share in the *anastasis* or resurrection of the Bible, even if we have discarded our material garment.

Only to the extent that the immortal Christ consciousness rises in us as the efficient cause, do we possess an immortal, spiritual body as an effect. If man, who is a state of consciousness, has not yet risen to the immortal plane, when so-called death comes, the "change" will not affect the nature of his body, for a spirit-body is not necessarily an immortal body. We shall then only know ourselves as we are known now by those who see us from a higher plane whose vision is not obstructed by the fleshly raiment. Effect can only rise as the cause is "lifted up." We might use the word "progression" as a purer and broader term to convey all the meaning of a genuine resurrection.

In this connection we are also attracted to the other question that might be asked to-day: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Those that we call the dead are here called the living. There are those still living in the flesh who have been asked this same question by those for whom they mourned. We have already stated that this condition of blind seeking is the legitimate sequence of teaching the dogma of a literal rising of the body. This doctrine, so well fathered by the Persian Zoroaster, nursed in Egypt and adopted by the Church, has so much adulterated the belief of its members with materialism that they can only perceive the fleshly presence.

On looking for the cause that sustains such a literal therefore-dead dogma, we think it is because those who pretend to feed humankind are seeking for the living among the dead, seeking among the husks of authorities for the living bread. The heathen writers cannot be in the theological heaven, and yet their so-called profane writings are taught in sectarian colleges as classics. Sermons are based upon what some one else has said instead of the individual experience of a living, present Christ. What is needed is a mighty resurrection of the teachers in our modern institutions, until they are able to speak as one having authority, and not as they are doing now, as one quoting authority.

The knowledge of any exalted experience of others is very helpful to those who seek it for the purpose of duplicating it in their own experience, but to simply know and believe the teachings of the past, imagining that we are thus in the possession of the "faith once committed to the saints" is a great delusion. You may commit a dead faith, which is no faith, but you cannot commit a living faith any more than you can commit the sunshine of to-day to the future generations. The past is dead, and the future is not ours, so that in the present alone must we look for life, and for that which sustains life. If we are experiencing the blessings of the resurrection, being lifted up in consciousness, we are no longer looking for life in the ruins of the past, or seeking for the living among the dead, but we know that life is always a present condition. Again, in order to know that our dead (?) are living, we must first be alive ourselves.

Germany is determined to be sanitary. In Berlin the bakers and their assistants may no longer handle bread with their bare hands. As soon as each loaf is taken from the oven, it is put into a paper bag, made to fit the shape of the loaf, but a little larger. The ends of the bag are twisted, thus preventing the possibility of the loaf's being defiled either by dirty hands or by gathering dust in its transit through the streets, or from being allowed to fall on the pavements.—Ez.

Raid on Santa Claus.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Some very religious people, that is, dogmatic adherents of the type of blue labeled orthodoxy, are attempting to obliterate the good cheer of the Christmas time. They are horrified at the idea of Santa Claus and present-giving, because they are secular. Christmas, they say, is a sacred day, hence secular matters should not be obtruded upon it, that it may be observed and spent religiously. They would have us believe the day was God ordained, yet they cannot offer a scintilla of evidence to prove that God has ever had anything to do with it. The idea of sacredness is man made, as is much of the ecclesiasticalism palmed off as religion.

Sunday, according to the Church, is a sacred day, but nowhere in the Bible is there a command from God for an observance of the day, or an intimation that it possesses a peculiar sacredness. True, Moses brought down from the mountain tables of stone, on which he declared God, with his finger, had traced sundry commands, among them one for a Sabbath, setting apart the seventh day, Saturday. This is the only authority for a holy day, and nowhere in the Bible, or by the mouth of prophet or vicegerent, can be found a command whereby the holiness and sacredness of this seventh day was transferred to the first day, and its observance made obligatory. The first day anciently was dedicated to the Sun, hence the name Sunday. The pagans observed it by various ceremonies, but neither Jesus nor the Apostles attached to it any special sacredness, or gave it any of the characteristics of the Mosaic Sabbath.

Sunday was christianized after men like the Emperor Constantine came to rule the church, creatures of lust and power who used the church as an instrument to minister to their ambitions. Hence this Sunday, first day of the week, was christianized to fool the Pagans and rope them into the fold more readily. Indeed, much of our popular Churchianity is vanished Paganism. Churchianity and Christianity are as far apart as the poles. I make no war on the simple, soulful and pure moral and ethical teachings of the Judean carpenter. His early followers never aspired to dominion, formulated no creeds, dovetailing together inconsistent, imbrating dogmas as the words of God, the canons of the Almighty. At this late day, however, it is done, the clergy presuming they can, in the name of religion, subordinate the world to Churchianity.

The crusade against Santa Claus, and the festivities of Christmas, on the plea of secularism, is evidence that the bigotry of the olden time is yet alive, a warning that ecclesiasticalism would, if possible, regain its lost power, once again dominate the people, and chain them to the church. Say they, Santa Claus is a myth; children should not be deceived. But has not the world, children and adults been deceived and hoodwinked for centuries? Ever since Calvinism came upon the stage, the church machinery has been run on the line of deception. God as set forth, the devil as pictured, hell as imagined have been the agencies of the church. All are myths, with none of the redeeming features attendant on Santa Claus. Make Christmas a sacred day, one of gloom, long puritanic faces! If, indeed, Dec. 25 be the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, and that event is pregnant with the momentous consequences claimed for it, it seems to me the anniversary should be a joyous one, a gala day, cheery and blisful. Puritanism, however, ancient or modern, nurses a cold, heartless religion, cherishes a cheerless faith, smiling only when contemplating an angry God, an endless hell, and an omnipotent devil.

Perhaps I cannot better close than by quoting a stanza from Charles Mackay:

"Be wise, oh ye preachers of earth,
And shut not your ears to the voice,
Nor allow it to warn you in vain.
True freedom, of yesterday's birth,
'Till march on its way and rejoice,
And never be conquered again.
To-day hath a tongue—ay, the hours utter speech;
Wise, wise will ye be if ye learn what they teach."
12 Peace street, Providence.

Spiritualism True in All Ages.

BY E. W. WALLIS.

In all ages and among all peoples Love has foretold immortality. By the prostrate body of the departed the mourner has refused to admit the finality of Death. Traditions unite in affirming the real presence of decarnate beings. The sacred books of the world are as one in affirming spirit-guidance. The present age supplements and confirms the testimony of antiquity to spirit-existence and manifestation, and surpasses all past revelations by demonstrating, beyond peradventure, the continuity of individual human life and the power of the so-called dead to bridge the gulf of death and hold intelligent communion with friends left on earth. These facts conclusively prove the spiritual nature and destiny of humanity. Not as monstrosities do our loved ones live, nor in an unreal region but HUMAN still, dwelling in a world of law and order, where knowledge is power, and purity and love are the pre-requisites for entrance into the freer and happier communities. Thus spirit-communion has demonstrated that man persists, consequences must be faced, that "over there" each one is what he is and where he is because of what he has been, thought and done. Hence are we responsible, progressive and immortal beings.

Let us not look mournfully into the past. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Ours is a religion of life, of growth, of progress. To-day is ours. We are the inheritors of all the ages—gathering in the harvest of the world's workers, teachers and saviours. The living present contains the results of all the excellencies and triumphs of all past peoples. Forward is our watchword. Our inspirations and our hopes, our ideals and our golden age, are ahead, not behind. Humanity is freer, better, wiser, purer, truer, more humanely divine and divinely human, and in closer touch with the unseen than ever before. Let us rejoice and be exceedingly glad, and realize that the time to be happy is now, the place to be happy is here, and the way to be happy is to be pure, wise, loving, and obedient to the laws of health, justice, and righteousness.

Live, Love to-day—to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

COMFORTING ASSURANCE.

BY H. D. SHAW.

When the heart seems sick and weary,
Filled with shadows dreary,
And the nights are long—the days are dreary,
And all hope seems dead,

And you weep, scarce knowing why the weeping,
O'er some broken dream,
And the heart is sick's keeping
With hope's fitful gleam,

Then we thy heart's strength will be fast renewing,
And mount thy hope on eagle wings
To do the Master's work, onward pursuing,
Mindful not of earthly things.

Far away, beyond life's restless fever,
These is peace and rest,
Where the light shines on undimmed forever,
In thy home that's best.

All the hopes that have been chilled and blighted
Will find fruition there,
With the loved of other years united
When you are done with care.

Done with life, its daily living, dying—
Done with its loss and gain,
With its smiles outbalanced by its sighing,
And its joys by heart-sick pain.

Our Serial Story.

A California Girl.

Or a Romance of the Golden West.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEDIUMISTIC WORK.

"Pauline Earle—Pauline Earle," he repeated to himself in a musing tone, "who is she? There never was but one Pauline that I knew, and she went to France. Pauline Lamont, poor, misguided Marie's sister. Can it be possible that she returned to this country and became my evil genius? But what tale could she have told Hazel to make the child turn from me as she did? Well, I will return to San Francisco, seek out this Pauline Earle, if she is there, and force the mystery from her."

He had no idea who the unknown donor of the gift and advice could be, but he would make use of it, and disappear in unravelling the mystery of his wife's disappearance, other things might be revealed to him. He did not stand upon the order of his going, and in two days he was en route for San Francisco, where he arrived in due time, seeking out his old quarters and making himself at home. Gordon had vowed to himself not to return to his daughter until he could solve the secret of her mother's fate for her, and he decided not even to write the child of his arrival in California. He supposed that she was safe and contented, if not at his old friends the Hylers, in the city, then surely at the Brown ranch, where she had every right to be while he owned an interest in that property. He never dreamed that Lou was earning her own living in a lawyer's office, and he would have rebelled at the thought, although he considered labor honorable in the main, and an honest daughter of toil received respect from his heart.

The artist's search for Pauline Earle in San Francisco was not an easy one. For weeks and months he searched, at last engaging a detective to aid him. It was early in January, 1897, when he arrived in the city; it was late in the year before he abandoned his quest. At length his detective learned that one Adam Earle, with her daughter Marie, had lived in San Francisco some years before, but that she had long since removed to some portion of Southern California. She had been a dancer upon the Orpheum stage, and it was presumed that she had abandoned that calling, for she had at one time met with a fall that had injured her hip and rendered her permanently lame.

During his stay in San Francisco, Gordon had spent all his money; but having returned to former haunts and labors, he managed to eke out an existence by means of his brush. Again he was baffled in his search, but he determined to remain in the city until he could save enough to continue his travels and search for the woman who, he was now convinced, was the sister of his first wife, Marie. "It was she who wrought all my ruin," he thought. "I must find her. I have a feeling that she is in Los Angeles and that I shall find her there."

Little by little, and by dint of economy and saving, he secured a small sum, sufficient to take him to Los Angeles. In that city he again set about his search, trusting more fully to the intuitive or impressionistic guidance within himself than to any external clue that he had or might receive. But while the artist is pursuing his hitherto fruitless search, we will return to Hazel, or Nurse Janet, who, after sending the money and note to Gordon that sent him on his quest toward the setting sun, returned with a lightened heart to New York, where she remained, busy in good works of ministration, until the Spring. In May she received a visit from labor, and went to New Orleans to visit her friend Mabel Treadwell—now Mrs. George Vaughn—from whom she received a cordial welcome. Dr. Vaughn was of a genial, somewhat metaphysical disposition, yet a thoroughly practical man of affairs. He had become interested in psychical subjects, had studied clairvoyance, in hypnosis and magnetism, and had more than once brought his knowledge of one or the other of these occult branches of science to his aid in serious cases of illness under his care. During the few months of their married life he had frequently subjected his wife to certain hypnotic experiments, and had found an invaluable aid in tracing out the seat of disease and the proper curative agencies in several cases, and at the time of Hazel's arrival Dr. Vaughn was engaged in writing up a series of articles upon his investigations and experiments in the psychical realm, with an exposition of their value in the medical field, for a therapeutic magazine in New York.

Hazel became very much interested in the theories and conclusions of this physician. His conversation was charming and his views instructive. Having had several peculiar occult experiences of her own—which she related to him and which he noted down as facts for his articles—the nurse could readily enter into sympathy with him in his studies and experiments. She had seen many cases of somnambulism, and even of entrancement, among her patients during the years of her labor as nurse, and she believed indeed that there are "more things in heaven and earth" than the medical fraternity as a body suspects.

Mabel Vaughn had not only become a fine hypnotic subject and clairvoyant under the influence of her husband, but a reliable trance medium as well, and she had of late been frequently taken possession of by one or the other of two advanced and highly instructive intelligences from higher realms. One of these claimed to be an ancient philosopher, giving

no name but that of "Garza," and certainly the subject matter of his discourses was of a high grade of thought, culture and eloquence, evincing the grandest conception of humanitarian principles and ethics, and, both in thought and expression, far beyond the mental capacity of Mrs. Vaughn, though the mental faculty of Mrs. Vaughn, through the medium of "Dr. Cameron," he claimed to have been a physician of the old school who passed from earth in Ohio fifty years ago. He was a character of broad culture and deep thought, who had evidently been studying the laws and principles of vital magnetism, electricity, hypnosis and kindred subjects, since his departure to the spirit-world, and who was quite capable of imparting much information on these subjects through the lips of his medium.

It was on the evening of May 27, Dr. Vaughn, his wife and Hazel were seated upon the back porch of their residence, which overlooked a pretty little garden of beauty and bloom. The doctor had been very busy for some hours with office work, and he had but a few moments before come out to enjoy a breath of the balmy air. Scarcely had he seated himself when his wife exclaimed: "George, dear, I have been talking with Hazel about going away for the summer. She says she must get back to work, but I contend that she ought to take this season for recuperation and rest. You must help me to persuade her to share my views. I know that you will not leave the city for more than a week, if you do that, but we cannot stay here in the great heat, and—"

She had proceeded thus far, when suddenly her eyes closed, her voice changed, and Dr. Cameron had possession of her.

"My friends," this intelligence began, "the lady medium has been making her plans for the summer, but they cannot be carried out. We have work for you all."

"This will be a sickly season in New Orleans. The yellow fever will prevail in various quarters. Many will be stricken down with it, many will die. We need you all, for the summer of 1897 will prove a memorable one for you in this fever-stricken city. Doctor Vaughn, your post will be here. You will have many cases to attend, and you shall lose none. You, madam," turning to Hazel, "will be called to minister to the sick and dying. The lady medium must remain at home, for a council of physicians will centre their forces in this house, of which she must serve as the battery. From here they will be distributed to places of need. Doctor, in every case you must apply the magnetic remedies. Draw off the poison from the infected bodies by the vital magnetism, and impart new life to them in the same way. You shall receive full instruction in each case, according to its demands. Your success will be truly great."

With a little further instruction to each one the spirit physician withdrew. Then came Garza and held his listeners well high spell-bound by his eloquence and philosophy. For half an hour he talked, and then departed, after which a sprightly little Indian maiden from the Seminole tribe came, and enlivened the hour with her cheerful thrills.

"Then Mabel spoke," she said, "and have listened to the most beautiful scenes. But there! I could have cried when the doctor predicted the breaking out of fever here and said we must all remain in the city. I suppose he knows what he is talking about, and that both of you will cheerfully acquiesce in his opinions. But I am not resigned at all to any such situation as he marks out for me."

For a moment she pined in aggrieved silence, then went on:

"Of course my opinion will make no difference to the spirits; they will have their own way, and I know it is for some good. But I must tell you what I saw while they were talking through my lips. I was outside of myself, apparently, though I seemed to be in this chair, too. Anyhow, I saw myself enveloped in a glow of crimson light that changed to golden, and then violet. From the light, tiny streams of electric sparks went out and formed a circle of stars around the three of us, and from every star a clear, beautiful blue flame flashed. Then I saw a sick person brought in on a cot, and the flame of the stars was directed upon him; it penetrated his body, driving out a dark, cloudy evil, and infusing him with a pale yellow light. Soon he arose and walked off, as if cured. And then I heard some one sing, and the song told me that the scene was a symbol of the way we three, with our spirit-helpers, would be instrumental in saving human lives. After that I saw a green forest. It was of the loveliest green; the soil was velvety and strewn with flowers; the trees were stately, and the branches were rich with perfect foliage and hung with crimson and golden fruit. Beneath a tree stood a girl about fifteen; she was an Indian, but very handsome; she was clothed in cream white, decorated with scarlet; she wore a star on her brow. She held a handsome white fawn by his golden collar. On her shoulder perched a bird of brilliant plumage. She looked at me with a smile, then came towards me, and as she did so, Garza ceased to speak, and she began to chatter to you."

A call for the doctor broke up the little séance at this point, and soon the ladies retired to their own apartments, but all plans for the summer outing had been abandoned in that hour.

Events proved the predictions of Dr. Cameron correct. The fever developed, and many human beings were stricken down by it. The city was quarantined, the mails forgotten, and doctors and nurses had enough to do. As the spirit prophesied, Dr. Vaughn did not lose a case, though if some of his brother physicians of the old school had known of his methods of treatment they would have charged him with lending himself to quackery and fraud. But he was successful, the sick recovered under his hands, and the well blessed him for the comforts that he gave.

Hazel, in her ministry as nurse, stood faithfully by her post, and performed her tasks well and Mabel in her home lived the life of a recluse, and helped the spirits to silently hold the forces, and to do the work which in the blessedness of love for suffering humanity they had elected to do.

At last their task was done; the fever had abated and the city was released from its isolation. Dr. Vaughn was more than gratified at his success—his brother physicians had looked upon him with envy. Some day not far distant he would publish the secrets of his successes, but at present he had other work to do; he had been working with him in every case; she had been working with other physicians, and she had seen patients die where she had felt they could have been saved. But she held her peace, for it was not for the nurse to take exceptions to the physician's care.

But now all was over. She had not yet formulated her plans for future days, but was quietly resting with Mabel and the doctor at a pretty little water-side some miles from their home. In the moonlight they sat and conversed on many things, when all at once Mabel said, "Look, George! look, Hazel! do you see that cloud of smoke? how dazzlingly white it is. And see—it is opening! the spirits are doing this for us. Can you see it too, or is it only my clairvoyance that is quickened?" They did see it—a mass of brilliant whiteness opening and disclosing to view a panoramic scene of importance and significance.

CHAPTER XX.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

It was a beautiful spectacle that presented itself in the open to these interested observers. A series of panoramic scenes understood by none but Hazel, and by her only in part, but of bewitching interest to all. The mysterious, cloud-like appearance that had opened before them presented in its depths a picture of surpassing beauty. It was as if one had been called to gaze into the heart of some snowy, glistening cavern, in which brilliancy itself was visible. A beautiful shining recess of whiteness and splendor, upon which were photographed, one after the other, scenes in the life of Hazel that depicted themselves to her sight with startling accuracy.

First came the appearance of herself as a

young and happy maiden, sitting by the side of her father on the bluff by the sea. Then followed scenes after scenes in rapid succession, each moving away as its successor appeared, until in these pictorial illustrations the story of her life up to date was told. One peculiarly of these pictures was that the other scenes in them seemed to move and appear as if in a flow of life and activity. They stood out from the brilliant background of the cave in life-like distinctness and with all the natural coloring incident to them.

After a while there came a pause in the passing of these representations, during which the snowy recess was flooded with colors of the most gorgeous hue, one shade of beauty succeeding another, each more lovely than the last, gradually toiling down from the more vivid hues to more delicate dyes of pink, and violet, and yellow, dying out again in the pristine whiteness of the walls.

Then came a new series of transformations of spectacular beauty, ending in another pictorial representation of scenes in the lives of mortals. And now Hazel saw her child in scenes depicting a course up to the present time. As a whole the scenes were flooded with the light that is shed by an innocent happy life. But the three last representations gave forth a cloudy emanation that seemed to betoken sorrow and pain. The latter showed Lou, first as a young woman of perhaps nineteen, sitting alone in a small, plainly furnished room, with her face bowed upon her hands, as in an agony of grief. The succeeding scenes were as turning in soot from a young man with dark eyes, and hair like a raven's wing, and the closing scene of all represented the same young lady as if listening to some tale poured into her ears by a small, dark-eyed, wizened face, whose once bright eyes were now as white as the white snow. Every now and then this latter woman raised her hand to her throat, as if something stifled her, and the watchers saw that she suffered from some spasmodic cough, while once a stream of scarlet issued from her lips with startling distinctness, and with such an appearance of reality that Dr. Vaughn instinctively started to his feet as if to go to her relief.

But the picture faded and the whole appearance passed from view. For a few moments the trio sat in silence, and then the well known tones of Garza were heard speaking through the lips of Mrs. Vaughn.

"My children," said the sage, "we have given you an illustration of spirit-painting, and work that can be produced instantaneously and at the will of the artist. We have represented to you scenes in human experiences that have a significance to one of you. My daughter," turning to Hazel—"you have been most grossly sinning against. The time is coming when you must know the truth. That woman in the last picture whose frame seemed racked with a consuming disease you did not recognize, but she once cruelly deceived you. Her name was Pauline. You are needed in California. Make your arrangements as soon possible to go thither. Your work as a nurse of the sick in hospital and ward must cease. You have other duties to assume. Make your preparations to go to Southern California—to Los Angeles. Go to No. 1—E. Fifth Street and ask for my daughter. You will find her there after six o'clock each night. Make yourself known to her; she is in need of a mother's love. Do not doubt. After what you have seen to-night you cannot doubt nor question, but go at once."

And so she did, as soon as she could arrange her affairs, for she felt that it was a voice from heaven that had bidden her, and it could not be disobeyed. And now that she was about to leave the life behind her—the life of sacrifice, of patient toil for others, of long and hopeless waiting, a life that she left with many a pang of regret, for she had loved her noble work and the ties it had formed for her—all the old time associations and memories of home, of husband and child came thronging upon her heart with the intensity of pain. She was alone walking in the dark, uncertain what she was to meet, yet the spirit had told her to go and go she would, but what would come from it all she could not divine. One thing puzzled and distressed her more than all else. Garza had told her that she had been deceived, and by Pauline. If so, then all the weary years of separation from her husband and child had been most grievous years indeed to them, and she had done them bitter wrong. Oh, how she wished that she had gone to him in that long past better hour and asked him for the truth! or, better still, that she had trusted him with Pauline and learned the truth from them both. But she had thought herself justified in her course. To be sure, she was young and inexperienced then, but she was acquainted with the world's ways, trusting always to her husband to plan for her; but she thought she had done right to leave him, for the proofs of his perfidy had seemed so great.

She was heart-sick now with doubt and suspense, as she went on making preparations for her departure for the Pacific slope. Poor little Hazel! She had suffered much, but now that she had discarded nurse's cap and gown, and stood arrayed in a neat and pretty traveling costume of gray and blue, she appeared quite young and handsome; her silky dark locks, although thickly sprinkled with gray, were coiled in a loose knot at the back of her shapely head, with tiny ribbons gently caressing her neck and brow. Her large and lustre, while her gentle face and graceful figure bore the impress of a lady as dainty and cultured as one could wish to see.

Her leave-taking of her friends was one of trial to them all, for they were knit together by tender ties of association and love; but as Garza assured them that they would meet again, the separation seemed to be but a temporary one.

The long journey was made without special incident, and Hazel, on her arrival in Los Angeles, was immediately driven to No. 1—East Fifth street. It was after nine in the evening, and she doubted if she should find the object of her search; yet her anxious heart would not allow her to wait a moment longer than was necessary to prove whether her search was what she had hoped for or not.

The house before which she alighted was a humble one, neat and unpretentious, but in a rather lowly quarter. There was a light in the front room, for its rays streamed out from the open window. Bidding her driver remain for further orders, she ascended the steps and rang the bell. Her summons was answered by an elderly woman of respectable appearance, who responded to her inquiries by directing the lady to an apartment up one flight in the rear, bidding her leap aloft as she gave the directions, that the victor might find the way. With beating heart and muffled tread Hazel hastened on. Her tap upon the door was twice repeated, but, receiving no answer, she was about to move away, when something prompted her to turn the knob. She did so, and the door opened at her touch, revealing a rather plain but neatly furnished apartment, lighted by the flame of a small lamp upon the table. At this table a young lady, in a modest suit of brown, sat, her face buried in her hands, her attitude that of grief and pain. Hazel paused upon the threshold, with a look of blank surprise, for this was the reality and prototype of one scene in the vision that had been given to her and her friends. That she softly crossed the room and knelt down by her daughter's side. Lou, for she it was, who had been in work-day clothes, sat in that humble room—had not heard the tapping at her door nor heeded the heart of her guest.

She had been busy that evening in destroying many little love notes, and other tokens of affection which her whilom lover, Norton Bradley, had formerly bestowed upon her, and the effort had been sufficient to wring her heart with pain, for as yet she had not wholly torn his image from her breast. Although it bade fair to soon vanish away. For her dream of love was over; she had awakened to find her idol clay, and shattered at her feet, and she, although from the first she never swerved, that was nearly a month ago; she had sent him his ring, patiently refusing to see him, and she had meant to destroy these other tokens of affection before this, but had not found the courage until to night. And now

she had finished her task, which had left her faint and weary, with the sting of a wounded heart still rankling in her breast. And so she had not heard that quiet tread, nor felt the nearness of the one who had brought her into this world. For Hazel had a silent step, one made noiseless by the habit of softly stepping about the beds of the sick and dying, and therefore it was not until she felt a loving, gentle hand raised to draw her from the tearful eyes that she discovered she was not alone.

Poor girl, she had grown pale and wan from the effects of toil and of trouble, and her large and mournful dark eyes looked in startled wonder upon the sweet face of her visitor, as a spirit might have gazed in bewildered surprise.

"My darling," and Hazel's low, soft tones were tremulous with emotion, "I am so thankful to find you. I seem a stranger to you, but, dear, do not you heart-recognize me? Look, dear, into my features, and see if you cannot tell me who I am!"

For a moment a cloud seemed to blur the vision of the girl, then she bent forward eagerly, and, with trembling eyes into the face before her, with devouring gaze.

How long they thus gazed into each other's souls neither knew, each pair of eyes so like the other, drinking in the sight of a face longed for, through years of waiting and of hopelessness. But at last the spell was broken, for with a cry, "Mamma! mamma! it is you, I know it is you; have you really come back to me?" Lou clasped her mother to her breast. The embrace was a long and silent one. Only angels can view such a scene, and we draw the veil over it.

But at length Hazel aroused and said, "My darling, there is much to be told on both sides. I am your mother, and I have always carried this next my heart—see!" drawing a little golden locket from the bosom of her dress. It was in the shape of two linked hearts, a pretty trinket which she opened, displaying a tiny picture of her baby, painted by the artist when the child was but two years old. Beneath the miniature the inscription, "Baby Lou," in golden letters, appeared. On the other side of the locket was a ringlet of curling hair, and from a baby's head. Hazel kissed the latter and held the trinket up for Lou to examine. "It was all I had of my baby," she said; "but the hour is late, my love, the mother continued. 'I have but just arrived from the East and have not secured a stopping-place. The carriage is below. I cannot be separated from my baby; shall we go together to the hotel, or can you accommodate me here?'"

"Oh, mamma dear, let me send the carriage away, and you stay with me to-night. The house is respectable, and the bed is neat and clean, though this is a humble place. I have to work for my living, and cannot afford to live in luxury; but the people of the house are quiet and kind, and they do not intrude upon me. I had better quarters—more suitable for you than I could give you, but I gave up my work in the law office, and could get nothing to do except in a cannery factory, so I had to come down within my means. Of course I have friends, but I would not go to them. I want to do for myself."

"But, child, this is distressing. Where is your father?"

"Papa? I do not know whether he is living or dead."

"No! He left me two years ago to seek for my mother. I have not seen him since. But there is the cabin; we must dismiss him, then we can talk."

And they did talk, carrying on their conversation far into the night, making mutual disclosures, but very little slumber, though as yet the mother did not reveal to her long and why she had fled from her home so long ago, reserving that confession for a future day.

A Dream.

BY SARAH WARD.

As I lay upon my bed at night I slept and dreamed; and in my dream an angel came to me and said, "Come," and I went forth with him into strange places, the like of which I had never seen before. We entered the corridor of a great prison, and in the grave-like cells I saw the sleeping forms of men upon their narrow beds. Some boyish faces there were, that looked almost innocent beneath the kindly touch of sleep; on others were traced the sad records of long, dark years.

But upon the head of every slumberer in those dreary cells there beamed a strange, soft light. It was almost like a halo, save that it seemed to shine from without rather than to radiate from within. Even the most sinister face in all that throng was thus illumined, and I wondered as to the source of this light, and I responded to my thought the angel said, "It is the glow of the tender, prayerful thoughts of those who love them."

And I thought: "Surely among all these desperadoes, these outcasts, some there must be who are friendless."

Again the angel answered: "No, not one. Many a mother's love follows the wanderer hither and abides, even when that mother's place is found no longer among the ways of men, and the white flower of her memory has almost perished in the Upas shade of crime and hatred. Even those deserted and disowned by their natural kindred are not forgotten, for there be high and holy ones who make such poor souls their special care. And above all is the gracious light, shining from the face of Him who said, in Galilee, Love one another. On some fair, auspicious day, these poor children of sin will grow weary of gazing in the dust, and, looking upward, some beam from this wealth of radiance will cleave the darkness of their life."

Leaving the prison, we sped on beneath the starry skies. Down, down, down, now we were in a mine. Some laborers were still at work breaking coal. Their forms were toiled, and their faces grimy, but all about them I saw the glory. I saw how the affection of their wives and children abode with them here as a living presence, and how the very depths of the earth are aglow with the light of love.

Again we journeyed on. Now we were above the heaving sea. Wherever a queenly ship, or the humblest of sloops sped on its separate way, there bent above each a luminous arch of palpitating brightness.

The angel said, "It is the meeting of the good wishes and go-longs of those whom the voyagers leave behind, and the longing expectancy of others who wait to greet them on the shore to which they fare."

And I saw how the midnight ocean, the gloom of the cold sea, is all floored and dappled with the brightness of love.

In that strange pilgrimage we paused in the vile districts of great cities, where hideous poverty made existence almost unbearable, and in peaceful country places, where the moonlight lay like a benediction upon the sleeping farms; but wherever there was a human heart to beat and suffer there I beheld the glory.

Since that dream the world has seemed a fairer place to me. Through its mists of doubt and perplexity gleam the starry eyes of Hope. Upon the lowliest brow I see the luminous insignia of membership in the Royal Family. In the King whose name is Love. And sometimes in a waking dream I see the world as it shall one day be, when selfishness shall have waned and knowledge shall have widened when the broad acre of one life shall touch that of another, and that still another, until all dark chasms shall be bridged with light, and our old Earth goes swinging on her way, aglow with the warmth and radiance of love.

Niagara Hushed.

To awake from sleep to the consciousness of a great or unexplained noise is often appalling, but it may be no less fearful to awake to the consciousness of a sudden stillness where the ear has been used to sound. One who from birth has always been accustomed to the thunder of Niagara, has lately told in a daily paper the story of the morning, now fifty years ago, when the roar of the cataract ceased and a great stillness settled over the district. He says:

I was born twenty-five years before, with the roar of Niagara in my ears, and had lived ever since within a mile of the cataract. I awoke that morning oppressed by a strange feeling, which I found was caused by the astounding fact that the roar of Niagara was gone.

My first thought was that I had become deaf in the night, but the sound of the ticking of a clock in the next room assured me that my hearing was not affected. The tumult of Niagara was still, and the unwonted silence was appalling.

I hastily dressed, and ran from the house. Scores of people were hastening toward the falls to learn the cause of the alarming quietness. The sight was a strange one. Where the river had been was now a naked bed of jagged black and silty rock, and the precipices over which it had hurled its waters were bare from shore to shore. Niagara was dry, or so nearly so, that the sound of the water that fell over the rock was as the trickle of a brook.

People from the Canada side waited along the edge of the precipice, and made their way nearly to Goat Island and the American side without wetting their feet. A number of ancient gun-barrels were so and among the rocks of the river-bed above the rapids. People swarmed to see the strange sight.

This extraordinary condition of affairs continued all day. When the people went to bed late that night Niagara was still silent, but when they awoke the next morning the thunder of the falls was shaking the earth as usual, and the cataract had returned to its old habit.

The power which had silenced Niagara was soon discovered. It was in March that the noise of the cataract ceased. The winter had been one of the coldest on record. Thick ice formed in Lake Erie. The break-up came suddenly. Toward the end of March a stiff north-easterly wind came up and broke the ice-fields, separating them from the shore during the ice-floes up the lake, piling them in great banks as they moved.

Toward night, on March 30, the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter, and became a fierce gale. The surface of the lake was packed with miniature icebergs, and the storm hurried them back with such force that a great dam was formed at the head of Niagara river.

This dam held back the water, and before long the river above the falls was drained, and by the morning of the 31st Niagara was silent. For twenty-four hours its voice of thunder was hushed, but by the morning of April 1 the ice pack gave way under the pressure of water, and the cataract reasserted itself.—Ez.

Pungent Paragraphs.

BY CHARLES H. WHITE.

Some kinds of "will power" should be deprived of the initial "w."

There are chords in the human breast from which only certain natures can draw music.

Some persons appear to regard sympathy as though it were like the smallpox—to be avoided.

Strength of mind is not necessarily evidenced by positiveness.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." True; but the presence of moss is a sign of inactivity.

A man who is too indolent or too indifferent to think for himself deserves to be humbugged.

He who merely skims the surface of a subject gets only the froth. The substance is below.

If one desired to cross the ocean he would be foolish to choose a canoe.

Truth does not step up before one and introduce itself. It is modest, and one must search for it.

He who said "Clothes do not make the man," was only partly correct. They are the "whole thing" with some persons.

Dyspepsia is often mistaken for devotion.

The hardest lesson for a mortal to learn is the lesson of true humility.

The man who concerns himself about his neighbor's spiritual welfare is often apt to neglect his own.

"Cheek" may carry a man through this world, but it won't pass current in the next.

No persons measure intellect by the gyrations of the tongue.

"Punched coin" may be "silver," but, if so, it is often "spendable."

He who insists upon keeping his eyes closed might just as well be blind.

Some men offer to buy their way into "Paradise" by offering bribes at the church door.

He who poses as God's interpreter will one day be out of a job.

If you really desire to learn something, don't start out with the idea that you know it already.

Some men "love their neighbors" only while their neighbors can be of use to them.

Many men will subscribe one hundred dollars each to a fund for sending out lined soldiers to Zulu-land, who would not hand a dime to a starving creature on the street.

True humility, like true Christianity, is conspicuous by its absence.

"This world is but a fleeting show," and some men rise no higher than to be scene-shifters.

The man who "thinks by proxy" is first cousin to him who gets others to work while he loafs around.

The narrowness of some men is so extreme that, like microbes, "a thousand of them can march abreast on the point of a needle."

Many men lame themselves by "jumping at conclusions." That form of lameness Christian Science is powerless to cure.

There are men who seem to think God did not create the persons who disagree with them.

Because the Bible says "God made man in his own image," certain men accept that as authority for worshipping themselves.

Many persons seem to regard reasoning as a dangerous practice. Doubtless they are fearful lest it might add to them the truth.

If most men treated their mundane affairs as they do their spiritual, there would be few able to pay their taxes.

No one will ever succeed in making a narrow-gauge car run smoothly on a broad-gauge track.

The firm of Damon & Pythias had no successors.

Some men's idea of honesty consists in keeping out of jail.

Many individuals swallow religion as they do medicine—with a fair face.

Mental breadth is feared by some; they want to be able to put out their intellectual hands, and touch the sides. Such persons generally manage to stay where they can do it.

Some men regard God as being even more cruel than themselves.

Many white men are like their red brothers; they hope to scalp their enemies in the "happy hunting grounds."

A COASTING SONG.

BY A. D.

"Down, down the hill how swift we go,
Over the ice and over the snow."
This was the song we children sung
In days gone by, when I was young;
While with hearts and cheeks aglow
We glided over the crusted snow.

And as the song comes back to me
I feel a thrill of old-time glee
Cutting away the cares of life,
Till freedom comes from toil and strife,
And once again I thought I go
Coasting over the ice and snow.

Down, down the years how swift we go!
And if our pulses flutter low,
And eyes have lost their youthful light,
We still can see our future bright
In many gleams from that far shore
Where youth is youth forevermore.

Orange, Mass.

Literary Department.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.—"The great lesson which emerges from all this is as to the religious use of the temporal world. Heaven lies behind earth. We see that this earth is not merely a place to live in, but to see in. We are to pass through it as clairvoyants, holding the whole temporal world as a vast transparency, through which the eternal shines. . . . To the spiritual man there lies behind this temporal something which explains all. Work is an incarnation of the Unseen. In this loom man's soul is made. There is a subtle machinery behind it all, working while he is working, making or unmaking the Unseen in him. Integrity, thoroughness, honesty, accuracy, conscientiousness, faithfulness, patience—these unseen things which complete a soul are woven into its inner work. Apart from work these things are not. As the conductor leads into our nerves the invisible electric force, so work conducts into our spirit all high forces of character, all essential qualities of life, truth in the inward parts. . . . The spiritual fluids and the electric fluids are under the same law; and messages of grace come to the soul along the lines of honest work, like the invisible message along the telegraph wires."—*Dr. Henry Drummond.*

All the work, the achievements, the courtesies and the philanthropies of life serve a two-fold purpose; that of immediate convenience, comfort or aid on the plane of the Seen; that of development and spiritual enlargement on the plane of the Unseen. A railroad is built across a continent, a cable is conducted under an ocean, a family in need is clothed and fed, a house is built and furnished and made ready for the beautiful drama of living, and immediately these uses are served, general progress and enlightenment are extended, the ways and means of terrestrial life are made finer and easier; but all this is the temporal side; the permanent side is that the spiritual man has exercised his faculties and achieved greater development in his progress toward the spiritual world. Generous and beautiful as are many of the charities and courtesies and kindnesses of daily life—is it yet fully realized that an opportunity to do a kindness to another is a luxury rather than an obligation?

There is some one we know who is in need of aid, and we recognize the need, and suggest to ourselves that A, who has vast possessions, ought to assume this care and meet this need rather than we, who have no possessions at all; and this is wholly wrong and defective reasoning; for instead of its being a sacrifice or a burden to do all that is in our power for the one in need, it is a divine opportunity, a spiritual luxury; and the only way to multiply those things useful in this part of life is to divide them. Possessions are not a mere arbitrary affair, a thing of exact measurement, which, being lessened or depleted, necessarily remain so. Possessions of all kinds—money, houses, lands, what we will—are but a precipitate in a given form from the Unseen realm. There is an abundance. The universe teems with riches. Things have no value merely in and of themselves, but only in that which they represent. If they represent a certain energy which holds itself constantly related to the divine energy which is fed from that infinite fountain, they will be renewed in plenty and frequency, like the leaves and the flowers.

This result is the working of a spiritual law, and it will only be experienced by those who have learned to live by that law. The laws governing the spiritual world are as absolute as those that govern the temporal. But as man is, primarily, a spiritual being, destined to live in a spiritual world, he can achieve his spirituality of life and relate himself to the divine powers. Nothing is impossible to him whose will has merged itself in the will of God. This is the only secret of the marvelous work of Jesus; and He distinctly affirmed that what He did all may do, and "even greater things."

The entire drama of life is uplifted and simplified when we relegate the event of death to its true place as an incident, only, in the onward progress. In about 1886, Frederic W. H. Myers, of London, pointed out the truth of the "subliminal" or subjective self—meaning just what might more clearly be termed the spiritual self—and it was Mr. Myers who originally pointed out the law of telepathy between persons still in the physical body, a law which one or two others have erroneously claimed to first promulgate.

It is Mr. Myers and some of his associates in Society for Psychical Research who are dated by some seven or eight years the discovery of this law before it was promulgated by any one else. Now the assertion that telepathy is limited in its action to those who are still in the physical body is a very false and misleading one, because the event of death is an incident only; a mere throwing off of the physical body, which is temporarily superimposed upon the spiritual (which is the real) body, and the telepathic intercourse between spirit and spirit is not affected by death even, in that it becomes somewhat clearer and easier when one of the two is freed from the restrictions and limitations of the body. When both are free, then the ease and instantaneous intercourse by thought is, of course, still more perfect. The spiritual faculties of man are his real self. To exercise and develop those faculties in work in generous expressions, in aid to others, in the communion of thought with the friends in the Unseen world, as well as in the Seen, is the true mode of development appointed by the Divine Power.—*Lilian Whiting in Boston Budget, Nov. 27, 1898.*

SOJOURNER TRUTH died Nov. 26, 1883. "Sojourner Truth was one of the most unique characters of her own, or of any other age. Black as Erebus, wholly uneducated so far as book knowledge was concerned, she spoke whatever came to her mind as truth with the utmost fearlessness, and with a mighty fervor and simple eloquence which held even cultivated and fastidious hearers spellbound. She claimed to have 'met Jesus one day in the woodshed,' and to have been directed by him to call herself Sojourner Truth. She firmly believed that all her affairs were directed by God, and literally took no anxious thought for anything. Once a meeting at which she would speak was appointed in Valley Falls, R. I. She was the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace, whose noble championship of the rights of negroes and of women is so well known.

"Sojourner," said Mrs. Chace, trying to prepare her colored friend for a possible disappointment, 'how will you feel if only two or three come to hear you speak?'

"Nebber you fret, honey," was the reply; 'de Lord sent me here, and it's his business to 'de de audience. Dat don't trouble me.' It seemed, indeed, as though the Lord did 'see to the audience,' for it was large and respectful, listening to the negro woman's words, ungrammatical, but burned through with power and flame, with unwavering attention.

Sojourner's wit and sarcasm were often called into play. On one occasion, when Parker Pillsbury was speaking against slavery in a schoolhouse in the South, there arose a tempest, so severe that it threatened to tear the

roof from the building. From among the audience, which was obliged, by the storm, to remain after Mr. Pillsbury had ceased speaking, a man arose, saying he had no doubt that the tempest was sent by God as a punishment for those who had listened to such blasphemy; that he should not be surprised if he himself all at once were struck by lightning; and that he himself would be the first to step into the darkness which he had just seen lighted up. Slowly and the darkness which he had just seen lighted up. Slowly and the darkness which he had just seen lighted up. Slowly and the darkness which he had just seen lighted up.

"Do not be scared, child," cried Sojourner Truth. 'Most likely de Almighty never heard tell of ye.'—*Lida A. Churchill, in Success, 1898.*

S. T. NICHOLAS.—Our boys and girls will be well entertained with the current issue of this valuable magazine, which ever contains instructive and interesting reading. E. H. House in his article on "Bright Sides of His Story," shows that Lucullus was not a glutton, but gave his elaborate banquets for the purposes of display. The author says:

"One of the Greek historians says that the regular price of a meal at a Roman hotel was about one quarter of a cent. That was a little before the time of the emperors; but we know that in Trajan's reign two cents a day were considered ample for the support and education of a boy. On this basis, at a rough calculation, the money paid for Caligula's supper might have supplied a dinner for one hundred and fifty millions of people, if so many could have been brought together.

"I call it wickedness," said Amy; 'downright wickedness.' "That was the opinion of quite a number, even then, my dear. Lucullus was often taken to task for his prodigality, and several years later a great writer named Juvenal spoke his mind freely enough on the subject. He gave dinners, too; but from one of his bills of fare, drawn up with his own hand, we can find what he considered ample for himself and friend. His principal dish was a young kid, after which he offered chickens, new-laid eggs, and vegetables, and, for dessert, grapes, pears and apples.

"He was no glutton," said Percy approvingly.

No; nor was Lucullus, in the lowest sense, though he seemed determined to make himself out worse than he really was. He always pretended that he gave his huge banquets for a purely selfish purpose. He invited a party of Greek travelers so often, and at such reckless expense, that they finally protested and declared themselves unwilling to accept any more; but he told them they should not set it all down to their account, for, though a part of the display was for their sake, more of it was for his own.

"Do not you think," asked Percy, "that he said that in kindness, to make them feel at ease?"

"I like to think it, and am glad when other persons do the same; for I have a fondness for Lucullus, in spite of his faults, if they will have when you come to know all about him. There is no reason for classing him with the vulgar gourmandizers of his age, like Vitellius, or Commodus, or, I may say, the majority of the emperors, most of whom took more pleasure in managing kitchens than in ruling kingdoms. Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, considered problems of cookery so far above questions of state that on one occasion he called the Roman senate together to consult with him as to how a turkey should be prepared for the table. He looked upon the Senator Montanus as a miracle of wisdom, for no better reason, apparently, than that this cultivated epicure could tell, by the first bite he gave an oyster, whether it came from England or from the Mediterranean. It is Juvenal, again, who tells us of the delicate taste for which Montanus was renowned. I think, however, that the faculty of distinguishing British oysters does not count for much. A good many Americans could do that quickly enough with their eyes shut; though not, perhaps, if the oysters had sugar on them, which was one of the ways they were eaten in ancient Rome."

The Dream of the Toy.

The Sandman lost a dream one night—
A dream meant for a boy;
It floated round awhile, and then
It settled on a Toy.

The Toy dreamed that it stood in class
With quite a row of boys;
The teacher rapped upon his desk
And cried, "Less noise! less noise!"

Then, looking at the Toy, he scowled,
And said, "Next boy—foretell."
"Oh, please sir," cried the little Toy,
"I do not know how to spell."

"Indeed, I do not know how to spell,
I'm sure I am a toy,
Although I seem to be in class,
And dressed up like a boy."

"What's that? What's that?" the teacher cried—
In awful tones he spoke;
He came with shades across the floor,
And then the Toy awoke.

There lay the nursery, very still,
The shelf above his head;
The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
The children were in bed.

There lay the dolls and Noah's Ark.
"Oh, dear me!" said the Toy,
"I just had such a dreadful dream!
I dream I was a boy!"

—*Katharine Pyle.*
Century Co., Union Square, New York.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Opinions regarding Platonic love are many and varied, but the subject is always attractive. The following is an extract from an article by Francis Evans:

"Do you believe Platonic love is possible between young unmarried men and women?" a young married man said to me not long ago. "More likely to be possible between them than between a married man and a young, unmarried woman," I replied. He looked at me a moment, then the color mounted to his face as he replied: "You are rather hard on us. Women blush for nothing, but a man never blushes without a cause. That red flush, although it was for the sex of inherited taint, nor for himself particularly, would have confirmed me in my belief had I been a bit shaky—which I was not. What did he mean by Platonic love, anyway? What do we all mean when we use that epithet? Look first at the dictionary definition. Platonic love: 'A pure spiritual love subsisting between the sexes, which regards the mind and its excellencies only.' That last clause, 'regarding the mind only,' upsets the theory of Platonic love entirely. The truth is, that there is no such thing existing between man and woman as so-called Platonic love. It is the feeling of regard between people of opposite sex grows strong enough to be designated as love, it emanates from the heart, not from the brain, and is not interested alone in the excellencies of the mind, although mental attraction in many cases is the first cause of the love. The clearest form of expressing affection for any one is by means of a caress given with the hands, arms and lips. This is natural and right when the affection is allowable—as between mother and child, husband and wife, or brother and sister."

Edward Bok reaches out in sympathy to those who are "A-one at Christmas." It would be well to keep them in mind, and endeavor to cheer them on their way. He has the year round, but the thought of especially remembering them on Christmas day, when all the world is festive, is commendable. In his article he says:

If in this age of organizations innumerable there is room for one more, it is for an organization which would bring together, especially on Christmas, those who are alone in the world, particularly women who are alone. I do not think that many of us who have our kin closest to us on Christmas Day stop to realize what our feelings would be if they were not with us. It is so hard to imagine ourselves in a position other than the one we are in. And yet that position might easily be other than it is. With many that position is other than God has made our own; a fact we are all apt to forget. We remember some poor family at Christmas, but at least it is a family. It is together. The one is company for the other, even in poverty. We remember the sick, and God blesses those who

do. But I wish some of us might cast a look around, and give a thought to those who are not sick, who are not perhaps poor, as the world judges, yet who are alone. Some girl, perhaps, alone; some woman alone; some young man; some old man; alone! Alone at Christmas.

Curtis Pub. Co., Philadelphia.

SANTA CLAUS IN THE OLD SLUMS.—Jacob A. Rills contributes an article on "The Passing of Cat Alley" to the December Century. Mr. Rills says:

When Santa Claus comes around to New York this Christmas he will look in vain for some of the slum alleys he used to know. They are gone. Where some of them were there are shrubs and trees and greenward; the sites of others are holes and hillocks yet, that bye-and-bye, when all the official red tape is unwound—and what a lot of it there is to plague mankind!—will be leveled out, and made into playgrounds for little feet that have been aching for them too long. Perhaps it will surprise some good people to hear that Santa Claus knew the old alleys but he did. I have been there with him, and I knew that, much as some things which he saw there grieved him—the starved childhood, the pinching poverty, and the slovenly indifference that cut deeper than the rest, because it spoke of hope that was dead—yet by nothing was his gentle spirit so gripped and shocked as by the show that proposed to turn his holiday into a battalion drill of the children from the alleys and the courts for patricians, young and old, to review. It was well meant, but it was not Christmas. That belongs to the home, and in the darkest slums Santa Claus found homes where his blessed tree took root, and shed its mild radiance about, dispelling the darkness, and bringing back hope and courage and trust.

THE SENSE OF JUSTICE IN THE SLUMS.—Cat Alley has it faults, but it can at least be said of it in extenuation that it was very human. With them all it has a rude sense of justice that did not distinguish its early builders. When the work of tearing down had begun, I watched one day a troop of children, playing with a see-saw that they had made of a plank laid across a lime-barrel. The whole lot of them, including the plank all at once with screams of delight. "Dago" colony watched them from the corner with hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was the leader by virtue of her thirteen years and her long reach, saw her and stopped the show. "Here, Mame," she said, pushing one of the smaller girls from the plank, "you get off an' let her ride. Her mother was stabbed yesterday."

And the little Dago rode, and was made happy.
—*Century Co., Union Square, N. Y.*

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW.—Every home should contain this magazine. The greatest question of the day is: "How Shall the Children be Educated?" Parents as well as teachers should glean from every available source information on this all important subject. This magazine contains words of instruction to teacher, parent and child. Elizabeth Rowland sends this message to mothers:

Untold joys and the highest education await the mother who conscientiously takes all the responsibility for her little child. By so doing she will find herself developed in many ways which are of the greatest benefit to herself and others. She may have thought before that she knew how to work and to make the most of each hour, but when faithfully supplying every need of a baby, and at the same time attending to household and a share of social duties, she will almost wonder what previously filled her days. She will realize just what things are important in her daily life, and will let go many things that were formerly considered so.

Her daily life must accord with the child's needs and routine of living, and should therefore be the simplest and most healthful. Plenty of fresh air, early hours for meals, and for sleeping as well as for waking, will cause her to find her youth renewed in spite of her "confining employment." One cannot dwell upon self and selfish objects when entirely at the service of a helpless child, and this annihilation of self is alone of untold value. Considered in no other light, the development of unselfishness, of patience, of the power to work, of the ability to enjoy what a child enjoys, the constant opportunity to look at the world from a child's true and unbiased point of view, the opportunity to watch the marvelous unfolding of a human intellect, and the continual incentives to higher living—all these are compensations enough to make any mother who faintly conceives of them undertake all the work they necessitate.

But to all this are added some of the sweetest joys of a woman's life. A child turns naturally to the one who cares for it, and who supplies its wants. What true mother would not be jealous of the nurse who was preferred to herself? Who would have her child's ever-questioning eyes turn elsewhere than to her own for their answers? Who would not gain at any cost the perfect confidence and sympathy of her child? And these can only come from constant intercourse and devoted care.

I believe that every true mother who has thus cared for her children feels that no matter what it has cost her she has gained far more than she has spent; and that the development and the joy which her children have been the means of giving her have exceeded many times all she could possibly do for them.
—*Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.*

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FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Spiritualist movement, anything like a compilation of the names of the earlier mediums, speakers, workers, lecturers and prominent advocates, etc., has ever been attempted, appears in the Address of GEORGE A. BACON, delivered at the recent Golden Jubilee at Rochester, N. Y. This little pamphlet is a timely and valuable tribute to those who became identified with the cause in the years gone. All Spiritualists should have a copy. Price 5 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

SPIRITUAL ECHOES FROM HOLYWOOD. Inspirational Address, Replies to Questions, Poems delivered by W. J. COLVILLE, at the residence of the author, 124 Avenue de Wagram, Paris, during June, 1898. Pamphlet, price 15 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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Baffled.

A songster from the wildwood becomes a captive, and is placed within a cage to sing into the ears of the inmates of a home the songs in which he revels in his forest freedom. But his inspiration is gone, his vivacity is extinguished, and his voice is hoarse with pain. He beats his wings against the bars of his cage, seeking to break forth again into the liberty that once was his. Each time he falls back baffled, exhausted, and almost hopeless. Ever and anon he renews his efforts, only to meet with the same result—defeat. In time, if his heart does not break, if he does not wear his life away with grief, he learns to endure his captivity, but the memory of his glorious freedom yet remains, and causes him to look out upon the landscape around him with an intense yearning to cleave the atmosphere in a skyward flight, or to skim along the earth in search of food. His songs, if perchance he ever sings in prison, are not the glad joyous and pouring of a happy heart that lives in love and for love, but are rather the low sad minor strains that tell of sorrow, grief and pain. The currents of his life are turned into unnatural channels, and the results must needs be in keeping with the causes that produced them.

The soul of man, dwelling in the boundless freedom of eternity, becomes captive under the siren-call of Love and Duty, and is imprisoned within a tenement of clay, to express itself in love to its kindred, wherever they are found. Like the bird from the woodland, it finds its cage a barrier to every attempt to express the grand inspirations that were in freedom, and vainly seeks to burst its prison walls to once more revel in the liberty of thought that forever obtains in the Eternal Home of the Soul. In the first years of its sojourn on earth memory retains much of its real life, and occasionally permits rare gems of wisdom to burst forth from the tender lips of a child. People marvel at these flashes of what they call genius, and shake their heads, and predict that the child in question is destined to an early immortality. So little do people really know of the source of such wisdom, that they complacently dismiss the most important factor of earth-life, and trust to Chance, or Fate, to teach them, as well as to develop an immortal soul.

As years pass on, these flashes of memory that reflect wisdom from beyond become less clear, and at last are hidden by the opaque walls of material interests, erected by the senses of the physical. Still, deep down in the innermost recesses of the soul lingers a dim consciousness of something outside of the circumference of physical being that pertains to its real selfhood. It enters man's thought as a subdued, tender pain, and causes him to send forth on wings of love sublime inspirations that cheer and encourage humanity in its upward march. But every attempt to interpret that elusive will-o'-the-wisp of consciousness, like the song of the once free bird, is completely baffled as it seeks full expression. A low, sweet minor may ring out to solace the afflicted and to recall those who are susceptible to its sweet tones from temptation's rugged way. Some souls thus imprisoned chafe so incessantly against their prison houses of clay, that they are able to break forth after

a few short years into the freedom of the ages that ever was and is and will be theirs. Some there are who live through all their earth years in dream land, finding within the cloisters of memory resplendent pictures of the real life of the soul. They seem to live in the past and impress those who never look beneath the surface of life for real causes, as dwelling in perpetual grief, whereas they are only trying to live from within, but are baffled in all their attempts by the barriers of illusions of materiality.

The vast majority of the human family will, when questioned, confess that their soul ideals have ever baffled their every attempt to make them the realities of the present hour. Every man at some period in life feels an intense yearning for a larger freedom, for a more glorious liberty for his inner nature. It may come when his heart has been mellowed by grief or softened by pain. It may come when the world of sense, through introspection, has become obliterated for a moment, and the higher faculties of his nature are quickened by the soul-forces from the eternal spheres of the spirit. Ah! the ideals of the soul! How they inspire, how they transform those to whom they are revealed! They enable their recipients to look beyond the barriers of sense into the realm of the soul-world, where the Permanent forever abides. These earnest longings of man's higher nature, these intense yearnings of the spirit, these calls of the soul are only desires on the part of the real man to grasp more of truth, and to more fully comprehend the meaning of life.

Who has not felt, in some quiet moment, a subtle prompting from a source unknown, for something that will remove the feeling of uncertainty, or the sense of failure, from the temple of his thought? Who has not cried out in agony of soul for more light upon life's mysterious pathway in order that he may go forward in safety, guided by Knowledge? Who has not felt that every effort, even though put forth in all honesty of thought, and integrity of purpose, has resulted in total failure, leaving the thorn of defeat to sting and torture the soul?

Who has not realized, not through the syllogisms of logic, nor the demonstrations of mathematics, that there is more of life than the narrow isthmus from the cradle to the grave? Who has not pleaded for more wisdom to express to those in need the perceptions of the life that is real in the spheres of the Permanent? Who has not called, with voices choked by aching bitter sobs, with eyes clouded by regretful tears, for power to overcome the obstacles that baffle their search for the kingdom of truth? Who has not exclaimed, in tones of bitter grief, "Soul of my own soul's being, when wilt thou wake and speak?"

These anxious questionings, these intense yearnings, these subtle, aching pains are the travails of the soul in its birth into a broader, a grander freedom of being. They are the recognitions of the fact that that freedom was the soul's original heritage, lost by contact with so-called matter, through the blindness of man to the verities of the spirit. They are indices that man is being awakened by higher inspirations than those of the physical to a comprehension of his real nature, true mission and final destiny as an intelligent entity. They are sign-boards pointing to the City of Wisdom, toward which man has long been looking, but has not dared approach through fear of offending some power concerning which he knew nothing. Man now finds that these very experiences are his teachers, who are gently yet firmly leading him into that city by the hand of Knowledge. He now can take courage from the revelations he receives through his own efforts, and finds time to utter words of encouragement unto others as well as to himself. He knows that the world of matter will not long baffle his efforts to find the sphere of the soul, and that his longing to cleave the atmosphere of thought in an uplifting song, or to cause mankind, by the voice of inspiration, to look up from the muck-rakes of sense to see the spiritual crown that may be theirs if they will but earn it, that hangs low in the clear sky of Truth for all who choose to don and wear. He knows, too, in these moments of intensity, that past, present and future have been, are, and ever will be his, and that he must use every means at hand to add to the sum total of his knowledge in order that he may prove that he has gained much by his transit across the plains of matter. He must be able to say:

"Cheer up, then, souls of men! Be Not downcast.
The troubles, worries—all will Soon be past.
Press on! The world is blind.
Failure is oftentimes kind,
Who loses life will find Gain at last."

Spiritualistic Marriages.

In many States, Spiritualist speakers have the right to perform marriage services, the laws being so framed as to admit of their doing so. In Massachusetts the law states that Mayors of cities, Justices of the Peace, and Ministers of the gospel ordained according to the usages of their respective denominations may unite people in marriage. Spiritualist speakers in this Commonwealth are not, literally speaking, "ministers of the gospel." They are ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism, which division is not recognized by the law. Again, the Spiritualists have not as yet established any usages, hence none of their speakers and mediums can be ordained according to the usages of the denomination, for no such usages exist. It therefore follows that spiritualistic ordinations, *per se*, convey no especial rights in respect to the performance of marriage services. The case of the pastor of the Independent Church at Greenwich, Mass., is an exception, because of the fact that the usages of the liberal churches were followed in the ordination and settlement of the speaker. A heavy fine is the penalty for illegally marrying people, and Spiritualists should avoid incurring the same by refusing to perform the service in question.

Next to placing people under obligations to them, many individuals take the utmost delight in posing as martyrs to those whom they have aided. If slightly ill, they persist in discharging every daily duty, and in making their friends feel that their work and suffering are solely due to those around them. Health is every person's first obligation, and no man has any right to injure others, as well as himself, through its neglect. A person in good health will gladly render helpful service to those in need, and will do it in a way that is not unpleasant nor offensive even to the most sensitive.

The Holidays.

At this time the minds of thousands of people are occupied with thoughts of the holidays, and speculating most anxiously as to what kind and how many remembrances they will receive, as well as how many they will be obliged to give in return. It is a fixed habit with many people to give only to those from whom they themselves are reasonably sure to receive gifts. Others give only after they have received presents, thereby following the old rule, "you help me and I will help you." The holiday customs are radically wrong as at present followed. They put a severe strain upon the slender purses of working men and women and often cause chill penury to stare many of them in the face after they have weakly followed the examples set them by their wealthy neighbors. Even among the classes possessed of large fortunes present making has become a serious burden. They follow the custom, realizing that social prestige, political power and church influence will all be jeopardized if they fail to do so.

Instead of being a glad, forgiving, happy anniversary, Christmas is rather a time when men and women seek to outdo one another in the richness and prodigality of their gifts. It engenders jealousy among children as well as among grown people, unless each member of a family fares as well as the other. It causes envy among friends and neighbors, and paves the way to open quarrels. In many instances the poor are indeed remembered, but the remembrance comes in such a way as to make them feel their poverty all the more keenly, and fills their hearts with bitterness as they reflect upon the seeming fact that the Lord Christ has been so generous with some, and so ungenerous to them in the distribution of the goods of the world.

The holiday season, on the whole, is no longer an inspiration to men and women to seek out the sick and afflicted, the mourners and unfortunates among the sons and daughters of men, that they may comfort them. Why should they take this trouble for people they never knew and care nothing for? What is it to them that some poor boy or man was crushed beneath the wheels of a heavy dray, leaving the family at home with no means of support? Why should they worry because hundreds of families in their city are without food and fuel? Why should their holiday be spoiled because some landlord has put a shivering, delicate woman and her little children into the street through inability to pay rent? Why should they be expected to spend their money that they have accumulated by thrift, hard work, inheritance or class legislation to benefit people so far beneath them? These are legitimate questions as the holidays approach, and we predict that many prosperous Americans will seek to find answers satisfactory only to themselves ere the New Year opens.

We are aware that many merchants, grocers, coal-dealers, etc., will remember the needs of a few of the poor on Christmas day. But what are a barrel of flour or a few pounds of coal when compared with the needs of the whole year? A day of warmth and feasting, to be followed by cold and fasting that make life even harder to bear, is the only possible result. If the noble philanthropists and the generous-hearted tradesmen would benefit the poor permanently, they should deal with causes and not with effects. This would require them to prevent class legislation, the unjust interpretation of laws, the inhumanity of man to his fellow men, and the grinding down of the wages of the artisan classes. We have no fault to find with honest, well-distributed charity, but we do object to giving the world of unfortunates a gleam of light once or twice per year that makes the gloom of their lives even darker and denser than before. We feel that it would be well if the money squandered at every yuletide could be put into a common fund from which the actual needs of the worthy poor could be met in every city, town and hamlet throughout the year! We dare assert that the interest alone on such a fund would be more than sufficient to do the work required.

There is a religious side to this question to which we must allude briefly. False ideas of God, of human nature and of history are fostered by the observation of this holiday weakness. It is true that many children are made momentarily happy through rich and costly presents; but they are also deliberately deceived by their elders who instruct them in falsehood by asserting that their treasures are given them by "Kris Kringle," "Santa Claus," or "Saint Nicholas," all of whom are known to be mythical personages by those who so gravely make the assertion. It is also said to be the celebration of the birth of the Savior. What Savior? History shows that the world has had many Saviors, whose natal days are as uncertain as is that of Jesus of Nazareth. Children of all ages are gravely told that Jesus is the true Christ, the one only through whom they can inherit eternal life. Those who utter those statements know them to be false and misleading. They also know that there are well-grounded doubts as to the historical character of Jesus, hence salvation through a mythical man must also be false. Many other arguments can be advanced against this custom as at present in vogue. We believe the cause of Truth and Humanity would be subserved by its complete abolition.

The little mistletoe arrow slew Balder, the good and beautiful God of the Norsemen. It was so insignificant that its oath was not thought necessary when all objects in nature were imperturbed to protect him, but it accomplished the work of death at last. In Spiritualism, the little mistletoe arrows of suspicion, jealousy, inharmonious and selfishness are stinging to death the good and beautiful truths offered in its name. Rise, O Spiritualists, and pledge your word to protect Truth's revealing angel by your noble lives and pure aspirations.

Thanksgiving will long be remembered by the friends of the passengers on board the ill-fated City of Portland. The kind Providence that gave America the manifold blessings of war, bountiful crops, riots, race difficulties and hunger, did not forget that the maw of death needed a few more innocent victims, hence enabled him (the death angel) to return thanks for the victims of the Portland disaster.

Spiritualism demands white lives, pure characters and high aspirations on the part of all of its adherents. Only by and through these can they earn respectable homes for themselves in the after-life. There is no middle-man in Spiritualism to supply them with heavenly manna. They must honestly earn and pay in full for everything they get.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, M.D.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers excellent out of the medal presented to this eminent gentleman by the National Lyceum Association of Great Britain last June. We also reproduce the illuminated address presented by the same progressive body to the distinguished founder of the Lyceum system, on the occasion mentioned. It was a splendid tribute to a man who has done much for humanity, and was all the more graceful because it was totally unexpected. Dr. Davis ranks with the seers of the ages, and will be remembered as one of the world's greatest revelators centuries hence, when he will be classed with Swedenborg, Boehme and other eminent mystics.

The Illuminated Address which follows, as well as the Medal, may be seen in the window of the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore:

Andrew Jackson Davis:

Dear Sir and Brother—We have been commissioned by the members of the Lyceums affiliated with the British Spiritualist Lyceum Union to beg your acceptance of the accompanying Silver Medal, commemorative of the Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, as a token of their appreciation of the eminent services rendered by you to the cause of humanity in instituting Children's Progressive Lyceums as revealed to yourself by the spirit-world, and which are being productive of so much good work amongst the Spiritualists in your own country and in the United Kingdom.

We desire that you may long be spared to inspire hope and courage in those faithful workers whose aim and delight is to teach those grand and glorious truths communicated to you from the spirit spheres.

Yours fraternally, JESSE GREENWOOD, President.

JOSEPH SUTCLIFF, Treasurer.

ALFRED KITSON, Secretary.

May 8, 1898.

Bigotry and Intolerance.

These two elements in human nature have been the cause of the majority of the evils that have beset the race since the dawn of time. War, rapine and murder, selfishness, lust and greed, all find their inspiration in the promptings of these demons that lurk in the dark recesses of the human mind. The execution of thousands of innocent men and women as witches, as well as the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, are evidences of the great power these diabolical potentates at one time held. Can we say that they have been overthrown, or even conquered, by the majority of people in our day? Rev. Dr. Withrow still preaches the doctrine of endless punishment, and actually hopes that those not of his household of faith will suffer eternal torture. His views are held by many clergymen who have not his courage in the avowal of their convictions. Certainly he and they are both bigoted and intolerant.

The Christian sects are envious and jealous of another. Each assumes a superior virtue and boastfully claims to be the sole possessor of the avenue leading to the kingdom of God. They are all ready and willing to brand the liberal religionists of the times as heretics and infidels. They bigotedly assert that their faith is the only Orthodox one in existence, and place all others under the ban of their enlightenment(?) judgment. Some members of these several Christian sects even go so far as to refuse to aid any one not of their own faith, and decline to act in any capacity with those whom their preachers call infidels and prophets of evils. It is not difficult to find instances in the immediate present where good Christians have refused to shake hands with Universalists, Unitarians and Spiritualists. It is also known that they have gone even beyond that limit, and boycotted them in business. In some States Christian intolerance has been so great as to prevent the election of Spiritualists, Liberalists and Free Thinkers to official positions. Cases are on record to prove that men have cast their ballots for candidates of doubtful honesty, rather than to vote for a man of different religious views.

Thus we see that Bigotry and Intolerance are yet rulers over the minds of many men. Are the Spiritualists free from their domination? "The most illiberal man in the world is an illiberal liberal," says some one. Can we say that all Spiritualists are truly liberal people? If they are, would there be so much boasting of the many wonders Spiritualism has done? Would there not be, rather, more attempts to show the beauties of that Spiritualism to the world through nobler lives and upright characters? Would there be so much haste to pronounce opinions upon metaphysical questions, and so much fault finding because of the refusal of all Spiritualists to accept certain definitions? Would some be so certain that they had possession of the royal road of Truth, and that every man ought to be compelled to go their way? Would there be so many divisions in local societies over mere trifles? Would there be so many anxious to hold office if they were truly liberal in their opinions and felt that there were others as good as themselves? Would there be so many insinuations as to other people's motives, and sly innuendoes against their characters? Would there be so much of the "rule or ruin" spirit manifested on the part of those who feel that their way is the only right way? Until Spiritualists can give satisfactory replies to these queries both by precept and example, they will certainly appear both bigoted and intolerant to the outside world, and to the thoughtful ones in their own ranks.

The next holiday festival will be Christmas. This Christianized feast of Saturnalia of the ancient pagans has become the thing in fashionable society, and Spiritualists feel that they, too, must observe it, otherwise they will be out of style. They had rather be out of pocket than out of style, hence become blind followers of the blind. Is it not rather inconsistent for Spiritualists to celebrate Christmas, the so-called natal day of Jesus of Nazareth, especially so since there is a grave doubt as to his ever having existed?

Suffering is one of man's teachers to lead him to a knowledge of himself. Physical and mental pain cause man to sigh for those things that will restore harmony in every department of his nature. Man's failure to profit by his experiences is the source of the inharmonious that is found in human beings to-day.

Winter is now upon us, and the worthy poor should not be forgotten. We hope the liberal-minded in our ranks will not forget THE BANNER'S "God's Poor Fund." If well endowed it will be the means of doing much good during the coming season. Every dollar will be gladly acknowledged and faithfully accounted for. Let us hear from the friends of the poor at an early date.

The State Association.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Association will be held on the first Tuesday in January, 1899. This live, working organization has already proved its usefulness on many occasions, and has most faithfully served the people ever since its incorporation. It deserves the support of every lover of truth, right, honesty and justice in this State. Every Spiritualist who believes in genuine mediumship, and in loyally protecting the same, as well as in the work of sustaining pure Spiritualism, should unite with this association at once. The membership fee is only one dollar per year, and every Spiritualist will be paid threefold by allying himself with this progressive body.

Lyman Abbott.

This well known progressive pulpit orator has recently resigned the pastorate of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., made famous by Henry Ward Beecher, on account of failing health, and will hereafter devote himself to his duties as editor of *The Outlook*. Dr. Abbott has maintained the high standard of excellence raised by his distinguished predecessor for ten years, and stands to-day at the head of the liberal orthodox Congregationalists in the United States. His retirement is to be deeply regretted, as he was fast leading his people into broader fields of thought. As editor of *The Outlook* he will still exert a wide, healthful influence over the reading public. We hope that his successor will carry the standard of progress forward with the same degree of rapidity and certainty that he has done.

An Appeal for the Children.

It has been the custom of some of the local societies to make a special effort to care for some of the many poor little children who know nothing of Christmas festivities. In times past, these children have been taken largely from the North End, but this year it is hoped that unfortunate ones from our own fold may be looked after first. With this end in view, an appeal is sent out to the Spiritualists of Boston to make diligent search for needy children between the ages of four and twelve years. A Christmas tree with suitable gifts will be provided for the first fifty whose names and ages are sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Please send the names as soon as possible.

We call the attention of our readers to an error in the editorial "Medical Rights League," in our last issue. The omission of the word "not" in the last clause of the last sentence completely changed our meaning. We also wish to apologize for a type error in the title of a poem written by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles. It should be "The Poverty of Words," instead of Poetry.

Our esteemed friend, Mrs. Julia Steelman Mitchell, has recovered from her recent severe illness, and is ready to resume work upon the spiritual rostrum. We congratulate her upon her recovery, and wish her a full measure of success.

Another pioneer Spiritualist has gone out to her immortality, Mrs. S. C. Semple of Laconia, N. H., aged 94 years and 11 months. The funeral services were held Sunday, Dec. 4. Mrs. Semple took the first number of the BANNER OF LIGHT that was ever printed.

Dr. Timothy Dwight resigned the presidency of Yale College at the ripe age of seventy years. His administration at Yale has been able, and he will be much missed by the scholars of the day. He has earned the rest he now seeks.

Labor performed solely in the interests of self, without regard to the end in view, or the good that may accrue therefrom, debases every person who undertakes it. Every action should be spiritualized.

On and after next Sunday, Dec. 11, T. Ernest Allen's meetings will be held at 3 P. M., instead of at 7:30 as heretofore. Remember the place—7 Park Square, Lower Hall, up one flight.

Kind Words from a Veteran.

Many readers of THE BANNER will no doubt remember Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner-Bishop, one of the pioneer workers in the field of Spiritualism. In a letter to her son, H. H. Warner, under date of Nov. 16, she has the following to say:

"I thank you for THE BANNER. It does me more good than any words of mine can tell. I am proud of the dear editor, and would like to clasp his hand. I can now be proud to give this dear paper into the hands of opposers or those who are asking for light. Many thanks for THE BANNER. It is feeding my soul. I see the work, or the record of the work of old friends, and the growth of the Lyceum does my soul good."

Mrs. Warner-Bishop is not now in active work, but resides with her older son, Mr. Fred C. Warner, at South Milton, Mich.

Human Culture and Cure.

Part Third and Fourth of "Human Culture and Cure," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D., L.L. D., is a valuable work for students; Part Third being devoted to Mental and Psychological Forces, and Part Fourth to the Nervous System and Insanity.

Part Third includes an epitome of I. Philosophy in its Past Development. II. The Chemistry of Mental Action. III. Phreno Physiology. IV. Psychology in its General Features. V. Psychometry or Perception of Interior Forces.

VI. Psychomelic or Hypnotic Phenomena. VII. Clairvoyance, or Vision by Higher Grade Senses.

The subject of Hypnotism is attracting great attention, but no authority either European or American, seems to have reached any correct rationale of the subject. Dr. Babbitt's knowledge of the chemistry of the fine forces aided by the wiser ones, has seemingly given him a clear light concerning these mysterious phenomena, as well as the laws of mental action, psychometric phenomena, phreno-physiology, clairvoyance, nervous action, etc.

Many illustrations are given to demonstrate the psychic brain and body, which are so mighty when the ordinary brain can be held in abeyance. He says: This psychic body is what St. Paul calls the "spiritual body," and others the astral body, while Aristotle, and other inspirational souls have mentioned it. I call this invisible, interior body psychic, because it is of the grade of fineness to see by the psychic light, to hear, and perceive and reason through the medium of the psychic aura, which, when unimpeded by the coarse fleshy conditions, is far more swift and keen of perception than the organs of the ordinary body.

There are numerous cases in which, from some great fall or shock, this inner, more important self, seems to have been shaken loose from its cruder encasement, until it is able to look down upon its body lying separate from itself.

Prof. Varley, the eminent English electrician, was at one time able to see his outer body and to move back and forth in his ethereal body.

The author, some time before coming to California, had a terrible fall on the ice, his whole weight striking on his right arm. With his left arm he reached to where his right arm seemed to be, but could not find it. On looking, he found he did not reach far enough to get hold of the visible hand by half a foot. For two or three weeks afterward, when aiming to move that arm, the psychic arm would come up to just where he willed it, but the external arm rested unmoved, like a piece of dead matter. Gradually it would come part way, as far as the inner arm, until finally both arms worked together. To see him feeling in mid air to find his arm was a source of amusement to his friends. This inability to move the arm did not come from any blockade of the nerves of the arm, as the flexor nerves were not reached by the swelling. Besides, when the psychic arm was felt to come up to the face, the nerves themselves did not move. Some lessons can be drawn from this: First, nerves alone, even with an unimpeded flow of nerve forces, cannot fill the whole demand of vital action, but must have this psychic body as a basis of life. Second, even this psychic body cannot be called the complete ego or self of a human being, for without the external body a human being is wholly cut off from the outer world around him, his form being invisible, his voice being inaudible, his nerves or muscles being too fine to deal with grosser nature around him, while he himself would be a nonentity to the inhabitants of the earth.

The body, then, is a part of one's self, so far as life in this world is concerned. "Souls are the motor forces of the universe," said Thales; but even these souls would be helpless without bodily forces. Even the psychic body is made of refined matter and must have its interior soul principle or element of pure spirit.

The author shows that the phenomena of hypnosis and other refined phases of psychic force, are a proof of the Law of Power, and, in harmony with that principle, are more searching, more upbuilding to the mental and spiritual forces, more enduring, and if used with any kind of skill, more safe than the use of ruder forces for human upbuilding.

He also says that Self-hypnosis is a very important thing to attain to, and if it cannot be reached unaided, some true souled person who is already psychically developed can assist very much for awhile. As soon as possible, however, one's own grand possibilities should be evolved, so that one may come nearer to the high and the Deific.

Many books have been written upon the psychic forces, but the authors have dealt largely with theory instead of fact. The cry of the investigator is, "Tell me how!" We know there are thousands of people eagerly seeking demonstrated knowledge, and there fore take pleasure in recommending Dr. Babbitt's book, as it contains a systematized course of study, which if pursued will lead the student to a much better understanding of the finer forces of man, and a clearer, broader conception of the divinity of every power. This most instructive book can be ordered through the Banner of Light Pub. Co. Price, prepaid, \$1.50.

The Doctrine of Spirit Return.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I sincerely believe that the old-time prejudice against the doctrine of spirit-return is almost dead, even among those who are supposed to be devout Orthodox people and High Churchmen. It is very gratifying to think that such is the case. How is it, then, perhaps some one will ask, that so many thousands still go to the churches and keep aloof from the meetings of the Spiritualists? I think it is because there is a good deal of spiritualism now being preached in the churches; besides, one cannot be expected to give up his old forms and ceremonies at once. The thing for Spiritualists to do is to seek a still broader plane of work and follow more practical methods. I have made it a special object, during the past two years, to interview Orthodox people of all creeds with the view of getting their opinions regarding the doctrine of spirit return, and in only one instance was I told that it was a "foolish belief." I afterwards learned that this answer came from a man who never wrote an original sermon.

F. B. HAWKINS.
254 Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EVERY LADY SHOULD READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregular menses, etc. A simple private treatment, a common sense remedy, and a full, FREE, and valuable advice. MRS. L. HUNDT, South Bend, Ind.
Sept. 3. 26townnm

The latest BANNER OF LIGHT should always lie on the table in your reception-room

Philadelphia Mass Meeting.

On Sunday, Dec. 4, the First Association of Spiritualists assembled in Casino Hall, Girard Avenue and Thirteenth street, and opened a three days' convention. The weather was very unfavorable, as rain fell in torrents during the entire day. Nevertheless, the attendance at all the meetings was excellent.

The exercises commenced at 10:45 A.M. with fine music, followed by an invocation by Mrs. M. T. Longley of Washington. After other singing, Captain Ketter (President of the Association) made brief introductory remarks in his happiest vein, to which Mrs. Longley very pleasantly responded. An exquisite soprano solo preceded W. J. Colville's discourse on "True Spiritualism the Only Reconciler of Science and Religion," which was pronounced a very able and seasonable effort. Following a hymn, Mrs. Cadwallader gave a brief address, and the service ended with a benediction.

At 2:30 P.M., in defiance of the rain, children and young people of both sexes were present in large numbers to participate in the delightful and instructive exercises of the Lyceum, and to assist at the formation of a Band of Mercy, the forming of which elicited great interest among the senior as well as the junior portion of the audience.

At 3:30 the regular afternoon exercises commenced with choir singing, followed by an invocation by W. J. Colville, an exquisite baritone solo by Mr. Scott, and a sublime address by Mrs. Longley on "The Religious Aspects of Spiritualism," and "What of Animals in a Future Life?" The gifted Sec'y of the National Spiritualists' Association spoke under evident inspiration, and charmed all hearers, including representatives of the city press, by her refined and ennobling sentiment, and graceful eloquent speech. After the lecture "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" was well rendered by W. B. Parrot, a hymn followed and the service ended with an impromptu poem by W. J. Colville on four subjects suggested by the audience; in the last verse special allusion was made to Mrs. Longley's work in California, and other places, which led naturally into the benediction pronounced through her lips.

At 7:45 P.M., the third great meeting convened, and though the storm had grown more furious, there was a large representative attendance. Music was of a high order.

Mrs. Longley's invocation and remarks were touching and appropriate in the extreme, and W. J. Colville's lecture on "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, but only asks a hearing," was a stirring appeal to all who heard it to put simple truth before all things and determine to follow its lead, no matter into what pathway it may guide. The decorations of the platform were extremely beautiful and reflect high credit on the excellent taste and indefatigable industry of the ladies of the Helping Hand, who most effectively designed and carried out the plan. Prof. Bacon, organist and choir director, deserves both thanks and praise for his kindness and efficiency in making the musical program a complete success, and every member of the choir is entitled to share in the gratitude of all who were privileged to listen to the enchanting melodies and harmonies which floated from the well filled gallery to the floor beneath. On Monday, Dec. 5, the second day's meeting opened at 10:30 A.M. with a lecture by W. J. Colville on "Our Thoughts Their Influence on Health and Circumstances," followed by replies to questions. Next week a report of the Monday afternoon and evening and the Tuesday gatherings may appear, but these sessions could not possibly have been reported in time for this week's BANNER.

On Sunday next, Dec. 11, the Lyceum will meet at 2 P.M. W. J. Colville will lecture at 3:15 on "Christ and Caesar—Their Relative Claims on Human Attention," and at 7:45 P.M. on "Ideal Marriage on Earth and in the World of Spirit." Impromptu poems follow lectures.

W. J. Colville's new class for instruction in spiritual science meets in the same place Monday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 8 P.M., under the auspices of the Helping Hand, an auxiliary of the First Association of Spiritualists.

A Spiritualistic Colony.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During the war with Spain I have been engaged as a navigating officer on board United States transports, but now as my services are not particularly required, I have returned home to carry into effect a long cherished ambition; that is to plant a colony of Spiritualists in the Orient.

The events of the war have brought into our possession a group of islands which are rich in all things useful and beautiful, and where sincere believers in our grand faith could attain a more elevated plane of existence than where we are continually retarded by the ungenial elements of our present society.

I refer to the Ladrones Islands, with which I am perfectly familiar. I desire your cooperation in getting such a colony together, and if you care to lend your support to its establishment I shall be glad to correspond with you, and lay before you my plans.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I remain

Yours very truly,

CHARLES A. MOORE.

1002 1/2 Tacoma Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Onaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Fred P. Evans, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. May 21.

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. eow

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1206 Market Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

Dec. 10, 1898.

NEW YORK.

ROCHESTER.—G. W. Kates writes: We have enjoyed a treat here, given to us by Moses Hull. He lectured for us Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 29 and 30 and Dec. 1. His subjects were respectively: "The Old and the New," "Angels, are they the Spirits of the Dead, and do they hold Communion with the Inhabitants of the Earth?" and "The Moral Tendency of Modern Spiritualism." He had the hall well filled with our intellectual people, who earnestly listened to his excellent discourses. The subjects were treated as only Bro. Hull can—and that means in a remarkable and interesting manner. His visit has helped us, and we feel that we need only to persevere in order to create the necessary ability to perpetuate the cause of truth in Rochester for the development of all the people.

CORINTHIAN HALL.—This famous hall, made so by the first meetings to investigate the "raps" being held there Nov. 14, 1849, was almost totally destroyed by fire early in the morning of Dec. 2. Thus a landmark in the history of Modern Spiritualism is gone. The morning papers gave an account of the "rapings" in connection with their report of the conflagration; and that goes to show that the event is historical in Rochester, and will always be an important part of the record made by Spiritualism.

AUBURN.—S. Comstock Ellis writes: The First Spiritualist Society opened meetings Sunday, Nov. 6, E. J. Bowtell of Ithaca speaking on that day, and the Sunday following. Two evenings each week were devoted to lessons on the "Development of our Occult Forces." Both lectures and lessons were fine. Bro. Bowtell is a student, and gives most freely of the results of his years of study and thought, never seeming to tire answering the questions with which he was constantly pined.

The Progressive Society of Moravia secured his services for the last two Sundays in November.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing followed Mr. Bowtell as speaker for our society, and in the ten days she was with us won her way to all hearts. She gave us seven fine lectures, and awakened an interest in Spiritualism here quite wonderful for so conservative and orthodox a city; her audiences increasing so fast that the new and beautiful Music Hall was secured for the last Sunday's lectures.

SYRACUSE.—Anna M. Armstrong, Sec'y, writes: The First Society of Spiritualists held its regular meeting Sunday afternoon and evening, Dec. 4, at the office of Dr. E. F. Butterfield. Features of afternoon meeting: reading, Dr. Butterfield; remarks, Mr. E. G. Kelly; speaking, Mrs. Huntley; psychometric readings, Mrs. A. E. Underhill; congregational singing.

Although the evening was very stormy a large audience greeted Mrs. Russell of Philadelphia in her fourth appearance before our society. Mrs. Russell as a test medium brought many words of comfort to sorrowing hearts. This society meets Dec. 11 at 3 and 7:30 P.M. Dr. E. A. Wood will speak, and Mrs. Russell will again voice messages from the spirit-world.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE.—Albert R. Conrad, (1035 Light street), Conductor, writes: C. Wornly Stanglen, pastor of Third Spiritualist Church, corner Gay and High streets, opened the Children's Progressive Lyceum Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:30 P.M., with singing and address.

Afternoon service opened by Mrs. Kate B. Wheeler, President, with the Lord's Prayer, and C. W. Stanglen lectured on the subject "The Spirit of True Religion," followed by Mrs. Pauline Edeler in tests.

Evening service was held with a large audience; singing, invocation by President; address and readings by pastor.

Subject for Sunday, Dec. 4, "The Social Crisis" (in religion).

Lyceum at 2:30 P.M.

CANADA.

TORONTO.—A correspondent writes: Mrs. A. E. Sheets has been reengaged by the Toronto Society for the month of December. Crowds continue to throng our meetings in the Theatre. When all are admitted that can find standing-room the doors are looked. At six o'clock, Nov. 27, hundreds were waiting for admittance.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Jeffersonville, Va., Nov. 23, 1898. Mrs. ADELIA SMILE WILCOX, daughter of Willard and Almira Chadwick Griswold of Cambridge, at the age of 79 years.

Her first marriage was to Earl Smiley, son of Hon. Nathan Smiley, and a few years after his death she married Joel M. Wilcox in 1886, with whom she lived happily until her sudden transition.

The funeral was held at Mr. Wilcox's house at 1 P.M. Friday, Nov. 25, and was the expression of the most affectionate respect to the character of the estimable woman. She leaves a stepson, M. Delly Smiley of Montpelier; Nathan Smiley of Norristown; her husband, and two children—Mrs. Hattie Wilcox Brown and Mrs. Wilcox. The entire community sympathize with her afflicted family in their loss.

From the home of her nephew, I. W. Denny, Newark N. J., Nov. 26, Mrs. MARY D. BELL, widow of the late Ed ward Bell of Boston.

Mrs. Bell was born Sept. 19, 1804. She was a firm Spiritualist, and a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT for many years. She left a request for her body to be cremated.

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

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Can be consulted free of charge on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week. Office hours 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. and on Friday evenings. No one seen on Friday evenings, however, but those who work in daytime, and can only come at night. Remember, please, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week and Friday nights. \$1.00 office fee will be charged at any other time, and this offer is only good for thirty days.

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At Ayer will soon be ready for patients. Repairs are almost finished. Patients who desire to engage rooms, please write us at once.

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By letter, and all who cannot call at our office in Boston can write us, stating their age, sex, and leading symptom, and we will at once diagnose their case. Do not ask us our opinion of this Doctor or that one; we never express an opinion; and if you are receiving benefit from your present treatment, do not change; but if you are not receiving benefit, then we would be pleased to diagnose your case. We prefer to take cases that other Physicians have failed to cure.

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Take Huntington Avenue or Cross Town Cars, or Columbus Avenue Cars. They all cross Massachusetts Avenue. 406 Massachusetts Avenue is between Huntington and Columbus Avenues. 4w Nov. 24.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A correspondent writes: Mr. Edward Earle recently returned to this city from Alaska, where he has been interested in some rich placer mines near Circle City. Mr. Earle spent the last winter in the North, and brought out considerable gold. He surprised his friends on the Coast, Nov. 10, when he married Miss Alice Slyter, an estimable young California girl, the daughter of Mr. George Slyter of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Earle return to Alaska next spring and will probably go to Bos on their return.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—The Providence Spiritualist Association, Columbia Hall, David F. Buffington, Sec'y, writes: For Sunday, Dec. 4, we had for speaker Dr. C. W. Hidden of Newburyport, Mass., who gave two fine lectures. We hope to have him with us again soon. Next Sunday we shall have Albert Sawin of Boston.

MAINE.

PORTLAND, Orient Hall.—M. A. Brackett, Sec'y, writes: For Sunday, Dec. 4, we employed home talent, Mrs. S. E. DeLewiss and Mrs. M. A. Redlon. We believe all societies should give their local mediums an opportunity to utilize their gifts at home.

PAINT TALKS. XI.

What Paint Manufacturers Know.

Paint manufacturers, like everybody else, are in business to make money. Money is made in the paint business by meeting the demand of the public, which demand includes economy, beauty, economy and durability. The most successful paint manufacturers are those who have succeeded in meeting most fully all of these requirements and in combining economy with beauty and durability.

In order to meet the public demand and to protect their trade, which is continually menaced by the enterprise of alert competitors, paint manufacturers must under stand the properties of pigments, oils, and vehicles, and must know how to meet successfully new requirements of a new conditions. Hence every well-conducted paint factory is a vast chemical and physical laboratory, in which new facts are continually added upon and embodied in the products of the house, even if they are not published to the world.

In the course of these investigations and tests, pursued incessantly for years, all paint manufacturers have discovered certain fundamental facts, which are now of common knowledge among them, and which are embodied by all of them in their better grades of paints. They all know the importance of pure linseed oil, and realize that satisfactory paints cannot be made with any substitute for it. Consequently in all the better grades of paint only pure linseed oil is used, without alkalis or adulterants. They also know that the use of zinc white in a paint enables it to carry a higher percentage of oil, and that its chemical stability permits it to be economical in many brilliant colors that are destroyed by other pigments, and they know that zinc white in a paint, besides giving brighter and more lasting tints than can be otherwise produced, preserves the less stable pigments from destruction, and thus adds to the durability of any paint of which it forms a part.

All of these facts, which are known to every paint manufacturer, are of the greatest value, where the competition is so great as in the paint trade, and upon them all successful high-grade paints are based. Some manufacturers combine their zinc white and oil with white lead, others with barites, others with sulphate of lime, others with whiting, and still others with combinations of these materials; but upon the pure oil and the zinc white they rely for the prime essence of their beauty, economy, and durability, and all first-class combination paints embody these essentials.

Combination paints differ from one another in detail, and upon these differences the claims of their manufacturers for superiority are based; but all agree unanimously in the claim that any good combination paint is better in all respects than any "straight" paint that can be made.

It is for the consumer of paints to profit by the knowledge of these paint manufacturers, and when selecting their paints, to see that they bear the name of a reputable house, and second, that they contain zinc white, pure linseed oil, and the necessary dryers.

STANTON DUDLEY.

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The Sunflower on this jewelry is an exact fac simile of that design. Wear it always.

Badge Pin.

The Badge Pins have a safety pin fastening on the back to attach them to the clothing.

Roller plate Badge Pin, \$1.00 Solid gold do., \$1.50.

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These Pins are very neat for a scarf or necktie pin for gentlemen's wear, or for ladies to use for the numerous purposes to which stick-pins are put.

Roller plate, \$1.00; solid gold, \$1.50.

Lapel Button.

These Lapel Buttons are separable. They are very desirable for gentlemen's wear.

Roller plate, \$1.00; solid gold, \$1.50.

Cuff Buttons.

These Cuff Buttons have lever backs that tip so they will go through the button-hole edgeways. They are very neat for either ladies or gentlemen's wear.

Roller plate, per pair, \$2.25; solid gold, per pair, \$3.25.

Maltese Pendant.

This is one of the neatest ornaments ever designed.

Roller plate, \$3.00; solid gold, \$5.00.

Maltese Watch Charm.

This Charm is the same as the Pendant, excepting that it is a trifle heavier.

Roller plate, \$3.00; solid gold, \$5.00.

Sunflower Watch Charm.

This is a very neat Charm for ladies' wear, or for gentlemen who want something small and neat.

Roller plate, \$2.00; solid gold, \$3.25.

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Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its department of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere to 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.

SPRIT-MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Nov. 25, 1898.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, thou Spirit Divine, we bring ourselves in close communion with thee to obtain thy assistance in opening our intuition between the spirit-world and the souls on earth. We thank thee for the many blessings that have been bestowed upon us. In the past, we know if we are dutiful and do our part they will still continue. We thank thee for the extension of life here, and for the knowledge and wisdom we have gained. Oh, assist us to cast out all fear and all doubts, and to trust in thy divine power, knowing we are part of thee. We seek to be led and to be instructed wisely, that thy spirit may constantly abide with us. We observe the physical and earthly conditions of many hearts are made glad on Thanksgiving Day (which is set apart by our government so that all may unite once a year in feasting and in rejoicing), but how much greater would their blessings be if they could come in touch with the silent spirit that gives food and consolation when all earthly things fade away. When our earthly friends leave us and deceive us, we know that our spiritual friends are still with us. Guide us and direct us in all things, now and through eternity. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

George Cooper.

I seem to be the first to be permitted to open the séance this morning. I am glad to identify myself here as one that has proved the change called death, and the consciousness of life beyond. I am glad also to return, feeling that the whole atmosphere is pregnant with Thanksgiving rejoicing, but while we see it has brought joy to many, it has brought grief unto others.

Many who ate with their families a year ago left vacant chairs this year; many who were together are now scattered, and in some homes sadness and desolation reign to-day; oh! how hard it is for the spirit to enter into such homes and comfort them. To those whose hearts are desolate, and who feel that life is not worth living, a little crumb of comfort may be given, and through the power of penetration, patience and the law of attraction, we may be able to bring them to observe that little crumb, and they may open the doors of their hearts, and welcome us in spirit, and seek our assistance. When all things look bright and comfortable, and they have the means to secure all they desire, they are then not very apt to seek any supreme power; they seem to think they have plenty to-day, and will always have it; but oh! how things do change. When our stores are empty, and our hearts desolate, and we have no means at hand to provide for the necessities of the physical body, it is then we are apt to cry for assistance, and that is why I return this morning. I have been out of the body some time, and I have observed how conditions have changed with those that were near and dear to me. I have observed that the heart to-day is not rejoicing for the success of the past, but is desolate for not only the loss of the loved ones gone before, but the loss of material things, and for circumstances that now surround them in life. I see where it is necessary for them to seek the spirit, and be brought to a consciousness that it is not all of life to live on earth. I will not delay you longer, although there is much I desire to say, but I feel it will not be proper this morning, as I appreciate this privilege, and must not abuse it.

I feel that if I try I may be able to enter into the surroundings of those I desire to, through the medium of your press; my message is a little strange perhaps, but I have reasons for it, and I hope the one it is intended for will come in contact with it, and will understand every word of it. Say that George Cooper was here this morning sending his Thanksgiving communication, hoping it will bring joy, not sorrow, light, not darkness, peace, and not disturbance, for such is my mission this morning—a mission of love. My home was in Los Angeles, Calif.

Elizabeth E. Powers.

I would like to send a few words this morning to my children. I am thankful that I am able to make myself known, and I am pleased to realize that, after throwing the physical body aside and passing on to a sphere more real than the one I left, I can still hold my friends in memory and throw my influence around them and protect them in many ways.

Children, mother is with you to protect and give you advice as much as is possible for me to in spirit; you know I always tried to help you in the past. There are circumstances and conditions in spirit similar to those in earth-life when we cannot shield you from all things.

Since passing from the body, I have learned one thing in particular, and that is: a mother's love is oftentimes more hurtful than benevolent. We do not give our children an opportunity to stand on their own feet and use their own brains and let them think for themselves. I know I was very anxious for mine to do what it seemed to me was right. I did not stop to think that they might comprehend differently than I. I had a great desire to honor my father and mother, and I felt my children ought to do the same. Now I see that, instead of their being blind and obstinate, I was the one. I can now behold all

things anew, and that is why I wish to return this morning, for I wish Anne and Isabelle and Fred to know that I now see and understand what I did not in earth-life, and I want them to understand each other better, and try to study each other more. Each must depend more on himself and seek for his own elevation. Don't feel that we have to be slaves, one to another.

Father is with me this morning, and so is Frank, and we are all happier in union in the spirit than while in the body, for we understand the influences that are brought to bear upon us. This is my Thanksgiving greeting to all, and I would say to those who are visited by sorrow: Fear not, for the way of the Lord is mysterious, but it is good and just.

I am Elizabeth E. Powers, and my home was in Chicago, Ill. I passed away in a hospital in New York through the effects of an operation for a cancer, and most of my family are in New Jersey and New York City.

Mary Alice Doherty.

I would like to send out a letter this morning, through your general postoffice (for that is what they call this meeting in spirit-life), to my father and mother. Every time these holidays come around they seem to think more of those who are gone than they do of those who are with them. I have been out of the body some four or five years. I passed away with diphtheria; I was quite sick, and at times did not know what surrounded me. There are many changes in earth-life that I do not remember; and as I return to this body to send a communication, I feel there are many things I would like to say that I can thoroughly remember, but I wish mother and father to know that when these holidays come, and they seem to miss their friends who are gone to spirit-life, and say "So-and-so was here at such and such a time," it is because the spirit is with you that you think of it, and instead of grieving and feeling bad, and not being reconciled to the spirit who is gone, you ought to feel happier, for it makes the spirit feel worse, and it does not help the mortal to develop any; your duty is to the living, and not to the so-called dead. The dead, as you call them, are better off than those of earth-life. Mother, I speak of this to make you feel happier and more contented. You realize that we know how you love us and miss us; and when you are downhearted and discouraged you often pray to God to take you, and that is wicked; for if he wished to take you he would, without your asking, provided he considered it was for the best. Now, mother and father, and dear little sister, when the work in earth-life is complete, and the spirit-world is prepared to receive you, we will all meet again in this bright morning-land, for things are very pleasant here, and I am very happy with grandma and Aunt Mary, and many of our friends gone before us. My little brother Robert is with me also, and we are only waiting and watching until time goes by, and we will all meet again and have a true Thanksgiving dinner. I cannot hold the medium very long this morning, as I have waited a long time. I hope mother will be satisfied, for she takes your paper, and so does Aunt Sarah, and I know some of them will see this message, and I hope she will not only appreciate it, but rejoice at knowing that Mary Alice is still with her and still loves her, and will assist her in all things. My name is Mary Alice Doherty, and my home, South Boston.

Eva May Hemmenway.

I, too, want to send a few words to my mamma and papa, because this seems to be the time that children are recognized in earth-life and are always made happy. That is why I am here this morning, for there is nothing makes us happier than when we can give a present to some one and see that it makes them glad; and I don't know of anything I could do now to help mamma and papa so much as sending them a letter or communication as a Thanksgiving offering.

I passed away some time ago, and was only a little over eight years old. The doctors called it brain trouble. I don't know what that meant, but I do know that my head felt very bad, and it does this morning. I wish mamma to know that my head does not feel bad when I am in my spirit-home, only when I come back to the earth-conditions. I see she is not in the same house as when I passed away, and she has changed somewhat; her health is not very good lately, and I would like to help her. I would be quite a big girl now if I had lived in the physical body, and I can hear mother say so many times: "If Eva May could only have lived, what a help she would have been to me. Now I would have some one to help me and some one to talk with." I know she is interested in Spiritualism and is some what mediumistic, yet she is a little doubtful, for she wonders sometimes why I manifest through some other medium more than I do through herself, for I can often come to her, but she cannot always fully realize it, because she doesn't know whether it is her own mind, or that I am really there; yet I try to comfort her and give her strength, and that is why I came in this morning, as the good spirit said I might follow as the next in turn, so I have done the best I could. My name is Eva May Hemmenway, and my name was in Portland, Maine.

Fred Robertson.

My name is Fred Robertson, and you can locate me in Waterville, Me., especially, where I think I have not been forgotten since I was called out of the body, for I went very suddenly.

I left quite a number of friends down there, I was young, being a little over twenty-two years old, and death was unexpected; but the young die as well as the old. I want to say to Emaline, and to all of those in whom I was personally interested, that while the shock and the sadness were hard to overcome, I am glad of it. I was interested in spiritualistic things before I passed away, and I have those on earth who are interested still. I have tried to manifest in many ways, and I have been successful sometimes and other times I have not. I find the earth people are a good deal the same the world over, and I find in the spirit-life a similarity, but it is hard to do what you want to. It is hard to make others understand you as you want them to. It is hard sometimes for us to manifest just when they want us. When the mortals will leave themselves open and free, spirits can then come in when they feel like it and have access to the home and the surroundings, and you will not need to fight fraud as much as you do. You will not need to be afraid when you go to a medium as to whether it was your friend or

some one else manifesting, for the spirit will prove its identity every time if you give it an opportunity. We cannot always control the mortal conditions, but if they will only help us a little we can prove immortality of the soul every time. There is a great work going on, and there is a great deal more needed. The spirit has tried many times to prove immortality of the soul and bring consolation and comfort to every heart, and to tell them that the spirit returns to God who gave it.

That is why I am here this morning, showing that the body is destroyed but not the spirit, and yet how very few have sufficient knowledge and courage to say, I know my friends live and will live, and I will also. We are apt to get into ruts, as "I hope it is so," or "I think there is something in it." I say to all, investigate, and let reason and common sense prevail, for there is something in it to find out for yourselves.

I am glad to be here this morning, and I thank you all for this privilege, but I must out this speech short, for there are others just as anxious as I am and the time is limited. I will now bid you a good-bye.

Carrie E. Freeman.

My name is Carrie E. Freeman, and my home Bridgeport, Ct., where many of my friends still reside, with whom I am anxious to come in contact, anxious to make them know what a beautiful thing it is to die and to be released from all the physical environments of the body, and to get away from many of the conditions in earth-life that we have to try to overcome. I was quite well along in years before I passed on, and was an invalid for a great many years, and I knew how good the angels were to me in all my suffering. They kept me passive and reconciled, because they gave me to understand the heavier the cross the brighter the crown, and to realize that by-and-by it would be well. I had many who had gone before who were waiting for me, but I was not conscious of the spirit communion with our loved ones, if I had been I would have been happier, and perhaps made others happier; but we must live by the light we receive.

I wish to return this morning, because I have observed that my son has become much interested in Spiritualism, and has been investigating spiritual phenomena. He has not been quite satisfied with what he has received, for some things look very clear, and others look so vague that he is not satisfied. I heard him make a remark but a little while ago, that if he could get anything tangible that would meet with his reason, could see it from a logical standpoint, he could believe. He is somewhat interested in all sciences, and especially in life's progress, and he is anxious to learn. I hope God will give me strength to help you take the first step in life immortal. Remember, you sow the seeds; you sometimes reap weeds, but because there are weeds among our flowers, it does not destroy the flowers. Say to him and my family, and to all who may read this message: "Cultivate your flowers and bring forth the bright blossoms, and you will be strengthened by your efforts. I have reference to Spiritualism and mediumship and the problem of divine life. You may find those who seem to you not honest, or you may find others who assume more than they are capable of doing; but while you may find those who simulate truth, remember the parable—the spirit of truth will lead you, and if you develop your own spirit-faculties, you will know the spirit when it comes to you, and will recognize your own. Father is with me this morning, and joins in sending this message. May it bring some comfort and consolation to the ones it is intended for. I will close, as I am not able to hold the medium any longer, and hope at some future time to be able to do better.

Messages to be Published.

Dec. 2.—John Morrison; Mary Thompson; George E. Fitzsimmons; Mary B. Miner; George Dyer; Frank E. Williamson.

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have your paper sometimes through the kindness of a friend, and saw in the list from the circle-room my sister's name. I am not able to subscribe for the blessed paper, but I sent on a quarter to get a few numbers, so as to be sure to get her communication when her turn came, and to-day I have the precious letter from the other shore. She passed on Jan. 30, 1897, from Braceville, O., and Emma R. Tuttle sent the obituary notice to THE BANNER, and now she reports to us. This communication is all right, except a slight mistake in the first name—it is written "Merica," and it should be MERICA BOYNTON LANE. I am the sister in Fort Worth, Tex. The other is in Newton Falls, O., as she stated. I must have some copies to send to friends who will not get it any other way.

Thanking you for the good circle room, and the good work you have accomplished, I remain your co-worker,

MRS. JENNIE BOYNTON HURLBUT.
1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The message from MERICA BOYNTON LANE is well appreciated and correct in all its details, except first name should be MERICA. The mistake is not strange, as in earth-life such mistakes were frequent; and in manifesting, the name Merica has never been given perfectly—always an M, but no further. All are much pleased and grateful for the privilege accorded to our loved ones, as well as the blessing to our own glad hearts. We prize THE BANNER. It has long been a welcome guest in our household. I am trying to get two new subscribers; hope to succeed.

ROXANA F. BARBER.

Newton Falls, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Referring to the spirit message published in the BANNER OF LIGHT under date of Aug. 30, from MERICA BOYNTON LANE, I would state that with the exception of a slight error in first name, the message is perfectly correct. And my sister joins me in extending to THE BANNER medium and circle our heartfelt thanks for transmitting these words to us from our spirit mother.

Very truly yours,
OIL CITY, Pa. GEO. B. LANE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER OF July 30 this year, was a message from THOMAS D. FRANCIS, my husband. I believe it was his, as it was true in every particular, and spoke of promising friends that he would send a message back through the paper after he had passed over, and that one little incident was quite a test, as the promise was only made to one or two, and was not known by others at all. I myself

had not looked for it to be fulfilled, and was much surprised as well as pleased, and feel that this acknowledgment is justly due the medium.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. T. D. FRANCIS.

Manchester, N. H.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

By way of disposing of all other details before entering on the body of my letter, I will say that two anonymous gifts have reached me during this month, which I was requested to acknowledge in THE BANNER. They were from Palmyra, Pa., and from Washington, D. C. I thank these friends, but would gladly have learned their "name," as well as their "local habitation."

The rich verdure of the morning-glories has blackened, and the twisted stems look bare in this Thanksgiving snow. But under the snow the drifting leaves, and the gathering soil many seeds lie hidden, and will gladden us with abundant bloom when our planet reaches another quarter of the ecliptic. And with the precious self-sown seed of my own plants, I expect to delightfully watch those that will grow from the seeds sent me by our dear friend of the Cause, Mrs. Anna K. Clifford of Cleveland. Hers will be lovely indeed, "of unusual size, a beautiful blue in color, with a horizontal rim of white at the outer edge, while the neck of the flower shows a rosy tinge."

I have just formed the acquaintance of "The Lyceum," published by her husband, Mr. Tom Clifford, and illumined by her gentle spirit. I am very much taken by this weekly, and recommend it to all Spiritualists who desire their own children, and those of others to be both entertained and enlightened by this admirable little paper.

Several years ago I cut out from the Religious-Philosophical Journal, a short article by Minot J. Savage, entitled "Evidence." It gave me much to think of at the time, and was the key-note to much that has come to me since, regarding spiritual phenomena. I have just read it, and it seems to me just as valuable as when it first met my eyes.

His first point is that no iteration of the statement, "I know it is so," is sufficient; the facts must be established by evidence that would satisfy a court of justice. His second point is, that we must not call in the spirits of the dead as an explanation, till every other conceivable theory has been shown to be inadequate. The spirit theory must be proved as clearly as is the fact that the earth is a sphere.

He recommends that those who have had a remarkable experience write it out as accurately as possible, and settle the date, if that can be done, and have others who were present do the same. Also, if you have in the future such an experience, record it at once, whether you know that it comes true or not. Then tell some one of it at once, and get this person to witness your record. Third, if it comes out true, make a written record of this new fact, and have as many persons witness this record as possible. Always set down the dates.

This is the true way to get an accumulation of real evidence. By so doing we can put it out of the power of opponents to say, "You think you saw such and such a thing," "You imagined that," or "You and the persons with you were psychologized." That last objection is painfully amusing, as it is spiritual investigation alone that has taught Christendom the possibility of being psychologized.

It is the pursuance of such methods that caused that immense audience at the closing session of the World's Psychical Congress in Chicago in 1893 to hang with breathless attention on the words of F. W. H. Myers of England. And it is his rigid adherence to such methods that has given so rare a value to the investigations of Dr. Hodgson, and his frank and fearless statement of the conclusion he has reached.

Not long ago a gentleman residing in the Middle West sent me a photograph of a life-size portrait of his relative, believed to be taken through the psychic power of a well-known medium in Chicago. On the back of the photograph is a printed account of the way this portrait was produced, and it makes the claim that this special phenomenon gave absolute evidence of the truth of spirit-existence and spirit return.

And yet a careful examination of this printed statement reveals so many flaws that its value as direct evidence is reduced to nil. It is precisely one of those narrations that are convincing to Spiritualists, but do not convince non-Spiritualists who are accustomed to weighing evidence.

To premise, the original of the portrait, a well-known resident of the town where this gentleman resides, passed to spirit life in 1888. In 1891 the gentleman began his investigations into Spiritualism with the same medium and her companion, through whom this portrait was obtained in 1897, and was convinced through them that Spiritualism is true. I was in that town in 1891, conversed with this gentleman and remember the facts of the case. During the intervening six years he continued his acquaintance with these two mediums, and they had ample opportunity to search out all facts connected with his dead relatives.

When this "convincing" manifestation took place in 1897, he was at the residence of the mediums, in a room alone with one of them. He had brought the canvas for the portrait with him. He placed the canvas under a table in the middle of the room, a curtain was pinned around the table, and he and the medium waited, while engaged in conversation. He expressly stated that the medium had never seen his dead relative, nor a picture of him. He does not give any proof of this. Could he have been with that medium every day and night during those six years, and know in that way that she had never seen his picture? Or, did he make this important statement on the word of the medium herself?

At the end of three hours he heard three taps upon the table, then, "no one else having touched the canvas after he had placed it there," he took it out and found a life-size portrait of his dead relative.

He does not state that he had made a thorough examination of the floor, nor of the ceiling of the room directly below it. We do not therefore see a solid ground for his statement that no one had touched the canvas after he had placed it there. Remember that the occurrence took place at the residence of the two mediums. How can he prove that during the three hours his canvas was not taken through the floor, and the portrait, prepared before

hand, and now marked to duplicate his own canvas, not substituted? Three hours gave ample time for all this to be done.

We hope not to be misunderstood. We know more remarkable things than this have been done by dearmate spirits under proved conditions that made explanation impossible only on the spirit hypothesis. What we mean to say is that the account of this manifestation, and a majority of ordinary manifestations, leaves too many exposed places, and too many flaws to allow it to be taken as actual evidence of the intervention of dearmate spirits.

I have myself been personally cognizant of many instances of spiritual manifestation that could be accounted for only on the spiritual hypothesis. I have also been personally cognizant of many manifestations that could have been accounted for by the intervention of mortals alone, but which I believe to have been genuine, from the nature of the medium, from the internal evidence of the communication, and from the likelihood that the spirits would avail themselves of the opportunity. And I have been personally cognizant of a very few instances where fraud was intentionally used by a bogus medium.

It is for the skeptical outside world that we insist that evidence be irrefragable, that there be no loop-hole where the enemy's arrow can find entrance. But when we commune with our dear dearmate friends, we demand nothing of the sort. Then it is, "Soul to soul, like the blending of light do our souls mingle." And the same lofty spirit wrote me on one occasion, "The soul needs no tongue, my child." But these communings are naught to the "madding crowd," though they are everything to the happy recipient. On such occasions we do not think of a test. Indeed, the very word is repugnant. But when we seek to bring a manifestation to the notice of the outside world, in order to convince them that Spiritualism is true, we demand the clearest, the strongest and the most impregnable evidence.

Yours for humanity and for spiritualism,
ARLINGTON, N. J. ABBY A. JUDSON

Abby A. Judson's Books, etc.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

F. K. Stagg, of Newark, N. J., fully endorses my letter in THE BANNER OF Nov. 27 as to the eminent merits and sincerity of this wise woman. Her books are, to him, the best he can find, and he hopes these holidays may bring her orders for many, as well as other help. He knows her personally, and was at her house last week.

Yours truly,
G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 28, 1898.

An Important Subject.

Mr. Editor and Readers of the Banner of Light:

Dear Friends—Believing that you are one and all deeply interested in the promulgation of truth, and in the spread of true Spiritualism in its various aspects of instruction and labor, consequently interested in the mission and work of the National Spiritualists' Association, I make no apology for approaching you in behalf of this important and useful organization. I do not propose to weary you with the oft-repeated quotations concerning the strength of unity, and so forth, but I do wish to recall them to your minds with an influence, and an emphasis that will lend a new meaning to them. Why? Because the N. S. A. holds out its hands to you—not only in appeal for your financial aid and sympathy, but also in loving and kindly greeting, hoping to be received and understood. This worthy organization recognizes the fellowship of men and the value of fraternal association. It appreciates the importance and good work of every spiritual society, however few its numbers, and however small the seating capacity of its assembly room. It desires to have every society that promulgates spiritualistic truth chartered with it, not only for its advantage in being thus strengthened, but also for the further protection of such society.

The National Spiritualists' Association is interested in the work of true mediumship of all phases of manifestation—it desires to clasp hands in friendly accord with all who are working for the dissemination of truth and in promoting harmony among men.

Shall we not, then, receive your encouragement and cooperation in the good work of the N. S. A., which aims to gain sufficient funds to aid worthy and incipient mediums, also to establish homes and other institutions of a practical nature, worthy of our Cause; to be able to send out missionaries who can assist needy and worthy societies in their efforts to reach the public with spiritual truths, or who can go to localities where no spiritual society exists, and preach the truth as the angels give them utterance; to provide sanitarium and educational funds for the blessing of the sick and the enlightenment of the ignorant, and to do a great many good works in the name of Spiritualism which it could well and ably accomplish if each spiritualistic society will charter with it; if every Spiritualist in the United States will but contribute a dime to its treasury, and if ten thousand Spiritualists out of the millions of believers in our Philosophy will become contributing members to the N. S. A., at one dollar a year, which sum, after all, is scarcely two cents per week.

Dear friends, those of you who have not considered this subject, come over and help us. Help us not only to pay the current expenses of the N. S. A., but to do the work we long to more effectively forward; to protect the weak, instruct the ignorant, care for the sick and destitute, be a sustaining power to mediums and public workers in Spiritualism, a menace to error, and a protection to all that is noble and of truth in our glorious Cause. By your active and timely cooperation, dear friends, your sympathy and encouragement, and by such advice and financial aid as you can conveniently give, the interests of this Association can be enhanced a thousand-fold.

Permit me, before closing, Mr. Editor, to thus publicly return thanks to the many friends who have mailed me personal congratulations on my election to office in the N. S. A. I thank them, one and all, in spirit, and deeply appreciate their kindly words; among them are Thomas G. Newman, Dr. Peebles, Charles Dawbarn, W. H. Bach and many other public workers, as well as many from more private life who are equally valued and dear. I thank them, one and all, and also the editors of the various spiritual papers for their kindly words.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y N. S. A.,
600 Penna. Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.
Nov. 18, 1898.

"Perfection" is undesirable. Were we to attain it, there would be no further incentive to upward effort.—C. H. WHITE.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

Correspondents Take Notice!!

In order to insure the publication of your reports, you should write only on one side of the paper, make your accounts brief and to the point, refrain from too much flattery, and sign your name in full to all reports. You will also take notice that the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT will not be responsible for the misspelling of names of speakers and mediums. Strict observance of the above will be necessary, otherwise no attention will be paid to your reports.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.



PROF. WM. M. LOCKWOOD.

THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y, writes: There is but one Prof. W. M. Lockwood in America, and he was with this society Sunday, Dec. 4, and will remain here for two months. The reception given him was of a kind that proved he had many friends in Boston. There was a large audience which evinced interest in all he said. After a piano solo by Mr. Schaller and a beautiful song by Miss Laidlaw, President Allen, in a neat speech, presented the professor, who said in part:

"I am very glad to meet you again in Berkeley Hall. You know every year in New England every son and daughter always come home to spend Christmas. I have come home. Boston is said to be the Hub of the universe; it is not only the Hub in a commercial point, but the intellectual as well. I am here with a new line of thought, and I hope to have your earnest thought to help me present the same."

During Prof. Lockwood's stay with this society he is to give a week day lecture of a different nature from those given on this platform Sundays. The first of the week-day lectures will be given at the Helping Hand Society, No. 3 Boylston Place, Wednesday evening, Dec. 14. The subject will be "The Possibilities of Human Love." Tickets can be procured of members of this society, also of the Helping Hand Society.

Prof. Lockwood will also during his stay hold a special class course of lectures, the same as given by him last season. You can secure tickets to this class by applying to the writer. We are to have a genuine spiritual revival during the next two months.

Prof. Lockwood took for his subject Sunday morning, "What is the Higher Spiritualism?" and gave a lecture that will long be remembered by all who heard it. As many of Prof. Lockwood's works are in print, and for sale at this hall, and at the BANNER OF LIGHT Book Store, we will only give a few words taken from his morning lecture:

We have heard a good deal of late of a higher mental spiritualism. This is a democratic age and a democratic platform to the extent of free thought, and I hope to call your attention to a new line of thought.

When the priest became the politician then the country had to be run his way. Up to the time of Plato no man people had dared to think that we could love one another, and Plato did not dare to practice what he preached. Plato left an impression that has obtained until the present age. A higher ideal of spirituality is beginning to be understood in this age. The human may be instructed into an error, but is never educated by error.

Spiritualism does not only mean that your grandfather or grandmother can and will come back to you. Higher Spiritualism means knowledge, and we find such men as Abbott, Newton and Mills daring to take a peep at Truth. The spirit world that we live in is not controlled by any god.

At the close of Prof. Lockwood's address he received an ovation, and held an informal reception. In the evening he took for his subject, "The Evolution of a Thinker," and gave another grand lecture. Mr. Schaller gave a piano recital before the lecture. Miss Laidlaw sang, with violin obligato, C. L. C. Hatch, violinist.

Don't fail to hear Prof. Lockwood through his entire course; you can't afford to lose a single lecture.

A subscription for the BANNER OF LIGHT would make a fine Christmas present. You can subscribe at this hall, and find it for sale at the news stand.

The many friends of this Society send out their sympathy to H. D. Barrett, and hope for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Fred Watson, our past pianist, and Mr. J. S. Mansergh, will be with this Society Sunday evening, Dec. 18. The writer has received a telegram to that effect. They will be pleased to meet their friends, and they have many here in Boston.

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY, Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place.—Mrs. Grace Cobb-Crawford writes: On account of the illness of Mr. H. D. Barrett the reception to be tendered him by the Helping Hand Society was postponed until a later date. Due notice will be given through these columns. After supper Nov. 30 many speakers took part in the exercises, and spoke words of praise and sympathy for Mr. Barrett.

The President, Mrs. Hatch, read a letter of regret dictated by Mr. Barrett, after which the following talent took part in the meeting: E. L. Allen, Dr. Dean Clark, Mrs. Pettigall, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Warner, Mr. Varcoe, Mr. Sawin, and Mrs. Haven. E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch and Miss Gertrude Laidlaw rendered beautiful music during the evening. The meeting closed by the audience joining in singing "America."

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, Prof. W. M. Lockwood will give a lecture for the benefit of this society. His subject will be upon "The Possibilities of Human Love." On the same evening this society will serve a Roosevelt supper, and a good time is expected. Tickets for the lecture can be had of members of the society.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.—Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, writes: Sunday afternoon, Dec. 4, this Lyceum held a very interesting session. Owing to the severe storm the Sunday previous there was no Lyceum session, and the questions selected for that day were considered at this time. Several interesting experiences with the phenomena of Spiritualism were related. Prof. Schaller rendered a piano solo, after which we had our March, song, and usual exercises: Esther Mabel Bots, song; Master Har-

Oldmore (Green, recitation; Mrs. Ada L. Pratt, reading; Mr. E. B. Packard, poem. Questions for next Sunday: "What effect have flowers upon our lives?" "Is the theatre beneficial or detrimental?"

FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—241 Tremont street—Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—held its meeting as usual, Friday evening, Dec. 2, with President Mrs. Albee in the chair. The evening service opened with singing by the audience. Invocation, Mrs. N. J. Willis; a fine piano solo, Miss Nellie F. Burnett; remarks by Mr. E. L. Allen; Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham; spoke briefly. We had as guests Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood and Mrs. N. J. Willis. Both spoke in their usual characteristic manner, and were listened to attentively. A trio by Mr. George Cleveland, Mrs. C. L. Hatch and E. W. Hatch, was well received. Remarks were made by Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., and Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse. Prof. Lockwood closed the meeting with a benediction.

We solicit membership and donations to carry on the good work of the Society. We are constantly giving aid to the needy and distressed, and we ask all to help our Society a little.

Next Friday we are expecting good talent.

THE LADIES LYCEUM UNION.—Mrs. Sadie French, Sec'y, writes—met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 30. Twenty-one new members were voted in. Turkey supper served at 6.30, when one hundred and twenty-five enjoyed all the good things which the ladies had provided. After supper the first part of the evening was devoted to speaking and tests. Mrs. Hattie Webber, Mrs. Mabel Witham, Mrs. Julia Davis, Dr. Huot and Mr. Baker (of Lynn) were all heard from and gave some excellent tests, as well as interesting remarks. The latter part of the evening was given up to the "old folks," who enjoyed themselves with dancing and other amusements; Mrs. French rendered the song, "Ben Bolt," in a very artistic manner, calling forth much applause.

The Calico Party on Dec. 14 will be held in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, and the proceeds will be devoted to getting presents for the Children's Christmas Tree. Come all and enjoy a pleasant evening and assist the little ones towards having a Merry Christmas.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH, Knights of Honor Hall, 730 Washington street.—Mrs. M. A. Wilkin, Pastor.—A. M. Foster writes: Dec. 4, morning service, singing by the organist; Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. De Bos; conference and circle, in which Messrs. Hill, De Bos, Clark and Pye, Messames Bishop and Sears and a stranger took part.

Afternoon session, Scripture reading and prayer, Mrs. Bishop, who also made remarks; Miss Jennie Rhind spoke, and tests were given by Mrs. A. Peabody-McKenna and Miss Simpson.

Evening session opened with congregational singing; devotional exercises by Mr. Pye; remarks, Prof. Proctor and Mr. De Bos. Mrs. Wilkinson was then ordained as pastor, and Mrs. Mabel Witham as assistant pastor.

The Schubert Quartet sang several beautiful selections, after which Mrs. Cunningham, Dr. Crockett of Boston, and Prof. Wines of New York, made interesting remarks. Mrs. Witham gave tests of spirit presence. Before the benediction was pronounced all were requested to join in silent thought for Mr. Barrett, who was very ill, and the large audience spent several moments in concentrated thought for his recovery.

Thursday, Dec. 1, the exercises consisted in reading and prayer; remarks, Mr. Martin; tests and readings, Mrs. Wilkinson, Jennie Wilson Hill, Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Haven, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Turner.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM No. 1.—C. B. Yeaton, Sec'y writes—held its usual session in Red Men's Hall, Dec. 4. Although the weather was threatening, there was a large attendance. The subject for the day was, "Can Spirits Manifest Except Under Certain Conditions?" The subject for the little folks was, "Charity," all had good answers. Half an hour was devoted to the study of the lesson, after which seventy-six took part in the Banner March. Then the following members gave songs and recitations: Ethel Weaver, Little Kay, Iona Stillings, Clara Weston, Harry Green, Israel Neuhoff, Esther Bots, Mabel Emmons, Lottie Weston, Floyd Sibley, Amy Glover, Mabel Clark, May E. Young, Mr. A. S. Leslie. Brief addresses were made by Dr. Hewitt, Asst. Guardian, Mrs. W. S. Butler and Conductor, Mr. M. A. Brown.

Wednesday afternoon at 4 P.M. there will be a meeting of the Band of Mercy. Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, a calico party will be held in Red Men's Hall, the proceeds to go towards a Christmas tree. The session closed with singing by the school, "Work for the Night is Coming." In the evening about fifty members of the Lyceum visited Lynn and assisted Mr. T. B. H. James by giving an entertainment.

ECHO HALL, 1 JOHNSON AVE., CHARLESTOWN DIST.—A correspondent writes: Sunday, Dec. 4, the morning Lyceum was held, as usual, with a gradual increase. The evening services commenced at 7.40 with a service of song, led by E. W. Peak, assisted by Prof. Rimboch, corsetist; invocation by the Conductor, Mrs. E. J. Peak following with remarks by the spirit of her own mother, who requested the organist to sing "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?" Mr. Walter Anderson of Chelsea was called upon for tests, which were very satisfactory to his hearers. Master Albert and Miss Alice Peak rendered an original poem by Mrs. Peak, with song; Mrs. Peak then proceeded to the usual work of giving tests and delineations. Mr. Anderson will be with us again next Sunday. Mrs. J. P. Nutter was with us last Friday evening. Mediums welcome.

THE LADIES' SPIRITUALISTIC INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, a correspondent writes, met as usual last Thursday, called at 6.30. At 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. M. A. Brown. She announced that one hour would be devoted to short speeches, etc.; after that time it would be a social. This program was carried out, and several entertained the company with music, speeches, readings, etc. It was one of the most enjoyable meetings we have had in some time.

THE BOSTON PSYCHIC CONFERENCE.—L. L. Whitlock, Pres., writes: This society met at 18 Huntington Avenue, at the hall of the Metropolitan School, Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2.30 P.M. The subject, "Soul—Its Origin and Destiny," was treated in a very interesting manner by Mr. William Reed. Several others followed. It would be impossible to report correctly without more space than we have at this time. These meetings are free, and all are invited.

ODD LADIES HALL, 446 Tremont street.—Circle well attended. Afternoon meeting opened by Mr. Haynes; tests, Messrs. Turner, Van Brooklin, Johnson, Bates, Cohen, Messames Stackpole, Healey, Akerman. Evening meeting opened by Mr. Warner; tests, Messrs. Whitmore, Ibell, Hersey, Wood, Lamont, Messames Smith, Stackpole, Fisher.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale, and subscriptions taken.

COMMERCIAL HALL, 694 Washington street, Mrs. J. P. Nutter, Conductor.—A correspondent writes: Spiritual services well attended all day. Morning circle opened by Mr. H. Saunders, followed by good test mediums. Afternoon—Invocation by H. Saunders, followed by Messames Peak, Knowles, Julia Davis, Carbee, Osgood, Moody; Messrs. Hardy, Hersey, Saunders, Tuttle and others. Good music.

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COMMERCIAL HALL, 694 Washington street, Mrs. J. P. Nutter, Conductor.—A correspondent writes: Spiritual services well attended all day. Morning circle opened by Mr. H. Saunders, followed by good test mediums. Afternoon—Invocation by H. Saunders, followed by Messames Peak, Knowles, Julia Davis, Carbee, Osgood, Moody; Messrs. Hardy, Hersey, Saunders, Tuttle and others. Good music.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes: The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society held interesting services at Temple Hall, 30 Market Street, Sunday at 2.30. Misses Lena and Elsie Burns rendered fine musical and vocal selections; remarks by Mrs. Matson, Drs. Pierce, Warren, Fowler, Furubush, Messrs. Fallgreen and Perry; tests by Mrs. Lefavour and Matson; magnetic treatment by Drs. Pierce, Warren, Furubush and others. At 7.30 P.M. the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, sixty members, marched into the hall, with flags and banners, led by the director and officers, to the appropriate piano selection by Prof. Milliken who presided at the piano for the evening; they gave a grand entertainment and concert, first singing by the Lyceum, sixty voices; reading, Ethel Weaver; song, Arthur Fowler; reading, Ethel Francis Peters; reading, Master Harry Green; song, Esther Bots; singing by Lyceum; piano solo, Lillian Goldstein; song, Miss Bertha Barnes; reading, Israel Neuhoff; song, Sadie Falconer; reading, Lottie Weston; reading, Fern Foster; song, Clara Weston; violin solo and reading, Mabel Clark; song, Helen Gale; reading, little Mabel Patten of Lynn; reading, Lanielle Leavitt; song, Floyd Sibley; singing by Lyceum; reading, Mrs. A. E. Jones; song, Master Mayo; reading, Mr. A. S. Lester; reading, Mrs. M. A. Brown; closing song by Lyceum; remarks, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and Mrs. Brown. The society hopes to have them here again soon. Next Sunday, at 2.30, tests, remarks and treating the sick free; at 7.30, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and other members of the Boston Lyceum.

LYNN.—M. O. Johnson, Sec'y, writes: The Social Union connected with the First Spiritual Association, held its usual Wednesday afternoon and evening services at Lower Cadet Hall, 28 Main street. Supper was served to a goodly number. Evening exercises called to order by First Vice-President, Mrs. Amanda Robinson. Opened by singing, led by J. M. Kelly. Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville gave an eloquent address upon the important subject of spiritual education. Her inspiring words were listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Parnell made able remarks, followed by Mrs. Farnell and Mrs. Lamphier. Page in spirit messages, clear and convincing. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds will be the speaker for the first association during this month, and will be in attendance at the Union on Wednesday, with local mediums. These meetings have fine audiences, and are very successful.

THE MALDEN PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, Rebecca P. Morton, Sec'y, writes, met as usual in Deliberative Hall at 2.30 P.M. on Sunday, Dec. 4. Owing to sickness and remarks, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and Mrs. Brown. The society hopes to have them here again soon. Next Sunday, at 2.30, tests, remarks and treating the sick free; at 7.30, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and other members of the Boston Lyceum.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION MALDEN. S. E. W. writes: Mrs. J. K. D. Conant will be our speaker and medium on Dec. 11, at Odd Fellows Hall, Central Square, at 7.30 P.M.

LOWELL.—Thos. W. Pickup, Sec'y, writes: Owing to the bad weather Sunday, Dec. 4, our audiences were not so large as they usually are, but no doubt those who did turn out were well paid for their trouble. Mrs. Elsie I. Webster of Lynn was our speaker both afternoon and evening.

In the afternoon the controls gave a short talk, after which "Sunbeam" gave tests. The audience being rather small in the evening, it was decided to devote all the time to a test séance. "Sunbeam," Mrs. Webster's guide, gave some of the most wonderful tests ever given from our platform, most of them to skeptics, every one of them being fully recognized. The Lyceum met as usual, with a very good attendance. After exercises by the younger children, classes were formed for the discussion of the various subjects chosen by each class.

Our Ladies' Aid Fair was a decided success, the proceeds of which were somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett is to be the speaker next Sunday.

FALL RIVER.—Mrs. Ann Hibbert, President, writes: We had two grand sessions Sunday, Dec. 4, in Grand Army Hall, South Main street. Our speaker was Mrs. M. H. Wallis of Manchester, England. She gave two excellent addresses, which were listened to with the closest attention. At the close of each address she gave quite a number of descriptions of spirit forms, which were well received. We had good audiences, considering the state of the weather. There was also a good attendance at our Lyceum session. Mrs. Wallis was very much pleased to see so many children present. She spoke many kindly words to them, at the close of which she was heartily applauded. Mrs. Wallis will be our speaker next Sunday, and we are sure, weather permitting, large audiences will greet her.

SALEM.—First Spiritualists' Society.—A. O. U. Hall, Manning Block.—N. B. P. writes: The day was quite unpleasant Sunday, Dec. 4, and the audiences were very small indeed. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree was our speaker and medium. She delivered two beautiful discourses, and gave quite a number of readings, which were very correct, and much appreciated by those present. Sunday, Dec. 11, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring will be with us again.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale and subscriptions taken. Annually, \$2.00; semi-annually, \$1.00; quarterly, 50 cents.

G. A. R. HALL, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport.—Annie J. Banks, Cor. Sec'y, writes: The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held a very interesting meeting Sunday, Nov. 20. Mrs. Maggie Butler spoke in her usual pleasant manner to a large audience; Mrs. Florence White gave a number of tests, which were recognized; music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Milliken and Mr. Harold Leslie. This society had its usual supper and entertainment Wednesday evening, Nov. 25. Messames Akerman and Knowles gave tests; music was furnished by Ada Cane.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH SOCIETY, 627 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge.—Mrs. Ellis, Sec'y, writes: Our meetings Nov. 20 were well attended and very spiritual. Our President, Mrs. A. J. Banks, made a few remarks, followed by many independent tests, which were fully recognized. Friday evening this society held a social at the President's home, which was enjoyed by all. Sunday, Nov. 27, the snow storm did not keep us from opening our meetings, and each session had a few who dared to brave the storm. We also had meetings every Thursday evening at 7.30. Mrs. Millen gives tests.

FITCHBURG, FIRST SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, Dr. C. L. Fox, President, writes: Mr. A. Sawin of Boston attracted large audiences Sunday, Dec. 4. Mr. Sawin gave two able lectures. Many of the tests given were names, with descriptions of the spirits. All were recognized. We hope to secure Mr. Sawin's services again in the near future. Mrs. L. A. Prentiss of Lynn speaks for us next Sunday.

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

ENAMELINE

Makes an old Stove as bright as new in a minute.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO. — NEW YORK

PASTE CAKE OR LIQUID

BROCKTON.—The People's Progressive Association—Annie B. Bosworth, Cor. Sec'y, writes—held their usual evening meeting in Good Templars Hall, Dec. 4, having with them as their speaker and medium, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding of Somerville, who gave a very interesting lecture and tests, all of which were recognized. Next Sunday, Dec. 11, they will have with them Blanche H. Brainard of Lowell.

THE HAVERHILL SPIRITUAL UNION, William Hale writes, had for speaker Sunday, Dec. 4, Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence. She was greeted by the largest audience of the season, despite the terrible storm. Mrs. Pepper and her work are too well known to need any eulogy from me. Suffice to say she was at her best. Being the guest of Mr. Ham, President of the Helping Hand Association, she stopped there on her way home, and was given an ovation, which she responded to in a most feeling manner, and was presented with a bouquet by Master Leon Wood.

Tests were given by Mrs. S. S. Ham, which closed the meeting; after which a circle was formed to help a sick member, and, at Mrs. Pepper's suggestion, also continued to send a healing influence to H. D. Barrett. The Helping Hand Association was organized June 1, and attended with such success a larger hall is needed. Its motto is that of Mr. Barrett: "Speak truly, think purely, act nobly."

LYNN SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.—J. M. Kelly, President.—Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: Sunday, Dec. 4, the exercises at Cadet Hall consisted of fine addresses and excellent tests by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., psychometric readings by Mrs. Kimball of Malden, and short remarks from Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham of Malden. Thomas's full orchestra was present, and gave a most enjoyable concert. Supper was served in the banquet hall to a large number. Mrs. Reynolds will be with us again next Sunday.

MARLBORO.—The First Spiritualist Society.—Mrs. F. A. Spalding writes—enjoyed two fine lectures Sunday, Dec. 4, by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston. Our next speakers are Mrs. Carl E. S. Wing for Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, and Mrs. Hortense G. Holcombe of Springfield Sunday, Dec. 18.

BANQUET HALL, ODD FELLOWS BUILDING, CHELSEA.—Mrs. E. A. Foye, President, writes: We had a very good attendance Dec. 4, afternoon and evening, considering the weather. Mrs. H. E. Millan of Cambridgeport was the medium, and Mrs. Brennan of Lynn gave tests in the afternoon, which were all recognized; Mr. Power of East Boston opened the meeting with prayer. Mrs. J. W. Kenyon will be the medium for next Sunday.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

THE WOMAN'S PROGRESSIVE UNION.—Mrs. L. L. Smith, Sec'y, writes: The regular meetings were held on Sunday, Dec. 4, at Walsh's Academy, 423 Classon Ave. Mr. Wiggins's subject at the afternoon session was "Heaven—Where and What is It?" and the lecture was heartily appreciated by those present. The meeting closed with the usual spirit-messages. The evening service opened with an invocation, followed by a duet by Mrs. F. Kurth-Sieber and Miss Dikeman, entitled, "Open Those Pearl Gates." Mr. Wiggins gave a fifteen-minute talk upon "Clairvoyance," and the remainder of the evening was devoted to spirit communications. Feeling that there is a growing need of spiritual meetings in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, Mr. Wiggins will hereafter, under the auspices of the Union, conduct meetings at the Amphion Theatre Hall, upon the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. There was a good attendance at the first meeting, which was held last Wednesday evening, and the outlook for good work in this direction is certainly encouraging.

THE FRATERNITY OF DIVINE COMMUNION.—Annie M. Tuttle, Cor. Sec'y, writes—held its usual services Sunday evening, Dec. 4, at Aurora Grata Cathedral, a fair-sized audience being present, though the night was very stormy. Mr. Fort occupied the chair, and Mr. Courlis being ill, Mr. William Franks was the medium. After opening hymn and Scripture reading, a beautiful poem, "Recompense," was read by Mr. Fort, who also made a prayer. Prof. Whitelaw rendered Handel's "Largo" on the violin, and the hymn "He Leadeth Me" was sung by those present. An address followed by Jerome H. Fort, subject, "Transition," handled in the speaker's usual able manner. After another violin solo, "A Song Without Words," by Prof. Whitelaw, Mr. Franks gave many convincing tests.

A class meeting is held every Thursday evening in connection with the church, at Mr. W. J. Colville's college, 497 Franklin Avenue. No tests are given, but a lecture is delivered by some well-known speaker each week, and opportunity is given to those wishing to ask questions on the subject of Spiritualism. There is no admission fee, a collection being taken to defray expenses.

A correspondent writes: Ira Moore Courlis has been quite seriously ill at the home of the Secretary, Mr. William Westwood, Jr., on Eighth street. At the close of his usual Friday afternoon class, at his home, 209 Tompkins avenue, Mr. Courlis was taken with a severe pain in the back of the head, started for the doctor's to consult him, and stopped in Brother W.'s house; they prevailed upon him to remain over night, and at this writing he is quite ill at his home.

We have very few as earnest laborers among our younger workers. From Sunday to Sunday he draws large and intelligent audiences, and it is under this strain that our dear brother has fallen. It is the prayer of his many friends, both in and out of our society, that he may soon be restored to health and usefulness.

Have You Smoked Too Much?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It will relieve the depression caused thereby, quiet the nerves and induce refreshing sleep.

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The Tuxedo, Madison Avenue and 59th street, M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y, writes: Despite the inclement weather Dec. 4, a large audience assembled to greet Miss Margaret Gaule, who was most heartily received and gave many proofs of the future life that appealed strongly to the skeptics present. I am glad to state that Miss Gaule will continue with us throughout the month.

LARKIN SOAPS

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN BANNER OF LIGHT NOV. 19 AND 26.

Announcement.

Believing that Spiritualism is a religion, and that in accordance with the laws of progression every Spiritualist should become more and more spiritual; and as it appears that the phenomena, such as tests, readings, etc., while necessary to attract the attention and convince us of the power of the spirits to communicate with us, do not tend to elevate the recipients, as most of the messages refer to material things; and being anxious to receive more spiritual teachings from those high and pure spirits, I have thought that it would be well to organize a group of twenty-five or thirty earnest men and women anxious to progress; but they must be determined to persevere—and I believe that we would not have to wait many weeks before our earnest desires would be satisfied. Should this view meet with the approval of earnest seekers, they are respectfully requested to communicate with "Earnest" care of the BANNER OF LIGHT; and when a sufficient number shall have answered, a meeting will be called to settle all the plans and perfect all arrangements.

ECZEMA FOR YEARS CURED

TWO REMARKABLE CASES.

I have been an intense sufferer from Eczema for five years. I tried medicines, four doctors, one a specialist in skin diseases, with no improvement, and setting me almost frantic with dreadful itching. After using three bottles of CUTICURA SALVE, and one box of CUTICURA SOAP, I was completely cured. GEO. A. LOWE, 907 Market St., Phil., Pa.

I had Eczema for seven years, and my scalp was in a bad state. Three inches of my back was covered with a dry scab. The itching was so bad I thought it would drive me mad. I tried all remedies, but could not get cured. I used five bottles of CUTICURA SALVE, five cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and five boxes of CUTICURA SALVE, and I was completely cured. C. LONG, 325 Wilton Ave., Toronto, Can.

READY CURE TREATMENT FOR TORTUROUS, PERSISTENT ECZEMA, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointing with CUTICURA, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Sold throughout the world. PUTTEN DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Prop., Boston. How to Cure Eczema, mailed free.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—Charles L. GeFraser, Sec'y, writes: The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society has just closed a successful month's engagement with Miss Maggie Gaule. Our hall has been crowded at every seance, and many have gone away convinced and satisfied that spirit-communication and communion is a truth. On the 13th ult. there came to our hall in the afternoon a Rev. Crawford Frost of the Church of the Holy Comforter of Baltimore (Episcopal). After some convincing tests by Miss Gaule, he became very much interested, stating that he had been a seeker for a number of years, and that now he was more convinced than ever of the genuineness of Spiritualism. On the invitation of our President, Mr. Locke, he was seated upon our platform in the evening, and in a brief address stated that he believed spirit-communication and the so-called ministrations of saints in the church were one and the same thing.

Later in the week he attended Miss Gaule's seance in Washington, in which he stated that since he had been on our platform spirit-communication had appeared to him constantly, and that the church was very rapidly losing its attraction for him; from last accounts it looks as if we shall soon have another speaker in our ranks. On Nov. 2 a grand literary and musical entertainment was given under the management of the writer and Mrs. H. E. Snyder, for the purpose of obtaining a new organ for the society. The concert was a grand success, and, together with the proceeds of a seance by Miss Gaule, sufficient funds were obtained, in consequence of which a very handsome palace organ rests upon our platform. The engagement of Miss Lizzie Harlow in October was very popular and gratifying to the society, while the coming of the President of the National Spiritualists' Association in December is being looked forward to with pleasure by every Spiritualist in Philadelphia.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Julia Steelman Mitchell has closed her engagement with the Washington Union Society of Minneapolis for November. Is engaged in the State for December. Has January and February as open dates. Home address, Hartzell Avenue, North Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. M. H. Wallis of England will speak at Fall River, Dec. 11; Williamatic, Dec. 18; New York (Mrs. Brigham's Society), Jan. 1; Brockton, Mass., Jan. 8, and Stoneham, Jan. 12. She has only Dec. 25 and Jan. 15 (Sundays) open on the State for December. Wednesday, Jan. 18, from Boston. Friends desiring those dates, or week evening meetings, on reasonable terms, are kindly requested to address her at 603 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. E. W. Wallis, editor of *The Two Worlds*, will speak at Worcester, Dec. 11; Glens Falls, Dec. 18; Williamatic, Dec. 25; Hartford, Dec. 28; Philadelphia, Jan. 1, and (probably) New York, Jan. 8. Jan. 15 (Sunday) is the only open Sunday before he sails to England from Boston, on Jan. 18. Friends wishing to secure his services for that Sunday, or for week evening meetings, on reasonable terms, should apply to him at 603 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

W. J. Colville speaks in New Century Hall, 599 Fifth Avenue (between Forty-second and Forty-third streets), New York, every Tuesday, at 3 and 8 P.M., on topics of great interest to all interested in the solution of psychic and practical problems. Questions, both written and verbal, are invited on all occasions. W. J. Colville's permanent address is 497 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Wm. A. Hale lecturer and test medium, has removed to 75 Cortes street, near Berkeley street and Columbus Avenue, Boston. He has a few open dates for the balance of the season of 1898-99. Would like to correspond with societies desirous of his services. Terms reasonable.

F. B. Hawkins, lecturer for the Brooklyn Mental-Science Society, will work week days for whatever societies can afford to pay. His specialties are mental magnetic healing, psychometric readings and story-telling. Address him at 254 Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham has a few open dates in December and January, which she would be pleased to fill as a test medium. Address