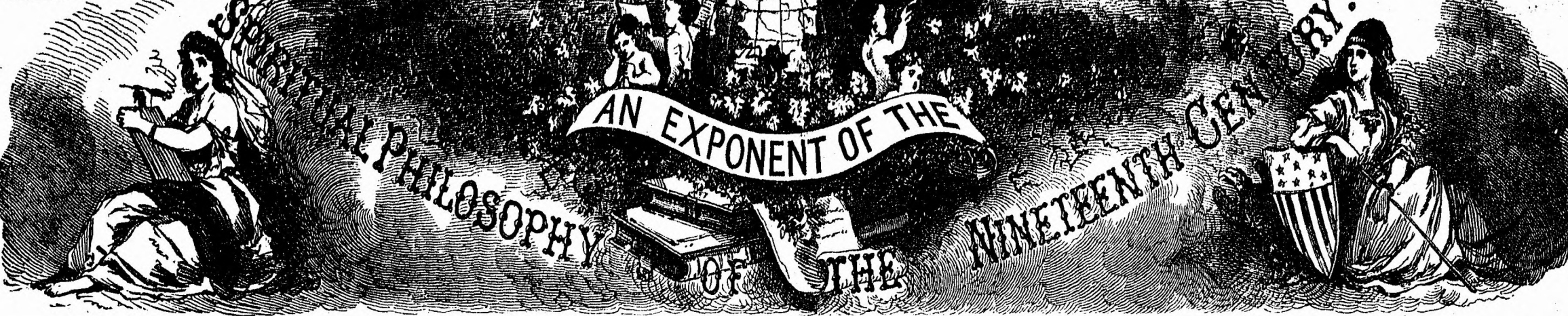


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THE BIRTH OF THE LOTUS.

BY NELLIE E. DASHIELL.

Far, far into the purple mists of Time,
A river leaped forth from a hidden source,
Known only to the clouds and jungle wild,
That nursed and cradled it in infancy.
And drop by drop it grew a mighty stream
That first uncertain, then with freedom's song
Rejoicing, bounded forth from Nature's breast,
To fill its mission at the gods' behest.

And out from Flora's realm, a cherub hand,
Dropt a seed beneath the yearning tide,
And all the hosts of the seraphic throng,
Sang to that little germ, that was to be
The emblem of the soul and purity.
And as the waves of harmony swept on,
The spark of life within awoke; sent out
A feeble pulse into the earth below;
Then rooting firmly to the river-bed,
With heart of praise, by aspiration led,
It slowly, thro' the waters, pushed its head.

So reaching ever onward towards the light,
Transmuting from below to larger life,
At last a leaf unfolded to the sun,
And then,—Ah! mystic shrine! the Lotus bud
Unfurled its shining petals to the air,
In wondrous beauty and with fragrance rare.

Thus long before the sphinx in vigils mute,
Or Thebes, now silent midst the ghostly sands,
Loom'd her colossal splendors to the Nile,
This lily-flower upon the river's sod
Had breathed its message to the sons of God;
And India, Egypt and the Islands there,
Preserve this sacred symbol everywhere.

For, as the Lotus germinates and blooms,
By grappling firmly with the muddy soil,
Then consecrates its fragrance and its form,
To lift the lower, and itself adorn;
So does the human soul, an alien here,
Leave heaven's gate to tread life's fearful way
To wrest by contact all the senses hold,
And for the All its latent powers unfold;
And when full conquest thus has been attained,
When for the All its victories are gained,
High in the Light, with golden center whole,
It stands, perfected type—a rounded soul.

[From New York Journal, August, 1898.]

Gail Hamilton Saw Spirit-Land.

Gail Hamilton left behind her the story of her life—a story weird and mysterious; a story that to the believers in the occult will carry conviction; a story that to the superstitious will prove most mystifying, and a story that even the cynical will be compelled to stop and ponder over. It is a story that goes beyond the pale of life and passes into the land of death. It is a story supernatural in all its essential features, and yet it is a story of her own life, told by Gail Hamilton before she passed finally into the land of the great unknown.

Such a tale from the pen of such a woman will do much to advance the cause of Spiritualism. In "By-Way of History," written by Abigail Dodge in 1884, and published by her in 1896 under the title of "X Rays," she took her readers not only into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but beyond. Speaking of a clergyman well known in Hamilton, Ohio, who had fallen suddenly ill, she said:

"Though a clergyman, he had been a man of the world also. Strong, alert, fond of mountain and stream, loving the interests, the activities, even the bustle and hustle, the fun and the frolic of this world, he should by right have had a long and vigorous life; but he passed too soon into a decline, whence he went swiftly plunging down, as it seemed, to death. Life held only by gasps of agony at long intervals. Then came a rally, then another return of consciousness, and yet again the rush to death, the return to life, and the third time against the despair of all, life prevailed, and the conflict was over. Sitting alone with him in his library one morning, he turned a short corner in the conversation by asking me suddenly in an arresting voice, with eyes not upon me, but gazing afar:

"What do you understand by the Valley of the Shadow of Death?"

"I made answer to the best of my defining ability on short summons.

"I have become pretty well convinced," he continued, "that a good deal of our preaching has been words wasted because we don't know what we are talking about. The truth is something we cannot imagine. I have learned what the Valley of the Shadow of Death is. I have been in it, and it is altogether different from what I supposed. I was ill. I was here at home. I was lying in bed. And suddenly I went out into the universe. For the first time I felt what it was to touch nothing. I never before knew what it was not to touch anything. I did not want to touch anything. All was immensity. I looked above; I saw nothing. It was infinite space around me, beneath me; only vastness, infinity."

"Were you not afraid?"

"Not in the least. I was perfectly tranquil, perfectly serene. Strange as it seems, I did not think of God; I did not think of my sins. I only thought one thing—how vast it is!"

"Do you think you were conscious?"

"Entirely so. I was even conscious of being home. I knew that my family were around me, but also I was out in the universe. I cannot otherwise describe it—the consciousness of enlargement."

"Had you any pain?"

"Not at all. Perfect rest. Floating out in absolute peace; but I went back again. Three times I had the same experience. Three times I went out into the immensity; into the infinity of the universe."

"I asked him if it had affected his view of death. He said:

"I am fearful always that it may have been a hallucination."

"But to his inward thought it was manifestly not a hallucination, but a very real experience."

Saw Her Brother's Spirit.

Another experience related by Gail Hamilton was that of friends who lived in New England. A young man had entered the War of the Rebellion, and perished untimely. His sister shortly after fell ill of some baffling, mysterious malady. During one of her many short convalescences she was sitting at table with the family—father, mother, sisters and grandmother—when her dead brother appeared to her to enter the room, no longer dead, but smiling, living, welcoming. He passed slowly around the table as if taking in the presence of each one, then paused a moment, and said:

"I shall come again on Wednesday," and silently disappeared.

Her grandmother was, at the time, quite well, but sickened the next day, and died on the coming Wednesday.

Referring to the death of the wife of Francis Gillette, formerly United States Senator from Connecticut, Gail Hamilton said:

"Several times she seemed to waken, as it were, and have a sense of her mother's presence, twenty-five years gone. With great feeling she spoke her own dear mother's name, and then exclaimed, faintly, ecstatically, at intervals her beloved greeting:

"What can I say? How delightful. Beautiful! Beautiful! And thus she went along the pleasant path, and is seen no more."

Her Own Experience.

And now comes the weirdest part of this most weird of books. It is the story of Gail Hamilton's own experiences in the realms of the supernatural.

"So far I had written," said she, "when it befell me to be tented in that valley of shadows. My experience there I am sure that you, dear neighbors, and all friends, will be glad to learn, chiefly because it was experience, a little also because perhaps it was mine."

"It was early morning, but so swiftly the darkness fell that I have always thought of it as evening. I was standing by a lounge in my room when I felt myself sinking. There was no pain, no alarm, no fear, no feeling. I had but one thought, that it would be a shock to the family to find me on the floor, and that I must get upon the lounge. I might have succeeded, but the seat of the lounge had a movable lid, and instead of pulling myself upon it I pulled the cover off. When or if I gave up the struggle I do not remember, nor the lapse of time, only there was a lapse, and then I heard a voice at the door asking, 'Is it all right?'"

"I answered, 'No, it is not all right.'"

"Unlock the door and let me in."

"I cannot. I am on the floor and cannot get up."

"Another lapse of time, and then familiar voices were all around me. I saw nothing; but I seemed to hear everything—lamentations that I had fallen and hurt myself. I told them that I did not fall, but let myself down. Much of the time immediately succeeding, I was in a passageway between two rooms. The room on one side was this world, that on the other the next world. The doors of both were closed.

"Once I asked: 'Am I supposed to be alive still?'"

"This question I did not afterward remember until it was repeated to me. Then I remembered not the question but the circumstances that led to it. So many friends were around me who had gone out of this world that it suddenly occurred to me whether I myself might not be already gone, and I was about to ask: 'Am I dead or alive?' But I thought if it should turn out that I was still alive, the question might sound rather harsh, and I deliberately softened it to: 'Am I supposed to be alive still?' Once, in reply to a morning greeting, referring to two brothers whom some of you have known, and who had died—one a few years, the other a few weeks before, and using their full names, which were not commonly spoken—I said:

"If I can get rid of the Stanwood ghost and the Brown ghost, and be left to myself, I should feel very well. I could get along with my own ghost, but I don't like to have so many ghosts following me around."

"To myself it seemed as if my spirit were partially detached from my body—not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great readiness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations. Many foolish things I undoubtedly said, but many I distinctly remember to have refrained from saying because I knew they were foolish."

To those who live in dread of death this woman left much consolation.

"Beloved, you, if any such there be, who through fear of death have been all your lifetime subject to bondage, be of good cheer. For seven weeks I lay encamped on the further, if not the furthest, side of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and it was a pleasant valley. Its tranquility was as gentle, as natural, as deep as sleep. Its activities were as simple as going into the next room. Its atmosphere was peace, its only gloom was my keenest pity for those who must remain behind. I hope and think that its shadows mark the four dreams of life. We are born into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and we die out of it into the

life eternal, which is to the, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Writes of "Failure."

In the chapter entitled "Failure," she writes to Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamam, missionary in Turkey. To him she told the story of her unsuccessful efforts in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, and in her letter severely scored the British Government.

"Man of God," said she, "if there is ever a cause in which human beings have a right to claim Divine assistance, surely such a cause is this. On the one side innocence helpless, on the other side oppression powerful. God thus far sided with power. Secretary Blaine, who worked earnestly for the relief of the oppressed, died. Secretary Gresham gave it his prompt attention, twice leaving his office and coming to me to inspect the new evidence, which he declared so strong that if it could stand cross-examination Mrs. Maybrick had a perfect case. But in the midst of his efforts to press the British Government into ordering a cross-examination Secretary Gresham died. Dr. Tidy and Dr. McNamara, eminent physicians in English official service who offered irrefragable evidence of her innocence, supplementing it in pamphlet and press, died. I, who could offer, as results have proved, no help save sympathy, but never failed in that, was in one moment reduced to inaction and unconsciousness. But Secretary Matthews, who had judged and imprisoned the victim, lived in the sunshine of promotion as Lord Something or other. Secretary Asquith lived and his wife died, leaving him to marry the New Woman, to whom his attentions had been so pronounced that his wife's discomfort thereat overflowed into the gossip of the drawing-room and the newspapers."

Proofs of a Future Life.

Following her letter to Dr. Hamlin, Miss Dodge, under the title of "Hints of Heaven," tells a number of almost incredible happenings that came under her own observation:

"A new page in the Book of Life was opened to me," said she. "At first the question arose, Why has God given us such an eagerness to know, yet withheld all knowledge? Then has he? Has he so withheld knowledge, or rather in this, as in all other matters, given us hints and helps, but left it to human will to use them? Has he not created man with as much knowledge of the relation between this world and the other world as between the cathode rays and the human eye? As between Mars and the earth? Is not our ignorance due to our theories, and our stubborn, stupid adherence to them in spite of facts rather than of God's orderings? Do we not look upon the borderland as forbidden ground, and bar discovery by a mistaken sense of prohibition, and therefore unhalloved curiosity? Certainly, as I look back along my path, I see many facts which have a direct bearing upon this question, but which I never classified, never even marshalled, only looked at as marvels, inexplicable and unrelated, with no orderly bearing upon a question that concerns every human being."

"One of my earliest recollections is of a little sister, who left this world before I entered it, but whose beauty and sweetness lived in a mother's heart and on a mother's lip, as real, but to me as non-earthly as one of Fra Angelico's angels. The little drawer where her bright curls were cherished has not yet lost the odor of consecration. At three years of age a malignant malady swept her into the grave, but not without leaving a heavenly consolation. Just before she died a strange, low, silvery sound—a sort of bird-like warble—trilled faintly over her lips, then a pause, and then for one rapt moment it rung on the hushed, expectant air, clear and sweet and joyous, like the imagined songs of angels. Her mother always thought it was the first note of her little angel's heavenly song."

"To this same mother had come into her early maidenhood a vision. At a time when she was herself ill, an intimate young friend died suddenly. The first Sunday my mother went to church after her friend's death she was thinking of her very intently, and with an emotion she could hardly control. The choir sang the hymn, 'The Blessed Society in Heaven.' When they came to the verse—

"The glorious tenants of the place
Stand blessing round the throne,
And angels and seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three—One—"

my mother said, suddenly heaven opened before her eyes. She saw the throne and the shining ones standing around it, and among them her friend, with the old pleasant smile on her face. Her attitude, her features, the brightness of her glory, the joy of her heavenly home, impressed themselves in that moment on my mother's mind with a vividness which all the years that followed could not obliterate. The weight of her sorrow disappeared instantaneously, and in its place came ineffable peace."

A Seamstress Who Saw Spirits.

Theosophists will find plenty of argument in a story told during the illness of Miss Dodge at the residence of Mrs. Blaine, in Washington.

"A young woman," said she, "was sewing in the family of one of my friends near Boston, and heard her employer say: 'I shall not go out. We are watching for a telegram. Mr. E— may come home at any moment, and go to Washington on the evening train. If he does, I know he will wish to see me before he goes, and I must be here.'"

"The seamstress looked up quietly and said: 'You can go, Mrs. E—; Mr. E— will not be

summoned. Your friend will not pass out, at least not now.'

"How do you know? Who told you?"

asked Mrs. E—.

"Her mother," was the quiet reply. 'She said her work was not done; I have seen her father and mother and brothers. One of them has gone lately, and there is another. Has she lost a little sister?'"

"I do not know," said Mrs. E—.

"Or any child that she was very much interested in? I see a pretty little old-fashioned girl."

"Mrs. E— took the earliest opportunity to inquire, and then first learned of little Mary Whipple and her sweet, brief life on earth, and told me this story of her seamstress, who is a quiet, unpretending woman, making no profession of her extraordinary gift of sight, but only speaking to her friends, when she sees aught that concerns them. She has no theory, does not herself understand how the vision comes, only that it is not by her eyes, but through her forehead, and can give no further information."

An Experience When Ill.

Reverting to herself, Miss Dodge wrote:

"In 1859 I was taken ill, and no one thought I could recover. I turned my head on one side of the bed. I saw a man, a stranger, with a heavenly face, looking at me. I said: 'What do you wish?' He answered, 'I have come to take you to a spirit life for the present.' I said, 'How will you take me?' 'Just as you are on your bed.' I said I was willing to go. Instantly the cloth about my bed was changed to the most beautiful textures. The material seemed to be inlaid; it had all the brilliancy of gems. As we swept through space the light which met my eyes warmed me. I seemed to float in it. I said to my guide, 'Whence comes this light?' He answered, 'From the throne of God.' I said, 'Let me stay in it. It gives me strength.' Many bands of spirits passed by. I recognized one of their number. His name was G. T. I said I wished to speak to that young man, to tell him about his family. The man who walked at T's side looked up at me, and shook his head in the negative—the man who was G.'s guide I have never seen in earth life. When I afterward described him I was told it was G.'s father."

"Presently I noticed a house at my left; there were five steps leading down from the door; below these steps was a short hill, which led down to where I was resting. Looking at the house, and wishing that some one would come whom I knew, a young girl came to the door, closed it and descended the steps. She was dressed in white, with close-cut hair. I did not know the girl. Was informed by my guide that she was J. G.'s sister (a brother-in-law), who passed away when she was sixteen years of age, I thought she was coming to speak to me, but she vanished. I still gazed at the door, longing to see some of my own dear ones coming to greet me, and no sooner had I thought than Aunt L. came down the stairs. She saw me, smiled, bowed her head. As I looked at her, Uncle B. came and stood by her side. She pointed to me, he turned his head, smiled, and also bowed, then clasped in each other's hands. They vanished from sight."

"Immediately in the distance I heard a sweet voice singing a familiar air. While trying to recall the voice, A. B. (a dear friend) stood before me. She and her band seemed to fill all space with a flood of angelic melody, while from a distance, softly harmonizing with the voice of the singer, was heard the rich strain of an instrumental band. My delight was intense; it was too much for my poor weak nature. I lost consciousness. When again my self, the band had gone."

Philosophizing, Miss Dodge said:

"The natural body gathered from our planet and its atmosphere serves the spirit for awhile, and when it is outworn returns again to become a part of the planet whence it was organized, and the spirit, served alone by its spiritual body, can be seen no more by planetary eyes. But we must remember that by them it never was seen, not even his closest friend has a man ever seen. Side by side through childhood and manhood we live with our dear ones, and know their voice, laughter, footsteps afar off. Then comes the dread day of silence. The lips that spoke, the eyes that smiled, the feet that were swift to do good all remain. Everything that we saw is still there. Only that is gone which is always invisible—the spirit which vivified and controlled, which made character and constancy, which sequestered in sacredness the earthly body, which gave to us a mortal love, and bequeaths to us immortal longing. That dear spirit the Christian imagination follows, and invests with a spiritual body, which it declares, but does not define or attempt to analyze. Paul's imaginary interlocutor asks with vivid insistence, 'How are the dead raised up? With what body do they come?'"

Written for the Banner of Light,
THE CITY'S SYCAMORE.

BY NED NETTRIC.

It stands, the stately Sycamore,
And soars its heavenward branches hoar,
Above the rumble and the roar
Of Traffic's iron tread.

And many the hurrying footsteps pause,
And many the soul with burden sore,
Lifts up where Beauty's beckon awes
And finds its care is led.

Germany is to dig a huge canal to connect the Elbe, Weser and Rhine, at a cost of least \$100,000,000. It looks as though we should yet rival the planet Mars.—Ez.

The Birth and Death of Worlds.

BY W. A. GRAM.

Each new astronomical discovery seems more and more to confirm the nebula theory of the origin of worlds. Surely it is a grand working hypothesis towards higher revelations of the origin of our solar system, opening to its widening and clearing glimpses of nature's wonderful way of early creation. Do we yet grasp and understand this nebula theory as regards our solar-system of worlds in all its fullness and promises? Doubtless it has more to give. In the light of this theory we turn backward in scientific imagination, many millions of years, to the early dawn of the creation-day of our solar-system, when all the planets, moons, asteroids, comets, etc., were diffused world-atoms, or mist, filling all the space in which float and revolve the planet-worlds of our solar-family, extending far out beyond the orbit of Neptune: this vast nebulous sphere of world-stuff, most condensed, of grosser elements and ruder energies at the centre, ever more and more diffused and refined as it rises and widens from centre towards circumference. According to the natural laws of heat radiation and gravity, the grosser elements of this nebulous globe would ever tend to condense and fall toward the centre: so this giant mass of world-matter would slowly contract, first forming a kind of crust on the outer surface, at that time far out beyond the orbit of the most distant planet we behold. May we see any such process going on in nature to-day? The astronomer presents to us the picture of our sun as probably in somewhat such a state of crust-formation. Our sun, though grown old and shrunken to the merest fraction of his earlier giant frame—through giving birth to many planet-children in untold ages past—is still subject to the same laws and processes of nature, of life and death, as in his prime. Through constant radiation of heat, and contraction, the gases, and liquid mists of the heavier elements of the outer envelopes of our visible sun tend to condense and form liquid and solidifying patches, islands, continents, growing equatorial belts over his surface. These at times are heaved and broken, and dissolved by the more intensely heated glowing mass within, to again reform in larger growing ways.

Over this ever forming and broken crust of more solid elements floats, rises and falls an atmosphere of lighter gaseous elements, whirled and rent, and uprushing in storms and cyclones. Far off and dimly we behold this mighty working and growing of nature on our sun's surface, as sun-spots, upshooting fiery jets and twisting columns.

If nature keeps her way of world-birth and growth through the eternal ages of creation, do we not then through our giant telescopes to-day see dimly and in outline on the surface of our sun a picture of the beginnings of the first planet formation whose birth was far out beyond Neptune's field and track? So our old and shrunken sun may be forming in embryo a new planet-child to-day, to be born when our earth, grown old, may have passed into that world-decay that bears no longer human life. We turn back again to the early morning of creation of our solar system, when as yet no planet, no moon, only a great sun-globe, in whose form were all the elements and energies of planet-children to be. Over his surface a solidifying crust was forming. By the well-known laws of centrifugal and centripetal forces of revolving masses, this crust tends to condense and gather more and more as an equatorial belt, or ring around the solar sphere, as we see illustrated perhaps in the belts of Jupiter. Meantime the nebulous mass within has shrunken away from this more solid belt, leaving it as a revolving ring thousands of miles outside its parent sun, as to-day we behold the separated ring-children of Saturn. On the surface of the contracting sun-body within, another crust is forming, to grow into a second revolving ring. Meantime the first born outer ring segregates and consolidates into revolving meteoric bodies, that are drawn, and gather more and more around some larger and most attractive member among them. Thus they begin to whirl in spiral stream, seeking the globular form. Now the embryo planet is born—first, rough, uncouth child of our solar system.

Within, nearer the sun a new ring has formed, and separated from the contracting sun, on whose shrinking form a third crust is growing, while the second ring rounds into planet globe, and the first globe settles and harmonizes into a home for the earliest creature life. Above we have tried to present in brief the nebula theory, sufficient for introduction.

If this dim, crude outline be true in part of nature's way in creation, then we may reasonably conceive of a time when this first grown planet of our solar family of worlds became the home of creatures like our earth to-day. Let us imagine a moment ourselves inhabitants of this primitive world, whose field and track were millions of miles out beyond that of Neptune. Looking off into space about us, what should we have seen? Not the planets we behold, not our earth, all these slumbered unborn then in the bosom of the sun sphere. But looking off from that first world, we should have seen between us and the glorious sun a glowing globe, journeying even as the world on which we stood, about the common central sun: a second born planetary world, appearing somewhat as Venus reveals herself to us, or perhaps Jupiter with his belted surface, a growing planet whose waters rested and

And not on its surface, but evaporated and driven upward from its glowing crust, float and roll as vast cloud strata: atoms plunging downward as mighty rain torrents upon the heated crust beneath, only to be boiled and cast up again in jets and whirling clouds of steam—this the nearest growing planet, the second born child of the sun. Looking away beyond, still nearer the sun, we might have seen a broad luminous belt, apparently encircling the sun, yet millions of miles from it. This is to be the third planet of our family. As we look still farther to the surface of the sun we see great dark patches on his disk, we behold raging gases. This is the "primitive trace" of a fourth planet growing. So in the light of the nebula theory, we conceive the planetary worlds of our system successively born and grown. The oldest far exterior to Neptune, the youngest probably unseen, circling in the glare of light close about our sun within the orbit of Mercury.

We speak of planets beyond Neptune. Why? No telescopic eye has distinguished such. Granted we cannot see them, but if we accept the nebula theory, let us give it free field and so utilize fulfillment.

A long time Saturn was the outermost planet known. Then Uranus was discovered. How surely was the borderland. By and by far her reaching telescopes revealed Neptune, millions of miles farther off. Is this the outer limit? No worlds of our system in the unseen beyond?

We feel assured that the nearest fixed star is doubtless a sun, with surrounding planets somewhat like our own. We are led to believe, then, that the realm of this nearest neighbor sun adjoins ours. What does this mean for us? Astronomers tell us that the nearest fixed star or sun is more than twenty trillions of miles from our sun. If we suppose the field of its planetary worlds adjoins ours, then we may reckon that some ten trillions of miles out from our sun, our solar planetary system meets that of our nearest neighbor sun. Let us suppose, according to the nebula theory, that the system of planetary worlds of which our sun is the center extends to meet that of our nearest neighbor sun, then the space occupied by the planets we see is not probably more than one five hundred millionth part of our solar world space. What a realm of almost inconceivable extent is this outer invisible field of our solar system, in which our telescope detect not a mote of a world.

What's all we say of this room in the universe? Ha! it from the beginning ever been void of matter, and planet worlds such as we know? A lifeless room? The soul and nature know no empty and dead space in all the universe. What, then, of this unseen part of our solar realm, not less than five hundred millions times greater than that occupied by our visible planets? We follow our nebula theory out into this invisible unknown, conceive of a time when our solar realm was incandescent, glowing mass of world matter and energy, being, filling all the space of our seen planet's home, and all the millions times greater now invisible to us beyond Neptune's path. More than ten trillions miles from its centre extended this nebulous disc or globe of world stuff. Here, then, on this outer part, commenced the planetary world formation, most condensed at the centre, more and more diffused outward, towards the circumference, it would take thousands of times more space near the surface of this nebulous sun globe, from which to gather up and fashion a planet as large as our earth, than this inner space, where our earth was gathered in and formed. Hence, as a general law, we should find the planets successively farther and farther apart as we move outward from the sun. This is quite plainly nature's way; from Mercury, the nearest, we see to Neptune, the farthest from the sun, the distance increasing in the same proportion and order of increasing distances beyond Neptune as within its orbit, then, beyond Neptune, to complete our solar family, according to the nebula theory, there doubtless must be, or have been, eight or ten other planets, all as yet invisible to us. Some of these older children of our sun long since may have grown old and died. They may still revolve as dead skeleton worlds, having lived their rich and beautiful world life here our earth was born, to-day crumbling back to meteoric fragments and nebulous dust. Shall we ever know? The human soul's want, and strivings for knowledge are the soul's and Nature's sure prophecy of their gifts to be. But whence light and heat sufficient to call forth and nurture our form and life in those far-off, elder planet-worlds trillions of miles beyond Neptune, the farthest we behold? Surely our sun to-day could not warm and light a world to life so far off. Not such as our sun, shrunken and old, was the sun to them in the early days of creation. When creature life arose on those first planets we must conceive of the sun of our system as filling all the realm outward, even to the orbit of Saturn, maybe Neptune. Think of a sun all glowing and luminous, trillions of miles in diameter, more than five hundred million times greater than our sun! Would not such a fountain of light and heat suffice for life even to a world so far off as we conceive these outer numbers of our sun family of worlds?

But what of such planets to-day, so far from our comparatively little sun? All things in nature grow old and die. Did not these elder worlds have their prime of life of millions of years, while yet the giant sun, millions of times greater than ours to-day, gave abundant heat and light to them? Withering sun, and ever lessening heat and light, they must doubtless long since have decayed and died in the natural old age and waste of worlds, their cold and crumbling remains gathered into nature's charnel-house or transmutation and resurrection in a new spring and summer of world life. Beautiful and wonderful in our vision are these planetary worlds and moons, and the meteoric streams flowing beyond and about them. They reveal a nature, a creation so vast and rich we are filled with loving reverence and bounding hope, as we see and know them. But even in the vastness of thought, the conception of beauty and harmony wrought by the soul and in through them, we pause and question: Are these all of nature, all and the highest of the soul's home and ways in our solar system? Are these visible worlds that float as far separated dust atoms in the vast realm of our solar-ruled space, all of nature, all of creation and life? If the outermost, first-born planet of our sun family was as large as the earth or even Jupiter, then its body could not have occupied a trillionth part of the space from which the nebulous matter was gathered in and rounded into its world-form. In this vast ethereal space it floated and journeyed as a microscopic dust-atom in a great room.

What of that almost measureless field of the universe from which this little world has been garnered in? Is all this, swept clean of grosser visible matter from which to make a planetary world, henceforth so much waste, empty and dead universe? When nature, in the primitive ages of our earth-life, cleansed the waters of the grosser elements of sand and clay and mud, to what end? Why, simply that the purified waters might become the home of more and higher life. When nature later purified the atmosphere from noxious gases and elements, was the atmosphere to be henceforth waste room, void of life? No, but to become the home of still newer and higher life. Thus nature seems to work everywhere in her glorious economy of being.

When the soul of creation within and over the solar sphere swept and garnered up the grosser elements and energies of being of our sun realm, and fashioned them into material planets one after another, was she not purifying and transforming the ethereal realm for more and higher life, even as on our little earth she cleansed her waters and atmosphere for higher forms and ways of creature existence? While the lower forms of being are born and live on the little atomic worlds floating in the infinite ethereal fields, according to this seemingly all prevailing law and order of nature, were not higher richer forms of life ever growing and living in the ethereal room over and about each little planet world?

Let these visible planets grow old and die, then; we may regard their decay and death as the soul's resurrection way to more beautiful and richer being. The sun may shrink and grow cold to our earth; creature life no longer able to exist where now are our homes and fields and populous cities; our earth, at long last, is only a short-lived child of the universe of being. What if the sun's decay, our earth's dying, are after all, the triumph of life, the soul's movement into more fortunate conditions of light and love, for planet and grain of sand, for man and worm alike. Here opens before us the lesson of the economy of dead worlds.

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 XXIII.

"IT IS HE!"

At six that evening Norton appeared to take Lou out to dinner, and afterwards to Westlake Park, a popular resort two miles from the Hollenbeck, where they dined. Lou was rather quiet during the meal, and afterwards during their trip to the park; but as Norton was busy with his own cogitations he did not remark her silence. But after they had strolled a little through the pretty paths, and seated themselves, *tête à tête*, upon a rustic bench, the girl surprised her lover by asking the following question:

"Norton, tell me a little about a contract marriage. I have supposed that such a form is binding upon the contracting parties—at least, it should be, morally, if not according to State law. But am I wrong, dear, in the belief that the State of California recognizes such a marriage as valid, and one which neither of the contracting parties can escape from without permission of the courts?"

"My dearest girl, I am surprised that with your experience in a lawyer's office you should be ignorant on this subject, though of course no question in regard to it is likely to come before you there. A contract marriage is simply no marriage at all, according to the law. Either of the contracting parties can break it at will, and one does not have to resort to the divorce court to become free from it. If a person publicly acknowledges that he has entered into a contract marriage, and introduces the partner of that agreement to his friends, and to the world as his wife, he would bind himself to a certain extent before the law, and he might have difficulty in proving the contract null and void. As long as no public notice is made of two partners living together under the contract form, and no complaint made against them, the authorities might not interfere, although of late the State of California has issued a notice that to avoid complications in cases of property, and in regard to the legitimacy of offspring, all who have been living under the contract system must be re-married according to law."

The week seemed to lag in its round of days before Sunday appeared, for Lou had grown impatient to again meet the mysterious French woman, and to question her—she which she had forgotten to do before—as to her knowledge of the parents who had gone so strangely out of her own life, and whom she so tenderly loved. At last, however, the hour arrived when Madame Earle was to conduct the girl to her humble home, and with a beating heart Lou sat in her own pretty room awaiting the woman's appearance. All the week she had pondered over the charge made against her lover, but she had said nothing to him of it, feeling sure that he had been unjustly accused, and that she would yet be able to prove to the French woman that "Brady Norton" and Norton Bradley were two different entities.

Promptly at five o'clock the little lame woman appeared, and Lou arose to receive her. "Mademoiselle is ready—it is well. We will go. It is not far, we go by foot. I am very late; we go slow. We will come at six by the clock."

"Take my arm, Madam," said Lou, politely, as they reached the street, observing the halting gait of her companion. "I am sure it will help you to get over the ground." But the woman shook her head and hobbled on. As the walk seemed to be lengthier than she at first supposed, the girl suggested the street car, but no, that would not do, and on they went until they reached the old adobe house that was only a stone's throw away from the plaza. Inside it was dark and cool, in striking contrast to the light and heat of the outer air, and for a moment a chill struck Lou as she glanced around her, vainly trying to make out the objects in the room. The French woman pushed a small splint-bottom rocker towards her, and she sank into the seat.

In a few moments her eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness, and she beheld the rude, unplastered walls of clay, the humble floor, devoid of carpeting, save a woven rug in the centre, a plain deal table, a few common chairs, a couch, and a baby's cradle. There was a picture of the Madonna on the wall, a small mirror, and a picture of a flaming heart, from which depended a rosary of beads.

"It will be half an hour ere he comes, mademoiselle; you will have time to rest." "Perhaps, then, madam, you will explain to me what you know of my parents. You will remember that you referred to yourself in the note you wrote me as one who knew them. Can you tell me anything of them?"

"Ah, yes! I knew them once—a little. I know nothing of them now. They are both dead, mayhap. I only mentioned them in the letter to get mademoiselle's attention and to make sure she would see me when I called."

Lou made no reply, for she felt that no information of the fate of her parents could be gained from this quarter. And now she raised her head and listened intently to the low, sweet singing of a woman's voice that issued from an apartment beyond the door to which was slightly ajar. It was a pathetic voice, yet wondrously soft and musical, a voice that had the ring of suffering in it, and yet one that was full of melody and power.

"It is my Cecile," murmured the French woman, "singing her boy to sleep; he is a fine baby, mademoiselle, like his father, Monsieur Bradley."

In spite of herself, Lou shivered; there was something uncanny to her in the place—the woman at her side, the sweet, mournful lullaby song in the room beyond, and the persistent declaration that her betrothed, No. 10 Bradley, belonged to the mysterious slayer, whom she had not seen, instead of to herself. But the singing went on, and she listened as one who listens in a dream.

Ten fifteen minutes passed, and then a quick step, that had a strangely familiar sound to Lou's quickened hearing, and a rap upon the outer door, were heard.

"It is Norton," said the French woman, "he had to come, Jacques was a good boy, and when he carried my word he would not leave until that man promised to be here to day. He knew better than to refuse, for I wrote him if he did not come the whole club should know of his baseness. He knows I keep my vows!"

But Lou did not heed her words, for she was listening to the sounds from the other room. The singer had hushed her song, and at the rap on the outer door had gone to admit some one who entered with the tread of one who knew the place. And then there were voices, and through the opening at the door Lou heard the well known ones of her accepted lover, but they were not such as he had been wont to use to her, for they were harsh, and full of anger.

The girl was listening with strained ears and beating heart, nor did she remember that her

code of honor considered this dishonorable, for was it not Norton Bradley who was addressing this other woman whom he had deceived?

"You have sent for me, Cecile, or your mother has; my time is very precious—I have an engagement at seven. What is it you want?"

"Have you no tender greeting for me, Brady? Why have you stayed away so long? Many weeks have gone since you were last here. Is this how you treat your wife?"

"I have remained away because I saw no good in coming. I told you when I was here before that my time is not my own, and that you must not expect to see me more than once in a while. Was it only to upbraid me on my absence that you sent for me? This is a waste of time."

"Do you not care, then, to see your wife and child; are we nothing to you?"

The voice of the woman was low and full of tears, his almost savage in its cruelty, and the listening woman in the other room shuddered at his tones.

"Well, now, Cecile, my girl, it is useless for you to complain. Our little romance is over, and you must make the best of it. Unfortunately there is the child to remind us of it, but as we can't very well drown him, as we would an intruding puppy, we must make the best of him—or you must. I shall have little to do with him."

"Are you, then, going to desert us? I have feared as much. I have had no money from you for months, and I have had to leave my child and work out at sewing for my support."

"Well, it did not hurt you, I fancy; but as a pretty girl as you are, Cecile, ought not to have to do that?"—how the blood trose in Lou's veins as she heard these words—"but as to money, I'm sorry you haven't been better provided for, but the truth is, I've been strapped myself, and have had none to spare. Still, I don't mean to leave you to starve. You and the kid shall be taken care of, provided you promise not to make me any trouble at any time."

"What do you mean, Brady?"

"I mean that you must promise, if you hope ever to see me again, or if you want any help from me, not to try to make any trouble for me. That understood by, Jacques, to and out my real name, and of course I honored your she-cat of a mother; but it will do her or you no good, for I have means to silence any one who attempts to cross my path."

"Norton Bradley! Yes, we do know your real name! Do you intend to repudiate your wife and child?"

There was anger and scorn and pride in the musical voice now, and Lou was conscious of a thrill of gladness at the womanly tones.

"Pshaw, don't be foolish, Cecile. You may just as well understand, once for all, that I have no wife. A contract marriage has no legal standing before the law. It is merely framed for the convenience of the parties concerned, and can be broken at will. You are not my wife!"

"But I am your wife; the contract must be sound; Mother and Jacques witnessed our compact!"

"What that has no weight. I had them in to witness our compact to ease your mind, my girl."

"But what of the Padre? Did he not bind you with his seal?"

"A few words of blessing mumbled over in Latin, they do not count. No, Cecile, there is no marriage tie between us, and you and I are free as air. But come into the garden, I have a few words to say to you, and I don't want the cold to wake us as I talk."

It was well that he drew her away as he did, for the French woman in the inner room could contain herself no longer, and would surely have bounded in upon him had he remained. As it was she opened a shutter at the window of the room in which she sat, and beckoned Lou to look through to the garden beyond. It was a tangled bit of green and bloom that the girl gazed out upon, but she had no eyes for this, her attention was fixed upon the man who had emerged from the back door of the house, who was talking energetically to the handsomest and sweetest-looking young woman she had ever seen. She could not hear his words, but she could see his face, and in the softening light of the dying day she recognized it—even as she had his voice—as that of Norton Bradley.

In a moment more he was gone, passing out of the yard by a little gate in the wall, and Lou, with a gasp and a sigh, turned to the woman, who watched her with a stealthy stare. "Madam," said she, as soon as she could speak, "what you have told me is true. The man who by every tie of earth and heaven your child has the right to call 'husband' is Norton Bradley, my betrothed. But do not fear; he shall do justice to her yet. Leave it to me to think out, and when I have my plan all arranged you shall know it and be satisfied."

"The lady will take a little refreshment. She must not get so tired, until she has recovered herself, as she says she is ill. Here, lady, take this; it is cordial."

Without a word Lou accepted the glass of ruby liquid that the beautiful stranger who had entered proffered to her, and drained it, closing her eyes, and leaning back in the chair that she had sunk into a moment before. But her repose was only momentary, and presently she opened her eyes and looked straight into the lustrous orbs of the betrayed woman at her side.

"This is Cecile," she said. "I beg your pardon, you are Mrs. Bradley. Whatever he or the law may say, I recognize your every right to bear his name, and he shall do you justice yet. Leave it to me to think out, and when I have my plan all arranged you shall know it and be satisfied."

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The Bearing of Electrical Conditions on Active and Passive States.

BY QUANTON VITE.

Part IV.

From "Hypnotic Conditions," Dr. Ed. Brault, Paris. From "La Revue de l'Hypnotisme," Dr. Ed. Brault. From "L'Académie Médicale," Dr. Tassin, Paris.

Beyond the three classic states of experimental psychology, there is a further fourth one termed "ecstasy," which has been recognized by Dr. Durand, by De Rochas, by several of the old magnetisers such as Cahagnet, Charpignon, Deleuze, Lafontaine. It is recognized by the theurgists of the East, the Yogis, as Samadhi carrying union with the beatitude of Nirvana. It has been recognized by the Catholic church as associated with saints, such as St. Theresa, whose soul communed with God. It was taught by the old Neo Platonists such as Porphyry, Jamblicus, Plotinus, etc., as the "hypostatic union in which the soul knew herself as a whole when previously she only knew herself in part."—with her beams concentrated, becomes herself the ultimate object as she was before the subject, in simultaneous accord.

M. N.'s waking activity is one of objective relations; his passive activity is a purely subjective state, yet carrying subjective relations, as shown in telepathic relations with friends at a distance by concentration on the idea or image of the friend; in somnambulic lucidity at a distance or in diagnosing of internal organs, etc. The theurgic union in which "object and subject become one" may consequently be constituted by the union of objective and subjective perception, entailed by the interunion of positive and negative innervation.

It is evidently this passive, subjective innervation that represents the images of past experiences to perception, in dreams and in visualisation. It is only when the active, volitional objective innervation is arrested that this imaging or imagining by the passive subjective, negative innervation can occur.

The objective innervation has been shown to be positive, electric, and the subjective to be negative, magnetic. If the positive vibrations or induction accompanying thought, ideas and will, can be made to rest in the negative, magnetic vibrations accompanying the subjective presentation of an image, an electro-magnetic reaction and conception must take place. The idea must take form and become substantiated, the negative magnetic current being vital, substantial. (It will be remembered that it is the vitality of the sympathetic system that builds up and renews the organism, which fact shows its substantial, form-giving properties.) Yet the thought-inform or substantiated idea will remain connected with its conceiver by magnetic induction. This would explain the electro-magnetic foundation of telepathic relation.

It is further possible that the meeting and interaction of the vibratory induction carried in the positive innervation which is identical with will, with the attracting vibrations of the affectional, emotional, negative innervation, may entail this fourth state of the "union of object and subject"; of hyper-excitation, entailing the intensification or exaltation of the soul faculties to unknown degree; and of sensation also, provoking the strongest effects of anaesthesia (apparent death like trance, rigidity and coldness), or hyperaesthesia, including ecstasy.

It is of interest to observe in this connection, that some occultists teach that what they call the "etheric current," i. e., positive, dissolving electric, flows from the head downwards during waking states, while a lunar, coagulating, magnetic, i. e., negative, energy flows upwards. These are also symbolized by two serpents. These currents may be reversed by a process of auto-suggestion of angular auto magnetisation, producing the somnambulic perception they call astral.

By the conjunction and amalgamation of these two energies; by the electrification of the magnetism, their purification is entailed, or transmutation into quiescence, or aura, carrying the power of projection: exteriorisation.

The process is electro-magnetic, and is but a rendering in mystical terms, purposely made obscure, of the electrical process by which inductive energy is produced; the same energy as constitutes the basis of wireless telegraphy.

The "two serpents" of occultism, or sun and moon flows, in fact represent an induction coil within man, constituted by his positive and negative or electro-magnetic nervous circuits reeling lively, and their reaction generates an "electric" or "magnetic" field of force.

The descending current is described, as expansive, dissolving, luminous, i. e., intelligent, positive, while the ascending current is described as attractive, feminine, coagulating, negative. The bar of the magnet to be pulled, so to say, is represented by a cross referring to the four elements of physical life of the body called "terrestrial fire." It is the interaction of these that generates the circulating "wheel of life." It is certainly a most suggestive and impressive fact that the theurgic practices by which mystical sects in various countries and periods, have sought to unify themselves with God; with the divine essence, with the essential Light, etc., (and a further indefinite variety of terms) The Yogis, who fix their gaze and their attention on a given spot in space; on their nose or navel, suspending all other impressions, are pursuing the same system as the subject who is to stare at a bright spot, at a mirror, at a coin in his hand, and told to think of nothing else; or as the person who fixes his attention on a crystal, a magic mirror, a spot of ink, etc.

The fakirs and magicians who murmur rhythmic sounds such as a-um and magical names, while focussing their mind on the mental impression or idea thereof, are applying the same principle through the auditive sense, even as the nurse who hypnotises her child by a rhythmic, monotonous lullaby and swing of the cradle, or as a man is made to sleep by the regular shaking and noise of a train. The howling and whirling dervishes, as also the Aïssawah Arabs, hypnotise themselves by their monotonous chants and rhythmic swing or contortion of the body. The anaesthesia, hyper-excitation and abnormal degree of faculty induced, pertain to the powers and properties of our nervous energy. The system told to focus based on the same principle as constitutes the force inherent in modern hypnotism.

The most of these practices, however, as is also the case in telepathic relation or thought transference, consist in applying the same principle by auto-suggestion, as is applied from without to hypnotic suggestion. In both cases the subject's mind must present a basis of faith, credulity, imagination. This represents the equivalent in auto-suggestion to hypnosis or impulsive suggestion, i. e., suggestibility, in hypnotic suggestion, and explains why some people are suggestible normally. They are people of emotional, negative temperament and constitution. Their negative innervation is normally susceptible and impressionable.

In both cases the inducing process consists in arresting the varying impressions (vibrations) conveyed by normal thinking activity, by focussing the mind on one idea, which serves to arrest the outflow of innervation on to the volitional, positive conductors. It substitutes a sustained uniform vibration, which appears to act like induction in the thinking, generating cerebral cells. The nervous energy becomes condensed in the cells by the arresting of the positive outflow and has to rush out through the only available exit—the opposite pole and conductor—which is negative. This reverses the polarity of the stimulus which induces conductivity in the neurones, and consequently reverses their polarity and that of the whole nervous system and induces an alternating secondary negative mode of consciousness, which endures until the polarity of the nervous system is again reversed to its positive mode.

It explains the carrying of secondary personalities, which endure in alternating periods. It explains how somnambulic perists for sustained periods, carrying sensor-motor control of the organism, and why the experiences pertaining to these states are discrete and do not emerge into the positive consciousness, yet

do emerge when the secondary state, or personality is again induced. It shows that the beautiful active consciousness is electrically a positive state; that his passive consciousness is electrically a negative state. It explains the persistence of conscious activity during sleep, though the memories thereof do not emerge into waking consciousness, by the fact that our consciousness has a dual mode; a problem metaphysic is unable to solve.

[To be continued.]

Christmas.

BY E. W. WALLIS.

Once again the festive season comes round, and greetings and good will are the order of the day. Whether we are Buddhists, Christians or Jews, we can all unite in the kindlier sentiments and fraternal feelings which prevail at this important time of the year. It is a good thing to encourage hopeful and humane emotions and desires. It is good for us individually, and all who come within our sphere, to be attuned to happy thoughts and look on the bright side rather than forebode evil and be cast down with gloomy fears. Whoever instituted the custom of this period of the year acted more wisely than he knew, and whether we regard it as the Christmas, or go back to the prior pagan (so-called) rejoicings, we cannot fail to recognize that it is a good thing to have the dark days and long cold evenings of this, the dreariest time of the year, cheered with brightness, song, friends, mirth, social interchange, family reunions and glad and happy experiences. Long may the custom prevail which helps to brighten, soften and sweeten life with love and fellowship.

We have every reason to rejoice and be exceedingly glad on this eventful 25th of December, when the first appreciable increase of light takes place which heralds the return of the god of day to bring life, warmth, brightness and fruit. The Savior of mankind is truly born on this day—not on earth, but in the sky—and we feel his influence here. Without the sun, and his life-giving light and heat, where should we all be? No matter whether we believe the Palestine story of the God-man, or whether we reject it, together with all the rest of the personifications of the Sun-God, we can thrill with delight at the thought that we have turned the corner so to speak, and are retracing our steps in the yearly travel—ascending instead of descending—arising out of the hazy darkness and winter into the summer land of light and harvest.

We well know now-a-days that the Savior of the churches, born without earthly father, turning water into wine, feeding the thousands, restoring the dead to life, stilling the tempest, holding an interview with the devil, dying and rising again in supernatural fashion—we well know that this man-God-Savior, never lived on earth, nor wrought the marvels attributed to him, and that belief or disbelief in the story of his birth, trials, sorrows, defeat and triumph, cannot affect our spiritual status in the eternal spheres save in so far as the belief, being erroneous, may hinder our development and blind us to the truth—or the knowledge that it is a false faith may help us to see and know and love the larger truth which underlies the myth, and thus prompt us to purer motives, kinder thoughts, broader sympathies, juster deeds, and more earnest and loving services to the sad and sinning.

It is just because knowledge is better than ignorance—because love and goodness are better than fear and faith—that we wish an awakening could break from the bondage of old traditions and misinterpreted myths, and old legends and be glad in the universal truth—the Sun-God-Savior of the world physically—in the oneness of every human being, spiritually, and the universal outpouring of the life and light and love from the Life-Giving Centre of Power and Intelligence, which baptises and blesses all who are responsive.

As surely as the birth of the Sun—which we celebrate on Dec. 25—is prophetic of a new sun-god and glory, so surely due the birth of Light, the dawning of the spiritual truth of Oneness in the consciousness of man, foretell his ultimate ascension and Summerland joy, his triumph and conscious exercise of power and wise use of every energy of spirit, in thrilling and joyous harmony with the universal laws and forces which make for beauty, order, harmony and perfection. Let us all rejoice, then, in these glad days, for the Light of Truth has dawned upon the world, knowledge is spreading, and mankind are entering into liberty. Goodness, truth and love are growing. The world is improving; humanity is slowly but surely moving onward into self-comprehension, self-possession and self-expression, with a few rays of hope of reward, but simply glad to live—to be, to know, and to do!

Loving greetings and good wishes, then, to all readers and co-workers. May the coming year be one of progress and increasing happiness, goodness and love for all.

Plain Statements.

The number of publications in this country which are issued solely for the purpose of advocating and elucidating newly-discovered theories in regard to complex and wonderful principles of the psychical, the occult and the immaterial, are daily increasing at a most alarming rate. Alarming because it is evident that there must be a demand for that sort of thing, or it could not flourish, and alarming also because the large majority of these publications have evidently no foundation on which to build, but are merely groping around in the dark, and the publication of their oft-times fatuous and blind-man's-buff like rambles can be of no value except to awaken in the mystical loving minds of servant girls and others, a desire to delve in the unknown and mystic in an effort to raise the curtain of the future.

Most of these publications advocate a theory of some kind—perhaps a very good and true one, too. But it is generally only a glimpse of grand truths which has come to the publishers, and caused them to rush into the publication of a periodical in order to acquaint the world with the astounding fact that a blind hen can also find corn.

If you read these papers you will be astonished to find the majority enraged in a bitter and wordy warfare against other theories than their own, generally contending with sympathetic condescension that the other fellows are on the wrong scent.

The Theosophists are split into contending factions, both deriding each other and denouncing the Spiritualists, while the latter continue to invite Tom, Dick and Harry to bring their evil following to public séances at so much per head, incidentally calling each other frauds. And then there is mental science and Christian Science, palmists and astrologers and others.

Should you in a commendable search for truth pick up any of these publications, you will find whatever grains of truth they may contain hidden in a mass of obscure and unfathomable verbiage, which is sure to leave you in despair. The ambitious writer is merely engaged in "spice filling"—all the time bearing in mind the well known maxim that, if you have nothing to say, and use a sufficiently large number of long and obscure words and phrases to say it in, you will probably succeed in making the uninitiated believe that your knowledge of the subject in hand is so stupendous that it is beyond his comprehension.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the wise, with his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt, By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and things, Rags and buttons, and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top."

"She doesn't care—not much, I mean— If a fellow's face is not always clean, And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry if you are bad; And I'll tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, yes, every day, A fellow's a baby that doesn't obey."—Rz.

Literary Department.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.—In the November number, Alexander Wilder, M. D., contributes an able article entitled, "A Chapter on the English Language," in which he clearly shows that the English language is "The maddest yet the greatest language in the world."

Some of his thoughts on the subject are: A language is much more than the words which it may contain. There is to each of them a history of its own, and, indeed, they are themselves souvenirs of history. The sources from which they are derived, the modifications which they undergo, and the relations which they sustain, reflect the conditions and experiences of the people employing them. "The winged word cleaves its way through time as well as space," as Mr. Hubert Bancroft eloquently affirms. It serves as the messenger of thought to convey the motions of one mind to the perception and consciousness of others. It is thus the vehicle of inspiration by which the many receive and are animated by the aspirations, the ideas, and the purpose of the leaders of thought and action. It not only sets us in a place apart from the animal tribes, but it also indicates distinctly the people to which we belong, the peculiar culture which we have received, and in some degree, even the events which have marked the career of our predecessors.

The words which come familiarly to our lips not only voice the thoughts which we would utter, but they likewise shadow forth their own sources and vicissitudes. They have fulfilled similar offices for ages. If we undertake to question them we shall learn that they have been diversified in form, and sometimes even disguised by change of dialect. Such alterations indicate important modifications in the character of a people, and afford clues to curious facts, in which a world of instruction is comprehended.

We do wisely to ponder the importance of such study. We learn thereby the words to choose in order to give the exact sense which we are endeavoring to convey. We are not only instructed, but exalted. A more vivid conception is gained of the sacredness of speech. There will be clearly indicated the innering profaneness of slang utterance. Pure speech is every whit as estimable as pure literature.

To our English language the praise is due of possessing a copious vocabulary, adaptability to the requirements of science, business and daily intercourse, and a consciousness which is hardly excelled. There is a natural significance to every sound, enabling the masters of speech to discriminate their words judiciously, and to give their utterances the completest rhythm and the intensest force. That words are representative symbols we all know, but our language also excels in analogies and symbolisms of sound, which the skillful know how to use. Its faults and imperfections are superficial and may be obviated. It has been a theme of wonder that the ancient Greek and Latin languages were spoken at first by obscure tribes that were few in number, and yet became in turn the current speech of the civilized world. It now seems even more probable that our English tongue, matured and enriched from every source, will be in due time simplified to a better adaptation and extend its sphere till it shall become the universal speech of the human race.

The Metaphysical Pub. Co., 465 Fifth Avenue, New York.

McCLURE'S.—"The Night After San Juan" is very graphically described by Stephen Bonsal in the current issue. The suffering caused by following the precedent prescribed by Red Tape, is portrayed as vividly as pen can picture it—what most reality have been! Mr. Bonsal says: It was at a ford a mile back from the dressing-station, where we waited and filled our dry canteens with water, that I first realized the suffering which the absence of proper transportation entailed upon the wounded. Here it was that I began to understand that the men whom I had heard crying out, as we passed them on the dark trail, "Stop, stop! For God's sake, let me get out and die in the grass!" were not delirious, but in conscious agony were suffering more than the strongest man could bear.

We had filled our canteens and poured into them a few precious drops of the limejuice which the soldiers so thirsted for, and were on the far side of the stream, when the first wagon of the noisy, creaking train came out of the forest trail toward us and pitched down the precipitous bank into the stream. There came from the wagon, as it drew near, a strange, low, moaning sound. It seemed too regular, altogether too mechanical, to come from human beings in distress; perhaps the axles and the tires needed greasing, I thought. Then suddenly the moon came sailing out from behind the forest trees, and I shall try to tell you something of what it disclosed, something of what I saw in the one moment. I had the courage and heart to look upon the blood-curdling spectacle. Having no way of retaining their positions through all the jolting and jarring, the sliding backward and forward, the wounded, whom but half an hour before I had seen each in his place, and as far as space was concerned, comparatively comfortable, now lay all huddled together in indescribable confusion. There they lay, a squirming, writhing mass of naked, blood-stained and bandaged limbs.... It was hard indeed to realize, as I heard their pitiful cries, that they were the same brave, patient fellows who had smiled so cheerfully as we helped them into the wagon half an hour before, with the thought that at least for the present their greatest sufferings were at an end. Many who had been placed in the wagons with the assurance from the surgeon at the front that they would be up and about in a few days and could return to the colors, were found delirious, and shrieking with horror, and living over again the scenes of the suffering which they had witnessed and in which they had participated in the journey down from the front.

Slowly, very slowly it seemed to me, and to all of us who were anxious to have the wounded men examined and their wounds properly dressed, the human freight was unloaded at the hospital inclosure. Here you could see in the moonlight, suspended from a tall bamboo, high up above the entrance to the inclosure, the Red Cross of Pity and the White Flag of Peace. At the rate there was on guard a detail of soldiers to search the wounded for arms as they were carried or hobbled past into the dressing station. Their rifles and pistols were taken away from them, and this separation of the wounded soldier from his weapon gave rise to many pathetic scenes. The rifles were stacked in long rows along the road, and the cartridge belts were piled up in every direction. One after another the men were carried in; the inclosure, and laid down somewhere, each with his ticket and number. And in the long files they lay, hour after hour, up in the wet grass and in the dew, waiting patiently and without a murmur to be examined, and

to learn what fate the next few hours had in store. S. B. McClure Co., 141-145 East Twenty-fifth street, New York City.

MIND.—A few gems culled from this inspiring magazine may create a desire for the jewel box from which the gems were taken.

In the December number Charles B. Nowcomb has written about "The Power of Gladness." "Be happy and you will be good" is a very true injunction. We may also add: "Through happiness you will be successful." It is the nature of happiness to radiate and enlarge its expression by finding others with whom it can share its joy.

The only trouble with many people is stagnation through depression. Their chief lack is momentum. Let their spiritual will be aroused and applied with its incalculable energy, and all bonds and obstructions will easily fall away from them.

There is no force that can accomplish this more quickly than the thrill of joy and gladness. There is no stimulant that is more speedy or thorough in its action. It is a natural tonic, and the entire system responds to its exhilarating vibrations. Anything that arouses confidence in life, with a larger sense of its power and beauty, increases human energy and prepares the best conditions of success in all its undertakings. It is even better to build castles in the air than to dwell in caves of gloom. The imagination is more worthily employed in picturing pleasant things than in brooding fears and entertaining dark forebodings. It is better to "whistle going through the woods" than to look for hobgoblins in every shadow.

True life is an ever present opportunity. It is not concerned with past or future. It is in the lowlands only that we suffer from the malaria of memory and fear, and our spiritual perceptions are bedimmed and paralyzed. One does not need a battlefield on which to prove his heroism. The opportunity is offered daily in the home, the shop, the office and the factory. Great souls need never be beggars of "circumstance" to manifest their quality. They are masters of all conditions, and respond with equal cheerfulness to all demands of daily living.

Frank H. Sprague, author of "Art and Nature," says: "Genius is spiritual insight. It penetrates the outer envelopes of life, and makes it possible for one to assume a central view point from which all things appear in their true relations. Every man has the power to lay down at will his personal consciousness, to exchange the finite standpoint for the infinite, to merge his separate existence in the universal, and to allow his thought to become poised at the centre of Being. In that state he shares the creative spirit, and is inspired with a deep longing to manifest the ideal world."

Every man is a genius, did he but know it; for he has latent capacities waiting to come into exercise whenever he allows himself to forget his attitude in contemplating and obeying the infinite, which incessantly calls to him from within. If he listens to the voice it grows louder; if he obeys, it becomes more authoritative—until, in time, he forgets the impotence of the lower self and identifies his life habitually with the higher.

Nearly every man needs, most of all, to learn to adapt or apply what he already knows. He has latent resources that need developing, and dormant powers that need quickening. "Common sense is genius in embryo." The duller mind is stored with information enough to produce the works of a Homer or a Shakespeare, but the fire of genius must be kindled slowly by experience, before it will awaken memories, call forth slumbering thoughts, and reconstruct ideals from the scattered elements of past life.

Be sure and read F. A. Reynolds's words on "Mental Science in Primary Education." He has struck the key-note—we have space for a few thoughts only: "Wise persons have rightly thought that it is desirable that the youngest pupils, before they become immersed in mere book learning, should learn to look about them and observe. In the same way—in short, oral lessons, given in an interesting manner, should be the basis of Mental Science, so far as they relate to human well-being, be taught to children of all grades, beginning with the toddling kindergartens who are learning colors and geometrical forms in their plays. The Alliance Pub. Co., "Life" Bldg., 19-21 W. 31st street, New York.

SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS.—In the article entitled "The Relation of Hypnotism to Crime," by M. Jules Liegeois of Nancy, several experiments are related for the purpose of demonstrating that some subjects in a profound somnambulistic state, reason and act only in the circle of ideas in which suggestion has impressed their mental action. M. Liegeois relates the experiments following: "Having previously thrown T. into a somnambulistic state, I said to him: 'Pay careful attention to the instructions which I am about to give you. You are presently going to return to the house of your aunt, Mme. M.—who is now present. You will take a glass of water; you will pour into it the arsenic, which you will carefully dissolve; you will then offer this cup of poison to your aunt.' 'Yes, sir.' On the same evening I received from Mme. M.—a note couched in the following terms: 'Mme. M.—has the honor to inform M. Liegeois that the experiment was perfectly successful. Her nephew tendered the cup of poison to her.'"

And on his aunt's endeavoring to induce him to drink the glass of water he had prepared himself, he met her with a vigorous refusal. When the deed was once accomplished, the criminal remembered nothing whatever, and it was with much difficulty that he could be persuaded that he had really tried to poison his aunt, to whom he is much attached. The automatism was complete.

The young man on whom this experiment was made, a tall, strong fellow of five and twenty, was one of the best somnambulistic subjects I have ever met. In his case the rupture of memory on being waked was so entire, that one day I caused him to eat during the induced sleep of a raw potato, which suggestion had transformed for him into a luscious pear; on being waked by me, though still holding in his hand the much bitten potato, he stubbornly refused to believe that he had touched it with a tooth, in spite of the reiterated assertions of myself and of the witnesses of this little scene.

—Th—had reached such a pitch of receptivity in matters of suggestion that even in his waking state I made him see, hear, say, and do everything that I wished. One day when he had come to my house to bring me a grotesque sketch which I had suggested to him to trace at his uncle's house, it was enough for me to say to him without putting him to sleep, "Just look at my garden! How full of flowers it is! It is filled with roses! Look at that piece of water and those beautiful swans swimming about so gracefully!" And he saw swans and roses which had no existence; when he had returned to his own home he perceived during the rest of the day the exquisite scent of the flowers which I had caused him to see.

Yet it is the subjects who are to this extent amenable to suggestion, to every imaginable suggestion, who, according to Delbois, do not preserve the faculties of reasoning, of "reflection," of control of moral liberty, of resistance and what not. The somnambulistic subject is not an "idiot," you say? Emphatically not. But he reasons and acts only in the circle of ideas in which suggestion has enclosed and, so to say, imprisoned his moral and physical activity. He follows and can follow only the idea which has been suggested to him. In order to realize it, he will display to you yourself have said, ingenuity, skill, dissimulation, cunning. Yes, beyond doubt. But he will do pay all this only to attain the end which a dominating will has assigned to him. Everything else, men and things, ideas and facts, emotions and sentiments, have become to him things entirely foreign. He has but one solitary idea, only one which he will put into action—exactly as the natural somnambulistic, the monomaniac, the madman.

Publishing Co., Times Herald Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

UNIVERSAL HARMONY.—A little magazine whose purpose is expressed in the following stanza:

"When whispering strains with creeping winds Distill soft passions through the heart, And when at every touch we fit— When threads can make a heart-string ache, Philosophy can sorrow deign. Our souls were made for Harmony."

The editor believes the latent genius within can be awakened by the power of thought harmoniously directed, and is helping many to discover the music hidden in their souls.

The current issue opens with sketches from Musical History. "We find, from a study of the history of music, beginning with it in its elementary forms that it was considered by ancients as being of divine origin."

A great deal of mythology was connected with the art of music. It was said in Egypt that the god Thoth was walking one day by the river Nile, and that he took up a tortoise shell, to which some of the dried membranes were clinging, and accidentally set them in motion, thus producing musical tones.

"In India the art of music was ascribed to Brahma. Very great and marvellous power was once ascribed to music and musicians. The walls of Jericho fell at the sound of trumpets. It was thought by some that certain sacred songs had power to produce rain. Others to calm the most ferocious animals."

"Time passed, and music became a science. The building of melodies and the construction of scales began. A strange fact in those days was noticed; that certain results were arrived at among nations far remote from each other, and between whom customs differed widely."

Mrs. Stella C. Biston, Seabreeze, Fla.

SIX YOUNG HUNTERS, or the Adventures of the Greyhound Club, by W. Gordon Parker, is a wide awake story for boys, telling of the wonderful experiences of six academy boys from the east, who spend their summer vacation in one of the wildest and least frequented parts of Indian Territory, in a lodge owned by the uncle of one of the boys.

The boys are possessed of spirit and pluck, and engage in all the sports afforded by that wild country, and are not even daunted by a band of outlaws whose retreat was near their lodge. The encounter with the outlaws is undoubtedly the most intensely fascinating part of the book. The fact that six school boys succeeded in eliminating a band of outlaws who had evaded all officers of the law, speaks well for the bravery of the lads.

Walter Hillman, the host, and Harry Martin are the real heroes, for it takes a hero to offer to ride many miles over the worst prairie to verify the authorities of the capture of three of the desperadoes, when he knows that as many more of the outlaws are still abroad and on the watch; yet Walter started for his uncle's ranch, was captured by the leader of the outlaws, and kept prisoner till rescued by our second hero, Harry.

Any live boy will find himself intensely interested from the beginning to the close of the book, and will work the harder, after reading it, to be as manly, brave and honest as the boys of this lively tale. Price, \$1.25.

Lee & Shepard. Order through Banner of Light Pub. Co.

THE DEVIL AND THE ADVENTISTS.

A Brief Review of Some of the Recent Attacks Made by Advents on Spiritualism, by Moses Hull, should certainly find many readers, for if the Adventists are not interesting the devil certainly is. The good old lady introduced in this pamphlet said of him: "Yes, the devil does some mighty mean things; but if we were all as industrious as he, we would have less time to find fault with him." It is daily proven that one with whom fault can be found will receive more attention than those who move serenely in the "proper way."

All who have heard the author lecture, or have read any of his writings, know that his side of the question is deflected with keen arguments and convincing facts interspersed with wit, humor and kindly good will. To those who have not become acquainted with the bright and instructive thoughts of Moses Hull we recommend that they seek an introduction at once by ordering the above named pamphlet through the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Co.

Magazines Received.

Church Voice, Church Voice Publishing Co., 100-23 East 14th street. Advertising Express, 1523 Maquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Review and Herald, Battle Creek, Mich. Our Dumb Animals, Boston, Mass. The Torch, Nottingham, England. The Signs of the Times, Los Angeles, Calif. The Bookster, News dealer and Stationer, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Vick's Magazine, Vick Pub. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Printer's Ink, George P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce street, New York. The Twentieth Century Astrologer, The Astrologer Pub. Co., St. Paul Bldg., New York. The New England Magazine, Boston, Mass. The Independent, 130 Fulton street, New York.

"Old and New Psychology," by W. J. Colville, is a fascinating and instructive work. It would make an excellent New Year's present.

Reed City Sanitarium, Michigan.

To the Public: This circular is addressed to all lovers of God and Humanity, to all who believe in religion or in doing good, to all whose religion consists in helping each other, who believe in showing how much they love God by loving, helping and blessing God's children.

Some three years ago, when I had arrived at sixty years of age, after thirty-seven years of hard toil in my profession, I had before me, plainly shown, two roads in which to walk the rest of my life.

The one way, to remain in Detroit, enjoy a beautiful home, and partially retire from active life and hard labor.

My friends and my family, who all knew how hard and full of care my life had been, advised me thus to do, and year by year as I neared the sunset of life to take things more easily.

The other path which was shown to me, as by a voice from heaven, bade me to work, toil and sacrifice self as never before.

It came to me to find a home, hospital and sanitarium for the sick, and the way pointed to the place.

For many months I had a hard struggle with myself. I felt, like one of old, that I was not sufficient to undertake so dangerous and important a move at that age in life, knowing so well as I did that if I thus acted, it would require all my life's earnings, all my energies, time and strength to carry the work forward.

My children had all received and finished their educations. All were settled in life. My family very reluctantly gave their consent, feeling that all would be a failure, and that what little means, as well as my health, and perhaps my life, would be the penalty.

pay even those low prices. Worthy men and women who have broken down in the battle of life, death or the county house staring them in the face. During the last three years I have given away in the way of board, treatment and care more than one thousand dollars.

Now the time has come that I alone cannot give absolutely free board, nursing, medicine and operations. I am willing and want to give this at their just cost. The investment, the taxes and insurance of the Sanitarium is a free gift to humanity. All I ask or seek is to make it pay actual expenses. My son, the physician in charge, freely gives his time, care and watchfulness, free of any salary.

Now my dear friend, the reader, that has gone thus far with me, do you wish to aid me in this work? Do you want a lot and part in this enterprise? Do you wish to aid me to help some one, whose life as worker, toiler, teacher or preacher, has broken down in the battle, to gather that life up, to get well again? If you do, read on, and I will tell you how to do so. The object of this circular is to raise an endowment fund to set aside and support free beds.

All those who are thus treated shall have just as good care, just as good rooms as any others. My instructions to all my nurses are, make no difference in your care of patients whether rich or poor. If any have the preference give it to the one who is poor.

My plan is this: That I draw from that fund five dollars and twenty-five cents (\$5.25) a week for each patient; five dollars for board and twenty-five cents for washing. This sum will not give me one cent of profit should my house be full all the time.

I want no profits. No joy of my life is so great as to feel that I can help up and have a home for all such.

The happiest moments of my life have been when I have been trying to relieve the pain, cheer the heart, and bless those sick and sad.

Do you wish to be a partner with me in this joy, in this work? Then send on your mite, even though it be small.

Now I want no handling of this money. I wish it all to be put in the hands of L. K. Parkhurst, the banker, at Reed City, a worthy, honest Christian gentleman: the same to be under the control of a committee consisting of Mrs. Amos Rosenberg, Mrs. C. E. Withy, Mrs. J. C. Hiden, Mrs. O. P. Thurston, Mrs. Ren Barker and Mrs. P. N. Noonan.

These six persons to decide who shall enjoy the benefits of the free beds. And I to claim from the fund the five dollars and twenty-five cents (\$5.25) a week under the order of their secretary and treasurer.

Now we seek voluntary contributions from all who are interested without regard to sect, dogma or creed. We wish to aid any who are poor, needy, helpless and worthy. Any who aim to get well, and make their life good and useful.

It matters not when nor how they get there, only that they now are like the halt and lame, the paralyzed and blind that the Master blest.

Still further, I propose to start a chain of letters with one hundred of my friends, expecting that these one hundred will interest three hundred more. Each putting in not less than ten cents and as much more as they will. The publishing of this circular, the vast correspondence that this chain of letters will entail I will carry on at my own expense. Now if there is anything more that you wish to know, please write to me and I will give you all needed information. Yours truly,

Reed City, Mich. A. B. SPINNEY, M. D.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a running ear, which, if neglected, becomes deafness. It is entirely closed, Deafness is the result; and unless the inflammation can be taken out, and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars, free.

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BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 12, 1897. DEAR SIR—Permit me to add my testimony to the great medical value of "Dr. Mack's Benzoine Emulsion." I have used it with signal success in acute and chronic bronchitis, and other throat affections. Also, I find it of much value in allaying the irritating effects of pneumonia, and in a case of consumption it relieved the cough after all of my efforts had been exhausted without avail. I am familiar with its composition and ingredients, and therefore can speak authoritatively. Very truly,

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

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Banner of Light.

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We trust that Spiritualists everywhere will cooperate heartily with us in the step which has been taken, and that regular subscribers for THE BANNER will make an effort to increase its circulation. If every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1898, the heretofore high standard of THE BANNER could easily be maintained, the value of its contents and their practicality materially enhanced, and the Cause, which this paper has so long defended and upheld, greatly strengthened.

On the Threshold.

We extend hearty greetings to all our friends and patrons on the threshold of the year 1899. We wish them one and all a bright, happy, prosperous and progressive New Year. That all of the mistakes, sorrows, disasters by land and sea, horrors of war and kindred woes may not be repeated during the coming twelve months is the earnest wish of every intelligent American citizen. The year 1898 has been a most eventful one, and the loss of life through accidental causes has been frightfully large. Many gallant ships have been lost at sea, and many precious lives have been hurled unexpectedly into the realms of the spirit. Many awful holocausts have occurred on the land, as well as other disasters of a terrible nature. England and the United States have both engaged in a short, sharp contest at arms, and won sweeping, far-reaching victories. In brief, 1898 has made history with rapid strides, but it is history that every humanitarian devoutly hopes may not soon repeat itself.

The new year, with all of its hopes, fears and fond anticipations, is before us. The year just closed has left a record by which every American should profit. He should now be able to see the evils of war, the disgrace of official corruption in high places, the need of greater caution with regard to the examination of all sea-going vessels, the danger of arrogant pride on the part of those clothed with temporary authority, the necessity of calling statesmen into the service of the Government, and the duty of doing something at once to relieve the necessities of the laboring people. The examples set in these several directions during the past year, if properly studied, will enable the American people to take a long step in the direction of progress. Our State and National law-makers should be induced to consider the industrial problem first, in order that the suffering millions may be enabled to earn their bread. There is work enough for all persons who are able to toil, if proper measures are adopted to set the wheels of industry in motion. The hard times of the past year, in connection with the disasters above mentioned, have caused the people of this nation a vast amount of suffering. Much of this can be obviated during the coming twelve months, if statesmanship, instead of party prejudice, actuates our law-makers.

The people want work, not alms, nor promises of future riches. "Build the Nicaragua Canal," says some one, "it will give employment to thousands of people." By all means let it be built, but let it be built, owned and controlled by the Government of the United States. Internal improvements should also receive attention. The building of good substantial highways is a necessity in all parts of the nation, and ought to be insisted upon at an early date. It is the duty of the Government to attend to this important matter. The matter of transportation of food products is an item which, if properly adjusted, will enable the farmers to find markets for their crops, and place the same within the reach of those who are unable to purchase at the present prices. During the past few years many people in this country have found it difficult

to obtain food, because of the exorbitant charges for the same. Farmers could not send their products to market, owing to the excessive freight rates, and they have had their crops spoil on their hands for that sole reason. People have suffered for the necessities of life, because of the loss of the crops that the owners could not afford to send into the cities to be sold. Had they reached the market, prices would have gone down, and the poor been enabled to relieve their wants. It is to be hoped that this question will be settled in the interests of the people during the year at whose threshold we now stand. It is a question that can be settled by the people, if they will but compel their servants, the lawmakers, to take action. It will not matter if the profits of the food trusts and the railroads are reduced somewhat, provided the people receive the benefit therefrom.

The coming year should witness yet further agitation of the question of the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum, by means of which the American people can regain the control of governmental affairs, and do away with the machine politician and the corrupt office-holder. The course of the State of South Dakota will be an excellent object-lesson for the nation, and we trust, will lead many other States to fall into line prior to Jan. 1, 1900. Steps should also be taken to make war between nations an utter impossibility hereafter. Peace is the ideal standard for all nations of the earth, and the United States should lead in the good work of realizing that ideal. The ensuing year should witness the adoption of precautionary measures against the awful losses of life from accidental causes and disregard of the conditions of the elements. Building inspectors should be held to a stricter account of their stewardships, while the examiners of sea-going vessels should know whether or not they could withstand the perils of a heavy gale. It will do no harm to remind the people to be on their guard lest they put themselves into danger, thereby establishing the principle of cooperation for safety's sake in all departments of life.

It is time, also, to give the world a more humane religion. The ideal is before us, and the coming year should make possible its speedy realization. The masses are longing to know of the future; they want an answer to the question, "Does man live after death?" and are entitled to receive one that will satisfy their aching hearts. As Spiritualists, we can give such a religion to the world, provided we prove that it has something in it of value for the world. To that work, the New Year invites every true Spiritualist, and asks him to cooperate with his brethren on earth and in spirit-spheres, to do away with counterfeiting and charlatanism, with wrong and injustice, with credulity and guess-work, in order that the plain, unvarnished truth may be given to mankind. On the threshold of the New Year, let there be a grand union of thought in the direction of reform along all lines of human interests, and the results will be such as to prove that it was indeed a happy year. We hope that all Spiritualists will feel to make greater efforts to prove that their religion is the one that stands forth boldly as humanity's friend in all things. Once more THE BANNER wishes all of its friends "A Happy New Year," and bids them "Good speed in the work of reform."

The End of the World.

Ever since the exciting days of Millerism the end of the world has been frequently predicted and confidently expected by many sincere yet fanatical people. Their frequent disappointments do not disconcert them, and they recast their mathematical computations for the purpose of discovering the error in the date of the final wind-up of the world. Bible prophecies are freely quoted to prove the truth of their assertions, and they are never at a loss for an answer to any question that may be put to them concerning their faith. The bible is their watchword, and they familiarize themselves with its contents to a greater extent than do all of the other Christian sects taken together. Next to some of the heterodox leaders, Atheists and infidels, they are probably the best bible scholars in the world. Unfortunately, however, they have but little outside of the bible upon which to base their faith.

Despite the failure of their prophecies concerning the end of the world, the Adventist sect has rapidly increased its membership during the past sixty years. In 1830 they had 1,364 ministers, 1,757 organizations, 774 churches, buildings and 60,491 communicants. The value of their church property in that year was \$1,230,345. They also rented 937 halls in which they held meetings a portion or all of the time during the year. The seating capacity of their halls and churches was about 235,000. The Adventists have had many secessions, and now number six different bodies, all holding to the main dogmas of their faith, differing in minor details of doctrine and church polity.

These factions are as follows: Evangelical Advents, who hold that the soul is immortal, and that the dead do not sleep, but live in a conscious state, having 1,147 members; Advent Christians, who deny immortality, save to the just who receive it at Christ's coming, and affirm the sleep of the dead, having 25,816 members; Seventh Day Advents, who observe Saturday instead of Sunday, do not fix the time for Christ's coming, and hold to the sleep of the dead, having 28,991 members; Church of God Adventists, a branch of the Seventh Day Adventists, that seceded because of disbelief in the claims of Mrs. Ellen G. White to inspiration, the practice of pork-eating, and tea and coffee drinking, having 647 members; Life and Advent Union, holding that the wicked are doomed to eternal sleep, and will not rise at all, and having 1,018 members; Churches of God in Christ Jesus, or Age-to-Come Adventists, holding to a belief in the final restitution of all things, the literal resurrection of the dead, and the annihilation of the wicked, and number 2,872 members. It is probable that there are at least 125,000 bona fide believers in Adventism in the United States alone.

At the present writing, they are far more active than the average Christian sect, and are energetically pushing the work of propaganda. They have quite a following in Europe, where they annually make many proselytes. One of their elders in Switzerland has recently published a lengthy article in one of the Adventist journals upon "Events in History." He speaks of the rise of the German Empire, the Triple Alliance, Franco-Russian Alliance, War Preparations, Labor Troubles, Sunday Laws, the Papal Power, European Colonial Policy, Spiritualism, and the Zionist Movement, as evidences of the presence of Satan in the world doing his deadly work. He expects the river Euphrates to go dry as a symbol of

the destruction of the Turkish Empire, and claims that the great day of judgment for all mankind is close at hand. He holds that the alleged return of Napoleon Bonaparte at many séances is especially significant of trouble, and sounds a note of warning to the faithful to be on their guard against the machinations of poor old Satan.

While Satan is the best friend the average Christian church has to-day, it is really too bad to hold him accountable for the above incidents named by the elder. The preacher is living in the past. His mind is befogged by too much prophecy, while his judgment is certainly warped upon all questions of progress. His doctrine is quite an improvement upon the cruel dogmas of Calvinism, but it lacks one great essential to commend it to the careful students of the age, *i. e.*, truth. From a biblical standpoint solely, Adventism is perfectly logical, but in the light of scientific research, it becomes most illogical, irrational, and absurd, not to say grotesque. The enterprising spirit of its adherents could be emulated with profit by the Spiritualists, who outnumber them to quite an extent. If the same devotion were applied to Spiritualism, as is manifested in Adventism, it would soon hold the first place in the mind of the public. But the mild words of the Swiss elder will do no harm. He and his associates find "signs" in everything that point to all things; save progression, yet the world moves steadily onward, and our Adventist brethren will have to go forward in spite of themselves. The end of the world, so far as earth-life is involved, comes each moment to some human being, yet the universe is not upset, nor does chaos reign supreme because of it. Change is ever the law of life, and our Advent friends will find that they will, in the end, be compelled to change their state of ignorance and dogmatic assumption for one of intelligence and spiritual enlightenment.

Do Spirits Take an Interest in the Affairs of This Nation?

The Philadelphia Press in a recent issue asks the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT what the arisen statesmen say to the anti-annexationists with regard to the foreign policy of our government? Do the spirits take an interest in national affairs, and can they throw any light upon the perplexing problems of the day? Without doubt the fathers of the republic do take a deep interest in the nation's welfare, and would gladly render it every aid possible. Under favorable conditions, they are able to express their views with great clearness upon all questions of the day, and if the Press would but institute a series of scientific tests, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Paine, Monroe and Lincoln would throw such a flood of light upon the living issues of the times as to dazzle the mental visions of all beholders with great surprise.

To the anti-annexationists they would say "Stand up for your conscientious convictions, and loyally defend the principle of liberty from its every foe." The spirits of the founders of this republic believe that this nation should stand as a living monument to the fact that enlightened people are capable of self-government. They protest against war, bloodshed, injustice, robbery, and wrong-doing of every sort. They hold that the spirit of militancy should never be fostered between men or nations, and have ever urged their earth-friends to practice the arts of peace. They have repeatedly stated that armies and navies are menaces to international peace, hence have pleaded for the disarmament of nations. With very few exceptions, these arisen leaders have protested against turning a war waged in the ostensible interests of humanity into one of conquest and acquisition. They would therefore say to the anti-annexationists, "Defend the flag of your country with your life if necessary, but be sure that your country has a just cause before you engage in a conflict at arms. Protect the weak from the trespasses of the strong, and educate all classes of people to become capable of self-government."

These self-same patriots would protest against every unconstitutional act, and would urge the patriots of earth to oppose every attempt to introduce the monarchical spirit into American life. "Dependencies," "subject races," "colonial appendages," to them are terms that savor of monarchy, hence have no place in American phraseology. In brief, our arisen forefathers plead for a free, progressive nation, in which the equality of all men before the law is maintained, and where the principles of right and justice are woven into the warp and woof of national life. They would and do protest against the aggrandizement of the nation at the expense of its truth and honor, and urge all of their friends to guard against the granting of special privileges to a favored few at the expense of the many. They hold that right between man and man and nation and nation is a question of greater moment than that of policy or expediency. Their policy is to do right for right's sake, hence to them it is ever expedient to do right. Therefore they would fit the inhabitants of the conquered islands for independence, through a protectorate that would conserve liberty and justice, protect life and property, and help the people to help themselves.

To the annexationists these patriots also have a word to say. They advise them to dissociate patriotism and selfishness, to exalt the former, and to eradicate the latter principle from their natures. They also urge them to honestly defend the principles of a republican form of government, and to guard against the machinations of aristocracy and monarchy in every direction. They plead for the maintenance of liberty, fraternity, justice and equality, hence urge their earth-friends to profit by the terrible lessons set by the ages of the past. Oligarchy has ever been a menace to liberty, hence all Americans are urged to open their eyes to the danger of attempting to govern and tax a people against their will. In fine, they ask the annexationists and their opponents to be patriots first, last and all of the time, and urge them to throw partisanship to the winds for the sake of protecting their fatherland, and of proving to the world that a free government, of, for, and by the people, is the ideal for the whole human race.

In these bleak days of winter, the needs of the worthy poor should not be forgotten. In fact, "New Year's Day" would be an appropriate time to send a little coal, some flour, and other necessities to such as you know are suffering for the same. If you know of no cases of actual want, and would aid in doing good, then send in a generous contribution to God's Poor Fund of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It will then be sure to reach those who need it, and will carry joy to many an anxious heart.

The Holidays.

The holiday season is nearly over. Millions of dollars have been spent by the people of the United States for articles that were of no earthly use to themselves, nor to their children, nor to the friends to whom they presented them. They have followed a useless and expensive custom in order to be in fashion, and will be obliged to stint themselves for months to come because of their extravagance. We have no objection to the expenditure of money for the benefit of the needy, provided use instead of style is the object of the purchaser. It is pleasant at the opening of each new year to receive some useful article as a reminder of the love and esteem of a valued friend. But when that friend cannot afford the gift, it becomes a source of regret to the one to whom it is given every time he touches it. If some tasteful, inexpensive yet useful article is sent, the remembrance is there, and the cost of the gift is lost to sight in view of the love one feels for the generous giver.

With regard to children, it is a question of truth that must be settled by every one who makes presents to them at the holidays. Deceit is practiced upon the innocents by their elders, who indulge in all sorts of fairy tales for the purpose of surrounding the holiday period with an air of mystery. The most palatable falsehoods are unblushingly told by people who pride themselves upon their veracity in all respects upon other occasions. They tell a deliberate falsehood about Santa Claus and his mystical powers; they also repeat the centuries old falsehood that Jesus was born on the 25th of December some nineteen centuries ago; they profess to know nothing of the contents of the numerous stockings hanging beside the chimney, and even feign surprise when the same are exhibited to them by the hysterical little ones. Such actions are hypocritical, deceitful and dishonest. The children should be taught the truth, and if truth cannot be presented to their young minds in as attractive a guise as falsehood, then we should confess that civilization is a failure and dishonesty preferable to virtue.

This dangerous custom should be abolished. Let the children's birthdays be made gala days in every household. Make the children realize that you are glad they have come into your lives. If you are not glad, then you have no right to be parents. Fill their lives with the sunshine of love, and teach them that home is a part of heaven. Tell them no fairy tales of the impossible things that will happen when some mythical fairy smiles upon you, but tell them that life is real and earnest, that love is life, that goodness creates love, that selfishness creates goodness—in fine, tell them the truth in all things. But above all make them realize that they are welcome members of the family circle. Don't shut them out of your confidence by giving them hysterical happiness at the holidays, but make every day a holy day, full of pure and holy love for them and their well-being. Make their birthday anniversaries occasions of rejoicing, and take part with them in their innocent amusements. Jesus, the apostles, Santa Claus, etc., etc., can take care of themselves. If Spiritualists will but devote themselves more to the rearing of true and noble children, and less to aping customs, and following the edicts of fashion, they will set a far better example for the world than they do to-day. Let us have holidays by all means, but let us be certain that those holidays are occasions on which we can truly rejoice in the soul-treasures that have been committed to our care.

Why?

Why is it that the arisen statesmen, orators and scholars show so little progress in many of their so-called communications with the people of earth?

Why is it that they appear to have retrograded in their knowledge of grammar, rhetoric, public affairs, and memory of striking events in history?

Why is it that returning spirits make use of the same sentences, repeat the same stories, and express the same platitudes at their every appearance in the séance-room?

Why is it that the Daisies, the Mandies, the Floras, the Mabels, *et al.*, even after thirty or forty years in spirit life, continue to appear as little children, showing no intellectual and spiritual advancement through that long period of time?

Why is it that many spirits couch their messages in such general terms as to make it possible to apply their words with equal truth to a dozen individuals of widely different natures?

Why is it that they can say no more than "We are happy!" "We love you!" "God bless you! Good-bye!" when we would hold the breath of souls to hear something of their life in spirit-land and receive some advice that would enable us to live better here?

Why is it that so many of them manifest little or no interest in human progress, and are so ominously silent with regard to all questions relating to man's moral, spiritual and educational advancement?

Why is it that they lay so little stress upon duty in relation to Spiritualists, and fail to say one word in behalf of Spiritualism as the one factor of value in humanizing and civilizing the race?

Why is it that they have advised large gifts to Universalist, Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches, and not urged the wealthy Spiritualists to erect temples, schools and colleges in the name of Spiritualism?

Why is it that after fifty years Spiritualists can show no established schools, no endowed colleges or charitable associations, as monuments erected by Spiritualism?

WHY?

No man ever sacrificed anything for the sake of Truth, hence Truth needs no excuse for its acceptance among men. Every so-called loss experienced in the search for Truth will always prove to be a rich spiritual jewel to the one who gained it, hence he has no regrets that the treasure of the soul supplanted the sordid, material thing he once prized.

Study well thyself that thou mayst know thine own defects, ere thou dost seek to correct those of thy neighbor. Exhort not thy neighbor to think as thou dost until thou canst show him that thy thought hath made these pure in heart, true in speech, and noble in action.

We are in receipt of a sheet of music entitled "The Spartan Mother's Song," words by Lizzie Alvord, music by F. D. R. Warner; published by E. H. Alvord, Florence, Mass. Miss Alvord is a Spiritualist. We presented one of her poems in the BANNER OF LIGHT a few months ago.

Mrs. B. B. Hill

Departed this life on the afternoon of Dec. 29, as she had ever wished to do, quietly and as if she were but going to sleep. She had been planning for a "Jolly day" on Monday, even making two mince pies after 2 p.m. She evidently lay down to rest, and awoke in spirit-life. She had been suffering from La Grippe for several days, but was seemingly much better. The immediate cause of her physical dissolution was what is termed fatty degeneration of the heart.

Mrs. Hill was sixty-four years of age, and has been a Spiritualist ever since 1851. For twenty years or more she was a public medium, and devoted her entire time to that work. Since her marriage to Mr. B. B. Hill, the well-known inventor and manufacturer, she has exercised her gifts only in private, for the benefit of her immediate friends.

She was a woman of generous impulses, and wrought many a kindly deed unknown to any one, save to the recipient of her bounty and herself. Her heart was ever moved with compassion for the sick and afflicted, and was never so happy as when she was doing something for some one who needed aid. She was a loyal friend to mediums, and nothing grieved her more than to find that her confidence in an instrument of the spirit world had been misplaced. No one ever called upon her in vain for aid, and no medium ever had a truer and more unselfish friend. She had few enemies, but many scores of true and loving friends, to whom her sudden transition will be a most painful shock of surprise. Tears will spring to eyes long unused to such visitors when their possessors learn that Helen Hill, their kind and generous friend, is now no more.

She had no fear of the change, but looked forward to it as to a period of rest and peace. She knew the way she was going, and the spirit-world was not at all strange to her. She went forth with a happy smile upon her face, as if she had found a joyous welcome from her loved ones in the world of souls. The funeral services were held on Wednesday, Dec. 28, at her late residence, 1102 Girard street, Philadelphia, at which W. J. Colville delivered the principal discourse, assisted by Mr. E. W. and Mrs. M. H. Wallis, and Harrison D. Barrett. A report of the exercises will appear in our next issue.

Ideals.

We never reach a point in life at which we can stop feeling that we have found the final goal on progression's road. The ideals of yesterday become the reals of to-day, and when we learn that the true ideal is the only true real, we shall find our burdens much lighter, and our progress much more rapid. The ideal should lead us in our every effort. By following its light we are always led into the realm of the spiritual. If we reach the realm of the spiritual, our ideal prompts us to make our lives spiritual. To do this, we should spiritualize our every act, our every thought, and so idealize spiritually as to cause us to aspire to higher heights in wisdom, to do nobler deeds for our fellowmen, and to be better men and women ourselves.

There is an ideal even in drudgery and that is to perform even the most menial task well. By so doing, the error that such work is degrading soon passes away, and we are stronger and better able to do the next thing that may come to hand. Dish-washing, floor-scrubbing, street-cleaning, disinfecting and purifying the lurking places of diseases are legitimate tasks that must be performed for our own, as well as other's good. To neglect them, is to invite corruption and death into our very homes. Our ideal then should lead us to see that every duty that devolves upon us is faithfully discharged, and impel us to make as light as possible the labor of those who are compelled to perform such seemingly menial tasks. By so doing, another thought will come to us that will place our ideal yet higher. We shall learn that all labor is equally honorable, and that every honest toiler is our brother. We are now confronted with the exalted ideal of human brotherhood, and told to so spiritualize our own lives as to become worthy representatives of that sublime truth.

Let us wash thoroughly the dishes in which we serve mental food to ourselves and to others; let us scrub well the corridors of our minds lest some ugly thought may corrupt them; let us sweep clean the streets of our understandings that no microbes may find lodgment therein to breed disease and death; let us thoroughly disinfect and purify our mental dwelling houses with the cleansing elements of truth, love and good will, and when we have done all of these things, under the inspiration of our ideal, we shall realize that ideal in the nobler lives, cleaner thoughts, higher aspirations, and purer desires that we put forth. To realize our ideals, we must idealize our reals; then shall we live to a nobler purpose; the memories of the past will be pleasant, and our hopes for the future gloriously sublime. All hail, then, the ideal in real life to lead us onward and upward forever in our search for wisdom!

Memory is the storehouse of the mind. In one part of it can be found arranged in an orderly manner all of man's golden grains of good deeds, pure thoughts and high aspirations, while in the other part are found in confusion worse than confounded all of the ignoble acts, the unkind thoughts and debasing desires ever set forth by him during his journey through life. Spiritualism, when rightly applied, enables man to so increase his store of good grains as to leave no room for imperfect ones in this granary of the mind.

Let all heartburnings, hatreds, malicious thoughts and unkind wishes depart with the vanishing year. Face the future with courage and hope for the coming of better things. May love and good will guide and guard all souls, and inspire them to noble deeds for the sake of others throughout the coming year.

The first two of a series of spiritualistic songs are at hand, and promise well for the series which is to follow. They are entitled "Good-Night," and "Show Me the Way," words by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, music composed by "T. E. Della Rocca," 1110 Townsend Building, Broadway, New York City. The lovers of music in our ranks will derive much pleasure from these selections, which are especially fitted for spiritual meetings.

We are indebted to the Larkin Soap Company for a handsome engraving of a unique picture showing the old-fashioned method of making soap.

W. J. Colville's "Old and New Psychology" is a comprehensive work on the subject.

A Word to You.

For fifty years, returning spirits have told their earth friends that Spiritualism was the religion of humanity and progression. Many Spiritualists in the past, and at the present hour, have proved themselves humbuggers in the highest sense of the word, and have fearlessly walked progression's upward road without complaining of their lot in life. The emphasis for fifty years in spirit and mortal life has been laid upon the idea of the brotherhood of the race, and many wise teachers have urged the people of earth to unite that they may prove the worth of the religion of brotherhood by practicing it in their daily lives. The loving spirits, in wisdom spheres have ever sought to cooperate with their earth-friends to bring this much-desired result about, and much is their urgent call to-day.

The National Spiritualists' Association stands for cooperation, for the religion of humanity, for the upliftment of the race, and for the spiritual enlightenment of man. It was planned in the higher spheres, and was placed in the hands of the workers on earth as a sacred trust, to be utilized for the best good of mankind. The Association stands ready to do that work, and will gladly do it, as soon as the means are placed in its hands for that purpose. It is now the dawn of the new year. The holiday season is over, and the Spiritualists of America can afford to take account of stock. How much have you done for Spiritualism in 1898? Many of them will be obliged to remain silent at that question, or at least reply in a very faint tone.

Let us start the new year aright. Let us prove our belief in cooperation by practicing it in our dealings with Spiritualism. Let us fill the treasury of the National Association with cash to enable it to do its work. Missionaries, literature, and other matters of interest to Spiritualists, await orders. Let us see to it that those orders are given in no uncertain tones. Struggling societies need aid; let us give them that aid by endowing the national body. Surely there ought to be one thousand Spiritualists at this time who are interested ten dollars' worth in Spiritualism for the coming year. Are there not ten thousand of them who can give one dollar each? Spiritualists of America, these questions apply to you; are you willing to do your part to push the car of progress forward? To do a good deed on New Year's Day will be an inspiration to you throughout the year. Let the responses be many, prompt and generous, and much good will be the result.

HARRISON D. BARRETT, Pres. N. S. A.

Jesus, "Man, Medium, Martyr."

is just out of press. The cover is a beautiful seal brown, on which is traced the title in delicate gold letters, and a picture of the all-seeing eye enclosed in the "Star of David," from which radiate streams of light. The opinions of the most prominent liberals and Spiritualists are given in this extensive work. The dashing brilliant style of the author and compiler, J. M. Peebles, makes the work very attractive, and the clear, large type will be a source of comfort to the reader. We shall give an extended notice of the book in a future issue.

"It remains, then, for thee to understand among what kind of workmen thou placest thyself; for he who rules all things will certainly make a right use of thee, and he will receive thee among some part of the coöperators, and of those whose labors conduce to one end."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Jesus, "Man, Medium, Martyr," is one of the most interesting books of the day.

"Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man never so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces. It is a rare thing for man in great prosperity to lay down his happiness gently, it being a common fate for a man to sink under the weight of those felicities that raise him."—*Seneca*.

Remember that the Southern California mid-winter camp-meeting of Spiritualists convenes in San Diego, Cal., Jan. 1, 1899.

The thought of anything, as a necessity, always involves a fear lest we should fail of its possession. To the emancipated soul there is no such word as "necessity." Our resources are infinite, and consequently have no limitations. What is truly desirable is always within our reach.—*Charles B. Newcomb*.

If you are not a regular subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, now is the time to send in your name and begin with the new year.

We are indebted to E. Warren Hatch, a member of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, for a dainty pamphlet entitled "Thoughts in Rhyme: A Message; A Southerner's Tale; Life, Love and Death; To a Violin, and Patriotism; all the original composition of this gifted young man.

A certain college professor named his first-born son "Thesaurichrysonichrysidēs." The poor fellow actually lived to grow up, despite his terrible affliction, but went into retirement on reaching manhood, fearing, no doubt, that his secret sorrow might become known to the world.

To all those who desire to communicate with the BANNER OF LIGHT, we desire to state that we pay no attention whatever to anonymous letters or articles.

As the song of the meadow-lark, as he rises high in the air on a bright spring morning, is a sign of the love and joy within the songster's heart, so let thy soul-song be, as thou dost rise into pure ether of inspiration, a sign that thou hast overcome all hate with love and all sorrow with joy.

We would appreciate it if all speakers in New England who desire to attend funerals would leave their names and addresses at this office.

The Sixth Annual Mid-Winter Convention of the Michigan State Spiritual Association will be held in Owosso, Feb. 10-11-12, 1899. MAY F. AYRES, Sec'y.

Mass Meeting in Brooklyn.

The friends of Spiritualism in the "City of Churches" are to assemble in a grand mass convention Jan. 17-18, 1899. Eminent speakers and mediums will be in attendance, and a good time is guaranteed to all. Full particulars of this mammoth gathering will appear later.

Nota Bene.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will the editor be so kind as to give me a little space to let my friends and correspondents know that I no longer habitate at 12 Peace street, Providence, but Warwick, R. I., which is my address. I frequently receive letters and papers to my old address, hence this nota bene.

Again, some of my correspondents attach the initials M. D. to my name. Now, do not any more. While those letters in many cases are honorable, in the majority they really mean something beside Doctor of Medicine, a something I object to being put as a handle to my name. If we translate those initials in consonance with the works which their bearers do, truth says they mean murderer or devil; or, to put it a little softer, messenger of death. I am sometimes amazed to see healers, clairvoyants, etc., lug in the M. D. Now it seems to me that all natural doctors and healers, if they desire a title, should use the letters M. H.—Minister of Health, for such they are. By that title they divorce themselves from toxic drug medication, stand out as the exponents of Naturalism, a mode of practice in unison with the laws of life and health. True, I have been for years a healing adviser among my friends, recommending some vegetable medication or using my healing powers to their advantage. I do it now, when opportunity offers, in defiance of the medical practice law of this State, and without fear of Dr. Swarts, who appears to be the head and tail of the Board of Health, mis-called Health. What say you, healers? How do you like my suggestion M. H.—Minister of Health? There is the ring of truth about it, a significance which in time will tell with the people. In our fight against medical monopoly we must stand on every point of candor.

Warwick, R. I. WILLIAM FOSTER, Jr.

Letter from Brandon, Vt.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was glad to read in your issue of Dec. 17 your notice of Mr. John Withell's letter in the *Light of Truth*, and as Senator De Oviès has referred to me and Queen City Park in his reply, I wish to say that I can endorse every word of Mr. Withell, and also your compliment of him. He is an outspoken, independent man—honest in his convictions. I also endorse Mr. Dawson's letter. I know him to be an earnest, zealous man, of a good deal of ability. They are both strong Spiritualists, and have been for many years. After Senator De Oviès left Queen City Park, four summers ago, we received a large poster there (within a week, I think), which stated that he was giving lectures exposing Spiritualism and what he saw at a Spiritual camp meeting during a three weeks' stay there. After this I certainly was astonished to hear of his again appearing at the Cassadaga Spiritual Camp-Meeting, posing as a Spiritualist. I think it is a pity that some societies seem to think they must employ any new star that suddenly appears and often as suddenly disappears, when so many of the old and tried faithful and true among our speakers are idle and unnoticed.

E. A. SMITH, Pres't Queen City Park Camp-Meeting.

State Spiritualist Association.

The following speakers, mediums and musicians are expected to be present and take part at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield street, Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1899: Harrison D. Barrett, President National Spiritualist Association; Dr. George A. Fuller, President of the State Association; Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Vice-President M. S. A.; Prof. William M. Lockwood, Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Miss Gertrude Laidlaw, Prof. George E. Schaller, Mrs. H. G. Holcombe, E. Warren Hatch, C. L. C. Hatch, and many others. Full list next issue.

J. B. HATCH, for Com. of Arrangements.

Important.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold its annual meeting in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield street, Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1899, morning, afternoon and evening, commencing at 10:30 for the election of officers and any other legal business that may come before the meeting.

List of speakers in next issue of this paper. GEORGE A. FULLER, Pres. CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y. J. B. HATCH, Jr., Com.

Illinois State Spiritualists' Association.

Official Board chosen at a meeting held Dec. 17, 1898, at its Chicago office, 3402 Prairie Avenue:

President, George B. Warner, 3402 Prairie Avenue, Chicago; Vice-President, Col. James Freeman, Bloomington; Secretary, Miss Ella M. Johnson, 11, 137 Harvard Avenue, West Fullman; Treasurer, Ervin A. Rice, corner 17th and Clark streets, Chicago. Trustees—Hiram Eddy, DeKalb; Orrin Merritt, Genoa; M. W. Packard, Bloomington.

Fraternal Words.

E. M. Ripley, M. D., of Unionville, Conn., writes: Enclosed find check for renewal of my subscription for one year.

I desire to say that I am in full accord with the editorial sentiments of THE BANNER, and I hope that Editor Barrett's fearlessness in the cause of truth will be fully appreciated by the spiritualistic fraternity throughout the States.

Card.

The many friends of Mrs. S. S. Applin of Fitchburg, Mass., will be pleased to learn that she is more comfortable, although still confined to the bed. Her extreme age makes it doubtful if she ever regains her strength again, being ninety years and three months old.

E. S. LORING.

Card.

As seen in correspondence from Hartford the address of members of Dr. Ewell's class at Onset the past summer is solicited. Address Elm, cor. Trinity, Hartford, Ct.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will speak for the First Spiritualist Church, Indianapolis, Ind., during the month of February, 1899; and would like to arrange for some week night engagements while there. Societies desiring her services may address her, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass.

W. J. Colville lectures in College Hall, 497 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Saturday, Dec. 31 & 1 P. M. "The Sorrows of Satan." Watch meeting, 11 P. M. Sunday, Jan. 1, 3 P. M. special review of Dr. Peebles' new work on "Jesus." Chants, ten cents.

Jubilee Deficit.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,151.88. J. M. Griswold, Esq., E. J. H. Robinson, 30 cents; Alonzo Thompson, Miss Feukenshoed, Franklin Gard, each 10 cents. Total, \$1,153.88.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Mankato, Minn., Dec. 16, 1898, Mr. E. SCHUERER, at age of 71 years.

He was one of the most truthful men that ever lived, and one of the best private mediums that I ever had the pleasure to receive messages through by the aid of his control, a Doctor Murphy.

PHILIP DICK.

(Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding this limit, a charge of 10 cents for each additional line will be charged. Send words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.)

Resolutions.

Mrs. CARINE L. HATCH, Sec'y Mass. State Association of Spiritualists.

Dear Madam: The Committee, duly appointed for the purpose of revising the by-laws of the Mass. State Association of Spiritualists, begs leave to offer the following report:

In the preamble, we would strike out the clause "ordain competent persons as ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism," and strike out the word "of" before "mediums and lecturers," and insert "and better equipment of," making the preamble, as amended, to read as follows:

"We, who have signed the agreement of association to incorporate the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, having been authorized to form a working organization, do hereby associate ourselves to establish intelligent cooperation, insure harmonious action and financial success, provide for the protection and better equipment of mediums and lecturers, and promote the general welfare of the Cause."

The Committee would also suggest that we strike out the whole of section 6 of article 8, which now reads as follows:

ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

"The Board of Directors shall have the power to ordain competent persons to act as ministers of the gospel according to the religion of Spiritualism, granting unto them the power to solemnize marriages and exercise such other privileges as are allowed ministers of other denominations. Said ordination papers shall consist of a certificate signed by the officers of the Association."

Article 5 of the by-laws in relation to membership, I would suggest be completely revised, so that it may read as follows:

ARTICLE V.—MEMBERSHIP.

"SECTION 1. The membership, or primary unit, shall consist of Spiritualists from any part of this State who are willing to unite in the work of this Association, paying an annual fee of one dollar, and also any society chartered under the laws of the State of Massachusetts, ten or more of said society being members of the State Association. Said society shall, upon application to the Secretary of this Association, receive a certificate of membership as an auxiliary society of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, and shall be represented in the annual meeting by said ten or more members."

SECT. 2. Any person whose name shall be received and accepted by the Board of Directors may become a member of this Association by signing the by-laws or authorizing the Secretary to do the same."

SECT. 3. All names presented to the Board of Directors shall be balloted upon—a majority vote electing to membership."

SECT. 4. Any person whose name is received and accepted by the Board of Directors may become a Life Member of this Association by paying into the treasury of the same the sum of twenty-five dollars."

SECT. 5. Any person not a resident of the State may become an Honorary Member of this Association on the payment of one dollar yearly dues. Honorary members shall not be allowed to take part in the business proceedings of the Association."

All of which is respectfully submitted by the Committee. GEO. A. FULLER, 42 Alvarado Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 28 Osadburgh 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.

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A. E. Ricker, the Healing Physician, has arrived from New York and taken office rooms at the corner Tremont street and Pembroke, and will be glad to see all his old friends again. Advice free on mediumship. 1a

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A CASE OF

Partial Dematerialization

OF THE

Body of a Medium.

INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

BY COUNT ALEXANDER AKSAKOF,

Scientist, Philosopher, and Literateur, Ex Prime Minister of Russia.

Translated from the French by TRAUGOLD, LL. B., Counsellor at Law, Member of the New York Bar.

The well-known scholarship of Count Aksakof, and the painstaking study he has given to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, warrant the statement that this, his latest work, will be an epoch-making book. He gives, in plain terms, the results of his personal investigations on the most absolute test conditions possible, proving conclusively the verity of psychic manifestations. Count Aksakof never goes into print unless he has something to say. In the present instance he has found much of moment to say; he has said it well, and his translator has given his English and American friends an opportunity to enjoy the distinguished statesman-scholar's richest and ripest thought.

CONTENTS.

- Chap. I. Theoretical Speculations—Materializations and Dematerializations.
- Chap. II. Account of a Séance given by Madame d'Esperance at Helsingfors, Finland, Dec. 11, 1893, at which the phenomenon of the Partial Dematerialization of the body of the Medium was demonstrated to Eight and Touch.
- I. Testimony of Mlle. Hjelt.
- A. Letter from Mlle. Hjelt to Mons. Aksakof.
- B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Mlle. Hjelt.
- C. Reply of Mlle. Hjelt to Mons. Aksakof.
- D. Supplementary Letter from Mlle. Hjelt.
- II. Testimony of Staff Officer, Capt. Toppellus.
- III. Testimony of Prof. Sellberg.
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- B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Prof. Sellberg.
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- IV. Testimony of Madame Helene Sellberg.
- A. Note from Mme. Sellberg.
- B. Remarks on the same, by Mons. Aksakof.
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- VI. Testimony of General Toppellus.
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- X. Testimony of Mr. J. Boldt.
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- I. Questions by Mons. Aksakof and Replies of the Medium.
- II. Supplementary Remarks by Mons. Aksakof.
- Chap. VI. Conclusions.

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Decline of the Christian Religion.

Message apartment.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

SPIRIT-MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Dec. 16, 1898.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Great Spirit of Divine Love, that permeates our souls and gives us inspiration, we feel that we are blessed with many privileges both in spirit and mortal life. Oh! that we might look this morning into each heart and know its need. Oh! thou Great Spirit of all knowledge and wisdom, help us each to recognize our individual spirit, to know and understand ourselves before passing judgment on the same one else. May we see good in all things, even in the clouds of disappointment, and may we rejoice with others in the old custom of Christmas, when each one is striving to make some one else happy. Oh! that this spirit could predominate the year round, that we might strive to carry happiness in our own souls and distribute in true kindness to those of us all to every one who comes in contact with us, helping them to elevate their own lives and giving them a staff to lean upon while in the physical form. Direct us in all things now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Belle Moon.

How glad I am of this privilege to manifest through your wonderful paper. I wish to say to those I have left behind me that I have returned this morning not to prove immortality or to give them a test of my special individuality—for I was conscious that I could return, that I would return, and I knew that when the right conditions are given, and those in earth life are ready to accept, the spirit always manifests, and proves that there is no separation, and that death often brings us closer together than before—but I have come to gratify a request that has been sent out to see why I have not made myself known through this channel. It is the same as it often is in mortal life: we look around and see others who need the opportunity more than we, hence we stand back and let them go forward, or assist them in getting in. So I have been ministering unto others who ministered to me in my last sickness, and I wish to thank each and every one for their kindness in thought and deed. I wish to say also to the many friends I left in Lewiston and Detroit, Mich., that I was glad when I was able to throw off the physical form, for I had no dread in going forward. I knew my dear mother and the dear ones gone before would meet me there and, knowing that, it gave me comfort and strength; but as it is almost the anniversary of my birth in spirit-life, I thought I would like to let them know what these last two years meant to me—oh! so much more than the last two years in earth-life. I want to say to all, I am with you in spirit, and I am working with you, and trying to sustain those who are weak. Weakness does not always come from disease, for there are many weaknesses in the flesh. I shall minister unto the weak, whether they are of my own family or only one of the great family of humanity.

I must not delay you too long this morning, but I thank those in mortal for carrying out my wishes and disposing of my body, and in doing so much for me. When the body was laid aside I stood close by and heard words that were expressed by one and another. I felt that truly all my sufferings in earth-life and all I had gone through was well paid for. I met many souls when I went to spirit-life who were ready to welcome me for what I had done in earth-life through the assistance of the spirit-world. I was paid with interest.

Just say that Belle Moon is here. I feel I am not forgotten. You can locate my home in Lewiston, Mich.

Albert Healy.

I will try to come in and send out a Christmas greeting to the dear companion and friends I have left in earth-life. When this season of the year comes around, there is always a strange memory on the minds of the mortal. Surely there is much to be thought of, especially when these memorial days come around, and they have not their dear ones in the physical form to surround them with tokens of love. They look at the empty chair and often feel the lack of social companionship and it makes the heart sad. I wish to send forth a thought this morning through your valuable columns, for my wife and family and many friends.

What a blessing the beautiful circle-room has been to humanity, and what a strange influence it must bring! I used to think what a glorious thing it would be to manifest through this medium, for it seemed to me it would be easy, but I want to say to many of the dear ones: not so easy, after all. There are many things that govern the controlling influence of this circle; there are many conditions that the mortals do not understand, and there are so many attracted here, and so little time, that it is really interesting to stand back and hear some one else talk, much more so than to talk one's self. But as I passed away in January, I felt this would be the best present I could give to my friends, to give them to understand that I have been conscious of many changes and conditions that surround those in the physical body, and especially those

I have an interest in, for I can see that the physical body is not as well as it has been. Only a little while, dear, and all will be well, for old things will pass away and we shall observe new ones. There are many with me this morning, too numerous to mention, and as this is my token, it must be short. Say to all, I am with you, assisting you all I can, and will wait for the reunion in spirit, when we shall understand and comprehend that which we did not in earth-life. You can put me down as Albert Healy, and locate my home in Hamilton, Mich.

William B. Handly.

I wish that I could be assured that what I send forth this morning would bring the happiness and consolation to the souls of those I love that I would have it. If I thought so I would be not only well pleased, but well paid for the effort I have made in trying to control this medium. But I find there is a great deal of criticism yet in the world, and many belonging to me who have not become conscious that Spiritualism is a fact and a blessing. They believe that God in his great infinite mercy has separated the sheep from the goats, and that in some far distant clime those who have followed his footsteps will be received in happiness. Now I wish to say to those whom I feel deeply interested in, that all humanity is following in the footsteps of the great father of all, that all humanity is living according to the conception of each individual. I found in spirit, as I often did in earth life, that whatever a man soweth so shall he reap; if he sows corruption he shall reap corruption, etc. We are our own saviors, we are our own gods, we are the world within ourselves, and it is for us to be careful what world we are building up.

Now I wish to reach, if possible, my wife and two daughters. One of them being strongly magnetic, and her health very poor, feels often that it is the influence that surrounds her that makes it so difficult. I wish to say the influence of the spirit is anxious to work through you, not to make you sick.

I shall not call any names, for I know it will not be expected, but I will send this out in the spirit of love, hoping that those I know will see it, and will know what I mean when I say to each and every one, look well, study and investigate well, but criticize nothing, and the spirit will be true to you. That is my message to those I love, and you can put me down as William B. Handly, and my home in Chicago, Ill. That is where my family to-day resides, and I shall be well remembered in the commission business, both in New York and in Chicago. If they desire to know more about me let them seek, and they shall find me.

Thank you, I am more than pleased at this privilege, for it has relieved my own spirit if it does not help any one else.

William Frederick Pinkham.

I suppose words are sometimes thrown away if there is not a very deep meaning to them, but if I understand things right it is not what we say, but how we say it. I think we often utter words without any meaning, and often we can put a good deal into a few words, as the sayings, "in a nutshell!"

Now that is what I would like to do this morning. I left behind me a father, mother, two sisters and five brothers, a large family with few deaths. I also left a wife and two children in earth life, so you see my attraction to earth is considerable; hence when I was taken out of the body very suddenly and quite unexpectedly, it left a great dark cloud in the family. Since then mother has joined me in spirit life and it seems that has made a still bigger cloud or greater grief than even my transition did. We have been laboring for some time to see if it was possible to come in contact with the earth-ones so as to give them a gleam of light or a little sunshine; but they are not Spiritualists, nor was I in the term the world understands it, yet I know we all had a feeling that we would meet again. None of us have ever thought for a moment that we would not be attracted to another even after death. Sometimes the mortal needs light in his path, and no one can guide so well as a mother. My mother is with me now and joins in sending out her Christmas greeting. Say to them, do not mind the empty chairs, for the family is now scattered and there have been changes. Fear not neither must you falter, for before another Christmas comes around you too will be with us, and then we can look back and rejoice at the great love that our heavenly father holds for us. You can just say that William Frederick Pinkham is here this morning, and you can locate my home in Providence, R. I., but I will also be remembered on Cape Cod and Fall River, Mass., where I have both friends and relatives that I hope will follow the spirit of the message and not the words.

Julius Mason.

I would like to send father and mother a message, and especially the dear daughter, who was so kind to father before he passed on to the spirit world. I had a long and useful life, and many blessings in it. I know the angel-friends sustained and upheld me, especially after they had taken my dear companion; and feeling that my own time was drawing nigh, they gave me light and understanding that it was only a little time that we would be separated from our loved ones gone before, and that when we met in that beautiful home over there, we would meet to part no more. What a blessing Spiritualism is to those who understand it! I cannot express myself as much as I would like to, but I have been in this séance-room so many, many times, watching and waiting for an opportunity to send some crumb of comfort, not only to my own (for they do know we are around them), but to the many friends and associates who have not yet become conscious of the spirit-return and what it is to communicate one with the other. For that reason I send my letter broadcast, as it were, through your valuable paper, and I hope those who may see it will receive comfort, for it is like sowing seeds by the highways and byways; we do not know who is going to be affected by them. I realized this was a good time to send a message, when all mortal minds seem to be open, thinking of others beside themselves; and while Christmas only comes once a year, I think it is blessed to feel that even once in a year we think of some one else or try to make some one else happy, but I feel there are those who strive every week and every hour of the day to contribute to some one's happiness, that no one knows about but God and the angels, for their work is in silence and with no great show. It is the silent token of love that reaches the soul when it is imbued by unselfish love.

There is much I would like to say, but I cannot control the medium much longer. I think

this will be received in Wisconsin, where my daughter resides, and where I want this message to go, for I have promised her that if I could make myself known I would do so. My name is Julius Mason, and my home, Mukwonago, Wis.

Mary Clements.

I was almost afraid I would not get a chance given me to-day, for I have waited, and waited—oh! how long I don't know. My friends have been so anxious for me to send something, and wondering why I don't find time to tell them what I have seen in this world of spirit, whom I have met, and what I am doing. If we were able to answer all the inquiries that the mortal senses out, we would need a paper all to ourselves and would need to print that every day. But we must be contented with small things, and it is the small things of life that bring us happiness more than the great ones. I am so pleased, even at the seventeenth hour, that I was able to get control and send forth a few words of consolation to my sister and many friends, especially to the one whom I will not call by name, but all will know to whom I have reference when I merely say "Charlie." Our lives were so different and our ways so different that it was hard for us to understand each other; but I hold no malice, nothing but love, and that I can see with a clearer sight than when in mortal. To my sister Lucy, and also my brother and the many friends I have left behind me, I would say I have found more than I expected. Father and mother are with me this morning and so is cousin George.

They wish me to say that we are all together, mingling with each other in thought, but each finds his place through desire. Each one of us will keep to our task and our work as we are attracted to it, and hence we are all happy as we come in contact one with the other; but my mission is to assist those too weak to assist themselves. I feel now I would like to help all. I was not the only one who suffered for not understanding others in earth-life. I see now that others suffered more than I did, but I did not know it. I also have my darling baby with me that passed on before, and I am pleased now with the conditions the baby is in. My mind is stronger now and I can see things different, and I wish them all to know I am happy in trying to make others happy, for that is my wish and my desire, and that is why I send this communication to say that all women are my sisters and all men are my brothers. My name is Mary Clements, and you will locate me in New Orleans, La.

Messages to be Published.

Dec. 23.—Henry Savage; Margaret Kennedy; Lucas Armstrong; Mary St. Clair; William Peterson; William McKen-

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER FIFTY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There is a very good man here in Arlington who will go straight to heaven when he "dies." I do not know what denomination of Christianity claims him for her own. He may be a Roman Catholic for aught I know. He may be a Methodist. The only indicator of his religious proclivities is that his son is named Calvin, and yet that indicates nothing, as that too suggestive name may be a family heirloom from the ancestral Calvinism worn threadbare. But this man is surely going to heaven when he dies, and we will now tell the reason why. Last Tuesday night, the coldest of the season so far, this man took in five outcast dogs and let them lie in his kitchen all night. They lay in comfort, while the bitter wind raged without, and in my warm bed could not sleep for thinking of the homeless and hungry dogs and cats, the poorly sheltered horses and cows, the aged shivering under insufficient clothing, with scanty fuel, and the little children of the drunkard who have no warm bedding, no thick socks and shoes, no warm, nourishing food, because the money of the author of their being has been squandered for the most baleful thing that has cursed humanity, the alcoholic stimulant.

Such nights I cannot sleep, for thinking that if it be so cold in New Jersey, what must it be in the unprotected stretches of Minnesota and the adjacent regions. On these prairies there is no wood, and the unsheltered brutes—unable to find turf beneath the snow, nor a drop of water for it is frozen solid—fall before the merciless blizzard and perish by the thousand. Little, little does the minion of fortune know of the pain, the agony endured by man and beast in inclement, wintry weather.

I heard of a rich woman who went out for a short drive on a bitter cold winter day. Her finely caparisoned horses needed the exercise, and she went to buy some furbelaw at fashion's bazaar. Noting the extreme cold, which penetrated even her sealskin wrappings, she thought of a poor woman she knew who probably had no fuel. She bade her coachman telephone to her coal-dealer to send a quarter of a ton of coal to this woman's home, and sank back amid her luxurious cushions in the serene unconsciousness that she had done a remarkably good deed.

But alas! On reaching her exquisitely appointed home, after the maid had removed her wraps, and she felt the summer heat of the whole mansion, she concluded that it was not very cold after all, and that she had made a mistake. So she bade her coachman countermand the order, and no coal was sent to the poor woman.

To return to this very good man who took in the five freezing dogs, I must add that his wife will also go to heaven when she dies; for she not only made no opposition to receiving her four footed guests, but gave them a warm reception, and did not let them get superfluous to bed. Before quitting this subject, I must say a word of little Calvin. He is said to be a naughty boy. In spite of this, or it may be because of this, he is a great favorite with me. If he comes to my house after he has gone I hasten to see what he has unscrewed, or unwound, or undone. And as he knows that piercing and dismal shrieks will surely bring him the thing he craves, he startles all within hearing by his determined outcries, while those who know say it is only Calvin who wants something.

I always liked the boy, but especially since the following incident: One day on a walk the conversation turned on Calvin's naughtiness. On the principle that it makes children bad to treat them as if they are bad, I said, "Oh! no; he is a good boy. I know he will be a good boy. His aunt chimed in with me, and said, 'Yes, he is going to be a very good boy.' Startled by this prospect that seemed to be opening before him, all the elf could say was, 'When?' His dark, gloomy eyes showed his recoil from entering such new paths. I have seldom been more amused, and hope it will be

many a day before little Calvin will walk demurely thereon.

Ever since living for thirteen years in Minneapolis, noting the bitter complaints of human beings regarding the intensity of the cold, and the dumb anguish of the helpless brutes, I have pondered on the original cause of what is so obviously wrong. In the old days it was thought to be very wicked to find fault with rain or snow or heat or cold, because all these things were manifestations of the personal will of a personal God, and to rebel against the weather was to rebel against him, and might, if persisted in, cause the rebel to be struck dead.

Of course it all looks very differently now. I have long thought, and I think my position is defined in "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," that demigods—great but yet finite beings—had to do with the bringing of our planet into separate, individual form. This whole subject, and a reasonable explanation of the many mistakes that we see in the realm of nature, are most admirably and clearly expressed by our Californian philosopher, Charles Dawbarn, in his articles on "The Theology of the Twentieth Century," published in your issues of Aug. 20, Aug. 27 and Sept. 3 of the current year. Those familiar with his lucid presentation remember that he makes Great Experimenters use the already existing materials and forces of the universe for new formations, and thus accounts for what we see to be unwise or wrong.

For instance, just as we may put excellent goods, linings and trimmings into the hands of a dressmaker, who makes them into an ill-fitting or an unbecoming robe, so these Experimenters out of good material go to work to make a world, and, instead of the result being "very good," it is not so good as it might have been in wiser or more experienced hands.

If our earth only spun round in the same plane as she goes around the sun, then we should not have these violent changes in the seasons, and find that the difference between summer and winter increases as we go from the equator. For instance, in Minneapolis, which is forty-five degrees from the equator, the summers are far hotter and the winters far colder than in northern New Jersey, which is less than forty-one degrees. That is the reason that the Minnesota climate, though stimulating at first, exhausts one's vitality after a few years' residence there. And, alas! coal, which one can buy here for from four dollars to five dollars, costs there from eight dollars to ten dollars a ton. So the poor must suffer there, and even the rich find it difficult to keep warm when the thermometer registers from zero to ten degrees below zero for three months at a time, as I have known it to do during my residence in Minnesota.

Some of Mr. Dawbarn's Great Experimenters gave great suffering to organic life when they set the axis on which we revolve awry to the axis of the orbit of the earth. Jupiter tips only a little more than three degrees, while we tip twenty-three and a half degrees. Mars and Saturn tip worse than we do; while the variations in the seasons in Venus and Mercury are so unreasonable that I, for one, am very thankful that my soul did not take embodiment on either one of those intense little planets.

Those Earth Experimenters did us a very poor turn in my opinion, and I hope, Mr. Editor, that when you and I evolve in the course of ages into world-builders, we shall do our work more steadily and more harmoniously than those who had the handling of the earth.

It is to be hoped that no very orthodox person will have the reading of this letter. I have said to several of them of late that I am very thankful not to be responsible for these great storms and the suffering caused by this intense cold. But it seems to me less intolerable to see suffering caused by the want of care or experience of finite beings than to feel that it is caused by the intentional will and purpose of an Infinite Being, who would be more worthy of love and reverence by making all his creatures bask in happiness and sweet serenity.

The impossibility of harmonizing an omnipotent, predestinating and infinite personality with the existence of wrong and pain has driven many an inquiring soul into atheism. Poor little Wolfgang von Goethe was five when news came of the terrible earthquake at Lisbon, and he yestered and alarmed his young mother by asking how God could be good and allow sixty thousand people to be killed in such a way. She was scarcely out of girlhood herself, being only eighteen when he was born, and of course she could give him no adequate explanation. If she had known that Infinite Power works by finite instrumentalities in great things as well as in small, she could have quieted his perturbed little mind by an explanation that is comprehensible because it is reasonable.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Arlington, N. J. ABBY A. JUDSON

A Strange Experience.

BY M. L. AMORY.

I was luncheoning with a friend at the Café, Rue —, and while chatting over our wine the latest Parisian sensations came up for discussion. "By the way, Watson," said my friend, "have you heard what a stir this Mme. Chateaufort is producing here with her dark circles and callings up of the departed? They say her tricks are so well done that her house is blockaded all day long by carriages, people are so anxious to secure seats at her performances, and heavy premiums are paid for them days in advance. Young Dorsey, who has been getting away with his money and going to the bad as fast as he could within the past year, living high, gambling, and betting heavily at the races, took it into his head to witness the Madame's skill at personating dead relatives and friends, and went one evening alone, taking no one into his confidence. The Madame, it seems, allows each one in turn to hold her hands, to prove that whatever happens is without her aid, apparently. It came Dorsey's turn to hold her hands, and a few minutes after he took them some one—he could not see who, it was so dark—came up behind him, and a pair of woman's arms were placed about his neck, and the figure kissed him, speaking in a low voice, that Dorsey says he can swear was his mother's. He felt her tears fall on his cheek as she bent over him, begging him piteously to change his mode of life, which, if persisted in, must inevitably end in ruin of mind and body, the forfeiture of honor, and the wreck of a useful life." Well, Dorsey was so much overcome that he had to leave the circle; and the strangest part of it is, he has out his old companions, stopped gambling, sold his horses,

given up his magnificent bachelor apartments, and is plunging head over ears in study. I saw him yesterday, and, I declare, if he hasn't even changed his style of dress, and shaved off the whiskers he was so proud of, as if determined to do away with every vestige of his old life."

"Well, Mme. Chateaufort has done him a good turn, but these spiritualistic stances are a perfect humbug; if the trickery was taken out of Spiritualism it would fall to the ground at once," I said.

"Of course," assented my friend, "but what do you say to going some night to see this queen of charlatans; I must say the stories I have heard about her doings have rather plucked my curiosity. Come, now, will you go if I secure seats?"

I felt a little curiosity, as well as my friend; so it was settled that he was to secure seats for whatever night he could. A day or two later I had a note from him, saying he had succeeded, after some difficulty, in getting two sittings for the following Wednesday evening, and he would call for me at seven o'clock. At seven precisely he appeared, and together we made our way to the Madame's. The house was a large one, and handsomely furnished; a bright faced maid let us in, and showed us to a room on the first floor where we were expected to leave coats and hats; then we were ushered up stairs to a large front room, already pretty well filled with people. A large circle of chairs was formed, leaving several feet of space outside, where the spirits were to promenade, we were told. The room was well lighted, and I saw there was but one door, that by which we had entered from the hall. The two windows were furnished with iron bars outside like a prison, and inside they were heavily curtained; the room was scantily furnished. While waiting for the appearance of the Madame, several of the company improved the time by examining the walls for sliding panels, and the floor for trap doors. My friend and I were very thorough in our examination, but we could find nothing suspicious.

A little before eight o'clock, Mme. Chateaufort entered. She was tall and rather stout, neither handsome nor ugly; her manner was dignified, with a slight touch of masculinity, perhaps. Taking her seat in the center of the circle, she requested some gentlemen to lock the door and put a seal on it, for which materials were found on the mantel. I had risen at her first words, determined to see to the fastening myself if possible. Looking it securely and putting the key in my pocket, I softened some wax and sealed the door in such a way that it could not be opened without breaking the wax. This I stamped, not with the Madame's seal, but with one of a peculiar design I wore upon my watch chain, and I then sat down satisfied. The light was now put out, and Egyptian darkness reigned. The Madame, as usual, gave her hands into the keeping of one of the sitters, and the rest of the circle joined hands, reaching across the one whose hands were thus occupied. In a few moments the rustling of garments was heard outside the circle, and many "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of surprise, fright or pleasure gave notice that the departed had arrived and were making themselves known to their friends. The Madame now and then offered a word of explanation for the ghostly visitants, or told some message they purported to give her. My friend and I began to get impatient, our friends beyond the river were slighting us; but the Madame who had been approaching me gradually, had now reached my immediate neighbor. In a few moments it was my turn to hold her hands. I clasped them firmly and waited.

Suddenly I became conscious of a person behind me. A strange chill crept over me, as of a spell cast over my senses. I heard low sobs at my shoulder, and felt a pair of arms about my neck. My chair was now pulled back a little and turned a bit to the left, but still I held the Madame's hands. Then the form came close to me, laid its head upon my bosom, and, with its arms clasped tightly about my neck, wept and sobbed uncontrollably. The soft hair rested against my cheek. Something in the close embrace, the tears, the very sobs, was strangely familiar to me. Many a time had my sister so come to me with her childish troubles, and cried herself to sleep in my arms. The whole manner was the same. In spite of my belief in the humbuggery of the thing, I became deeply moved; but why I cannot tell, for even if I had believed it was a spirit, I could not have believed it to be my sister, for she was living and happy, I trusted, at home in America. Yet the resemblance, so far as I could judge by feeling, was very strong.

"That is your sister," said the Madame calmly; "she is much distressed. It seems almost as if she had taken her own life."

And she dropped my hands and passed on to the next. The ghostly presence had departed, and with it the agitation and half-belief in its verities. I had felt little in its embrace. I was once more skeptical and watchful. Nothing more came to me, and soon the Madame called for a light and pronounced the séance at an end. The gas was lighted; though not turned on to its full power, it was somewhat blinding for eyes that had been gazing at blank darkness for a couple of hours, and I shaded mine with my hand. As I drew out my watch to see the time, my eyes fell upon a dark stain that covered the front of my vest and shirt bosom. I looked closer, and what was my surprise and fright to find the front of my clothes wet with blood. Where it came from, or what it meant, I could not fathom.

The company pressed about me, and many were the exclamations of wonder at the strange and rather startling "manifestation" as they called it. To say that I was puzzled but dimly expresses it. I now examined the door: it was still locked and the seal unbroken. As the Madame bowed us out she said to me: "You will understand shortly." When I reached my apartments and had removed my overcoat, I prepared to take another look at the stain Great as had been my surprise at finding blood upon my clothes, my bewilderment was greater when now I could find no vestige of the blood stain that twenty people had wondered over but an hour before. I was getting lost in the mazes of conjecture and wonderment. After thinking it all over carefully, however, I concluded it must have been some acid or chemical that the action of the air had removed, and with this scientific conclusion I went to bed. Two days later I received a letter from home containing the most unexpected and grievous news. My sister, seven years my junior, and between whom and myself there had always been the closest companionship and tenderest affection, was dead. She had been very ill with a fever, and in the delirium had eluded her nurses, scoured the means and taken her own life. The words of Mme. Chateaufort came back to me, "That is your sister; she is

much distressed. It seems almost as if she had taken her own life. You will understand shortly."

And the blood upon my clothes, and its mysterious disappearance! What was the power that had brought my sister's spirit back to earth, clothing it in flesh and blood, and giving a woman whom I never saw before knowledge of me and mine that I myself did not then possess? I was prostrated by the shock of my sister's death. But when time had somewhat softened my grief I began to feel a desire to know more of the strange religion that had made such a direct appeal to me. I became a close attendant upon Mrs. Chateaufort's séances; I studied the effects in order to discover the causes; believing that whatever is done must be done by law, I strove to grasp the law that controlled these phenomena. I found myself becoming enthusiastic over that which was capable of becoming at the same time a religious science and a scientific religion. I saw it making the impalpable, the shadowy, the ideal, tangible; and bringing the great problem of life, immortality, to a demonstrable solution. And I called myself a fool for having ridiculed and condemned what at the time I had known nothing about. And never since have I dared pass judgment on any subject of which I stood in ignorance.

Notes and Queries.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

Reading in a recent BANNER editorial comments upon the legal requirements of a marriage ceremony, I note that the officiating minister is only required to use the ceremony in accordance with the usages of his denomination, and this, it is claimed, bars out all Spiritualist ministers because, it is said, "we have no established usages." As a body, we have no fixed formula or ceremony which must be repeated verbatim to legalize a marriage; but as a people having a general agreement on principles, we have a usage as well established as any other; and that is the habit of non-conformity to any stereotyped method or ceremony or ritual service, but to act and speak according to the situation, the occasion, the object in view, and the inspiration of the moment. Upon this, I believe, most of our speakers act, whether at a public meeting, a circle, a funeral or a wedding; and whatever form the service may take, it is in accordance with the usages of our denomination. It is spontaneous, and true to the conditions then obtaining.

I have married many couples, but I never did it twice alike. I have delivered thousands of lectures and served at thousands of funerals, but I have never, to my knowledge, repeated a lecture or a funeral discourse, and that is "according to the usage" of inspirational speakers, I believe. In the State of New York people may perform their own ceremony, and often do, and it is legal. The Friends (Quakers) always do that, and their marriage is legal, without any third party to assist with a ceremony.

A recent phenomenal buncombe which the BANNER copies from the secular press as a specimen of the notoriety given to Spiritualism from that class, I might say a good deal, but just now will pass it with a brush. That materialization is a valuable and wonderful reality I am certain; but the kind of stuff indicated in those vulgar parades is a barnacle that loads down the good ship Spiritualism, and disgusts intelligent readers. With such rant and bluster the Cause has been haunted for many years, and probably will be for a long time to come, for such cranky ignorance will ventilate itself, and the secular press delights in giving it an airing to the prejudice of the Cause.

But evolution is slow but sure, and not a factor could be spared from the totality of causes and influences that move and attend the processes of nature. We read Lillian Whiting's masterly summing up of Hudson's assumptions with intense satisfaction and delight. I am ashamed to confess that I have never read his book; but I have read extracts and reviews, and I judge I have the kernel of it, though I am not qualified to express a final judgment until I read it. From the quotations and representations of his reviewers I infer that his theory is an old one revamped, and logically inconsistent with itself and more so with the evidences familiar to millions. If all we have had from the unfledged but telepathic communications from incarnate beings speaking from their subjective side—the soul—what an army of liars they are! It seems to me too absurd to spend much valuable time with it.

Now I am trying, by snatches as my head and health will bear, to read "Dr. Babbitt's Great Work on Light and Color." I find it full of meat, and some puts to crack before I can digest and assimilate. His reasoning is broad and deep, but much must be taken upon theory not demonstrable, except by inference. His reasonings upon atoms, and the forces and motions that rule their conduct is ingenious and plausible. But suppose it should turn out that there are no atoms? What then? Prof. Lockwood rejects the A omic theory entirely, and substitutes the molecular hypothesis, which is not predicated upon any ultimate form or point of matter, but upon the spiritual life within all matter, and a universal formative principle that actuates all developments. As J. Davis once said, "We have seen and testify that the human mind is composed of more atoms than there are stars in immensity." What did he see if not atoms? Prof. Lockwood puts much stress upon the polarity of nature's forces, and the impossibility of chemical synthesis and analysis, with atoms for the ultimate of forms and properties, always polarized, without their giving up their polarity, which is giving up their identity. Theorizing is indispensable to science, but all theories must be predicated on facts, or be subject to the evidence of experience and phenomena as a final arbiter.

After further reading I expect to have more to say of Dr. Babbitt's book.

Yours for truth and demonstration,
LYMAN C. HOWE.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Letter from Lovville, Penn.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Finding so many things in your valuable paper of interest, and also your invitation to correspond, we hope we are not taking an unwarrantable liberty in writing you from this little out-of-the-way corner. We are just as much interested in the work, and are faithfully doing all we can in our home circles, and by and through the secular press. First, as a resident of the Congressional District, which is Hon. A. G. A. in our next Congress, we wish to state that the official count of the District gives him thirty-four majority over his opponent instead of seventeen, and the board has declared him duly elected—in the face of the opponent who would contest the election. Truly the "world do move," as is further evidenced by the fact that at the Lake Side Assembly, Findley's Lake, this county—where only Christian ministers or orthodox workers were expected to take part—our beloved Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving was on the rostrum in behalf of the Temperance cause.

MRS. H. CHAFFEE.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Connecticut.

HARTFORD.—Dr. Sara L. Hard writes: Though not in active personal service on the Spiritualist platform or in the curriculum of organized Spiritualist societies, we are none the less alive in sympathy and interest to the progress of cooperation between spirit and mortal along any line which may contribute to human weal. We are no less in communication with the spirit helpers than ever, and are in no sense less active as instruments in their hands for humanity, though answering mainly to demands of the physical or mental diseases. We esteem it a high and blessed privilege to be able to say to many a languishing prostrate for "live and walk," to the mind (soul), bewildered, "Go in peace." In recognition of this divine principle and privilege, a course of lectures and discourses for instruction in and demonstration of the nature and laws of spiritual forces and their application to individual life, has been established for three consecutive afternoons and evenings fortnightly at the residence of Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell in this city, in which demonstration of these forces to overcome disease is freely given by him to any otherwise helpless sufferers.

The friendly countenances of our long time co-workers, Mrs. Dillingham Storrs of this city and Dr. George Fuller of Worcester, have been welcomed as guests at these meetings.

We regret to say that no Spiritualist to all society offers its advantages here, but one standard-bearer there is whom all lovers of the Cause should honor for fearlessly, faithfully holding aloft the lighted lamp.

The long list in our local papers of Sunday meetings of every sect under the sun, seemingly, would afford no suggestion that our precious modern revelation of divine love had ever been heard of, but for the simple announcement at the end, "Spiritualist meeting Sunday evening at 122 Clark street," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Storrs.

It is no child's play to throw open one's house week after week, year after year, to Sunday and Wednesday meetings, to social suppers monthly, and much personal entertainment. Every opportunity is improved to secure the most desirable talent, but any and all suggestions are admirably filled by the untiring host and hostess. That hungry souls are here fed from the fountain of demonstrable truth, and many a drooping heart revived, is abundantly evidenced.

Fidelity, that comprehensive attribute of many virtues, is emblazoned on the brow of such workers in God's vineyard, and we hear the echoes of the law as given by St. John the revelator, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Dr. Geo. Fuller was greeted by an appreciative audience at one of these meetings of recent date, and is expected again ere long.

Dr. Ewell desires the members of the Onset club to correspond with him, Address Elm street, corner of Trinity, Hartford, Ct.

Ohio.

NEW PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. C. H. Mathews Sec'y, writes: Several staunch patrons of the BANNER of Light in its infancy lived in New Philadelphia, but the seed sown in early days has not brought forth much fruit until now. A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany, of Minerva, O., were invited here to give a few sances. They were very successful, and it is hoped they may come again.

On the 8th and 9th insts., E. W. Sprague and wife held two meetings, which were more largely attended than any ever held here. Eagle Hall was crowded to its utmost limit. Mr. Sprague was at his best, and everybody was delighted. Many reliable facts were given. The following is clipped from one of our local papers: A number of Spiritualists met on Friday, at 2 p. m., and effected an organization under the auspices of the National Spiritualists' Association of Washington, D. C. (assisted by Mr. Sprague), and elected the following officers: C. H. Mathews, President; Joseph Jenkins, Vice-President; Mrs. C. H. Mathews, Secretary; Thomas Himes, Treasurer; Miss Sarah A. Mathews, John A. Himes and Miss Ellenora Himes, Trustees. Number of members enrolled, 18.

CLEVELAND.—W. L. Frank writes: Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving of Westfield, N. Y., has this day (Dec. 11) finished her second engagement with the Progressive Thought Society. Her first engagement was in October. She then captured the people of Cleveland, and this time they were willing to turn out en masse, even in inclement weather, to drink in the inspiring thoughts that flowed from her lips. Our platform and our people she can command, for the simple reason that we have once in her leadership. She returns to us in April, 1899.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH.—Thos. H. Hartley, Sec'y, writes: A full house greeted the workers at 77 Thirty-first street, Sunday evening, Dec. 11. The audience enjoyed a rare treat as they listened to the inspired words of Dr. A. B. Spunney of Reed City, Mich. The grand old worker held the people spellbound for over an hour. The applause manifested throughout the entire lecture indicated the appreciation of the hearers, and the cry to continue at the close of the lecture proved the Doctor had given food for thought.

Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, the pastor, followed the Doctor with tests, proving to the skeptical minds the Philosophy so clearly explained by the speaker. All went their way feeling rejoiced at having been present.

A 56-PIECE SET OF DECORATED CHINA

absolutely free. Also Lamp, Silver Knives and Forks, Silver Tea Set, Clocks, Watches and Books. You can get almost anything you want without cost, if you will do an hour's work for our neighborhood. Particulars free. GENTLE WAXES PUB. CO., German Hotel Bldg., N. Y. City.

Dec. 17.

Mrs. A. B. Severance

IS NOT A FORTUNE TELLER; but gives psychometric, astral and prophetic readings to those who seek the health, happiness, prosperity and spiritual upliftment of those who seek her advice. Her poor health, weak, discouraged, suffering from anxiety and nervousness, are advised to consult her. Nature's remedies, simple, efficacious and inexpensive, are prescribed.

Full reading, \$1.00 and four recent seances. Address 1300 Main street, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.

Mention BANNER OF LIGHT.

Prophetic Seer and Astrologer

I am sending many people with his prophecies. Will write I prospect for three years, advice upon business, best years to marry, description of the person sought.

Some dates of birth—how I know—sex, personal description, occupation, and \$1.00. Send postal for Prospectus.

Address PROF. FAIRBANKS, San Jose, Cal., P. O. Box 92.

THE CELEBRATED DR. CONANT'S

Compound Vapor Baths

Excellent for Rheumatism, Nervous and all Skin Diseases. Laid out for the Complete Cure of the above diseases. In treatment, Ladies treated at their homes (desired). 17 Tremont street, Room 35, Boston. Endorsed by Mrs. M. J. Butler.

Dec. 17.

MRS. C. B. BLISS,

2047 MASTER STREET Philadelphia, Pa., Materializing Seances, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evening 8 o'clock.

ASTONISHING OFFER.

SEND three-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER, San Jose, Cal., Oct. 17.

PISO'S CURE FOR

WINDS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

25 CENTS. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

National Spiritualists' Association

INCORPORATED 1892. Headquarters 400 Pennsylvania Avenue, South-East, Washington, D. C. All Spiritualists visiting Washington cordially invited to call. Contributing membership (\$1.00 a year) can be procured individually by sending five cents to the Secretary, and enclosing a photograph of the member, with one copy each of N. A. Reports for '97 and '98. (For full particulars of the Report see Conventions of '97, '98, '99, and '00, with full details. Copies up to 50 cents each. '97 and '98 may be procured, the two for 35 cents; singly, 25 cents.)

MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y., Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C. 171 Feb. 26.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Ring for each, for 15 CENTS. Package of almost 100 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Watch, post-paid, and latest Fashionable Chain and Ring, money required.

BLUINE CO., Box 3, Concord Junction, Mass.

Oct. 8. 131 Oct. 10.

Do You Contemplate Marriage?

If so, it will pay you to send for a Zodiaecal Reading. \$1.00 stamp for particulars. HOWLAND J. BROWN, 1100 North Third street, Chicago, Ill., Dec. 17.

PRIVATE SANITARIUM for cure of all Chronic Diseases. Marvellous results after all other methods fail. Satisfaction guaranteed. Magnificent remedy for malignant cancer. DR. DEMORE, gifted Magnetic Healer, Bridgeport, Conn. Dec. 17.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street. Every Sunday at 10 and 7 1/2 p. m. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Haen, Jr., Secretary, 14 Reid st., Dorchester, Mass.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 and 7 1/2 p. m. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Haen, Jr., Secretary, 14 Reid st., Dorchester, Mass.

The Helping Hand Society meets every Wednesday in Gould Hall, 301 Tremont street, Boston, at 8 o'clock. Super at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 1/2. Mrs. Carrie L. Hinch, President; Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, Secretary.

Spiritual Fraternity—At First Spiritual Temple, 301 Tremont street, Boston, at 10 and 7 1/2 p. m. the continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association meets every Friday at 8 o'clock, in the Tremont Temple, 301 Tremont street, Boston. Supper at 6 p. m. at 241 Tremont street, near Elliot street, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester, Mass.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday at 8 o'clock and evening; supper at 6 p. m. Mrs. A. Brown, President.

The Progressive Spiritualists' Association meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 314 Tremont street, at 10 1/2 a. m. All are welcome. Mrs. A. Brown, Superintendent.

The Ladies' Spiritual Union meets every Wednesday evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper at 6 p. m. Mrs. Maggie J. Butler, President; Mrs. Sadie French, Secretary.

A spiritual Hall, 95 Appleton Street—Palm Memorial Building, side entrance—The Grand Spirit Retreat Society, 95 Appleton Street, will hold services every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m.

The Veterans' Spiritualists' Union holds meetings in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 10 and 7 1/2 p. m. All are invited. Christopher C. Shaw, President; Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk, 67 Huron Avenue North Cambridge.

J. K. D. Conant's Temple, every Friday at 8 o'clock, in the Temple, BANNER OF LIGHT Building, 85 Boston street.

The Spiritual Science Church, Arcade Hall, 7 Park Square—Every Sunday evening at 7 30. Preaching by Rev. P. A. Allen.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street—10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 2 1/2 p. m. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Holla Hall, 789 Washington St.—Services Sunday, 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. George B. Cutler, Chair.

First Spiritualist Church, 730 Washington St.—M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Sundays, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Thursday, 3 p. m.

The Spiritualist Meetings, Old Ladies' Hall, 444 Federal street, Boston, at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. and Wednesdays at 2 1/2 p. m.

Boston Psychic Conference, 18 Huntington Ave.—L. L. White, Sec'y, Boston, at 7 1/2 p. m. and Wednesdays at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m. and Wednesdays at 2 1/2 p. m.

Reverend Hall, 101 Washington Street—Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m.; Wednesdays at 2 1/2 p. m. W. H. A. erige, Conductor.

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Mediums in Boston.

J. K. D. Conant,

Trance and Business Psychometrist.

SITTING daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., except Fridays. 854 Bowditch st. Communicate Telephone 3866, Boston. Test Seances Fridays at 8:30.

Dec. 3

George T. Albro

On and after November 1st will give a few hours each week for the development of Mediumship. Consultation free. Advice given regarding mediumistic gifts. 51 Rutland street, Boston.

Dec. 3

J. N. M. Clough,

Dr. W. C. Tallman,

Will diagnose and treat diseases by spirit-power. 14 West N. West street, Boston. Nov. 19.

Dec. 3

Osgood F. Stiles,

DEVELOPMENT of Mediumship and Treatment of Obstacles to success.

MRS. OSGOOD F. STILES, Clairvoyant Business Sitings. Hours from 10 to 4. No. 53 Chandler street, Boston.

Dec. 31

Ella Z. Dalton, Astrologer,

CHALDEAN and Egyptian Astrology. Life-Readings given from the client to the grave. Advice given on all kinds of business. Also Teacher of Astrology. Readings \$1.00 and upwards. 85 Bowditch street, Boston.

Dec. 3

MRS. THAXTER,

Banner of Light Building, Boston, Mass.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 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.

THE BOSTON SPIRITUALIST TEMPLE.—J. Browne Hatch, Sec'y, writes: The brightness of Christmas morning called forth many of the friends of Prof. Lockwood in Berkeley Hall. A special lecture had been arranged for the morning, entitled "Christmas Fallacies," and it proved to be just what those present wanted. Judging from the applause given one would think the audience believed just exactly as did the speaker in regard to the celebration of Christmas. Miss Laidlaw and Prof. Schaller gave forth beautiful music that they had arranged for the occasion. Prof. Lockwood urged every one who could to join his class, that was to be open in the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle Room on Monday evening, Jan. 2, 1899, at 8 P. M. This class will be a course of six lectures. Tickets for the course will be \$1.25, or 25 cents for a single lecture. Mr. Lockwood also spoke approvingly of the new departure in the manner of celebrating Christmas in the Lyceum that meets in Berkeley Hall.

In the evening Prof. Schaller commenced the musical part of the program by playing most artistically the overture "Poet and Peasant," arranged for the piano, and Miss Laidlaw gave many fine selections, that received merited applause.

Every Sunday evening, commencing Jan. 1, Prof. Schaller will favor the audience with one of his fine violin solos, which created such furore on Sunday last. This is done at the request of the many who heard him on that occasion.

Prof. Lockwood took for his subject in the evening, "What is a Citizen, and what is Citizenship?" and convinced the members of his audience that they were only one quarter citizens, as they were only allowed to vote directly for a member of the House, and not for the Senate, Judiciary and Executive. He created a great interest, and set the people to thinking. As they left the hall all said that they must come again next Sunday evening, as the lecture will be a continuation of this evening's lecture, and will be entitled, "What is Real Capital in a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People?" This is the all-important economic question of the age. You should be there. In the evening his subject will be "The Human Soul and Consciousness, an Evolution."

Next Sunday will be Jan. 1, 1899, and a good time for you to subscribe for the best Spiritualist paper printed. Its name is the BANNER OF LIGHT; its price is \$2.00 per year. You can leave your order at the newsstand at this hall.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.—J. Browne Hatch, Conductor, writes: Sunday, Dec. 25th, was a happy day for the members of this Lyceum. A new feature was given the children and members. The committee in charge of the entertainment made the arrangements and kept them a secret. During the morning the committee took charge of the annex of Berkeley Hall, and with closed doors prepared the surprise. At one o'clock the Lyceum was called to order, and was opened with singing by the school. After an invocation by the Assistant Conductor and a Christmas greeting by the Conductor, which was responded to by the children, the Lyceum took a recess of five minutes to allow the Guardian and Assistant Guardian to take the names of the children who were to take part in the exercises. It had been announced that no lesson would be given for the day; so after the recess the Lyceum was again called to order, and the following took part in the exercises before the march: Reclination, Little Maud Armstrong; recitation, Alice Hatch; piano duet, Alice Ireland and Prof. Schaller; song, E. Warren Hatch; recitation, Emma Granville; reading, Willie Sheldon; reading, Mr. Elmer Packard. After the exercises the grand march was executed in fine style, the children singing, as they marched, with a will, and all looked happy thinking of what was to come. After the flags had been collected by the guards, the march continued around the hall, and as they arrived at the rear end of the hall the large doors to the annex were thrown open, and the children for the first time saw what had been prepared for them by the committee. A bright smile was upon each face that did the heart good to see.

The committee had not the usual tree that had long been in use, but had arranged through the center of the hall a long table that was well laden with good things. The hall was decorated with the emblem of the Lyceum, "the National Colors," which hung from the centre chandelier over the table to the four corners of the hall. Intermingled with these were long strings of pop-corn. (Let me say right here that the strings of pop-corn, over one hundred feet, were strung by Little Maud Armstrong.) The table-cover was blue, and was decorated with evergreen. Upon the table were several candelabra and candlesticks. In the centre of the table was a large Christmas cake, decorated with flowers, and next to that was a cluster of Easter lilies. Covers were laid for fifty, and each plate contained a beautiful supply of good things, and by it was a handsome napkin. Upon the table were enough good things to replenish the plates several times. The gas was lighted, and as the hall had been darkened the effect was one long to be remembered as the children marched from daylight into the beautiful hall. They marched around the table, each halted behind a chair, and, at a signal, all were seated. It was a picture that will leave an impression upon the minds of all who witnessed it. After the children had done justice to the viands they were allowed the use of Berkeley Hall, and they enjoyed themselves as they pleased. Many remained until late in the evening. The Lyceum feels that this feature is one step in advance of the usual custom observed on Christmas.

The thanks of the society are extended to its many friends who contributed so generously to help make the children happy.

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY. Mrs. Grace Cobb-Crawford, Sec'y, writes, met at Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place, Wednesday, Dec. 21. Business meeting at 4 o'clock. Supper, 6:15. At 7:15 the evening's exercises opened with a duet by Charles and Mary Sullivan. We were all glad to greet our friends, who had been absent from us for so long a time. After singing, we listened to another interesting lecture by Prof. Lockwood on "Psychometry." He closed his remarks by giving readings. All were correct in every detail. We hope all our friends will visit the "Country Store" to be held at Gould Hall, Jan. 4.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—met Friday evening at 31 Tremont street. All were grieved to learn that Mrs. Mattie Albe, the President, was ill, and hoped for her speedy recovery. Mrs. Waterhouse presided. Willie Sheldon favored the audience with a selection, also Mrs. Lambert, and a number of speakers and mediums took part. Next Friday the society will hold a public circle at 3:30 P. M. The evening will be devoted to whist. Admission fifteen cents. We mean to have a jolly time; come all.

THE VETERAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION.—J. S. Soper, Clerk, writes—held a public circle with the Ladies' Spiritualists' Society in Dwight Hall, 51 Tremont street, Thursday evening, Dec. 24, Dr. J. B. Smith presiding. Mr. Albert Swin was invited at the piano. Mr. De los made the following remarks, urging all to feel an interest in the Home at Waverley. He said words would not pay off the mortgage; Spiritualists must work. He for one would agree to pay one dollar a month for six months.

Dr. Huot's remarks were in the same line of thought; he said that all must work individually to that end. He would give his mediumship if some one would open his or her house to hold a seance. If each one would do his or her part, the Home would soon be paid for. Mrs. Hatt: C. Mason also made remarks and sang; Mrs. Webster, remarks. Dr. Lowe offered to be one of one hundred to give one hundred dollars, or one of ten to give a thousand dollars, beginning with January 1, 1899. Mrs. Julia Davis, Dr. Wesley Main, Mr. Whitlock, Prof. Proctor, Mrs. Lida Brown and Mr. Porter, remarks. The collection of the evening was \$5.70.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH, Knights of Honor Hall, 730 Washington street.—Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. A correspondent writes: Dec. 25, morning service opened with congregational singing; prayer, Mr. De Bo; opening remarks, Mrs. Wilkinson, followed by Messrs. Proctor, Baker (of Lynn), Pre, De Bos, Newhall; remarks and descriptions, Mr. Steadman and Mr. Jackson; tests, Mrs. Reed; closing remarks, Mrs. Wilkinson.

Afternoon service—Singing; Scripture reading, Mrs. Wilkinson; prayer, Mr. Rollins; address, "Advocating Organization and Centralization on the Spirit Principle," Dr. Hidden; remarks, Mrs. Wilkinson; tests, Mrs. Chapman of Brighton; Mrs. Simpson of Cambridgeport; mental questions answered by Mr. Tuttle. At this point Mrs. Wilkinson was surprised by a Christmas gift from her friends, of a silver tea-set. She was too overcome to speak for some time.

Evening session opened with half-hour service of song; devotional exercises, Mr. De Bos; remarks, Prof. Proctor; tests, Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Kibbie; Mr. Thomas, after singing, gave ballot tests and other physical manifestations; tests, Mrs. Florence White; closing remarks, Mrs. Haven.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

THE LADIES LYCEUM UNION.—Mrs. S. E. French, Sec'y, writes: Met in Dwight Hall, 51 Tremont street, Wednesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 21. Blue supper was served, and covers were laid for one hundred and fifty. A very nice time was had by all who partook of the supper, which was home cooked food furnished by the ladies. The evening was devoted to whist, as is usual on the third Wednesday of each month. Sixteen tables were filled. The presents were beautiful, and all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

ODD LADIES' HALL, 446 TREMONT STREET.—Mrs. J. B. Gutierrez, President, assisted by Mrs. Lewis. A correspondent writes: We had very enjoyable services at all our sessions, and fine music, led by Mrs. Dumond and Mr. Gibbs. Among those taking part during the day were Mesdames Stackpole, Hattie C. Webber, Ibell, Merline, Smith, Putnam and Gutierrez, and Messrs. Haynes, Hersey, Demby, Huot, Cohen, Ibell and Warner. Meeting on Wednesday at 2:30.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale, and subscriptions taken.

COMMERCIAL HALL, 694 Washington street. Mrs. H. T. Nutter, Conductor, writes: Morning session—Congregational singing; prayer, H. Saunders; remarks, good mediums. Afternoon services—Invocation and prayer, H. Saunders; tests and readings, Mesdames Browne, Woods, Nutter, Dr. Bell, and many others; music, Mrs. Cameron. Evening—Singing and Scripture reading; prayer, H. Saunders; excellent tests and spirit manifestations, Mesdames Nutter, Bell, Brown, Mr. Tuttle, and others. Prof. Tyler and wife furnished excellent music, also Miss Ruth Sprague, and Mrs. Cameron played and sang. Mrs. Cameron will be with us next Sunday. Meetings Thursday afternoon and Sundays.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at both meetings.

THE BOSTON PSYCHIC CONFERENCE.—L. L. Whitlock, President. A correspondent writes: The subject at 18 Huntington Avenue last Sunday was, "Messiah, Who and What are They?" lecture by Mr. Wm. Reed, followed by several others. These meetings are held every Sunday at the hall of the Copley Metaphysical School, at 2:30 P. M.

THE LADIES' SPIRITUALISTIC INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY, a correspondent writes, met at Dwight Hall Thursday afternoon and evening. After supper they danced from 8 until 11 P. M. to the music of the Alpha Orchestra.

Next week they have a patriotic supper and a social. All those who desire will play progressive whist.

For Seasickness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. FOURNESS-BRICE, of S. S. Teutonic, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time it will in a great many cases prevent seasickness."

Florida.

LAKE HELEN.—E. W. Bond writes: I know that a large number of your readers are interested in this Florida Camp, and that a few lines from this beautiful spot will be read with interest. I can hardly realize that you are in the same world, coming, as I did, from the frozen North Land, covered with snow and ice, to this wonderful climate, full of sunshine and flowers. This is truly an ideal spot. No wonder the spirit world selected this place long ago, through the instrumentality of our friend and brother, George P. Colby, as the place in the South Land for a Spiritual Camp Ground. The outlook for a successful meeting, opening on the 6th of next February, is very flattering, judging from the numerous inquiries received at headquarters from persons who wish to come to this place. There is a much larger number now on the ground than there has been in any other season at the same date.

Among the recent arrivals are the Messrs. H. H. and Gustave Dobn, and their sister, Blanch Woodman, from East Jaffrey, N. H., who will take charge of the Hotel, and from what I hear and have seen, no doubt they will satisfy all who may be so fortunate as to be their guests. Any one wishing to engage rooms can do so by sending to them. Mr. and Mrs. George Burnham and Mr. A. A. Wilkins are duly installed in the Apartment House for the season. Dr. Edith Berdan and Mrs. M. E. Babbit are pleasantly located at the Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Bosworth of Denver, Col., occupy a cottage fronting the Lake. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Palmer of Ohio are lately settled in their beautiful cottage on Lake Avenue. Prof. Geo. W. Webster, who is building a fine large Sanitarium, has it nearly completed, and hopes to be able to take patients by Feb. 1st. Meetings will be held at the Auditorium every Sunday.

The Southern Cassadaga Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association invites all who wish to escape the rigors of a Northern climate to come to this sunny spot and recuperate their wasted strength under its balmy skies and gentle breezes.

Maine.

PORTLAND, Orient Hall.—M. A. Brackett, Sec'y, writes: Miss Jennie Rhind of Boston served us most acceptably Sunday, Dec. 18. Mrs. S. E. DeLewie and Mrs. M. A. Reddon of Oakesdale occupied the platform Dec. 20.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

SALMON.—First Spiritualists' Society.—A. O. U. W. Hall, Manning Block.—N. B. P. writes: Sunday, Dec. 25, the day was perfect, and being Christmas, made every one feel cheerful. Mrs. May S. Pepper occupied our rostrum again. She spoke beautifully of the day and what it represents. In the evening she delivered another excellent address, holding the closest attention of the audience, which expressed satisfaction by hearty applause at the close. Her tests were wonderful, and she gave a great many. The house was packed from the speaker's desk to the doors, which indicates her popularity in this city.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899, J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, will be with us for the second time this season. He is an eloquent speaker, a beautiful singer, and his spirit delineations are always correct and generally recognized.

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

THE MALDEN PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, Rebecca P. Morton, Sec'y, writes—met as usual Sunday, Dec. 25, at Deliberation Hall, 55 Pleasant street. Special Christmas services. Praise service and Scripture reading conducted by Mrs. Mary L. Moody. Mr. Wm. Barber presided in the absence of Mrs. Emma Whitaker, who was unable to attend; address, Mr. Barber; remarks, Chas. A. Abbott; vocal solo, Mrs. Barber; address, H. H. Warner; Christmas, its True Significance, also messages from spirit friends. Special Christmas music Mr. and Mrs. Barber and Mr. and Mrs. Allen; Mrs. Clara L. Fagan gave messages from "Starbright," and Christmas greetings; flesh-writing phenomena, Mrs. Monroe; benediction, Mrs. Clara L. Fagan.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, MALDEN.—S. E. W. writes: F. H. Roscoe will occupy the platform at Odd Fellows Hall, Central Square, Jan. 1, '99, at 7:30 P. M.

THE ANTHUR HODGES SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, LYNN.—T. H. B. James writes—held services at Templars' Hall, 36 Market street, Dec. 25, at 2:30. Prof. Kenyon read one of Dr. Dean Clarke's poems on Christmas. He then delivered a lecture, which was a masterly effort; theme, "Origin of Christmas." Mrs. Kenyon then gave a test seance of thirty minutes; remarks, Dr. E. Palmer of Maine, Rev. James Smith of Cliftondale, Dr. Farbus and Capt. Balcom; tests, Mrs. J. Smith, C. H. Harwood and Beverly, Mrs. C. A. Sherman and others. At 7:30 Mrs. Kenyon read a poem. Prof. Kenyon then concluded his afternoon lecture, which received well merited applause. Mrs. Kenyon gave many remarkable tests and spirit communications.

LYNN SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION, Cadet Hall.—J. M. Kelly, President.—Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds brought to a close her services for this Society on Sunday, Dec. 25. Mrs. Reynolds has given us many helpful, instructive thoughts and many accurate tests and consoling messages. Next Sunday Mrs. Carrie E. S. Iwing will be with us. Thomas O. Orchestra will furnish music. Supper will be served in the hall. As it is the fifth anniversary of the organization of the Society, we anticipate a very enjoyable occasion.

LOWELL.—John S. Jackson, Pres., writes: We had two good audiences, Sunday. Mr. Albert Sawin was speaker. The meeting opened with congregational singing, after which Mr. Sawin spoke for forty-five minutes. Mrs. Davis followed with a solo, and Mr. Sawin gave tests and favored us with some musical selections. In the evening we opened with singing and invocation. President Jackson then sang a baritone solo, after which the lecturer gave a fine discourse on "Spirit Return," which was very good and lasted nearly two hours. He concluded the meeting with a musical selection under inspiration.

Next Sunday we have an old favorite, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, and expect a grand time. Saturday, Dec. 31, we have our Xmas tree. BANNERS always sell freely here.

FITCHBURG, FIRST SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.—Dr. C. L. Fox, President, writes: Dr. C. H. Harding of Boston concluded a two weeks' engagement for this Society Sunday, Dec. 25. A full house greeted him. The services were appropriate to Christmas. The two able addresses were followed by clear-cut tests, proving to the skeptical mind the philosophy so clearly explained by the speaker. Mrs. L. A. Prentiss of Lynn speaks for us next Sunday.

BROCKTON.—The People's Progressive Spiritual Association—Annie B. Bosworth, Cor. Sec'y, writes—held its usual meeting Dec. 25, in Good Templars Hall, Main street. Speaker and medium, Mrs. Lillian A. Prentiss of Lynn, who gave a good address and number of tests, all recognized. Next Sunday, Jan. 1, we are to have with us Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M.

QUINCY.—Henry Chubbuck writes: Mr. William H. Soper of Rockland, Mass., conducted the meeting in Taxon Hall of this place, Sunday, Dec. 18.

The subject "Jacob's Dream," given from the audience, was dealt with in a satisfactory manner and listened to with interest.

Mr. Soper's guides believe in the uplifting of humanity through the philosophy of Spiritualism, leaving the phenomena to the home circles.

SPRINGFIELD.—Sara G. Haskins writes: Dr. George A. Fuller spoke for the Ladies' Aid Society two Sundays, giving fine lectures. Mrs. Holcombe, our President, has been called to part with her dear old mother. She was buried last Saturday. Mrs. Russeger spoke at the chapel in Windsor.

CHELSEA—BANQUET HALL SOCIETY.—Mrs. E. A. Foye, President, writes: At our meetings Sunday, Dec. 25, afternoon and evening, Mr. J. S. Soarlett delivered beautiful addresses and gave tests, which were well recognized. Mrs. H. B. Millan of Cambridgeport will be with us next Sunday.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—Campbell Bros. write: Desiring to reach many of our friends who have written us in relation to our movements for the winter and spring, we think the best way would be to do so through your valuable paper. Owing to a severe attack of La Grippe, we were detained at Lily Dale until Dec. 1st, and on that date started for Pittsburgh where we were to hold two public seances in the Church of the Spirit on 6th street of that city, and we held them with very satisfactory results to a large and appreciative audience. I should like to speak of the good work that is being done here, and of the great respect in which the President (Mr. Stevens) and other members of the Association are held by the public in general. The former President, Mr. McElroy, is still taking great interest in the good work; in fact all are working for the benefit of the Cause. The Ladies' Aid Society is indeed an aid to the Cause in Pittsburgh and its surrounding cities.

F. Corden White is lecturing and giving tests. On the last Sunday we were there, there was standing room only, for those who were seeking for light and knowledge. His lecture was good and interesting, and the people held him in high esteem.

From Pittsburgh we go to Columbus to hold one seance there under the auspices of the First Spiritual Church; from there we go on to St. Louis, and from there we hope to return East and spend a short time in Boston, then on to beautiful Cassadaga, Lily Dale, for the summer.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

THE WOMAN'S PROGRESSIVE UNION.—Mrs. L. L. Smith, Sec'y, writes—on Sunday afternoon and evening held its regular meetings at Walsh's Academy, 423 Classon Ave. At the afternoon service Mr. Wiggin delivered an eloquent lecture upon "The Definition of Spiritualism and Spiritism," followed by the usual test seance. The evening service opened with a poem and invocation, the choir following with an especially fine selection entitled "Good Night." Mr. Wiggin's address upon "Christmas" was certainly one of the most eloquent and inspiring lectures that has ever been delivered from our platform. During the seance which followed, Mr. Wiggin, instead of employing the usual method of giving communications by ballot, came down into the audience, giving a number of messages, which were acknowledged without a single exception. On Thursday evening, Dec. 29, the Union entertained the children of our Lyceum. A Christmas tree was provided and a pleasant evening enjoyed by both young and old.

THE CHURCH OF THE FRATERNITY OF DIVINE COMMUNION.—Anna M. Tuttle, Cor. Sec'y, writes—held a grand Christmas service Sunday evening, Dec. 25, at Aurora Grata Cathedral. The edifice was decorated with greens, and illuminated by electric lights. A fine musical program was rendered. Prof. Whitelaw gave two violin solos, and "The Holy City" and "For All Eternity" were sung by Mr. Connor in his rich tenor voice, with Prof. Angus Wright at the organ. Mr. W. J. Colville delivered an address on "The Birth of Christ," which was given in his usual eloquent manner. Mr. Ira Moore Courlis was then ordained as minister of the church by Mr. Colville, who performed the ordination rites in a very solemn and impressive manner. Mrs. Weiler made a few farewell remarks as President, and said she hoped the love that had been given her would also be extended to her successor in the work, Mr. Jerome H. Fort. We greatly regret Mrs. Weiler's giving up the presidency, for she has endeared herself to every one, and she will be truly missed from our platform, though we hope to keep her as a worker. Mr. Courlis concluded the service with a number of spirit communications.

THE ADVANCE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.—Mrs. Tillie Evans, Cor. Sec., writes—met Dec. 24 in their hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue. Mr. Simmons opened with reading of a paper on "Eternal Principles," followed by F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Woman's Progressive Union. His remarks were to the point, and expressed in a clear and forcible manner. In one corner of our hall stood a beautiful Christmas tree, handsomely decorated and laden with gifts. We have a band of willing workers, whose busy fingers have been engaged in making this occasion a memorable one to the poor. Mrs. M. Robinson has gathered these little ones, instructed them in sewing, and as the garments presented a finished appearance, their duty then was to find some one to wear them. The exercises consisted in singing and reciting. Mr. Colville gave a beautiful poem. Our good sister Robinson looked like a mother surrounded with a large family, and her heart was filled to overflowing that the angels had responded to her call, for friends had sent in such bountiful donations that there was enough for all.

British Columbia.

NANAIMO.—Elizabeth M. Campbell, Secretary of the Spiritual Association, writes: It may be interesting to your readers to hear how the cause of Spiritualism is progressing in the far West, and also to note the movements of that zealous advocate of truth, George P. Colby. Two months ago Mr. Colby arrived in this city, having been engaged by the Nanaimo Spiritual Association to deliver four lectures; but owing to a controversy, resulting principally from a very brief synopsis of some of the lectures which appeared in the local newspaper, he decided to remain until public opinion had settled into a more settled condition.

The controversy was conducted through the newspaper, and up to a certain point, under assumed names. Just as it was becoming interesting, the editor declined to further communications unless accompanied by proper signatures. Then we found our opponents were: a materialist, a Methodist and a Baptist preacher. The latter was indignant; he said we had dared to slander the character of Jesus by imputing that the wine furnished by him at the marriage feast was intoxicating. He said the Greek word "oinos," used to describe the beverage Jesus provided, meant simply "grape juice."

Just at this point a new correspondent appeared on the scene, Mr. Bosanquet, rector of St. Albans, who used the same word to prove that the wine was of an intoxicating nature. On the whole it has been amusing to see how the controversy turned in such a way that it left the preachers contending against each other, whilst the Spiritualists stepped quietly out.

Mr. Colby's work has had the effect of stirring the people up, and the interest which he has awakened will continue to increase, and bear good results in the future. His private readings and test seances have given the greatest satisfaction, some of the latter being held at the homes of people who never had anything to do with Spiritualism before. As I attended nearly all of the parlor seances, a number of which were at my own home, and among people of all denominations, I am in a position to know something of the interest manifested, and also to judge of what must inevitably follow. No one who hears either Mr. Colby or his Indian control, Seneca, can fail to be convinced of their sincerity in all that tends to advance the cause of Spiritualism and the uplifting of the human family.

Through Seneca several circles were organized, and meetings were addressed by him, at which collections were taken, at his suggestion, for the benefit of the Library in connection with our Association. Mr. Colby urged upon our people the necessity of forming a Lyceum, and we are taking steps which we believe will lead to a successful issue in that direction.

He delivered eight lectures, all of them distinguished by sound argument, portrayed in choice and beautiful language, so exceptional in form. Those who entertained entirely different opinions, were forced to admit this, and openly expressed their admiration. Such an interest was taken in the addresses it was found necessary towards the close, to take the Opera House. I do not think we shall ever need a smaller place in the future, if we are fortunate enough to secure those to represent us who are as thoroughly reliable and capable as this gentleman is. While in this city he added many new friends to his list of old ones, all of whom will look anxiously forward to the time when he shall come again.

On the 14th inst. he left here for Victoria, where a reception will be given him by the Spiritualists of that city. He expects to remain there two weeks, after which he goes to Washington, Oregon and California. May the angels keep him in all his wanderings.

New York.

SYRACUSE.—A. M. Armstrong, Sec'y, writes: First Society of Spiritualists met Dec. 18, afternoon and evening, at the office of Dr. E. F. Butterfield. Features of afternoon session: readings and remarks, Dr. E. F. Butterfield; singing and remarks, Mr. Webster; remarks, Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis of Auburn. Evening session: invocation, Mrs. M. F. Payne; lecture, Mrs. Ellis; psychometric readings, Mrs. A. E. Underhill; congregational singing; benediction, Mrs. Ellis.



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New Jersey.

ELIZABETHPORT.—Mrs. Alotta Morgan, Pres.—Mr. Harry Cooper, Sec'y, writes: The Spiritualists' Union held regular meetings at 241 Elizabeth Avenue, Dec. 11, at 2:30 o'clock. Mr. Dorn and Mr. Clark of Newark were present. Mr. Dorn addressed the meeting and gave communications from friends and relatives. Mr. Clark gave some very good tests, which were recognized.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at these meetings.

LARKIN SOAPS

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