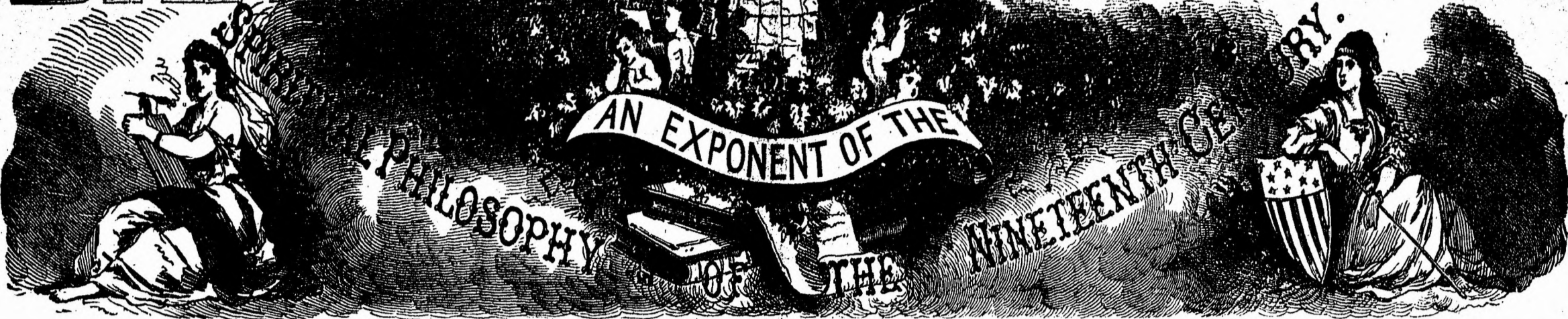


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Written for the Banner of Light.

PATIENCE.

BY HELE RUSH.

Patience, brothers, patience!
Is the watchword of the brave,
Leading onward, ever onward,
Where wreaths of victory wave.
Patience, sisters, patience!
Learn ye that word of power;
Learn it well, and breathe it often
In every trial hour.

Let its low and gentle music
Thrill all your spirit-chords,
And check 'em at their fountains
All harsh and scornful words.
Patience! oh, have patience!
Let no dark passions come,
No haunting shades of sadness
To mar the soul's bright home.

Let no discordant murmurs
Of "sweet bells jangled" rise
To wake in your hearts the echo
Of low, repentant sighs.
Shrink not from any duty
That in the world's great mart
May call you forth; but greet it
With cheerfulness of heart.

Throw round each day's dull burden
The light of hope's sweet art,
And with your brothers labor,
And bravely do your part;
And when the days grow dreary
Or sadness seems to fail
Around you like a shadow,
Or mournful voices call—

Have patience! oh, have patience
With those who do you wrong;
Yet work ye still for just ice,
With spirits brave and strong.
Be calm, and very patient,
With all who go astray,
And keep your pearl chains shining
To show them Virtue's way.

Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

Only a Face, But—?

BY J. J. MORSE.

Death and myself!
The weary watching was done. The flame no longer flickered; it was extinguished.

I looked back on the years that were gone, leafy lanes, pleasant fields, the yellow sands of the sea shore, the subdued light of pleasing woodland aisles, the dreams that make youth and early manhood so full of hope and promise, the surging tides of strenuous manly life, and the love that sanctified all, the ever sweet question, and its always memorable answer, that little "Yes!" that makes earthly heaven sure, the mantling blush of love's pride, the flush of which makes the universe replete with a never-dying beauty, the swiftly gliding days before the sound of marriage bells, the happy hour of the orange blossoms, and the golden days when love is love's.... Memory conjured them all up again, but now—Death and myself!

The scroll lengthened, and days and weeks rolled up into months and years. Toil there was, hard days, and anxious ones; but with them an helpmeet unto all. Eyes brighter than heaven's fairest stars, a smile that robbed trouble of its sting, a bud that bloomed a space and then drooped and went hence. The first "bar sinister" on life's shield. Borne was the sadness as but the common lot. God knew best; did he know the heartache?

Youth is self-reliant, and the roses came again, while time and duty healed in part the wound. Then memory recalled the on-rolling years, little by little success came, and with it leisure to think! Happiest days of life, life's sweetest angel, a true companion, and ever and ever the ties that bind holding firmer still. I see the graces of person, mind and soul that expanded as the years ran past, the tide of happy love flowing sweet and full. Life was gracious, since health presided at our shrine, but the loss of the blossom remained a mystery, not unmixt with pain, in spite of the lapse of time. Did God know best? We grew to doubt it!

Memory opened her leaves still again, and cosy winter evenings in the quiet home, with visitors, rose before me. One, staid in habit, simple withal in mind and soul, a good man in spite of his creed, counselled with us, there was a heaven, man had a soul, God willed us to be immortal, death was to be swallowed up in victory. Faith, hope, trust! Beyond such he knew nothing! He had not lost a child, and though he tried to answer us, alas! he left us more than doubting.

Then came a shadow. Indistinct, impalpable, a touch of frost that soothed cooled the warmth of day. Two tiny tell tale spots of all too rosy hue on the fair cheek, a sudden catching of the breath, a gentle breaking of the rounded curves of health, and from one skilled in human ills the sad warning that the dart had sped, that nothing could cure its poison. Daily the shadow crept nearer, and two souls grew braver, if souls they were? Then hosts of friends with loving sympathy, but no hand could stay the fate in store. Worse, no tongue said, I know! The shadow deepened, the ebbing of the tide was almost spent, its turn was near, alas! ere it turned the frail barque was carried—where? The mists of death were drowned in a rain of tears, and when the storm cleared there were left only—Death and myself!

I hated Death; twice had he robbed me. He was a thief, and I his victim. God and his Christ I would have none of. Landmark had I none—lost, lost in a world of pain and anger, I wandered alone, and refused all comforting.

None said she lived, though many hoped, while I insisted I must know! The green grass grew above her, flowers bloomed over her. Nature's pall softened the rude earth, but her flowery offerings mocked me! Yet I watered both with my tears, while with pale face and set lips I mutely questioned sun, moon and stars, getting no answer. In all the wide world there were only two of us—Death and myself!

So passed many months, and my sorrow had no increase. My one hope was to pass into the mist, and hope to grope to where she was, if there was any—Where! From doubting I went on to denying; a fierce joy came to me. She was far, far too good for hell or heaven; better our Great Mother held her for aye.

Then I prayed that I might but see her face! But the curtains of the night parted not. The silence was not disturbed, no hand was outstretched to mine. Since, I have learned that grief and anger shut out from our hearts those who stand nearest to us behind the veil! Soorifully I heard of the voices that it was said spoke from the nameless realm, deriding such things as an unwarrantable intrusion on the sacredness of grief unassuageable, a paltering with a mystery insoluble. A nameless horror of it all tore open the old, old wounds, and I pitied and loathed the thought of it. But the winged shaft had entered my mind and could not be dislodged. Persuaded against my judgment—alas! poor judgment—I sought the comfort(?) as I derisively called it, of listening to the prating of the modern ghost-lore, and came to where it was said the dead could be met with. The pride of prejudice was balked at the onset, decorum and reason presided at the shrine! No mystic rites nor gloom nor superstitious mummery awaited me. The ghost-wife was a woman frail and fair to see. If ever a pythoness was, then was she a right descendant of the ancient cult. Her shrine a simple thing of slender posts covered with a slight fabric of common stuff.

And there with others, while we joined in a votive song, I, with them, saw a face illumined with a strange radiance float before us, from whose serene lips there floated a word that will evermore reverberate within the recesses of my soul—the one word of all others I had most reason to remember, since she had said it should be her token of life if living after life she could utter sound to my mortal ear!

It was no longer Death and myself—it was life and my love for evermore!

Only a Face—but! Ah! what? What besides? It was an answer to years of questionings and doubtings. It was God and his work justified; it was life vindicated, death interpreted, the challenge of the ages answered! Only a Face, but it brought love back to life, it filled the universe with radiance, soothed the sorrows of mankind, broke the bonds of matter and swung wide the gates of death, revealing the deathless union of the two worlds—twin halves of God's great work. Only a Face, gleaming between the bars of light that shut it into its own fair state. Only a Face, but a revelation that confirmed the hope of ages, the records of the past. I came bound in sneers and scoffs, I left liberated and free! Only a face, but it showed me the heaven I denied, it brought me back the joy I deemed forever lost. For rue I had roses, for pain and tears I had joy and peace, while in all the years that came after I was never alone; night was as fair as day. Where the priest failed the ghost-wife conquered.

Old, as Time counts, weary as grows the flesh, waiting with a joyous patience I run my course without complaint. The end is certain for I have learned there is a Where! God does know best, and more and better, he has provided a balm for our heartaches!

Count me foolish, deem me deluded, speak of me as you may, yet this communion with the Face from the Life-World of the Oversea has blessed me beyond all price! Only a Face, but it has lifted me out of the valley on to the mountain top, and there will I stay.

Death whispers, "I was but the other side of Life!" Now I know that henceforth we shall walk side by side—Life and myself.

Driftwood.

BY C. HENRI D'LANCAY.

Much that would be interesting to the student of psychic phenomena never is made public. Many people are mediumistic without realizing it. The following incidents can be vouched for by the writer as having come from persons of more than ordinary intelligence and undoubted honesty:

A Materialist's Experience.

My dear friend, —, resides in a large city in the Southland. In his own pretty library, I heard the following recital as the magnolia-laden breeze brought to my ears the sweet notes of the mockingbird. The erstwhile materialist is a most practical business man, cautious in his dealings and a logical and close reasoner; in fact, possessed of a most analytic mind.

His father had been dead for some months. One winter night he retired, and, as was his custom, began to recall the events of a busy day and to formulate plans for the morrow. The coals were glowing in the grate, and a small lamp burned on a stand close at hand. Suddenly, in the midst of his cogitations, he slightly turned and glanced toward the fire, but a shadow intervened, seemingly; he rubbed his eyes—yes, a form sat in the wicker chair by his bedside, a form strangely familiar. It was his father! He was natural as life, with a half quizzical smile on his face such as had appeared in the old days whenever he had accomplished something exceedingly clever.

The whole figure was radiant, a silvery aura enveloped the spirit; the room shone with a golden brilliancy.

"My God! dear old pa, is this you?"

A loving glance from the blue eyes, and a nod of the head.

"Well, I will see what you are," and suiting the action to the word, my friend caught hold of the chair and, even as if nothing were therein, drew it toward him. He touched the hand, rubbed it over his own visage, fondled his father's face, and all the while the latter regarded him with the same smile. He even felt of the tip ends of the middle fingers of the right hand—they were gone! Had been lost many years before in a saw mill. What further test could be desired?

But that was not all. The apparition was flesh and blood, apparently; the hands were cold and clammy, but the figure possessed no perceptible weight. The lips parted, the father's voice, sweetest of music, rose and fell within the room. Test after test was given; incidents clustering around his last moments of earth-life, of a private nature, too; things that had been said and done, while the son held the life hand.

By-and-bye it occurred to my friend that the wife sleeping by his side would be interested; he turned to rouse her, but before doing so once more glanced toward the chair; all was changed. The mystic light had faded, the figure from the Summerland was leaving. The last to disappear was the face; the form passed out at one corner of the room, where ceiling and walls unite, but the smile remained to the last.

The yawning chasm between the now and then had been bridged, the "loved and lost" had testified of life—a strand of deathlessness, identities unchanged, boundless possibilities, also, that he was still interested in mortal happenings.

He is no longer a materialist. Ministers had desecrated on the "plan of salvation," had said that without faith he could not please God, had told him of perdition; he had waved all aside as unreasonable, but he could not doubt the evidence of his senses, keenly alert and wide awake. That was genuine materialization without a medium.

Prof. Jay Hudson will have to appeal to more than his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," in order to explain the preceding by his "subjective mind" hypothesis.

A Half Century Photo.

Some three years ago another friend happened in Nashville, Tenn. He called on a then well-known psychometrist and clairvoyant of that city, now residing in Pardeeville, Wis. In the course of his reading she described his home. Said she, "About three hundred yards east of your house I see a double log cabin," giving a minute description. He had heard of a house standing at about the place mentioned, but had no idea as to its general make up. Continuing the reading, "I plainly see a man" fully describing him—"who walks from the log-house to your dwelling, and back again." On returning home he discreetly questioned two of the oldest residents of the community; they practically verified all that had been given about the log house, and the spirit described as walking to and fro, proved to be a man who had resided there over a half century before Query: Whose objective mind did the subjective mind of the medium interrogate?

The Double Again.

A man in Ohio gives the following personal reminiscence: "One morning in the early part of March, I was going to a neighbor's to work. It was about 4 A.M. The moon was shining as bright as day. All at once I noticed a familiar figure approaching me from the house. I recognized the dress. It was my neighbor's daughter, then in failing health, but not bed-ridden. She advanced until within about three feet of me, and disappeared in an instant. Highly mystified, I hastened to the house. The mother told me the girl had not been out of the dwelling that morning. I do not know what it was, but she died in May. I've often thought it was a warning of her death."

My theory is that the girl was intensely thinking of him at that time, and insensibly projected her spirit-body, though I shall not attempt to postulate the *modus operandi*.

A Real Ghost.

A lady teacher of the Buckeye State tells the following: During one of her winter terms of school she occupied a room which in the past had been the study of a deceased student. One night she was awakened; a feeling came over her that something unusual was occurring. So it was. The moon shone through the window, and in the light stood a man. He was bending over the sleeper, regarding her most intently. She, however, strange to relate, was not frightened, and after quietly observing the intruder went to sleep. It was the spirit of the man that had once occupied that room. Neither of the last two parties are Spiritualists, yet had strange, weird, uncanny experiences.

Can we explain these occurrences by imagination, superstition, fraud, unconscious cerebration, auto subjective capers, hypnotism, mind-reading, etc., etc.? If so, then there is no demonstration to be relied upon; life is but a delusive dream, a phantasm, and the writer for one will welcome annihilation as a "consummation devoutly to be wished." A placid, blissful, dreamless sleep!

More Driftwood.

BY D. B. HARRIS.

An occultist once wrote to a bosom friend in a foreign country, that if he would sit for a photograph, he would project a repre-

sentation of himself upon the same plate. The date and hour were soon agreed upon. The absent friend repaired to a photographer, whom he had never seen before, and requested him to take his picture. The artist at once complied, but was much astonished to find, upon developing the plate, a second face and form plainly visible. He was seriously alarmed, and wished to destroy the plate, but was restrained from so doing by the now thoroughly interested sitter. When the picture was completed, there by his side stood the beloved form of his friend, every feature clearly marked and perfectly recognizable. If a spirit in the form can cause his likeness to appear upon a photograph, why, under the same law and equally good or better conditions, may not a disembodied spirit do the same thing? If the phenomenon in question was an "optical illusion," a "phantasm of the imagination," etc., what caused the exact likeness of the occultist to appear on the plate?

Effect of Will.

A certain party once made himself thoroughly obnoxious to society in a small country village, and so conducted himself as to become a serious menace to the peace and good order of the community. A spiritual scientist resolved to try an experiment, hoping thereby to induce the objectionable party to peacefully take his departure. He called to his aid a few trusted friends, and requested them to sit with him in absolute silence, concentrating their minds upon the person to whom they objected, as well as upon the house in which he resided. He told his friends to think strongly and intently of a black coffin in the center of the living-room, the walls of which were also to be heavily shrouded in black, while the atmosphere was to be conceived as one of almost impenetrable blackness. His instructions were minutely followed by his friends.

At the very first sitting, as it afterward proved, the obnoxious person became so thoroughly alarmed as to be unable to stay in his home alone, hence called in two neighbors. The next evening the person called in his two friends at dusk. The occultist and his friends once more centered their minds upon the house and its inmate along the lines above stated. The three persons in that house distinctly saw the black coffin, the heavily creped walls, and the oppressive blackness of the atmosphere! They were all thoroughly frightened, rushed out of the house and could not be induced to enter it again that night. The sittings were continued for a few days, with the added thought that the party must go away from the place. Within the period of ten days, the party in question packed his goods and left the place forever. He could not withstand the concentrated thoughts of those who wished him to leave, as well as the darkness and gloom by which he felt himself encompassed. Thus, by a peaceful method, the community was relieved of the presence of one who was causing so much trouble among the good people of that little village among the mountains. The three persons who saw the coffin, black walls, etc., were not Spiritualists, and never knew that the sittings were being held by the occultist and his friends. Their testimonies tallied in every respect, and aroused much earnest discussion on the part of those who were in the secret. What was it?

Still Another.

A gentleman once said to a dear friend of his, "If I take leave of earth before you do, I will manifest myself to you by placing my hand upon the back of your neck." Years passed away, during which the two friends corresponded but seldom. One day the friend suddenly felt the gentle pressure of a hand upon the back of the neck. Starting up suddenly, she cried out, "Mr. — has passed away." She did not know that he was ill, yet within an hour after the above occurrence, a telegram announcing his departure was placed in her hands. The electric telegraph was not so swift as was the spiritual telegraph of the immortals, hence failed to convey the news first told to the absent friend. "The subconscious self," the "subjective mind," expectant attention, etc., afford no explanation to the above stated problem! It can only be solved by the hypothesis of Spiritualism. The arisen spirit kept good his promise, and demonstrated the fact of spirit return.

Phenomenal Manifestations in a Factory in San Francisco.

The manifestations of the unseen powers were first made known to us at our Yucca Root Toilet Soap and Perfumery Works, at 1155-1157 Mission street, San Francisco, Cal. They began in the absence of our Manager from the city about two years ago.

The girls in the press room complained to me that the goods were lying about the room without any visible power, but for the space of two days I paid no attention to their statements, as I was a total unbeliever in spiritual phenomena. When our Manager returned to the city the same complaints were made to him, and as he, too, was an absolute unbeliever in the supernatural, he simply passed the matter by, with the very natural idea that the girls were playing pranks upon one another. I then went into the press-room, resolved to find out the cause of the disturbance. I saw the goods (soap, etc.) lying about the room without any visible power of propulsion. I knew that our Manager would only believe the evidence as seen with his own eyes, and without any comment I called him into the room. He saw what I have described, but attributed the cause to some of the help, who might be hid-

ing in some part of the room. He was very angry, and said in a loud voice that any one who would be caught throwing anything about the room would be discharged instantly. Well, I knew that the help had nothing to do with it, but I did not say so. I merely suggested that all the help be called together at one end of the room, which was done, and still the goods were flying about, and continued to do so, in all directions, frequently striking us. We then set about in earnest to find out, if possible, the cause of the disturbance; and after two days' efforts in that direction we were no nearer a solution of the mystery. We then went to the Chief of Police, and asked for detectives to assist us.

Three detectives were sent out, and stayed in the room and factory three days in succession, but they, too, had to give it up, and confess themselves baffled. Newspaper reporters also came in, but some of them only passed through the room, asked a few questions, and then went out, thinking probably that they were being made the victims of a practical joke.

The San Francisco Call reporters, however, (two reporters and an artist) staid in the room several hours, saw everything as we did, and their artist took pictures of the different phases of the phenomena. The report and pictures were published in the Call the next morning, and when the other papers saw that the Call had got ahead of them, they made a burlesque of the affair, and held the Call to ridicule.

These manifestations continued for about three weeks, breaking nearly all the rear windows in the meantime, after which all manifestations ceased for several weeks—perhaps for two or three months—but were then renewed with more virulence than ever, destroying a large portion of the goods. No record of the duration of these manifestations has been kept. They would give us intervals of rest, and then the next demonstration would be far worse than the previous one, until our business was in serious danger of entire destruction, and there was no alternative but to move away from the building, at great expense and loss of time.

But as it was proved, we had reckoned without our host, because the damage that was done in the new factory was simply appalling. Our most expensive goods in the perfumery department were destroyed by the gallon, and frequently by the five gallons, and the bottles and jars smashed to atoms, the pieces flying indiscriminately about and injuring both help and proprietors. Even the clothes on one's person were not safe from molestation. Hats were taken from the girls' heads, torn into strips and thrown on the floor and ignited with fire. Added to this fires were started in the factory by invisible agencies, evidently to burn down the building.

But all could not be told here, nor the half, as it would seem incredible to any one but an eye witness. It can further be stated that everything occurred in broad daylight during working hours, never at night, nor when we were not in the building. It is of course needless to say that we were idle all this time in trying to find out the cause and remedy. Various plans were adopted and failed. Mediums and others were consulted, all having different theories and ideas regarding the cause and probable remedy.

Some of these contented themselves by saying that it was a problem for us to solve, or else the force would break up our business. But how were we to solve the problem? In this dilemma, a worthy lady, who knew of our troubles, had a consultation with a psychometrist and automatic writer. Through his mediumship she was assured that with his power and the strong influence that worked in connection with him from the spirit side of life, the destructive force would be removed. He claimed that it was the result of ignorance on the part of undeveloped spirits who had been wronged in earth life, and were wreaking their vengeance upon innocent parties. He wrote me a communication of some twenty-seven pages, purporting to be from the spirits of several very prominent men, who were at one time well known in San Francisco, assuring us that they would assist in protecting us from the depredations caused by ignorant and revengeful spirits. As would naturally be supposed, we doubted these assertions, when so many trials had been made in vain through other sources. It hardly seemed possible that we could be singled out of all others for this destructive force from a cause altogether remote from anything over which we could have any control. We were promised that the destruction would cease in two weeks, and to our surprise and most genuine satisfaction, we have been left in peace since the two weeks aforesaid were up, and now about nine weeks have elapsed, and there is no evidence whatever of the destructive agency remaining about our premises. We are crowded with work, and everything is moving along as it should, in a normal and peaceful condition.

The unseen force was marvelous in destructive power, and I consider the influences that could bring about the cessation of the same fully as wonderful.

H. H. LAMBERT,

Treasurer Yucca Toilet Soap and

Perfumery Co.

As the pure snow mantle covers the frost-erased leaves and grasses at the coming of winter, so should the pure white mantle of love cover every sorrowing brother when the winter of affliction, grief and pain comes upon him. Spiritualism is the only religion that has that mantle to offer in its pristine purity and beauty. Should not such a religion be loyally sustained by its followers?

Children's Spiritualism.

AUNT FANNIE'S CHRISTMAS.

My dear little children, the BANNER OF LIGHT has sent me this message: "We wish you would write a word to the children; we want them all taught. They're a part of our life in the progress of thought." I know take my pen in my hand (not my foot). Your young hearts to welcome to this little treat. To the sense and the nonsense, the words for the right. You will give and receive in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

"It was the night before Christmas," the markets were gay. The stores and the streets were as light as the day. As I walked through the city to see what was done. By those who were anxious for shining and fun; The cow-bells and whistles, the horns and the noise. Was louder than shouting of one thousand boys; The curbstones were crowded with vendors of wares. For use and for fancy, like old-fashioned fairs.

Some salesmen were selling tin's and frogs, And marketmen offered their sauer-kraut and hogs; There were baskets, and fruits and dolls of all kinds, And fancies in silver for all sorts of minds; "Come running, come running," one man shouted loud, "Klondike, snow and green mosses," delighted a crowd; You could buy decorations for funerals there, Near the toys and balloons, in the clear open air; Harps, crosses and pillows and wheatstheaves were seen, With wreaths for the Christmas and holly's dark green.

And the people assorted in colors and creeds, And differing in accent and manners and deeds. But there—I'll not take any more of your time, To follow me round in this hand-organ rhyme. It was all picturesque, interesting and bright, But I mustn't infringe on the BANNER OF LIGHT.

I've not told you half, but I think you'll agree, If you happen in Baltimore ever to be, You'll find all the holidays worthy to see; And you'll never regret the hour nor the day If you visit this city near Chesapeake Bay. Baltimore, Md., Jan. 2, 1899. AUNT FANNIE.

Leona's Message.

Dear Children: A bright good morning to you. How do you enjoy hearing from friends in spirit-life? Be sure to write and tell me. Next week the names of all who send an answer to the puzzle will be published. Remember that this part of THE BANNER is printed Saturday night, so your answer must be here before that time.

I bent a listening ear the other day while a gentleman (whom I think you know) was talking, and this is what he said:

"When I was a little boy and lived on my father's farm, there was a row of currant bushes along the side of the front yard. Just under them was a bank and in that bank (or small hill) was a hole, which the hens had found when they were scratching about to get something to eat. One of them thought it would be a good place to make a nest, so got into it and turned round and round till she made it just the right shape. Then she laid an egg in it. Four days she went back to the nest until she had laid four eggs; then she went somewhere else to lay. But nobody found the nest or eggs until three long weeks had gone by.

"One day my brother was going by the place and heard a noise that sounded like this: peep, peep, peep. He looked all around, but could not see a thing. So he listened, and looked again, and all of a sudden he spied that hole, and in it were three of the prettiest, downiest little chickens you ever saw. He ran to the house for his sister; she made a nice bed in a basket, and took the tiny baby chickens to the house, where she fed and cared for them till they were old enough to run out with the other chickens in the yard."

You see the hill and the bushes kept the cold north wind away from the nest, while the sun shone in upon them from the east, the west and the south, and those little chickens hatched without any mother but the great sun. Every morning it came up in the sky, and shone down into the nest, and got the eggs so nice and warm that they did not get cold all night, but kept as warm as if a mother hen had sat on them all of the time.

Are there any of my little readers who have no mamma here on earth? If so, just look up and bid the sun a merry good-morning when it comes out to greet you so nice and bright, and let it warm your little hearts till they come right out of their shells with a cheery "peep, peep," as the chickens did. For, do you know, when you feel unhappy and cross your hearts are bound up tight in a shell as those chickens were; but if you keep your faces bright and beautiful with smiles, and are not cross or naughty, your hearts come peeping out of the shells, and your mamma, who are bending lovingly over you always, will kiss your lips until you feel so happy and good, you will want to make somebody else happy, too.

Some time you may see the gentleman who lived on the farm where the nest was, and if he asks who told you about it, you say it was LEONA.

In the Hunting-Grounds of the Great Spirit.

Lotela comes to the children of earth to tell them of the little ones of that other world where there is no cold nor sickness nor pain. It is the Summerland of Spirits, and there the flowers bloom and the clear waters run all the time, for frost and snow never reign in that country, where all is light.

I am Lotela, and I went to that world when I was a little Indian papoose only seven summers old. A beautiful lady took me there from the cold prairie of Dakota. She was an Indian too, but I never saw any one more lovely than she. Her home in the spirit-world was, and is, a place of beauty in the midst of a great green plot surrounded by trees and flowers and running streams. It is a handsome lodge, and it is always open to every one who wishes to come and visit or work with that dear lady—Hare Bell—and her family. Half-Moon, her brother, lives there too; they also are Indians, but they are well advanced in power and intelligence, and they have the companionship and friendship of many good "pale-faces," like Dr. Warren and Mr. Pierpont, and others who are glad to work with the good Indians for the blessing of human beings.

Well, I must tell you that when I first went to this bright spirit-world I knew nothing of life but cold and heat or something of that kind. I had never seen the city or town, nor the home of a white person. Of course I did not know how to read or spell or write, but they soon put me in school and began to teach me many things, some of them like little children on earth learn, some quite different. Besides, I had a chance to often come to earth through a medium, and Mr. Colby of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and my medium's sister taught Lotela many things; so I had two schools in which to learn and grow.

I have been in the lovely spirit country twenty years, and I am a teacher now myself—not only for little Indian papooses that happen to go to those hunting grounds from earth, but for some of the little poor white children who have no homes on earth, and who go to the other world out of the pain of the mortal life.

The spirit-world is very, very large; it seems to me it is as large as everywhere, and there is plenty of room for everybody. There are lovely cities and towns and bright country places. In the special spot where I live, there is an immense tract of country—forests, valleys, glades, mountain scenery and hills—all beautiful haunts that the children of Nature love. There the educated and progressive Indians live and have their pretty homes. There they take many a poor, worn-out spirit from the unhappy and sad conditions of earth, and give them pleasant homes and kindly care until they grow strong and wish to join in the good work of helping others, which they can always do. There, too, some of the tiny wails

from earth are taken and cared for and sent to school, and reared to be lovely men and women, and some day I may tell you about some of them.

The spirit-world, dear children, is as real a world as this earth is. All space is of the spirit-world, for spirit is everywhere. There are belts and zones around the earth that are homes for many, many people who once lived on this planet, and there is, too, a spirit-planet that is just like this earth, only more refined and lovely, that travels with the earth through space, and that spirit-planet is where Lotela and her people live; so do many advanced people of all nations who once dwelt on earth. Sometime the astronomers of your earth will learn about these spirit-planets, for every physical planet in your solar system has just such a companion or mate.

Well, as I have said, the Hunting-Ground of the Great Spirit, as some of our people love to call it, is a very pretty place, and we never have any unlovely weather there. We can live out of doors all the time if we like, and we do most of the time. The children have merry times, with their plays and ponies, and their very school exercises are as pleasant as play, for they are all made happy by their teachers and guides.

Lotela had to be trained as a messenger, and as the bearer of magnetic forces to poor, sick and forlorn persons on the earth. So her schooling was of many kinds, but she had good teachers, who made everything nice for her, and she knows that it was a great deal better for her to go to the world above than to have lived here on earth as a poor ignorant little "squaw." And now, dear children, "good moon!" I send you happy greetings from the land of light and flowers. I will come to you again some day, and tell you of life in the spirit-land.

Spirit Lotela, through her medium,
MARY T. LONGLEY.

Washington, D. C.

Literary Department.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—As we study the lives of great men the truth is forcibly brought home to us that success is achieved by unremitting toil. "They, while their companions slept, were toiling upward toward the light."

In the current issue is a sketch of "The Man who Taught Paderewski," Leschetizky, who said of his pupil, "He would have succeeded in anything—in painting, in literature, in business—had he made up his mind to undertake it." Why? Because Paderewski possessed the power of concentration and of perseverance.

Leschetizky's method of criticizing his pupils shows that not the man but his soul listened. Cleveland Moffett relates the following to illustrate "Stop!" he said to one girl, "that is all wrong; your pedal should come in like a shaft of sunlight." And to another he said, "That is too restless, too restless; you want an effect of calm." And again, "You Americans always hide your feelings; how can you play if you will not let yourselves go?" And again, "You are playing it all in black, but the thing is written in colors. I tell you to play it in colors, like this: listen!"

The kind of instruction Leschetizky gives is for the mind as well as fingers. A revelation of the heart and character is his idea of music, and by every possible means he endeavors to lead his pupils to realize and express the ideal, which is, after all, the only reality.

As to the amount of actual work necessary from the article above mentioned we learn: "Do not practice so many hours," Leschetizky is always saying, "but use your brain more while you are playing—to listen! How few there are who know how to listen!" Perhaps—and indeed it is so regarded—this habit is one of the most precious Leschetizky develops in his pupils.

And then there is the habit he is always counseling of practicing away from the piano; not practicing with the hands, but with the mind, by thinking out a piece, note by note, passage by passage, until a distinct and original idea of it is obtained. This work may be done, he says, at almost any time, once the habit is formed, and may be done with or without notes. While walking in the streets, while riding on a train, while idling in a parlor, the real musician may be playing rhapsodies and concertos in his fancy, and actually advancing toward a more perfect conception. It is in this power of studying a piece by thinking it out that Paderewski holds probable supremacy among living performers.

Leschetizky has outlined the true method of study, no matter what art is being pursued. Hours, days, months, yes, years are wasted by students who do not know how to study. History is replete with great men who have been MASTERIES, and we can give our children no truer guides or companions than the biographies of such men.

Curtis Pub. Co., Philadelphia.

HUMAN CULTURE AND CURE. Parts Third and Fourth, explaining the mysteries of nervous and mental action and the marvelous potencies of the psychic nature as manifested in hypnotism, psychometry, clairvoyance, etc., and their application to the cure and ennoblement of human minds and bodies. Beautifully illustrated and printed, and neatly bound. By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D., Dean of the College of Fine Forces.

The following is an extract from Prof. W. C. Bowman's review of the work: Having just read Dr. Babbitt's new book, comprising Parts Third and Fourth of his great work on Human Culture and Cure, I deem it a real service to humanity to call public attention to its merits as a work in the highest interests of the race. The author presents to the world what, in my judgment, is the most profound, the most scientific and the most deeply interesting analysis ever yet given of the combined physiological, mental and psychic nature of man; and the supreme merit of the work is, that it does all this without going into the clouds and fogs of mysticism. Though the most occult and transcendental problems of mental and psychic phenomena are handled by the author, there is no break in the scientific method, no reveling in mere theories, but every succeeding step is held in strict abeyance to facts and principles already established.

This work discloses for the first time the chemical mystery of mental phenomena, giving scientific proofs of both an external brain for ordinary mental action, and a more interior psychic brain and body, which, when understood, will impart an amazing power for human up-building. It throws the first clear light upon the nature and processes of hypnotism and all kindred psychological phenomena which have never before been explained or understood. Dr. Babbitt has here not only given the rationale of hypnotism, psychometry, clairvoyance and mental science, including the mysterious subject of memory, but has furnished abundant illustrations of their working. The subject of phreno-psychology alone is of priceless value as enabling us to understand our fellow-beings around us. I sincerely hope that many thousands of people will read this book and richly profit by the wealth and beauty of its teachings.

For sale by the Banner of Light Pub. Co. Price postpaid, \$1.50, both parts being in one book.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER IN CUBA. by Edward Stratemeyer, although a complete story in itself, forms the second volume of "Old Glory Series," a line of works embracing scenes and incidents of our war with Spain. To inculcate a spirit of patriotism in the rising generation there is no better way than to create in our boys and girls a love for history and biography. Mr. Stratemeyer has taken a step in the right direction by making history interesting, and showing that real heroes are good, true men, who in youth were brave, honest, energetic boys.

In the first volume the author told of the daring adventures of Larry Russell while fighting under Dewey at Manila. In the present

book is followed the equally daring adventure of Ben Russell, Larry's older brother, who, joining the volunteers from New York State, is mustered into the United States army, and sent by transport to Cuba, there to participate in that hazardous campaign which ended in the fall of Santiago.

It is equally interesting to follow the adventures of Ben and his friend, Gilbert Pennington, as it was the fortune of Larry, Ben, a volunteer, and Gilbert, one of the famous Rough Riders, were both among those selected for active service in Cuba. We do not think Ben's bravery is at all overdrawn. The author has portrayed a genuine boy, with a keen love of adventure and plenty of pluck to back it up. He entered the contest with all the enthusiasm and faith of untold youth, in the justice of the cause, and as in everything else, "confidence is half the battle."

We believe there are thousands of just such brave, bright boys in our glorious Republic, and we recommend that they seek every means to fully acquaint themselves with the history of the land they must sometime govern.

Regarding the historical portions of the book, the author states that they have been drawn from the very latest and best reports and these reports have been supplemented by the countless personal narratives of men who went to the front, saw, suffered, fought and conquered.

Lee & Shepard, Publishers. May be ordered through Banner of Light Pub. Co. Price \$1.25.

ST. NICHOLAS.—"Big Jack," the Express Horse. Lovers of "Black Beauty" will appreciate Gabrielle E. Jackson's "Big Jack," in the January number. "Big Jack" is a huge horse that draws a New York express wagon, and Mrs. Jackson tells how she happens to know him.

I first became acquainted with Jack about five years ago. Indeed, I must confess that we scraped acquaintance. It came about in this manner. I was standing with my little daughter upon the corner of Broadway and 22d street, waiting for an uptown car, when I became aware that we were being very closely regarded by a pair of unusually large and extremely beautiful brown eyes—eyes which were very eloquent, and seemed to say much more plainly than words could have done: "I am very favorably impressed with that little girl, and I should like to know her. Will she speak to me, do you think?"

I called the little girl's attention to the big eyes looking at her so steadfastly, and do you know, I believe she understood their language even better than I did, and yet I flatter myself that I am a pretty good interpreter of such glances. At any rate, she walked straight up to their owner, and said: "Why do you look at me that way? I just guess you know I keep lumps of sugar in my pocket, to give to great, big lovely horses like you!"

Slowly a great white head, with the most intelligent eyes I have ever seen, was lowered to a level with the little maid's face, and two or three queer, sidling steps taken to bring it closer to the outstretched arms. The owner seemed to realize that those little arms never gave any save the tenderest caresses, and he was very glad to feel one circle around his huge, soft neck, while the other carried a small hand to stroke a very silky muzzle, for Big Jack is a horse among horses. And big, indeed, he is—a giant of his kind.

The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

JOHN HANCOCK, HIS BOOK.—By Abram

English Brown. It is a singular fact that up to the present time no adequate story of the life of John Hancock has been written. Whatever the reasons for this neglect, all students of the history of our country will welcome this view of the mercantile, social and political life of the patriot presented by Mr. Brown from the letter book of John Hancock. These letters show his unremitting toil and sacrifice for the public good during a period of our history which Rufus Choate said was the most significant but the most neglected decade, that covering the period of the revenue acts to the beginning of hostilities, as well as his devotion to the fair Dorothy Q., who became his bride while he was fulfilling his duty as president of the Continental Congress. The letters answer conclusively many of the aspersions cast on the motives which actuated John Hancock in his adherence to the cause of the colonies. The strong letter in which he records his position on the Stamp Act is of intense interest, it being placed in his "letter book as a standing monument to posterity" of his opposition to the act. His opinions upon public matters and his connections with the various questions of the day are given by him, and much interesting and explanatory matter has been added by the editor.

Lee & Shepard, Publishers. Order from Banner of Light Pub. Co. Price \$2.00.

VACCINATION.—Parents should understand their rights regarding the vaccination (poisoning) of their children in the public schools. School and health officers have no legal right to enter a schoolroom with the vaccination lance, and it is an outrage that should no longer be tolerated. Their authority, even where vaccination exists by legislative enactment, only extends to compel, and if any go further they should be made to pay damages for assault. No right exists anywhere (not even in a legislature) to compel a surgical operation upon a healthy person. Remember this, and if a general vaccination is attempted, those responsible for the order should be called down suddenly. Insist upon having your rights.

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Publications Received.

Where is He? or The Vision of Joseph, showing the future progression of the spirits in prison, by Joseph R. Jackson.

True Illumination; or, The Christ Theosophy Defined, by John Hamlin Dewey, M. D.

The Bible Triumphant—Twelve Dozen Skeptical Arguments Refuted, by Elizabeth A. Reed.

The Holy Land in Geography and in History, by Townsend MacConn, A. M.

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

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Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

The Annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists was held Jan. 3, 1899, in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield street, President George A. Fuller in the chair. The morning session was devoted to business. The reading of the records of the last annual meeting was first in order, followed by the reading of the President's report (which will appear in full in next issue). The report was unanimously adopted. The Secretary, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, then read her report, which spoke of the work that had been done at the various camps, and at the several mass meetings held in different parts of the State, of the Medical Bill, and of the N. S. A. work, also the financial state of the Association; this report was also accepted. The Treasurer, Hebron Libbey, read an itemized account of his work, reporting that he had received from the Secretary during the year the sum of \$421.82; he had balance on hand Jan. 1, 1898, \$113.49; total, \$535.31; he had expended during the year, \$415.24; leaving a balance in the treasury of \$120.07. The Auditing Committee reported that the books, bills and vouchers of the Secretary and Treasurer were all correct, and the report of the Treasurer was accepted.

The amendments to the By-Laws was the next order of business. There was some discussion, but with some revisions they were adopted. [The amendments adopted will be published in the next issue of this paper.]

The election of officers then took place. The result was published in the last issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The successful business session then adjourned.

The afternoon meeting was opened at 2:45. Geo. A. Fuller, President, in the chair, with music by E. Warren and Charles L. C. Hatch. Mrs. Holcomb offered an invocation. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason was the first speaker: "I am glad to be here—glad of the work of the morning—and I wish to congratulate the Association for keeping our good friend and co-worker, Geo. A. Fuller, as its President. We have accomplished much in the past few years; we can accomplish a great deal more if every one will add his little mite to this Association. Remember we are building here to day. Let us send out good thoughts for the future spiritual temple."

Dr. Dean Clarke was the next speaker: "I am happy to see a few earnest, zealous, faithful workers who love Spiritualism. I feel sometimes the public work of our great Cause is not flourishing. I would be glad to see Spiritualism appreciated; it is the most beautiful religion in existence, yet the most poorly sustained. This truth must be forced upon the world; all truth at first is not welcome. We must have earnest advocates to carry along the work. It seems to me I can hear the grand old pioneer workers calling out, 'Are ye following in our footsteps? Are ye marching on to victory, or are ye camping in the valley?' Have we made the best conditions possible for the growth of Spiritualism?"

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving followed Dr. Clarke: "I am glad to be here. I believe in Spiritualism and in its success. I believe in Spiritualists making it a success. Do not stay away from your meetings because you do not like the speaker, but attend your Society for the love of the Cause. Spiritualists generally are selfish; they only care for Spiritualism for themselves—for what comfort they, individually, can receive, and they do not care to take hold and work for the meetings. We must learn to lay aside our likes and dislikes. Let us resolve to aid and assist our meetings more than we have ever done before."

Mrs. M. F. Hammond of Worcester, Mass., then addressed the audience. He spoke in his normal state for a few moments, saying he was glad of the opportunity to be present at the meeting, and realized the necessity of organization. He was then controlled by his guide, and spoke more at length upon the theme of organization. He urged all the members to do their work well, and then we would attract the thinking people to our Association. He spoke at length upon Natural Law and upon the vibration of thought.

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring said: "I never refuse to say a word for a good cause, and I therefore am pleased to respond to the call of the President. The subject of organization is to me extremely interesting, and I am pleased to note its progress. I have always felt we ought to be thoroughly organized and that co-operative effort was our only salvation. I feel proud of the work of the State Association, and I think all should feel so. The time has come when we must investigate ourselves, and see if we are true, before we can successfully investigate others."

Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, R. I., was

the next speaker; she was glad she was a Spiritualist, and said there was nothing in the universe that could tempt her to give up Spiritualism; she believed that the philosophy and the phenomena should be placed upon the platform together; both were necessary for the growth of Spiritualism. She gave several tests that were recognized.

Mrs. F. B. Woodbury, who was the first secretary of the Massachusetts State Association, was next called upon and said: "My mind has been carried into the past as I sat here, for I used to attend meetings of the Friends in this hall twenty years ago. I was sitting in my home the other day, when a rap came upon my door, and I said, 'Come in,' thinking it was someone in the house, but instead a Unitarian minister who has a pulpit in my vicinity walked in, and he said: 'I have called to ask you to unite with us; we have made up our minds that we must not be too particular whom we admit into our church; a Spiritualist has just as good a soul as anyone.' 'I wish the time might come when we too could do away with that everlasting tea-cups at the door of our meetings. I wish those who say they are Spiritualists would become touched with the fire from on high, and put their hands in their pockets and pay for their Spiritualism.'"

Mrs. Thillie U. Reynolds of New York spoke briefly; she said: "Let us find out who are the sinners before we talk about sin; we must organize and stand shoulder to shoulder; we will then succeed; our sympathies are sweeter because we have had sad experiences and have passed under the rod. Let us live our own lives, and let us reach out our hands to our brothers and sisters, to save them from themselves."

Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding spoke briefly in her usual bright and happy manner: "I always say a word, or do an act of kindness when I can. We have advocated Spiritualism for fifty years, and I begin to think we have been talked to death; we do not live up to the principle that we preach. Do not lay upon the spirits all your own wrong doings; let the mediums do their work in such a way that we will not be ashamed to have intelligent people listen to us. I am proud of the Red Skins, and appreciate all they have done for me. I know the strength and power they bring with them, but there is a proper time and place for everything, and a public platform is not the place for Indian controls to give way to their old time manners; the people do not understand their ways, therefore they should come in the quiet of the home. Let us sustain the President and officers of the Massachusetts State Association, that the Association may have a successful year."

Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, one of the newly-elected Directors of the M. S. A. said in part: "I felt when I left home as if my work as a public speaker was done, but I never have the blues in regard to Spiritualism, for we have much to be proud of. January is a memorable month for me, for forty-five years ago the last of this month I became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. I have always believed in organization. We have done much for humanity; one thing, we have buried all the ghosts in the land. When I was young every one talked of 'ghosts,' now you never hear of them. The Spiritualists have buried them, and have put angels in their places."

Miss Gertrude Laidlaw rendered a very fine vocal selection, which was well received. This closed the session of the afternoon.

The evening meeting opened at 7:45, with J. B. Hatch, Jr., First Vice-President, in the chair. Music was furnished by E. W. and C. L. C. Hatch. The invocation was given by Pres. Geo. A. Fuller. H. D. Barrett was then introduced, and made a very practical and eloquent speech, saying in part: Friends, it has been my privilege to be in attendance upon a number of these State conventions, because I have been interested in their work. To day I believe we have laid the foundation for a structure where we can invite all truth-seekers to receive instruction in a truly scientific religion. We have tried the ploy of "going it alone" long enough; we must give up individualism and put cooperation into its place. We must unite for offense and defense, and make ourselves a power in the land."

Mr. Wm. M. Lockwood was then introduced. He said in part: "Mr. Chairman and Congress of Spiritualists, you have assembled here to-day in the interest of a progressive philosophy. If you are not Spiritualists, I hope you will soon fall into line and become full-fledged ones. Any system of thought that seeks to establish a creed we believe is wrong. We believe the worst fakers the world ever had or will have are those that are selling seats in heaven cash down. Whenever a minister of the gospel preaches demonstration or analysis for his religion, then we should call a halt upon that system of religion. This element has had the run of the government and the officers of society for so long a time the common people do not understand the real position they occupy. Spiritualism is the philosophy of nature."

Mr. E. Warren Hatch read an original poem, "Love, Life, Death," which was well received.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock was the next speaker. "I hoped I should not be called upon to speak. We have listened to so many good thoughts from Mr. Barrett and Prof. Lockwood that we should take them home to think about. I believe that some of our best things are too often covered up by too many other things. I feel that way to-night. In reference to Spiritualism, when the ship is sinking is the time to stand by it; not that I think for a moment that Spiritualism is sinking; but we are reaching a crisis, and we must all put our shoulders to the wheel to sustain the work. I never was more hopeful for Spiritualism than at the present moment, because people are thinking more and more."

Mrs. Hortense G. Holcomb was the next speaker. She endorsed in a very emphatic manner all that the former speakers had said and urged all present to cooperate with the State Association, so that its work would be more successful than ever during the coming year. Mr. Harrison D. Barrett closed the meeting with benediction.

We wish to extend thanks to all who assisted in making this convention a success, especially to the BANNER OF LIGHT for courtesies extended and for space given for reports.

This sixth annual convention was one of the most successful meetings the State Association has ever held.

CARRIE L. HATCH, Sec'y.

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A Remarkable Book.

We have at hand a neatly bound, profusely illustrated volume, entitled "Spirit Slate Writing and Klardred Phenomena," by William E. Robinson, who gives a clear, comprehensive description of the principal slate tricks and miscellaneous tricks which pseudo mediums use to entangle the unwary for their own ends. His object is not to denounce Spiritualism but to show that much accepted as such is not genuine. In his preface he makes the following explanation:

"The author of the present volume is not an opponent of Spiritualism—on the contrary, he was brought up from childhood in this belief; and though, at the present writing, he does not acknowledge the truth of its teachings, nevertheless he respects the feelings of those who are honest in their convictions. At the same time he confidently believes that all rational persons, Spiritualists as well as others, will heartily endorse this endeavor to explain the methods of those who, under the mask of mediumship, and possessing all the artifices of the charlatan, victimize those seeking knowledge of their loved ones who have passed away. As a great New York lawyer once said, it was not Spiritualism he was fighting, but fraud under the guise of Spiritualism."

"Owing to the fact that the author has for many years been engaged in the practice of the profession of magic, both as a prestidigitator and designer of stage illusions for the late Alexander Herrmann, and has also been associated with Prof. Kellar, he feels that he is fitted to treat of clever tricks used by mediums. He has attended hundreds of séances, both at home and abroad, and the present volume is the fruit of his studies."

"Some of the means of working these slate tests may appear simple, and impossible of detecting, but in the hands of the medium they are entirely successful. It should be remembered it is not so much the apparatus employed as it is the shrewd, cunning, ever-observing sharper using it. The devices and methods employed by slate writing frauds seem innumerable. No sooner are they caught and exposed while employing one system than they immediately set their wits to work, and evolve an entirely different idea. It is almost impossible at the first sitting with a slate-writing medium to know what method he will employ, and should you, after sitting, go away with the idea that you have discovered his method of operation, and come a second time, ready to expose him, you may be badly disappointed, for the medium will undoubtedly lead you to believe he is going to use his former method, and so mislead you. He accomplishes his test by another method, while you are on the lookout for something entirely different. The great success of the medium is in disarming the suspicions of the skeptic, and at that very moment the trick is done. Slate-writing is, of course, the great standby of mediums, but there are many other tricks which they employ which are described in the present volume."

In order to give THE BANNER reader a clearer idea of the nature of the book we will relate a few tricks therein described, employed by people whose names are quite familiar to the public.

A rather clever test used in a dark séance, given by Miss Annie Eva Fay, is one in which the hands are not bound. Miss Fay made cotton bandages and tapes a success, and sometimes varied her séance by not using a tie, but by continually clapping her hands together during the darkness. She also had her mouth filled with water. Nevertheless, the usual manifestations occurred. The horn "tooted," the tambourine and guitar floated, bells rang, etc. The dodge she employed was this: Instead of clapping her hands together, she slapped one against her forehead, which gave the same sound, and gave her one hand at liberty. She also swallowed the water. She was now at liberty to blow the horn, ring the bells, or the like. When she finished she refilled her mouth with water from a bottle concealed on her person, and again resumed clapping her hands together instead of striking one hand against her forehead. One who suspected the idea of the water brought a glass of milk. She consented to use it. The horn tooted just the same, and the medium's mouth still contained the milk. She had simply inserted the end of the horn in one of her nostrils.

Slade at one time used a piece of slate-pencil fastened to a tumbler, and with the apparatus attached to his forehead with the same hand holding the slate he did the writing. The tumbler was fastened to an elastic which pulled the tumbler out of sight, up the sleeve or under the coat when it was done with. He also presented other phenomena, such as playing the accordion, etc.

The name of Foster is almost invariably coupled with any test wherein there is reading of sealed letters, pellets, etc., just the same as Slade's is connected with the slate-writing tests.

Foster was an inveterate smoker, anywhere and everywhere, especially at his séances, and it was all for a purpose. The visitor who desired to have a sitting with Foster was requested to write a few questions on small pieces of paper, fold them up separately, and press them into small balls or pellets. Foster would pick one of these up, and hold it to his head, as if to try to penetrate it. Apparently failing to do so, he would place it back on the table. This he would repeat with others. Finally, he handed one of them to the visitor, after holding it against his forehead requesting him to hold it himself. Foster then took a pencil and paper and scribbled something on it, and then bared his arm, and showed it devoid of any preparation. He then rubbed this arm with his hand, and on removing it a name was seen. On reading what Foster scribbled on the paper the visitor finds an answer to one of his questions, and the name, in black red, on Foster's arm, is found to be the name of a person addressed by the visitor in the note. Foster had a pellet of paper of his own concealed between his finger-tips, and at some convenient moment, instead of placing back on the table one of the pellets he has just taken up, he substitutes one of his own, keeping the bona fide one in his hand, which he lowers into his lap and unfolds. Holding it in the palm of his hand he strikes a match and lights his cigar, and while doing so he is deliberately reading the note, which he afterwards crumples into a ball and conceals in his hand. He now takes up another pellet and tries to see through it by holding it to his forehead. He, however, fails, and gives it to the visitor to hold, really exchanging it for the one he has just read. He now has his own and the visitor has his. He now allows his hands to lie carelessly in his lap, and while conversing with the visitor, he pushes one of his coat sleeves up a short distance, and with a sharp-pointed stick writes the desired name on his arm, pressing down hard. In a second or two he writes the answer to the visitor's question minus the name he has just placed on his arm. He now shows his arm bare, and rubs the spot where he has written, with his fingers slightly moistened, whereupon the name, in bright pink writing, appears. If it is desired to make it disappear, fold the hand above the head a few seconds. To make it appear again, rub once more with the fingers.

The subject of sympathetic inks is such an interesting one that thirty-seven formulas are given. Sympathetic inks are of three general classes: Inks that appear through heat; inks that appear under the influence of light; inks appearing through reagents.

It requires intellect to be a clever trickster, and part of the missionary work of Spiritualists should be to familiarize themselves with the fraud as well as the genuine, and if possible point out a truer way of using the divine gifts bestowed upon mortals. The reading of this little volume may fill the uninitiated with wonder and consternation, and yet you ought to know, for ignorance does not mean innocence, and it is only through knowledge that you can cope with the great questions now before you.

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MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS—The Tuxedo, Madison Avenue and Fifty-Ninth street.—M. J. Fitz-Maurice, Sec'y, writes:

A splendid audience greeted Miss Gaule, who was at her best, Jan. 8. Mr. W. Sargent was called to the platform, and spoke pertinently in the interest of the mass meeting to be held in Brooklyn on the 17th and 18th insts. He also stated that the State yearly Convention would probably take place this season in New York City. The President then voiced the sentiments of the meeting by requesting Mr. E. W. Wallis of England to come forward. Mr. Wallis graciously responded with a few well-chosen remarks appreciative of the welcome accorded to him and Mrs. Wallis by the Spiritualists of America, concluding by singing a song with much expression. Miss Gaule then wished Mr. Wallis good-speed, and amid general expressions of good-will the meeting closed. Miss Gaule will hold meetings every Tuesday evening during this month at the Tuxedo.

Thursday, Jan. 5, was the twentieth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Gaston W. Fowler of Lynn. They were united in the bonds of matrimony by Dr. S. B. Brittan in New York City. THE BANNER wishes them many happy returns of the day.

Vermont State Convention.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Convention will be held Jan. 20, 21, 22, at Montpelier. Mrs. Helen P. Russegué, the Vermont speakers and others are expected to be present. A large attendance and a good time expected. A more extended notice will be sent as soon as arrangements are completed.

JANUS CROSSETT.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Rochester, N. Y., 243 Alexander street. Jan. 7.

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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 Literature, Ex

Prime Minister of Russia.

Translated from the French by TRAOT

GOULD, 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 under the most absolute test conditions possible, proving conclusively the verity of such 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, and his translator has given him 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, 1891, at which the phenomenon of the Partial Dematerialization of the body of the Medium was demonstrated to Blight and Touch.

I. Testimony of Mlle. Helt.

A. Letter from Mlle. Helt to Mons. Aksakof.

B. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Mlle. Helt.

C. Reply of Mlle. Helt to Mons. Aksakof.

D. Supplementary Letter from Mlle. Helt.

E. Letter from Mons. Aksakof to Prof. Sellings.

F. Reply of Prof. Sellings.

IV. Testimony of Madame Helene Sellings.

A. Note from Mme. Sellings.

B. Remarks on the same, by Mons. Aksakof.

Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

SPRIT-MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Dec. 30, 1898.
Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou great Spirit, we come this morning seeking assistance and strength, feeling that our wants will be supplied, as thou art ever our staff and comforter. The past year has brought many changes to those in earth-life. Many have been brought closer to thee by loss of friends and others are rejoicing over their success in life. Oh! that we may enter the New Year realizing its importance, feeling that many old things will pass away, and we will behold all things new. We hope for more progress, more unity and harmony, that we may get away from the physical environment and cling to the spiritual. Direct all things this morning, open the door to those who wish to come and send forth their words of greeting and good cheer. May they be imbued with that magnetic force and love that will feel and understand. Guide and direct us now and forever, Amen.

Individual Messages Given Through the Control.

Mary Alice Watson.

The first spirit that comes here is a lady, and from appearance, middle aged. She is anxious to reach her family. She has a husband and children in earth-life, and she says she has sisters also. She brings another lady with her whom she calls mother, and a little child that passed on to spirit-life, and is one of her own family. She is anxious to come in contact with those in mortal life because she says she has been attracted to them on account of sickness at the home, and things not going as well as they did when she was in the body; but she says her people don't understand much about Spiritualism, and it was only through her strong love and penetrating power that she was able to return, and has become conscious that she can help them if they will only let her.

Now this lady tells me her husband's name is Frederick, and her own Mary Alice Watson, and she informs me that her home will be in earth-life was Jersey City, N. J. I should not think she has been out of the body very long, because she seems new here.

Thomas H. Leach.

Here comes another, and as he approaches me I see that he is young in appearance—I should think about eighteen or twenty years; dark complexion, about medium height, stands erect, and appears to me to be a man who must have worked hard, for his hands show the sign of manual labor. Yes, he tells me he was an engineer, and worked on the Boston & Albany Railroad; and he says he went out somewhat suddenly, but not by accident. He is very anxious to reach a lady friend, who was very near and dear to him, whom he calls Nellie, and also his aged mother. He informs me that he was her sole support while in earth-life, and his going has made it very hard for her. He is trying to reach her, so as to give her comfort and assurance that she will get along all right, for, although out of the body he will be able to bring an influence around her and bring friends to assist her, so that she may feel happy and contented until they meet on the spirit-side. His father is in spirit with him, also a brother, Charles; and he tells me that his mother is somewhat spiritually inclined; that she goes to mediums and gets comfort through them; and it will make him feel better if he can only prove to her beyond all doubt that he can return, for she sometimes seems perfectly satisfied and other times she does not feel so well, and wonders if she is allowing her mind to give way to her desires. That is why he has tried to come here this morning, thinking that if he can come in contact with her he can make her feel more sure that he is still helping, watching and waiting. His mother's name is Katherine, and his own name is Thomas H. Leach, and he says that his home is in Nobleboro.

Maggie McFarland.

The next one I see is a little girl, I should think about seven or eight years old, a beautiful child, very light and has a very nice appearance. She informs me that she passed away with diphtheria and has been gone sometime. There is also a lady who comes with her that I think from the way she approaches us here has not been long in spirit. She tells me to say that she has come since the child, and it is mother and child coming together. She wishes to return to her children now in earth-life, also to a companion and brother. She calls the child's name Gracie, and her own Maggie, and she wishes me to say that if she could only lift the dark cloud that seems to lie over the home, and fill the great vacancy left through her passing away how happy she would be, because she sees that they are all the time regretting, and wishing that they had done something else. But just say that nothing else could have changed things, and for them to be perfectly reconciled and feel happy because God doeth all things well.

The mother passed away by going through an operation, and her people have always thought that if she had not gone through it she would have lived, and that is her mission

this morning—to inform them that she would not have lived anyway—because (tragedy was strong and more attractive than she. She wishes them all a Happy New Year, and for them not to sit down and cry and feel that there is no good in God or man, and all is desolation. She wants to say to Ed., her husband, not to become foolish, for he ought to remember he is where his wife can see and hear him, and the more of a man he is, and the more he strives to live a good, spiritual life, the closer she will get to him. "Be good to the children, and don't separate them, for ways and means will arise so that you can take care of things that you do not think you can." That is her message, and she wishes to say she will be happier still when she sees them more settled in earth life, for she says that those who have been long on the spirit side and are more familiar have informed her that better times will come to him; and he will feel better. Her name is Maggie McFarland, and her home in Bradford, Mass., but she says she will also be recognized or remembered in Manchester, N. H., also in Fall River, Mass. She came originally from Bradford.

Jesse Smith.

Here comes a little boy, and he says his name is Jesse Smith, and his home in Quebec, Canada. He says he is a long distance from home, as far as miles are reckoned in the mortal world, but distance is nothing to those in spirit. He went out of the body very quickly, he informs me; also that there was a little sister who passed away just a few days after he did, and he tells me his mother is sick now, and that his father is a contractor, and is well known. He wants them to know that while they have been out of the physical body they have been conscious of the great shadow and sorrow that has come to them, both through the loss of their children and financially, but he wishes to encourage them, because it is hope that keeps us up, and knowledge that gives strength, and so he wishes to say to them, "When you become conscious that we can stand by you, and feel your touch, and you feel ours, mother, you will never cry for us again. Oh! how often do you go to that drawer, and take out my little yellow curl, and cry over it. That is all foolish. If you will take it out and kiss it, and thank God I am out of the physical body, away from all wickedness, away from all pain, and away from all the environments that are in the earth-life, and with the good angels in heaven, and good grandma and grandpa, you would feel different. Just stop and think a few minutes, and contrast the two sides of life, spiritual and mortal, and you will not mourn because we were taken from you, for if we had been fit subjects to have lived we would have. So, mother, get well, for there is much that depends on you, and you have much to live for yet." That is the New Year's greeting that he sends, and his home is in Quebec, Canada. His father's name is Fred, and his mother's Annie, and he has a sister Annie too.

Lucinda Redman.

Here comes a real old lady, I should think a woman about seventy years old by the appearance, and very well preserved, but not very large in stature; but she has a very pleasant and quiet way as she approaches us this morning, and seems to be delighted, especially when we informed her that she might transmit her thoughts to me and have me convey them to you, for she says she has ever so many on the earth-plane that she would like to come in contact with. There are many of her own children scattered in different parts of the country, although they are all in the New England States, with the exception of one who is at the Klondike just now. She seems to be a little excited, for she hardly knows how to put her words together to prove what she wants. She told them before she passed away, if the spirit could return, she would, and she has tried it several times and has been unsuccessful. She thought this would be a good opportunity, and that she would not be able to prove her identity as much as she would like to this time; but she is doing the best she can, and it is like sowing the seed, and we can reap the harvest. If all the seed doesn't bring forth results, we sometimes have to sow it twice to get them.

So she says if she cannot make them understand her this time she will try it over. She says her name is Lucinda Redman, and this woman carries me away toward Vermont. Her husband is in spirit with her, and he is here; she has many on the spirit side, but the ones on the earth-plane are the ones she wants to reach, and she says many will remember Grandma Redman. She will be remembered in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Harry Mitchell.

Why, here comes a colored fellow, and as he comes he seems to be a little amazed, for he hardly knows what to do; but we have told him all are made welcome, whether black or white, and he says that although the skin is black the heart holds the same charms of love that the white man does for his people. He says he has those in earth-life he is anxious to come in contact with, and especially his companion. Since he passed away she has become sensitive to the influence around her, as she is somewhat mediumistic. He is anxious to have her develop, although when he was in the earth-life he opposed it very much, and she dreaded it on that account. He wants to say to Maria that he sees things different, and he is anxious now for her to develop her powers and make good use of them, because she can help herself and others if it is only in a small way, and it will give him an opportunity to come back and control and help her. Then, too, he tells me that when he went away he was very sick, and had been for a long while, so that he did not leave her financially under very good circumstances, and he was very narrow, and of a jealous temperament, and was afraid that if any one helped, it was selfish. Now he sees it was his own narrow mind, and he could not see the purity of the friendship, but he can to-day, and that is why he wants me to mention this, because as I understand it he must have made her life very uncomfortable while in the body. Now he sees where the wrong came in, and has taken this way to right it, for there are those who will understand it, and he thinks that it may make her feel more confident that when he returns it will be to help her, and not to prevent her from doing that which was right.

He gives me the name of Harry Mitchell; he says he will be known in Boston, Mass.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor keep it to yourself.—Zimmerman.

Verification of Spirit Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While reading THE BANNER of Sept. 24 today I came across a message signed WILLIAM GARNER, of Troy, N. Y. I wish to state that it sounds very much like a friend of mine who recently passed away as the spirit describes in the same locality, etc.

The one's name to whom I refer was Gardner instead of Garner. But I believe a mistake in print might have easily occurred, and I am convinced that the two persons are identical.

Very truly yours,

JOHN F. PETTY.

North Dorset, Vt., Dec. 8, 1898.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A lovely kinswoman of mine, quite advanced in years, admitted to me yesterday with some hesitation that she really thinks we may be permitted in the next world to recognize our friends and to enjoy some companionship with them. She said she was brought up to believe that we should not even know each other there on account of being absorbed in God and Jesus. But the sweet thought of seeing the dear ones again, especially her husband, whom she deems far too good for her here, is stealing into her heart, and I could see the result of something I said to her on a previous visit.

I had suddenly said: "Oh, my dear, how happy, happy, you will be to meet F— again!" "Oh, don't!" she said; but I would go on. "F— will be so glad to see you, and will love you more than ever, because you were so good to her little toy, whom she had to leave on earth without a mother." F— was (as I mean) her favorite sister, and her little boy was a cripple. This dear lady keeps aloof from Spiritualism, fearing it is a delusion invented by the Enemy of souls in order to make those who accept it the future denizens of his dread abode. But the little seeds of hope fly everywhere on angel pinions, and sometimes take root in hearts that we have longed to cheer, but almost lost all hope of doing so.

Of all the exquisite revelations made by this latter day promise of glory, it seems to me that the very dearest is the knowledge that families whose members love each other will be reunited in the spirit-world. And there is no qualification, no reservation, no hesitation in our delight in the thought.

If we ask our church friends if they do not feel sure of meeting those they love again, they hesitate, and temper their reluctant "yes" with an "if." "Yes," they say, "we shall meet each other again if we are in Christ—if we have given our hearts to the Savior." And the doubt whether they and those they love are really Christians, and the knowledge that many estimable friends are not in the church, makes them walk with downcast eyes and bated breath during their stay on the earth.

It is indeed delightful to get out of "these mists and vapors, these earthly damps," out of the regions of *ifs* and vain wishes, into the clear sunlight of a natural universe. In this universe of nature, being in this body or out of this body makes no difference. If we know and love each other here, we shall know and love each other there. If our sweetest pleasure here is to feel the hand-clasp of affection, and to look love into eyes that look with responsive love into our own, we shall have precisely that pleasure there, for "souls are not denaturalized by death."

Some are so absorbed here in individual love and companionship that they forget to shed the tender sprays of affection on other hearts; they forget to reverent those souls who have passed on to higher stages of development; they forget the beneficent plans of the universe, and the unerring sequences of cause and effect. If they continue thus while here, they will be the same there, at least for a while.

But they are not wicked in being and doing so; they are simply undeveloped, and narrower than they will be by-and-by. Such persons are told by the Church that they are worshipping the created rather than the creator; that God is a jealous God, and that he will take their idol away, and thus force them in anguish to bow to himself alone. But these statements are untrue. Infinite God is far too great, too self-poised, to be jealous concerning the feelings of any finite beings toward each other. God, if we allow ourselves to say anything of what is obviously beyond any finite comprehension, is the fountain of absolute reason. God walks a pathless way beyond any mortal thought, and yet the gleam of reason that we see in our little individual self is the earnest of infinite potencies beyond.

Whether here or there, we may enjoy the companionship of those we love, we may give love for love, we may give worship for worship, for love's own sake. As we go on, and enlarge our sphere of thought and feeling, we shall expand toward those bright beings whom we shall see walking on more supernal heights. We shall also come to realize more deeply and assuredly the solid groundwork of all physical formations, and all spheres of thought, intellect and emotion, and the unerring law that makes the permanent progress of each and all depend on righteous action, righteous feeling and reasonable thinking.

In all these paths of progression, we may sometimes walk alone. But in that case, we shall return later to the companionship of those we love: let them aid us to climb yet higher, or ourselves stoop to them, and

"Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Yes; intellectual exchange of thought, soul-companionship and soul-communication will enhance the pleasure of action, and sweeten our periods of repose, whether in the body or out of the body, and this will continue to be the case just so long as we remain finite. Should we ever expand into infinity, should we ever return ultimately to God, as the sublime Plato expressed it, we shall be in a condition that we cannot comprehend now, and we cannot give whether we shall then want companionship.

One passing through the seventh decade of human life naturally (I say naturally, but I cannot answer for those who have been denaturalized by old dogmas), naturally longs for the day when he or she will be freed from the timent of clay, and pass to the embrace of those whom he loved so dearly, and then lost for awhile. When I think that the day is coming when I shall again be with my father and my mother, and the brother who was freed in 1896, a feeling of joy comes over me that is well nigh ecstasy. There are many others I shall be glad to see, relatives, friends, old comrades and co-workers; but these three will be first and dearest—my father, my mother, Elanah.

I was ten when my mother died, and we sailed away that night, leaving her precious

form in the bosom of the lone ocean tale of St. Helena. Before I was eleven my father sailed again for Burmah, leaving Adoniram, Elanah and me to grow up without a father and a mother. They were together until after graduation from college. I was alone. My father died near Burmah the fourth year after, and I have the little daguerrotype of me that he used to cry over.

The year after he was graduated from college Elanah had a sunstroke, and the fourth year after he was immured in an insane hospital at the age of twenty-six. He remained in an insane hospital for thirty-two years. During all those years I never had a pleasure unshadowed by his condition. He never lost his memory nor his individuality and the consciousness that he was a prisoner, immured like a felon, as he bitterly told me.

At the age of thirty-eight I was allowed to take him to my home, and we were together the last year of his earth-life. The last eight months he was all my own. We were alone together. Love and the knowledge that he was safe made him sane. Then he went to father and mother.

See Elanah again, dear reader? Oh, what a happy day that will be! Tears of joy fall from my eyes. He came back to me a feeble, paralyzed old man. When I see him again he will be young, bright, strong, exquisitely beautiful and radiantly happy. Our youthful companionship will be restored. We shall gather the wild roses and the swamp pinks again, and revel in our favorite authors, some of whom we shall see. Our parents will smile on our joy.

"He is waiting and watching,
Is waiting and watching,
Is waiting and watching for me."

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

A Declaration of Principles.

BY A. H. NICHOLAS.

There seems to be a general desire for a Declaration of Principles among Spiritualists, and many have set forth their ideas in the press until we have gems of thought from the best writers on the subject. Yet we do not and cannot all agree on any one set of principles. This is attributable, perhaps, in part to bigotry, intolerance and selfishness inherited from our ancestors coming to the front. A man says: "I am opposed to any Declaration of Principles which contains anything that I do not approve and accept." And if we pursue a course like that we can never have a satisfactory Declaration. Yet since there are so many wanting it and aiming for it, I think it would be well to make the attempt to set forth such a work, to state to the world our standpoint, to enunciate the principles of Spiritualism.

Now I have a plan for a Declaration of Principles which would be the nearest approach to unanimity, which is here respectfully submitted for the consideration of all persons interested. In the first place let us avoid all bigotry and intolerance, and accord to every man and woman the same rights and liberties we claim for ourselves individually, and so practice what we preach. Let the several parties have a chance, and the space to express their sentiments briefly. Then let us prepare an extensive and comprehensive Declaration of Facts and Principles with as little repetition of the same ideas as practicable, requiring a book of not less than three hundred, nor more than five hundred pages, entitled, "A Declaration of Facts and Principles Pertaining to the Spiritual Science, Philosophy and Religion."

The work can be prepared for publication by the time of the next meeting of the National Spiritualists' Association, who would then take charge of it. In a declaration of this kind we would not all agree, and this very fact would constitute the chief merit and importance of the work, for if we were all agreed on a Declaration of Principles, we would be just like a church and its creed, which is a thing we want to avoid. For instance, when a man joins the Presbyterian church he must accept the creed of that church to be of the same faith: it is just that or nothing. But we can take pride in the fact that we do not all agree in minor matters—that we have the liberty and freedom to have and hold our own opinions and sentiments, to accept that only which we like best.

A book of the kind proposed is not a finality, but subject to revision, and a few years later we would require a new book with new facts and principles, with some of the best parts of the previous work retained, if desirable. The statements of facts and principles should be remarkably plain and practical, free from all arbitrary authority for their execution. Such a work, with the several schools of thought represented, would be interesting reading, and if we find certain things in it which we do not approve nor accept, we need not be offended nor disturbed in the least, knowing that all truth will stand untarnished, while all error must eventually sink and disappear. The truth does not have to sustain itself by suppressing opposition. Only error fears to be met in the arena of reason. A fact will take care of itself, and if a theory regarding it does not square with it, the probability is that the theory is wrong.

The spirit of religious freedom and independence may sometimes cause disagreements, yet it is working out a good purpose for humanity. Let us take comfort in the fact that we can agree to differ in matters of minor importance; that we can agree to let all have mental and religious liberty, without which there can be no true civilization.

Summerland, Cal.

We Can Rule the Sea.

There is no doubt that the time is near when the United States will rule the ocean, so far as any one nation can do so. No other country has such splendid access to both the Atlantic and Pacific, with swift trains of cars rushing backward and forward from the one to the other. Our resources with which to build or buy new warships, and to man them when acquired, are unlimited. The quality of our sea-soldiers has already been tested, and found sufficient for all purposes.

When the canal is completed connecting the waters of our two great coasts (as it will surely be as soon as we are done with Spain) we can rush our warships from one side of the country to the other without their making a circuitous voyage like that of the *Oregon*.—Will Carlton in *Every Where* for July.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which expresses the worth of man, but what he is.—Amiel.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IF WE COULD KNOW!

If we could know how much we owe To one another, we would sow The soil of human hearts with seeds Of gratitude and kindly deeds, Whence flowers of love would sweetly blow.

We'd seek pure peace with every foe, We'd strive to solace every woe, We'd bind up every heart that bleeds, If we could know.

A fuller charity we'd show, A deeper faith; and we would grow To higher thoughts and larger creeds, As broad as human hopes and needs. We'd help each other as we go, If we could know.

J. A. EDGERTON.

From the London Mail.

A Count's Vision.

I can vouch for the truth of the following interesting case of clairvoyance: On August 12 a young man named Livio Cibrario, belonging to one of the most ancient families of Turin, while attempting to climb the peak of Roccamelone, in the Maritime Alps, lost his way, and on the following morning a search party found his body, terribly crushed and bruised, at the bottom of a deep crevasse.

Count Cibrario, the unfortunate young man's father, who was at Turin, and knew nothing of his son's expedition to the Roccamelone, on the night of the accident aroused the rest of the family, announcing with tears that Livio was dead. He had seen him distinctly, he said, blood flowing from his battered head, and had heard these words spoken in a voice of terrible anguish:

"Father, I slipped down a precipice and broke my head and I am dead, quite dead."

The other members of the family tried in vain to persuade the poor count that the ghastly vision was nothing but a nightmare, and the bereaved father continued in a state anxiety bordering upon distraction till the morning, when the official confirmation of the terrible accident reached him.

This case of telepathy, or whatever name may be given to similar phenomena, is considered all the more remarkable as Count Cibrario is a very quiet, matter-of-fact person, and has never suffered from disorders of the nervous system or dabbled in spiritism.

From the Lynn (Mass.) Item.

A New Magician's Slate for "Spirit Writing."

A new magician's slate, for exhibiting "spirit-writing," consists of a grating of tinned iron wire, which is covered on each side with an insulating sheet of mica over which is placed a sheet of Russia iron, which may be given a more slate-like appearance by a coating of mineral paint. In the usual frame, this cannot readily be told from the ordinary school slate. Hidden conductors pass from the iron wire to screw eyes in the frame, and the cord by which the slate is suspended on an easel is a wire connected with other concealed conductors running from a source of electricity. If a powerful current, like one for lighting, is used, a safety fuse is placed in circuit. The magician lays a sheet of paper on the slate, places pen and ink on a little shelf directly beneath, closes his cabinet about the easel, and in a few moments his question of the spirit is found to be answered by a writing on the paper. The paper is prepared beforehand by writing the word or sentence required with dilute sulphuric acid, the writing being invisible until heated. As the cabinet closes, an assistant switches on the current, the electric stove in the slate becomes hot in thirty seconds, and on opening the cabinet the spirit writing appears in black.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Boston, Dec. 25, 1898, MR. JAMES ADAMS, aged 81 years.

He was a consistent Spiritualist for forty years; a pioneer in the early movement; a medium (not public) of noble type. He was an active, generous and affectionate nature. For some two or more years he has been a great sufferer from heart trouble, but with great fortitude patiently awaited release and reunion with a loving wife and two children, who preceded him. He leaves one daughter, who has the sympathy of many friends.

The writer officiated at the services Dec. 28, at 1 P. M., and by request sang "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," after which the body was cremated.

WILLIAM A. HALE, M. D.

From East Kingston, N. H., Dec. 18, 1898, ALBERT C. ROBINSON, aged 52 years.

Mr. Robinson leaves a wife and two brothers. One brother, Dr. Frank Robinson of Exeter, N. H., is a healing medium, and a graduate of the old school; the other resides in New Jersey. Mr. Robinson suffered from an attack of paralysis over a year ago, but his recovery was hoped for until heart disease of a pronounced type manifested itself. Through his whole illness he was a patient and patient resignation as to win the affection of all who cared for him.

Before his last breath he looked up smilingly and said: "The hard journey is almost over. The sunlie remained upon the frozen lips after the sunset gleamed upon the cheeks, and the Order of 'Red Men' participated with their very beautiful burial service. The burial was at Stratford, in the old churchyard, where many of his friends are laid away."

CARL E. S. TIVING.

From her home in Oberlin, O., Dec. 23, MRS. MARY CLEVELAND RICKLEY HALL, in the 84th year of her age.

She was born in Vermont. At twenty-two years she married James Medford Hall, and came in a wagon all the distance to Ohio, taking up a tract of wilderness in Putnam and removing to another, now occupied by the town of Oberlin. They had one child, a daughter, now Mrs. Julia E. Graves. Mrs. Hall was active to the last, and they lay following the accident which caused her death, was to have been received into the Putnam Grange, the Oberlin Grange to which she belonged having ceased to be. She was the great Granger in the State, with was a pioneer in Spiritualism, and only by circumstances was diverted from largely helping to build a hall in the center of the theological down for spiritual use.

Hudson Tuttle officiated at the funeral on the 31st. To the many Spiritualists in the audience was added a large number who had not before heard the philosophy of Spiritualism, and the speaker was the diligent task of presenting its principles without offending cherished beliefs.

From her home in Onset, Mass., Thanksgiving noon, Nov. 24, 1898, MRS. SARAH EATON AMES KIRTH, aged 82 years 10 months and 24 days.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was expected to conduct funeral services Tuesday P. M. Nov. 23, owing to illness of the services were conducted by Rev. Wm. S. Beal. Mrs. Mary C. Weston read a poem and Miss Lydia Corlis sang Mrs. Keith had been a Spiritualist and friend of mediums for more than thirty years, and while living in Brockton entertained many of the speakers for the Spiritual Society of that city. The body was taken to Brockton for burial.

A. AMES.

From Chelsea Jan. 1, 1899, MR. BENJAMIN H. DAVIS, JR., son of Rev. Benjamin H. and Catherine A. Davis, aged 54 years 7 months and 14 days.

He was a firm Spiritualist for many years. His funeral was held from his late residence, 38 Bloomingdale street, Chelsea, Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. R. Perry Bush officiating.

Mrs. B. H. DAVIS, JR.

From his home in Ceylon, O., Dec. 29, VOLTIME KNOTT at the age of 42 years.

He leaves a wife and four children to mourn their loss. The funeral occurred on New Year's day, Hudson Tuttle officiating.

From Alstead, N. H., Dec. 21, 1898, DR. FANNIE C. D. MILLER, at the age of 72 years 8 months and 14 days.

She has been a public medium since 1871, giving tests and healing the sick; was in Boston from 1879 to '81, when the physical gave out and she removed to Alstead, her early home, where she closed her earthly career. Truly it can be said of her, "She has done well her part."

Mrs. S. A. Wiley of Rockingham attended the funeral.

Mrs. W. W. DINGMORE.

From Geneseo, Ill., Dec. 23, at 7 A. M., MRS. K. MCFARLANE.

J. C. F. Grumbine officiated at the funeral services. Mrs. McFarlane was a staunch friend of the Cause, and a tried and true friend.

[Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. Those exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. An average of one line per notice will be charged. No poetry admitted under the above heading.]

NEW YEAR'S DAY MUSINGS.

BY DEAN OLIVER.

Another year has rolled away
And now is numbered with the past,
While in its wake one New to-day
Begins its rounds in cycles vast.

How wondrous is this ebb and flow
Of Time's unceasing yearly tide,
Whose waves forever come and go
And in the Great Unknown subside!

What joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
Its calms and storms upon us fling;
And how we wait each coming year
To see what next its way will bring.

The ceaseless tide sweeps on apace,
Unheeding all our joys and tears;
It gives us here no 'biding place,
But bears us onward with the years.

What grand events embosomed lie
Within the year now just begun!
Who can foresee with prophetic eye
What wondrous things shall soon be done?

The world now moves with rapid pace,
And each new year adds greater speed;
Man now has conquered time and space,
And thought of lightning takes the lead!

So must this year a history make
Of startling facts yet held in store,
Whose glory shall the world awake
With greater wonder than before.

Great changes wait both Church and State,
And some of them this year may bring;
For nought can long delay the fate
Impending o'er both priest and king.

The nations, steeped in wrongs, may wake
Their vice and crime more clear to see,
And greater progress then they'll make
Toward justice, right and liberty.

The year just born now beams with hope,
And looks o'er earth with cheerful face;
With many evils it must cope,
But some it can and will efface.

The Stars and Stripes now proudly wave
O'er many islands of the sea,
Where tyrant rule has found its grave,
And long-crushed people now are free.

A lesson, this, to despots all,
Who o'er the nations hold their sway,
"The Powers that be" await their fall,
And Cuba's rise will haste the day!

Nineteen centuries end this year,
Since came on earth "the Prince of Peace,"
Proclaiming then his Kingdom near,
When war and bloodshed all should cease.

But lasting peace there cannot be
While war and great causes still exist,
For every nation not yet free
Oppression's rule will sure resist.

So long as armies vast are trained
In every boasted Christian land,
The earth with blood will soon be stained
When'er a despot gives command.

But now, thank heaven! appear a sign
That not in vain rose Bethlehem's Star,
And we may hope in Ninety-Nine
That peace may dawn through Russia's Czar.

The old year's gone—well, let it go;
Not back, but forward be our view;
For years now dead let no tears flow,
But turn with smiles to greet the New.

To live on earth this New Year's Day
Should make us feel supremely blest;
We ought to be both glad and gay,
And in its honor do our best.

We better ought to play our part,
And more of good to others give;
Correct each fault of head and heart,
And tithy, nobly, grandly live.

Then let us turn a clean new leaf,
And fill each day with love and cheer;
We then shall have less cause for grief,
And sure will see "A Happy New Year."

Spiritual and Animal Magnetism,
Cause and Effect.

VIEWS OF A SPIRIT.

I was determined to learn whether or no mediums, through their own animal magnetism, imposed upon their sitters through fraud. It has been my good success to ascertain that I term facts in the case, and to further learn that mediums in part are mistaken. Should their conditions be such that the spiritual magnetism rules, then the result is wonderful; but when the animal is the predominating spirit it is deteriorating, and the consequences are that in time the medium must go down to the animal kingdom from which he sprang.

Now I would say to all mediums, let the true spirit govern the work. If it is healing, let the spirit heal spiritually, for surely it is the spirit's right; and in all other phases of mediumship it should be the spirit that should be sought.

I do not advocate that mediums should be ruled by spirits—only, when spirits control them, let it be the spirit, and not palm off one's own animal magnetism as being that of a high and noble intelligence from the other side. Animal magnetism is not a part of spirituality, but pertains to brute force. Mediums should develop their own spirits and become enlightened, that they may assert their own individuality and obey the law of progression. They have a work within themselves to accomplish as well as in spirit-life. If we aspire to higher conditions, we can possess them only by striving to bring ourselves to that plane, and the power is within ourselves. If we demand something better we must make the conditions; and we can never do so by finding fault with others, eternally growing, piling up stumbling-blocks to fall over. Many mediums are sarcastically clubbing the churches, and every one else who does not see as they do, Now, of all classes upon the earth to be exalted above such things, mediums should be the first. Let us look out for our own faults, and not be striving to mend them by tearing someone else down; right ourselves and overcome the evils that pertain to us, for by our own deeds shall we be known.

The jealous spirit that prevails among mediums is another great evil. Let each and every one perform that which is allotted to him, feeling that all are working for the one great cause—the uplifting of humanity.

Look for spiritual good, and feed your soul upon it, and as you partake of that which is good and true, you will be better fitted for a good and exalted work. Animal magnetism, when the ruling spirit is degenerating, carries a power with it which seeks one's ruin, and develops no good—extinguishes the spiritual part of one's existence.

Mediums, cleanse yourselves! become white and pure! for truly cleanliness is godliness; that which is good and pure will then be with you, attracted to you by the clean pure spirit that dwells within you. Then will you soar above all the dark and cloudy conditions in earth-life and remain untarnished.

[He] who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.—Montaigne.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Chesterfield.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lovel.

Spain's Fraternal Greeting.

"For Us there is but One Country—
the Universe, with its Infinity of
Worlds and Humanities."

In reply to a letter ordering some literature, Ernest S. Green has received a letter from Señor Angel Aguado, editor of *La Union Espiritista*, of Barcelona, Spain, and one of the leaders of Spiritualism in that country, being president of a federation of Spiritualists embracing many of the leading societies in Spain. Following is a translation of an extract from the letter:

SR. DN. ERNEST S. GREEN, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

My Dear Sir and Distinguished Brother in Beliefs: Your favor of the 20th of September filled me with satisfaction and confirmed in me once more the belief that Spiritualism is firmly sustaining the banner of universal fraternity which rises above the frontiers of humanity—frontiers making of brotherly people rival nations, who, in place of lending mutual aid, seek to annihilate and destroy each other.

As Spiritualists, we cannot identify ourselves with a country so small as to be denominated a nation or a continent; for us there is but one country—the universe, with its infinity of worlds and humanities—and we are all citizens of this great country from which none are excluded.

For this reason the war which your nation and ours have sustained, far from diminishing our mutual affection and appreciation, has increased it, so that we have been persuaded how necessary it is that all on the planet earth who can should unite to oppose the bellicose avalanche until we become a resistless force for right.

All Spiritualists are true brothers, wherever born, whatever their nation, and working with this sentiment in view, we shall render a great service to humanity, and extinguish the hatred which destroys it.

I rejoice that our voice has been heard in your country, and extend to you the most sincere thanks for the interest you have taken in our publications, and for the translations you have made from our review.

ANGEL AGUADO.

Barcelona, Oct. 24, 1898.

Mr. Green's letter, to which the above was the reply, was published in *La Union Espiritista* for November, with kindly comments by the editor.

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SEND three-cent stamps, look 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. Dec. 31

ADVANCE THOUGHT REVIEW
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INCORPORATED 1893. Headquarters 600 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 fee to the Secretary at the above address, and receiving a handsome certificate of the same, with one copy each of N. S. A. Reports for '97 and '98.

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FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Spiritual movement that anything like a compilation of the names of the earlier mediums, speakers, workers, lecturers and prominent advocates, etc., has ever been attempted. PROF. DEMORE, gifted Magnetic Healer, Bridgeport, Conn. Dec. 8.

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CONSUMPTION

Spiritualist Societies.

IF 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 10 o'clock noon, of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Appleton Hall, 95 Appleton Street—Paine Memorial Building, side entrance.—The Gospel of Spirit Return 8 o'clock, Minnie M. Boule, Pastor, will hold services every Sunday at 10 and 7 1/2 P. M.

Edison 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. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 14 Sidney st., Dorchester, Mass.

Union Spiritualist Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 8 o'clock. J. Brown Hatch, Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 17 Leroy street, Dorchester, Mass.

The Helping Hand Society meets every Wednesday in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meetings at 8 o'clock. Supper at 8 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 1/2. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, Secretary.

146 Tremont Street, Odd Ladies' Hall.—Mrs. G. L. Allen, President; Mrs. G. L. Allen, Secretary, 146 Tremont street, at 10 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 P. M., and Wednesdays at 7 1/2 P. M.

Psychic Conference, 18 Huntington Av.—L. L. Watlock, President, Sundays, 2 1/2 P. M.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Sunday School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 10 A. M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Edison Hall, 950 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.; Wednesdays at 7 1/2 P. M. W. H. Averie, Conductor.

Echo Hall—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown Dist.—Sundays, Wednesdays and Friday evenings. Mrs. E. J. Peak Conductor.

First Spiritualist Chu. ch, 730 Washington St.—M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Sundays, 11 A. M.; 3 and 8 P. M. Thursdays, 3 P. M.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—10 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Tuesdays and Thursdays afternoons at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Lectures and demonstrations announced from the platform. A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

Holla Hall, 789 Washington St.—Services Sunday, 10 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. George B. Carter, Chairman.

J. K. D. Conant's Test Circles every Friday P. M. at 2 1/2 in net rooms, BANNER OF LIGHT Building, 84 Bosworth street.

Spiritual Fraternity—At First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury streets, Sundays 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 Copley Mystic Circle meets Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7 1/2 P. M. in suite 6, 18 Huntington Avenue, and The Metaphysical School on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8 P. M. Lectures and demonstrations announced from the platform. Public invited. Take elevator. Dr. F. J. Miller, President.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper at 8 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Mrs. E. J. Peak, Secretary.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper at 8 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President; Mrs. E. J. Peak, Secretary.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 8 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

The Spiritual Science Church, Lower Audubon Room, First Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury and Exeter streets, Sundays at 7 1/2 P. M. Preaching by Rev. T. E. Allen.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union holds meetings on the third Thursday of each month in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street, at 7 1/2 P. M. All are invited. Christopher C. Shaw, President; Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk, 67 Huron Avenue, North Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Spirit of Truth Society, 327 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport, holds meetings Sundays at 12 P. M. and Thursdays at 7 1/2 P. M. Mrs. A. J. Banks, President.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists holds meetings the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month, in Cambridge Lower Hall, 31 Massachusetts Avenue, also Sunday evening meetings in G. A. R. Hall, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, at 7 1/2 P. M. J. S. Soper, President; Mrs. L. E. Keith, Clerk.

NEW YORK CITY.

International Conservatory of Music, 74 Lexington Av., one door above 4th street.—The Spiritual and Ethical Society holds every Sunday morning and evening. Mrs. H. T. Brigham, speaker.

First Society of Spiritualists meets at the "Tuxedo," 637 Madison Avenue, corner of Madison Avenue, and holds services at 3 P. M.

The Tontons Spiritualist Society holds its meetings every Friday at 8 P. M.; Sundays 3 1/2 P. M., and Children's Lyceum at 2 1/2 P. M.

BROOKLYN.

The Woman's Progressive Union holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3, and evening at 8 o'clock; Lyceum at 2 o'clock; social meetings every Thursday at 8 o'clock; supper at 6 1/2, at the hall, Walsh's Academy, 423 Class Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Quincy street. Mrs. E. F. Kurl, President.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Mr. G. Dolere, President; Mrs. Alice Ashley, Secretary.

The Fraternity of Divine Communion, dedicated to "Spiritual Truths" on the "Christ Principle," holds its meetings at the Aurora Grand Cathedral, Bedford Avenue, Thursdays at 8 P. M. and Sundays at 2 P. M. Mrs. L. J. Welter, President. Ira M. Courlis, Medium.

Meeting of Associate Spiritual Missionaries every Sunday, at 3 P. M., at Evolutionist hotel, 1099 Bedford Avenue. Those desiring to become members from our volunteer workers. W. Wines Sargent, Conductor.

Spiritual Conference, Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street.—Saturdays, 8 P. M., music by Prof. Chas. Coleman, Herbert L. Whitney, Conductor. BANNER OF LIGHT always on sale.

First Mental Science Society meets every Sunday evening, at Arlington Hall, Gates and Nostrand avenues. Psychometric readings after each lecture. F. B. Hawkins, Director.

People's Mission, Columbia Hall, 1310 Fulton Street.—Sundays at 3 P. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. M. C. McGillicuddy, medium, Herbert L. Whitney, Chairman.

Jackson Hall, 515 Fulton Street.—Sundays at 3 P. M.; Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Olmstead, Conductor.

400 Myrtle Avenue.—Mrs. B. R. Plun conducts a meeting every Sunday at 3 and 8 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

The First Association of Spiritualists founded 1858, meets at Bird Avenue, Philadelphia, every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. Ketter, Secretary; Frank H. Morrill, Lyceum 2 P. M. Services 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. Lecturer, W. J. Colville.

The Philadelphia Spiritualist Society meets at Handel and Haydn Hall, 8th and Spring-Garden streets, every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2. Lyceum at 2 1/2. Seances every Friday evening. Hon. Thomas M. Locke; Secretary, Chas. L. Goffor, 1325 S. 15th street.

CHICAGO.

The First Society of Rosicrucians meets every Sunday in the parlors of the College of Psychic Sciences, 810 Masonic Temple Building, at 10 A. M. J. C. F. Grumbine, permanent lecturer. BANNER OF LIGHT and other literature for sale.

First Spiritual Church, South Side, 77 Thirty-First Street.—Sundays, 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Georgia Gladys Cooley, Pastor.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Unity Spiritual Society meets at Ethical Auditorium, 338 East Wisconsin street, every Sunday at 7 1/2 P. M., and Thursday at 8 P. M. Flora S. Jackson, President.

NEWARK, N. J.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression meets in the hall, corner of West Park and Broad streets at 8 P. M. Mrs. G. A. Dorn, President.

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