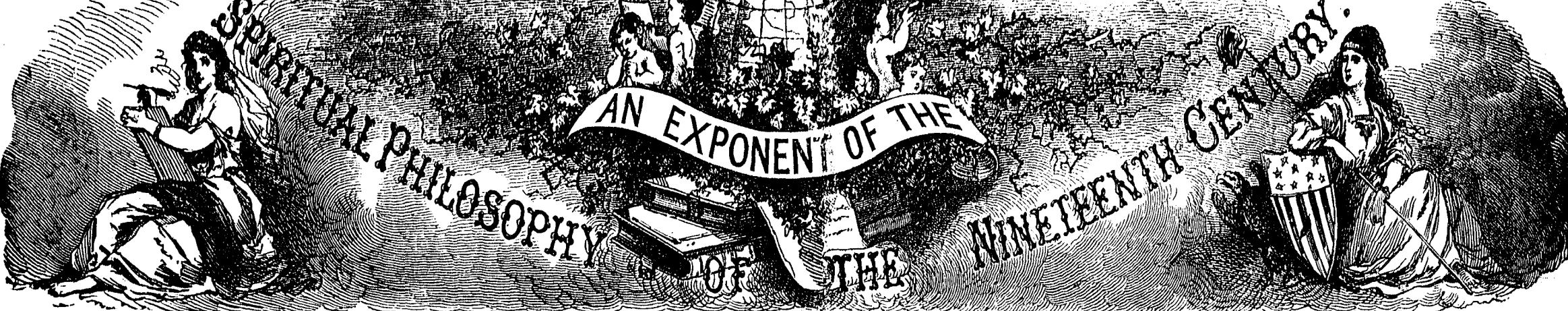


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NO. 17.

OUR CHRISTMAS-JOY.

Have we a right to Christmastide—
When all the world is bright and gay?
When blessings all about us bide,
As if in winter came the May?
Why sure!—there is the heart of bliss
In every bosom of the race;
And we may claim the flower of this,
Because it is our human grace;
For now as when the stars were young,
From bending blue Hope's Song is sung!

We have in sooth our Christmastide—
In every home where cradles be,
Where love and beauty side by side
For little ones raise Blessing's tree:
Why sure!—we hold to every hope,
And every sign of good to man,
And give the spirit grandest scope,
According to Creation's plan;
And now as when the world was young
The Angel Song is sweetly sung!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Man Who Goes Alone.

BY GEORGE A. FULLER, M.D.

...The man who goes alone can start to-day; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off.—*Thoreau, Walden*, p. 83.

These words of Thoreau strike home to every thinking man and woman. How many opportunities are frittered away simply because those whom we call our friends are not ready to start with us, and we wait for them until the golden moment has sunk forever in the past. Truly there are days in one's life when one must go alone—hours when no companionship can be tolerated.

The pathway of the spirit does not admit of two walking abreast. At most times companionship is not only desirable, but an absolute necessity; but there are times when the spirit objects to partnership. Only one at a time can stand on the higher pinnacles. The genius within must determine the pathway of the spirit, and the individual must walk alone therein.

Carlyle, in his essay on Richter, says: "Genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere star-gazers must at last compose ourselves, must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe it and calculate its laws."

Why not create an orbit of our own? Why not be a genius in our own way? We may be "star-gazers," but never should be star followers. No matter how great or grand the genius, we never should become his satellites. In the world how many satellites there are to Krishna, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus? These men walked alone, lived their own lives, and left an indelible impress upon the thought of the world. The character Jesus stands out on the pages of history marked by its intense individuality and its inherent goodness and greatness. How few of his satellites have left more than a name behind them? They became "infinitely little copies of the great original." No one can determine for me the orbit in which my soul shall revolve. There are those who attempt to move in orbits not their own. They simply wobble through life. The world is filled with wobblers. The man of genius may not be understood and appreciated during his earthly lifetime, but at last the world will be glad to sit at his feet and listen to his wisdom.

The self-poised man becomes the centre of his own world. His thoughts flash out flame-like meteors in the midnight sky. His soul is truly charged with celestial fire, and angels whose countenances shine with the Divine Light are his associates.

Well has it been said he recognizes no authority for truth, for truth is its own surety. No writings, secular or sacred, dictate to his soul. Peary Chand Mittra tell us that among his Aryas "No writings, revealed or sacred, were allowed to be so authoritative and final as the teachings of the soul."

Emerson said, "Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions." Spirit is the only creative force in the universe. Your world must be projected from within, and adapted to your own individual idiosyncrasies. Your outward life must correspond to the idea within your mind. Then will its great proportions appear. Then only will your spirit find its proper niche in the universe.

In the fields of our own literature, Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman walked apart from all others, giving to the world in their own way a new literature, one into which had been infused their own intense personality. Whitman, perhaps the greatest genius of the three, declared:

"I am the poet of the Body, and I am the poet of the Soul.
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me.
The first I graft and increase upon myself. The latter I translate into a new tongue."

And in this translation of Whitman we shall find that evil is ever overcome with good, and that sorrow, sickness and death are conquered by happiness, health and life eternal. He stood on the heights, his forehead bathed with the light of heaven, in whose rays scintillated innumerable atoms snatched from the worlds and stars of the infinite spaces. Far, far beneath him in the valleys lurked the miasmas, all powerless to harm his indomitable spirit. No wonder he could cry out triumphantly:

"I am not an earth, nor an adjunct of an earth.
I am the mate and companion of the people, all just as immortal and fathomless as myself.
They do not know how immortal, but I know."

These words at the very opening of his career, so full of hope, so full of the thought that is eternal, contained the very key-note of his life. As he sat, in his declining years, watching the sunset, still true to that spirit within, he cried out:

"I do not doubt I am limitless, and that the universes are limitless."

And again:

"...I depart from nature. I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead."

Using the term "dead" only as signifying more of life than it is possible for us to realize with our bodily senses.

When Copernicus appeared the learned men of the world believed this earth was flat, and likewise the centre of the solar system. This idea was also incorporated into the religious thought of the age. And the inquisition stared him in the face who dared to dispute it. Copernicus for a long time knew that the Ptolemaic idea was false, for he alone had blazed out a new path in science, and had walked among the stars, but he lacked the courage to proclaim the new truths until near the end of his mortal journey. And when the proofs of his great work were placed in his dying hands he could not fully realize their meaning.

In those days only the bravest of men dared make known to the world their discoveries in the almost untrodden fields of science. The Inquisition condemned all innovations as heretical. While astronomers claim that the work of Copernicus entitled "De Revolutionibus" completely changed the whole science of astronomy, the church condemned it as utterly "contrary to the Holy Scriptures."

Draper says that "In thus denouncing the Copernican system as being in contradiction to revelation, the ecclesiastical authorities were doubtless deeply moved by inferential considerations. To dethrone the earth from her central dominating position, to give her many equals and not a few superiors, seemed to diminish her claims upon the Divine regard. If each of the countless myriads of stars was a sun, surrounded by revolving globes, peopled with responsible beings like ourselves, if we had fallen so easily and had been redeemed at so stupendous a price as the death of the Son of God, how was it with them? Of them were there none who had fallen or might fall like us? Where, then, for them could a Saviour be found?" These questions could only be answered by the overthrow of the very premises upon which all theology rested. Rather than do this and admit the falsity of their teachings, these men who went in herds condemned the men who dared to walk alone.

Who could share with Galileo his midnight vigils? Untrodden fields had long waited the footsteps of this intrepid explorer. The heavens were about to give up many of their coveted secrets. They could not brook the presence of the stranger; only their most intimate friend, this rare spirit, could be present when the long silence was broken. Alone he must keep his tryst with the stars. His love of truth was invincible, and his abhorrence of that spiritual despotism that lurked behind and within the Roman church was most intense.

Sir David Brewster declares that "The scientific character of Galileo, and his method of investigating truth, demand our warmest admiration. The number and ingenuity of his inventions, the brilliant discoveries which he made in the heavens, and the depth and beauty of his researches respecting the laws of motion, have gained him the admiration of every succeeding age, and have placed him next to Newton in the lists of original and inventive genius."

It is a most remarkable fact in the history of astronomical science that three of her most gifted sons conducted observations at the same time—Tycho Brahe, Kepler and Galileo. The first laid the very foundations upon which the science of astronomy now rests, by means of a vast series of observations with very intricate instruments constructed under his own supervision and very largely by his own hands. The second, from a study of the observations of the past, discovered those laws which have made his name immortal; and the last gave to us new celestial bodies and new systems previously unknown to the world. These men did not wait for others to get ready to accompany them, they did not even tell others that they were ready for the start; instead, they pushed bravely forward alone and carved their names upon the firmament.

With the exception of Shakespeare, Newton stands out preeminently the greatest genius England has produced. His "Principia" has been characterized as an "incomparable, an immortal work" (Draper), and, might I not add, a complete demonstration that the universe is not governed by caprice or Providential interventions, but instead by irrevocable law, and that order reigns throughout heaven's vast domain. Surely he trod all alone the air of the highest heavens.

Who is there that has not heard of Bruno, one of the noblest of Italy's sons? He was intended for the church, and early had become a Dominican; but his intellect would not allow him to accept the dogmas of transubstantiation and the immaculate conception. Too proud and brave and noble to conceal the convictions of his soul, he soon fell under the censure of the authorities of Rome, and was obliged to seek refuge in Switzerland, France, England and Germany. The slenibounds of the Inquisition were ever on his track, and finally he was arrested in Venice and imprisoned for six years, without books, paper or friends. The so-called spiritual authorities of the church finally removed him to Rome, where he was accused as a heretic, and the special

charge made against him being that he had taught the plurality of worlds. After two years imprisonment he was brought before the judges, and, refusing to recant, was delivered to the secular authorities to be punished "as mercifully as possible and without the shedding of blood"—the polite way the Roman Church had of saying "Burn the prisoner at the stake." Knowing that his works would live after him he said to his judges, "Perhaps it is with greater fear that you pass the sentence upon me than I receive it."

Brave words, most truly spoken, for that church which condemned trembles even to this day at the sound of his name. The philosophy of Bruno gave to the world a broader conception of religion, and the intimate relationship existing between the "all in all" and the universe,—that the universe is sustained by an all-pervading intellect, and if this force should be withdrawn all would be dissipated. Thou didst not wait for the church to be ready to walk with thee, but like a brave man, thou didst start out on thy journey alone, and now, after the lapse of more than two hundred years, many are willing and ready to walk abreast with thee.

Voltaire was the first in modern times to take the mask of fable from history. With the rarest of all tools did he labor: for he was possessed with the keenest of wit and the sublimest of reasoning powers. He fairly laughed out of history the follies and fables that had been cherished for centuries. Every modern historian is indebted to Voltaire for his knowledge that makes it possible for him to write history. Paine, Ingersoll, and a great host of other liberals, are simply so many stars shining in the clear atmosphere of the heavens he discovered. He punctured all the creeds of Christendom—immediately they all collapsed. Ingersoll closes his oration upon Voltaire with these ringing words: "From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. For half a century, past rack and stake, past dungeon and cathedral, past altar and throne, he carried with brave hands the sacred torch of Reason, whose light at last will flood the world."

Alone he stood, like some storm-defying, mighty oak, the sentinel of the ages, laughing at the seeming victory of wrong and oppression, for he knew that in the end right must triumph over might.

Robert Boyle was largely instrumental in laying the foundations of modern chemistry. He would not accept the theories put forth by the learned men of his time unless proven by facts to be true. He certainly was king among experimenters and investigators, and the light of his genius certainly helped to lift the new science out of the embrace of alchemy. In the age in which he lived he stood almost alone, and certainly walked with fearless tread along new paths that continually brought into view new wonderlands.

Of Dante, the wierd, the irreproachable Macaulay says: "When we read Dante the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from the valley of the dolorous abyss; we seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale."

One cannot read him without feeling the flesh creep and the hair stand erect. Listen to these awful words:

"Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groined
A noise as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on
Whirl'd round and dash'd anon with sere array.
When they arrive before the sinuous sweep,
Then shrieks are heard, then lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the great Power in heaven."
—*Hell*, Canto V., lines 29 to 37.

These are terrible words—born out of the bitter experiences of a soul at war with the world. No other has walked the same path. No other painted the same pictures. No other descended to such depths of despair. Alone he started on the journey. Yet he has given us only a picture of his own blighted and disappointed soul-life. Truly does Henry Giles say in one of his essays:

"It is our inward world that makes our outward. The life that we see is but the reflection of the one which we feel, for which heaven, earth, society are mirrors, and the thoughts and associations of the soul the archetypes and objects."

If one's life is blighted or perverted, how dark the picture reflected! I mean one's real life of life—not the outward or external—but the inward, the soul-life. One's inward life may be full of sunshine, while the outward sees only storms and dark shadows. One's spirit may live above the shadows, may sit serene and unapproachable on the loftiest crag of the universe, even while the outward is employed in the most menial pursuits. Try to make the partition thin between the spirit and the external world, that the wondrous light of that interior life may illuminate the world.

In the early days of our religion the grand old pioneers did not wait for others to start with them. Imbued with the spirit of the new, they cleared new pathways through untrodden fields. In the early days the pioneers in the camp-meeting movement—Brothers Richardson, Dodge, Gardner and Hatch—did not wait until the crowd were ready to go with them, but instead inaugurated a movement that to-day has become a recognized power in the field of spiritual reformation.

In our few gleanings from the pages of history, have we not proven how true the words that we quoted at the beginning? Surely only "the man who goes alone can start to-day," for if he waited for the world to get ready to accompany him, he may never commence his

journey. The majority of people must see others well on their journey before they are aroused to the necessity of making an effort for themselves. Have we not seen this exemplified again and again in our religion? The few brave pioneers blazed the way along paths where mortal foot had never pressed. And now after they have gone a long way on their journey, the world comes rushing after them. Helen Hunt Jackson, in most beautiful language, tells the story of the singer who daily passed up and down the sands on the seashore, crying out with yearning voice:

"These must be hills," he said.
"I know they stand at sunset rosy red.
And purple in the shadowed morn;
Great forest trees like babes are rocked and borne
Upon their breasts, and flowers like jewels shine
Around their feet, and gold and silver line
Their hidden chambers, and great cities rise
Stately where this protecting shadow lies,
And men grow brave and women are more fair
'Neath higher skies, and in the clearer air."
One day thus longing, gazing lot in awe
Made calm by ecstasy, he sudden saw,
Far out to seaward, mountain peaks appear.
Slow rising from the water pale and clear.

And then he cried aloud to the people, and pointed with trembling fingers to where he had seen the vision. But the people saw no mountains, and called him mad. "One day the singer was not seen. Men said,"
"That as the early day was breaking red,
He rowed far out to sea."

"But when the sea with sunset hues was dyed,
A boat came slowly drifting with the tide."
And when the keel grazed the sands, the singer leaped out and cried:

"Lo! I have landed on the hills of gold!"
But as his hands were empty, and he had brought no trophy from that land beyond, men failed to believe and still thought him mad. But finally men reversed their judgment and said, "He is not mad,
There be such hills, and treasures to be had
For seeking there! We too without delay will sail."

We are still further told that some of the men who sailed "found the purple mountains in the sea." The others that found not the mountains in the sea returned only to scoff at those whose souls were filled with ecstasy.

"Tireless the great years waged: the great years wared;
Slowly the singer's comrades grew and gained
Till they were goodly number."

"Still rise the magic hills,
Purple and gold and red; the shore still thrills
With fragrance when the sunset winds begin
To blow and wait the subtle odors in
From treasure-laden boats that drift and bide
The hours and moments of the wave and tide,
Laden with fruits and boughs and flowers rare,
And jewels such as monarchs do not wear,
And costly stuffs which dazzle on the sight;
Stuffs wrought for fairest virgin, bravest knight;
And men with cheeks all red, and eyes aflame,
And hearts that call to hearts by brother's name,
Still leap out on the silent, lifeless sands,
And staggering with over-burdened hands
Joyous lay down the treasures they have brought,
While smiling, plying, the world sees naught."

Truly, history repeats itself, and the world smiles in pity upon those they fail to understand—those who read the higher lessons of spirit, and calls them mad. But sooner or later they must ascertain the great fact, that they are not mad, but instead started on their journey before the motley human crowd were ready to start, and have walked among the stars with the angels of God as companions.

Does the Philosophy of Spiritualism and Do Spiritualists Recognize War as a Civilizing Agency and a Necessity?

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Is there a Spiritualist in this country who doubts that war is savagery? If so, communication with decastrated spirits has not been ethical advancement to them. If the hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists deplore the horrors and destruction of war, if they wish that human beings might enjoy the humanizing conditions of the dominion of reason, and the arbitrament of justice and fraternity, why not try to make these principles and sentiments effective?

The church and the university have failed to abolish the spirit of murder and the constantly-increased effectiveness of death-dealing instruments and weapons of torture. The bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping knife, represent the savage who never worshiped under a church spire or heard of a schoolhouse or college.

What school-graduated, priest-baptized savages we have to-day handling Mauser rifles, Gatling guns, inventing dum-dum bullets and Lyddite shells to rend and tear human flesh! The czar of Russia called a Peace Conference which might be considered a "practical joke" only that it was too wretchedly sad a farce. Not a representative of any nation pronounced for the abolition of war, and of the manufacture of death and torture-dealing instruments.

The next move on the world's chessboard was the proclamation of the President of this country to a people who had long been struggling to free themselves from the despotism of priest and monarch, a people who had committed no offence toward us, that they must submit to the sovereignty of the United States, the result being the slaughter of our citizens, the slaying of Filipinos and the ravaging and destruction of their homes.

Their efforts to find what was the purpose of the administration in regard to their future

was ignored, their envoys refused a hearing. Do the people of this country, and especially do Spiritualists, approve of such despot treatment of a weaker people? Do we prefer the arbitrament of savagery to that of reason and good-will to men?

If not, why not do something about it? A proclamation of allegiance to humanity, to the eternal truth that liberty is the inalienable right of every human being; that the promotion of peace and the love and good will which will actualize the brotherhood of man are the principles which Spiritualists adopt, and that the wholesale murder of war is criminal, would place "the Cause" on an impregnable ground of right and justice, and command the universal respect of all intelligent minds.

Every individual Spiritualist and every organization of Spiritualists might send a protest to respective members of Congress against a policy that calls for an increase of the standing army, with its increased burden upon the toiler, and its perpetuation of the demoralizing, brutalizing spirit of war.

Spiritualists ought to understand that they who take the sword shall perish by the sword. Spiritualists know that there is in the universe no intervention between cause and effect. They ought to know that involving the nation in the policy of monarchs must inevitably produce the results of monarchism—the subjection of the people to the ruling power. A people who consent to the subjection of another people will sooner or later become subjected. A republic cannot exist except the spirit of liberty is its life, and the spirit of liberty seeks no conquest and subjugation of the weaker by the strong.

Spiritualists know—surely ought to know—that the only solution of all difficulties, between peoples as between individuals, is the mutual concessions of love—love of man and love of justice. Spiritualists must certainly admit that the butchery of war can never bring peace and good-will to earth's children. Why not try to bring a sweet bye-and-bye here and now, for the benefit and benediction of struggling mortals, instead of merely singing about one in the beyond?

If Spiritualism does not actively promote the brotherhood of man, the good-will that seeks the good of all, the liberty of fellowship and love, and for humanity everywhere, of all races and conditions of men, it cannot rightfully claim superiority over the creedism and ecclesiasticism of the Church. The one supreme test of all cults, philosophies, religious and isms, is the actualizing of liberty, justice, and the fraternity of love in mortal life and all human relations.

Would that I could bring to the conscience of every Spiritualist a sense of responsibility to work vigorously for the abolition of militarism and the savagery of war. What manner of spirit are we generating and evolving in warfare to-day and what will be its fruitage, of vastly more importance than to be assured that death does not end all, and that our departed loved ones still love us and can send us messages, precious as this knowledge is.

If Spiritualism is not humanitarian and in the universal spirit, it is not worthy the acceptance and devotion of human beings. War cannot be claimed as a humanitarian agency. Will not Spiritualists unite to demand the abolition of war?

The N. S. A. on Belief.

Dr. Peebles, in commenting upon the declaration of principles passed by the N. S. A. in Chicago, says in his *Temple of Health*:

"It is to be further observed that in this declaration the words 'believe' and 'affirm' occur and re-occur, while that telling word 'know' is utterly barred out. Should not fifty and more years of investigation and research—fifty and more years of spirit messages, testimonies and communications, together with the clairvoyant's sight, the clairaudient's ear, the medium's trance, and the temporary leaving of the body and traversing the higher spheres of spirit-life to which trustworthy mediums testify—should not all these, with other definite and well-established facts, enable Spiritualists of even ordinary intellects to say 'we know'—KNOW of spirit-return and know something of the realities, facilities and employments that obtain in the spirit-world? And yet, this convention only timorously 'affirmed' personal identity and spirit-intercourse. Affirmation is not the equivalent of demonstration or knowledge. Therefore the substituting of 'we affirm' for 'we know' was decidedly MAL A PROPOS."

"Not a word in this declaration of principles about evolution, about the law of progress in all worlds, about compensation implying suffering for wrong doing, about the naturalness of spirit intercourse, about the pressing necessity of engaging in all the great reforms of the age, or about the beauties and transcendent glories that await the good and the pure in the higher realms of immortality. If Spiritualists know anything about the condition, progress and occupation of those peopled the spiritual spheres of existence, why in the name of reason not say it straight out, in good, solid, incisive Anglo-Saxon? Why not write it, publish it, vote it, and daily live it to the glory of humanity? This is the day of demonstration, enunciation and construction."

"All said to the contrary, however, the convention did very much excellent work. Those not present will do the most of the fault finding—mark it."

It is to be regretted that more of the old pioneers, the time-scarred veterans, with the full courage of their convictions, had not been present to have steered the ark—such as Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Prof. E. D. Babbitt, A. J. Davis, Lyman C. Howe, Dean Clarke, Hudson Tuttle, W. E. Coleman, E. Whipple, Giles B. Stebbins, and other men, and women too, upon whose pale foreheads the angels long ago wrote in letters of light: 'FAITHFUL, TRUE AND FAITHFUL.'"

(Copyrighted Oct., 1899, by Carlyle Petersilea.)

MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanides," a Poetical Novel, "Mary Ann Carey," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

When the June roses were in full bloom, and the air was laden with the sweet perfumes of the various flowers of that delightful month, Marion Goldboro and the Earl of Leicester were married.

The Earl returned with his bride to England, and they remained in Europe for a year, visiting renowned places on the Continent; and when the June roses bloomed once again, they returned to America, for Marion meant to carry on the work she had begun.

As we have before stated, the Earl owned many thousand acres of land directly in the heart of the United States.

"Dear Englehart," said Marion, shortly after their return to America, "will you not take me to see this land of yours? Why may we not found a colony together? We are worth many millions of dollars, enough, certainly, to enable us to accomplish all our desires toward benefiting the poor and down to the land of our country. Let us gather in the June, the halt and the blind, the widow and the orphan, the sick and all aged, and build beautiful and comfortable homes for them on this land."

A look of deep interest overspread the Earl's countenance.

"Marion, my angel," he said, as he wound his arms about his sweet wife, "it shall be as you say. We will make a heaven right here and now, and will not wait for the separation of soul and body before entering in at the pearly gates of happiness. Ever since my father departed this life I have questioned what I had best do with this large, unutilized, beautiful, but wild tract of land. Yes, dear, it shall be as you say. We will make a heaven of it, and take hundreds of poor creatures into this heaven before they linger out a miserable existence in the body. My land lies in Colorado, not far from the Rockies; in fact, it takes in a portion of the foot-hills, and Pike's Peak hangs over it like a giant sentinel."

"We can start by the first of the coming week, can we not?" asked Marion, with sparkling eyes.

"There is no good reason why we may not," he replied.

And the following week found them in the city of Denver, and less than a hundred miles from the point which they wished to reach; here a couple of traveling vans were fitted up with all the comforts and luxuries possible. Four large, commodious tents were also purchased, and taken along.

All this was new to Marion, and she entered into the spirit of the wilderness enthusiastically and joyfully. The mountain scenery was magnificently sublime, and as the vans slowly wound their way southward, the grandeur of the scenery became more and more pronounced. The Earl had also purchased in Denver an easy and elegant carriage, to which were attached a pair of spirited gray horses. In this the Earl and his wife were seated most comfortably. A good driver, who knew the route and was well acquainted with the country was in the box, and a footman rested easily in a good seat at the rear; then followed the two loaded vans. Two good cooks, two drivers, and a half-dozen men of all work, together with three maids and a valet, made up the company, and a happy, merry company it proved to be.

This was Marion's first taste of really wild life. "Dear Englehart," she said, "I believe I shall never care to live in a city again."

"You need not, my dear wife," her husband answered, "if you do not wish to; but this colony which we intend to found will be quite a city of itself."

"Yes; but a very different city from New York or the other cities which we have visited."

"Very different from London, where the most of my former life has been spent."

The first night out found them encamped in a beautiful spot, under a bright moon, a cloudless sky, the grand old mountains at their back, the vast sweeping prairie in front, breathing the crisp, clear, cool air of a Colorado evening, with the sound of a gurgling brook in their ears as it came scurrying down from the mountains, winding its way among the foot-hills. Here the horses were picketed, the tents pitched and a large camp-fire lighted. The cooks were busy preparing supper, the maids were attending to their mistress; small brass bedssteads had been brought along, that Marion and the Earl might not be obliged to lie on the ground. These were soon made up in their dainty white coverings; temporary tables were spread, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Comfortable camp-chairs were placed outside the tents, and Marion, wrapped warmly, was seated near the door of her tent, her thoughts roaming back to Sarah of old, to the children of Israel being led by Moses into the wilderness, wherein they wandered forty years; and she thought she could live and wander here for forty years, if need be; she also meant to gather about her a multitude of unfortunates, hoping, spiritually, to lead them into a land flowing with milk and honey.

The third day out found the party encamped on the Earl's land. This tract of land proved to be about five miles square. It extended back into the foothills for some distance, in fact quite to the base of Pike's Peak. Much of the land was rolling prairie, a considerable portion of it being perfectly level. Through this tract of land, gurgling down from the mountains above, ran quite a large stream of water, a tributary to the San Brazos. In many places this stream broadened out into miniature lakes, and small boats could be easily managed in almost every part of it. The tents were pitched close to the foothills on the bank of this small river, and Marion, as she sat at the door of her tent, was able to take in at a glance nearly all this vast tract of land which belonged to the Earl and herself.

"Marion," said Englehart, "this tract of land holds within its embrace vast possibilities. If it were sown to wheat alone the yield would be immense. But we hope to put the land to a better use still. Now, dear wife, let your eyes roam over this land, and then we will lay out plans for the colony."

"We will begin the settlement just at this spot," said Marion, "and I hope our city will be as enduring as yonder lofty peak."

"Amen!" echoed Englehart.

"And when we are laid to rest may others take up the work and carry it forward. On that hill yonder, with the dark pine forest just at the back, we will build our hospital. In the bend of the stream, just over there, we will have our schoolhouse, for the children of unfortunates must be educated. Just where the camp fire is now blazing we will place a very long building, which shall be cook house and dining-room, where all who cannot keep their own little home will find plenty of good wholesome food, and where the tramp and the beggar shall be made welcome. A flour mill can be built near that whirling cascade yonder. A vast storehouse can occupy that dry looking spot not far away; and down there, where the stream eddies so prettily, a laundry must stand. Now let me see," she continued reflectively, "how many buildings I have already: hospital, mill, laundry, schoolhouse, cookhouse, and, dear, where shall we place our own residence?"

"I think that elevated spot out there would answer admirably. Just beyond, in that little run, are very many trees of various kinds."

"Just the spot," echoed Marion. "Now we want a large house to accommodate workmen and others; and that must be not far from the dining room building. Aside from these buildings all the others must be small, plain and

neat, and our own home must not be an exception to the rule. We will put up a hundred of these houses to commence with, and then add as we need them. The land must be gradually turned into waving fields of corn and wheat. Potatoes, and other vegetables, must also be planted; for, in the end, this must be a self-sustaining colony, and all who are able to work must work at least four hours each day. The eating of meat, or the killing of animals for food shall be strictly prohibited. Not a drop of ardent spirits must even find its way hither, and, now, dear, what about a church?"

"We will put up one grand, imposing edifice, and dedicate it to highers powers—to the Spiritual powers above us, to the angelhood within us, and there we will all meet and hold communion with those who have departed to the spiritual realms."

"Mother will never join us here," said Marion, a little sadly.

"No," answered the Earl. "Your mother has already begged me to allow her to go to England, and live at Leicester palace. She thinks it wrong for me to desert my ancestral halls; but, if she cannot change my determination, she would like her family, at least, to enjoy the honors of European life."

"Just the thing for mamma!" exclaimed Marion. "I wonder I never thought of it before. And you consented, Englehart, dear?"

"Certainly, my love. Your father and mother will enjoy looking after my interest and honors there of all things best; but, Marion, we have said nothing as yet about a prison, court-house, police station, and so forth."

"No prison shall ever be built in our colony, no court-house, no legal proceedings shall find a place here. Within the hospital we will have one or two rooms wherein we can confine those who may be for a time insane or violent, and all shall be treated with the utmost kindness. All the houses that are built here shall have one acre of land attached for a garden, and flowers shall be cultivated, but the large fields shall belong to the colony, or, rather, we will hold them for the good of all; and each able-bodied man shall be paid one dollar per day for four hours' labor therein. A life lease of a cottage and its surrounding acre of land, shall be given to each family, or to a man or woman singly, who desires such a home. Our school and hospital shall be free, and one dollar per day for four hours' work of any kind therein, shall be paid to all who are employed either at the hospital or school. The school session shall be four hours, the primary classes two."

"How about the doctor and minister?" asked the Earl.

"Ministers we shall not need—that is, not of the clerical kind. When we meet at our Temple each and all shall give forth the best that is within him or her—all shall be teachers. It will probably be necessary to have one or two good surgeons at the hospital; but they, like the others, must be content with one dollar per four hours, their house and acre of ground. Artists, physicians and musicians must follow their professions for the love of them, and not for the riches they might be able to pile up. None need join our colony that do not wish to; but if heaven can be made on earth, we will make it; and I am sure that we shall be as happy as the angels, trying to make a heaven for others as well as ourselves. I do not believe that crime of any kind will exist amongst us, for all incentives to crime will be taken away; and not a drop of liquor nor the flesh of animals will ever pass the lips of anyone within our colony. A binding oath to that effect must be taken before anyone is admitted among us."

The moon was shining brightly on beautiful Marion. It was growing late. Her eyelids drooped a little heavily. They entered their tent, and soon the camp was in silent repose.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEGGARVILLE.

Marion remained for a week, and each day was spent in reviewing the land and perfecting the plans for the constructing of the buildings and laying out the streets for the little town; then she returned to New York; but the Earl remained to look after the constructors and the purchasing of materials for building.

Most of the lumber, together with bricks and so forth, must be obtained at the city of Denver, and the nearest railroad station was some twenty-five miles distant; so it would take three months at least to have the little city fit for habitation. They had already named it Pearlville. Now the Earl and Marion determined to make Pearlville their permanent home for life, and they meant to pass the remainder of their lives on earth in doing all the good which was possible for them to do; so Marion returned to the Goldboro mansion in New York, pending all necessary arrangements therefor.

Mrs. Goldboro was frantic to think that Marion should so forget her position in the world as to sink herself to the level of dirt, as she expressed it.

To be sure her daughter had married a title, but, with her plebeian notions, what good could it do her?

Shortly after Marion's arrival at home, Mrs. Goldboro made a last effort to turn the tide of Marion's determination.

"So you are to call your camp of shanties 'Pearlville,'" she said to Marion. "I think 'Beggerville' or 'Shantytown' would be far more appropriate. O, Marion! give up this wild project! It will be the ruin of the Earl of Leicester, and you will be the cause of it all. No doubt you will both become beggars, in the end, on account of it. What can you expect of such wretched beings as you intend to fill your camp with?—outcasts, drunks, tramps and beggars. Oh, that I should live to see my daughter such a crank!"

"Mother," said Marion, "I think you are partly to blame for my—as you think—unworthiness; for, when I was a little child, you bade me read the New Testament, and you did not care to have me read but little else. As I read about Jesus and his commandments, it made a deep and lasting impression on my tender mind, and I determined, as soon as I became old enough, to obey those commandments to the letter. I should sell all that I possess and give it to the poor, but I think by using my wealth in the way I have mapped out, it will really be doing more good than to sell all that I have. Mamma, you are always talking of going to heaven when you die. Why can we not make a heaven right here and now, instead of waiting for death to enter it? If I live here on earth three score and ten years, the allotted time of human life, it will be a long, long time to wait for heaven. I am impatient, dear mother. I always have been, as you too well know, and I cannot wait so long. Like a child, I am eager to have a small foretaste of heaven, here and now."

"A foretaste of heaven? Then, indeed, I should think you would desire to live in England, in the Earl's palace, be called 'My Lady,' govern a house full of menials, have the common people bow down to you, and be honored by the nobility and gentry. Ah! that would be a heaven to my taste."

"At least, mamma, you shall go and be the mistress of such a heaven for the remainder of your life here. Father shall be installed in the Earl's place, and you shall be called 'My Lady,' and sister Bess shall marry a Prince, if she can. Willie shall have every advantage that Europe can give, and—Viola? what kind of life will she choose, do you think, mamma?"

"I will answer that question for myself," said that young lady, who had just entered the room. "I shall go with you, sister Marion," and a peculiar light shone from the great violet eyes. "I shall go with Marion, mamma, and if

she will allow me, I will become an Oracle in the Temple at Pearlville."

"An Oracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Goldboro. "You, Viola Goldboro, an Oracle! Great heaven! What can you mean?"

"The angels bid me," answered the girl. "Hear them, mamma," and laying her hand on a table near by, long rapt, or curious convulsions, were heard. Marion looked deeply interested.

"Oh! merciful heavens! have my daughters become lunatics?" cried Mrs. Goldboro, in great distress. "What are you doing to that table, Viola? This is not the time nor occasion to play tricks. Take your hands off the table."

Viola obeyed, but the sounds came with redoubled loudness on the back of the chair in which the lady was sitting, the chair at the same time being twisted partly around, Viola not having moved from her place; she had simply taken her hands from the table, that was all.

"You will drive me quite insane, between you," said Mrs. Goldboro, with great petulance. "I know very well what you have been dabbling with, Viola. These raps, and this movement of my chair, mean nothing more nor less than Spiritualism. Can it be possible, Viola, that you are becoming so vile and degraded as to bring Spiritualism into my house? Then, indeed, it is time you joined your sister, and you may both live at Beggerville, if you choose."

"Mamma," she said pleadingly, "these raps came of their own accord. They have come to me a great many times when I have been alone. When they first came I had never heard of Spiritualism. I used to amuse myself often by asking questions, and these sounds would answer them. When I was gay they would come joyfully and glad. When I was sorrowful they would be soft and low. Then often when my eyes were closed, I saw a lovely girl about my own age; then I would see troops of beautiful children; and they talked with me, and all said they were the spirits of little girls and boys who had once lived in the earth-life as I was living now. How could I help all this, dear mamma? Now that I am older, they tell me I must show to the world at large the truth of spirit-communication. You have always at church said or repeated the ritual that you believed in the communion of saints, and these who talk with me are little sainted children."

"Rapping spirits are not saints," said her mother sternly. "The ritual says nothing about spiritual rappings."

"But saints are the souls of departed men and women, are they not? Many of them were not even sainted until they departed this life."

"A saint is a very different being from these rapping spirits; moreover, I do not believe that spirits can return at all."

"If the spirits of the saints can return, why not other spirits as well?"

"Well, God may permit the saints, but not others."

"I think," said Viola, "as God governs all things through natural laws, and some spirits can return, all can do so through the same laws; and I positively know, dear mamma, that these sounds which I hear are made by spiritual beings."

"Oh, Satan is getting in his diabolical work with my children," groaned Mrs. Goldboro, "causing one to make homes for wicked beggars and tramps, and the other to become a witch, that, according to the Bible, ought not to be suffered to live. Go and live in Beggerville—yes, go! That is the proper place for you."

"And the unhappy mother covered her face with her hands."

"But, mamma," said Viola, "Jesus says that the rich can scarcely enter heaven."

"Well, we shall not be rich after we are dead," said the mother.

"No," said Marion, "we cannot take a penny with us, but all our good works will go before us to prepare a place for us; but I am determined to make a heaven here and now, and then carry it with me when I go hence."

"How can you, Harry Beggerville with you?" asked Mrs. Goldboro, raising her head.

"Many of the tramps and beggars in Pearlville will probably go before me," answered Marion, "and they will form a Pearlville for me; others will go about the time I do, and they will accompany me; I shall leave a great many behind, no doubt, and to them I will return to help, bless and comfort them."

"But why not love your own mother a little?" sobbed Mrs. Goldboro.

"I love you with all my heart," said Marion, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. "Will you not obtain your greatest desire through me after all? You will be happier to have it all your own way at the palace, much happier than if I were there to interfere with you."

"Marion," exclaimed Mrs. Goldboro, "I believe if it were not for Earl E. Helbert, I would wash my hands of you entirely. To think that a Goldboro should so far forget herself and her position in the world as to talk such crazy nonsense as forming a heaven—dreadful travesty on the word—with beggars, drunks and tramps—low, illiterate, degraded human beings, that the merciful God of the real heaven condemn to everlasting torment, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

"Mother," said Marion, with indignant eyes, "do not, I beg of you, speak to me of such a God, for I cannot believe in a monster of iniquity. The God in whom I believe is a God of mercy, love and truth; and as a child of mercy, love and truth I intend to give my life in serving the God—or rather the Good—in whom I believe. But we will not quarrel on this subject, dearest mother. I shall come to England as often as every two years to visit you at the palace, and, oh! how I wish that you would visit me at Pearlville the alternating years."

"That I never will," said Mrs. Goldboro with asperity; "but I will return here, to the Goldboro mansion, in those alternating years. Your father has determined to keep the house just as it is, for the old lady, his mother, does not care to go to Europe with us, and your father thinks he also would like to remain here half the time. Viola may not care to stay very long in Beggerville, and in that case may wish to return home."

(To be Continued.)

Letter from Liverpool.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Though I am still busy in London I go out of town to lecture quite frequently. The first of my journeyings north during my present stay in England was in response to an earnest call from Liverpool to fill an engagement with the old society, whose President is the venerable John Lamont, and which still keeps open a large centre of activity in historic Dauby Hall. Responding to a kind invitation from my faithful friend Mrs. R. Morgan (formerly of Manchester), I arrived on the date of Saratate's violin recital, Saturday, Nov. 18. I found Mrs. Morgan delightfully situated at 39 Prospect Vale, very near 5 Laburnum Road, which has long been the residence of Mr. Lamont and his faithful niece. Mrs. Morgan's son, who was wonderfully benefited by mental treatment when in New York when thirteen years of age, is now a successful young business man of twenty-one, and a very earnest and efficient worker in the Liverpool Progressive Lyceum, which meets in Dauby Hall every Sunday at 11 A.M. The following account of Saratate's wonderful concert may prove of interest.

On the two previous occasions when he appeared in Liverpool, we heard Senor Saratate interpret compositions of Mendelssohn, Raffi, and Dvorak; now his choice fell upon the compositions of Bach, Schumann and Saint-Saens—and an excellent choice he made. Bach was represented by his second sonata, Schumann also by his second sonata, and Saint-Saens by his "Concertstück" in A major, op. 20. The placing of these pieces in this order was interesting from the chronological point of view, and a better selection for the display of the violinist's versatility could not have been made. The classical solidity of the older master, the

poetic beauty of Schumann, and the brilliance of the French composer, were all alike artistically and all sufficiently realized. It may sound trite and commonplace to remark that Senor Saratate played better than ever; but this expresses the real fact of the matter, as all present who had heard him before must have felt. And not only did he play better than ever, but—though this may seem impossible—he played with more grace and with even more ease than ever. It was really marvellous to see such consummately clever executive feats attained without the slightest apparent effort.

This was always a chief characteristic of the great violinist's performances, but never before was it so noticeable. Wonderfully beautiful trills, the most difficult double-stopping passages, and inordinately complex harmonies were all alike played with surpassing skill and exquisite taste.

His performance of the third movement of the Schumann sonata, which consists almost entirely of pizzicato passages for both hands, was as astonishingly clever as it was entrancingly beautiful, and the violinist was rewarded with an enthusiastic outburst of applause. After the Saint-Saens piece he complied with the demand for an encore by playing the prelude to the Bach E major sonata (unaccompanied), the latter portion of which he afterwards gave as a second encore piece. Senor Saratate's final contribution to the program enabled him to display his genius as a composer as well as an executant, and he now performed for the first time an unpublished Spanish dance, entitled "Miramala," which is dedicated to the Queen Regent of Spain. It is a composition of great beauty, alternating from the most exhilarating form of dance music to the most voluptuous waltz imaginable. Here, as elsewhere, he had an admirable accompanist in Dr. Otto Neitzel, who cannot be too highly commended for efficiently seconding the efforts of the violinist. Dr. Neitzel also figured as a soloist, playing the Chopin "Ballades" in F major and A-flat major, and, as an encore piece, the beautiful though somewhat hackneyed G minor "Nocturne." These he interpreted with unexceptionable accuracy and distinctness.

On the same day at 8 P.M. I spoke to an excellent audience in Dauby Hall, and addressed two very large gatherings on Sunday, Nov. 19. One of the lectures was on rest and work in spirit-life, and contained a tribute to Emma Hardinge-Britten, who was greatly beloved and is now sadly missed in the northern and western parts of England, where she worked so long and so efficiently. The Sunday evening lecture was on a striking topic, "Satan's Return to Heaven: What on Earth Will Follow It?" The hall was crowded by a most intelligent and sympathetic audience. After the evening service a few friends met privately at Mrs. Morgan's home, and it is declared that Mrs. Britten spoke characteristically through my mediumship.

Sunday, Nov. 19, was Donation Day for the Hebrew Philanthropic Society. It is an annual event for the Lord Mayor of Liverpool to attend in state a service at the synagogue, Prince's Road, in aid of the funds of the Liverpool Hebrew Philanthropic Society; but unusual interest was attached by the community to the occasion, by the fact that the holder of the office this year (Mr. L. S. Cohen) is himself a Jew, and a member of that particular synagogue. This circumstance drew not only a crowded congregation but also a large gathering of people in Prince's Road, who watched with sympathetic curiosity the procession of the members of the synagogue, as they entered the entrance to which stood the Liverpool company of the Jewish Lads' Brigade, under the command of Captain E. K. Yates, as a guard of honor. The Lord Mayor was received by the President of the society, Mr. Julius Jacobs; the Honorable Treasurer, Mr. D. G. G. Davis; and the wardens of the synagogue, Messrs. L. Solomon, Eliot Levy and Ellis Yates. Accompanying his Lordship were the Town Clerk (Mr. Pickmore), Aldermen Sir Thomas Hughes, Garnett, Watts, Menlove, Cookson, Smith, Pail and Houlding; Councillors May, Smith, Turner, Berry, Lea, Lawrence, Rutherford, Major Edwards, Dr. Clarke, Saunby, Morris, Captain Denton, W. Walker, Lister, Petrie, Thomas, Hough, Goshwaite, Bullen, Uley, M'Gullichae, Farmer, Hampson, Colonel Porter, Samuel, Sheldermire, Roberts, Lloyd and Chevalier; Mr. A. F. Warr, M.P., S. E. Russell, Messrs. T. E. Sampson (city coroner), T. Snape, G. H. Dastish, J. R. Grant, G. H. Neale, E. Yates, F. Joseph, G. Wynne, C. Samuel, C. O. Bremner (sergeant-at-mace), C. F. Bellamy, R. P. Corkhill, F. Giffey, F. Salisbury (postmaster), R. C. Odfield, J. E. A. Rogers, Sheikh Abdullah Quliam, P. H. Nasrullah Warren and Sheikhazade Mahomed Ber. The congregation also included the Lady Mayoress and her two daughters, Mrs. Edgar and Miss Cohen, Mr. Harold Cohen and Mr. Rex Cohen, her sons, and Miss Vera Levy.

The service, which was most impressive, was conducted by the Rev. S. Friedberg, the reader being Rev. H. Burman (Prince's Road), while the other ministers were Messrs S. Singer (St. Petersburg Place Synagogue, London); J. Harris (Prince's Road), Kutkowski (Hope place), Lipkin (Fountains Road) and Machit (Crown street).

The Rev. S. Singer took as his text, I. Chronicles, xxix., 12-14—part, he said, of the hymn of thanks into which David broke as he surveyed, toward the close of his career, all God's mercies to him, but not less appropriate in the mouth of a community than in the mouth of an individual, however favored and exalted; and gathered there that day under circumstances in themselves sufficiently striking, they might well give them an application to their own case. What progress had marked the career of the Hebrew community in Liverpool—a community, never, indeed, at any stage, lacking in vigor and dignity. If the founders of that congregation more than a century ago—the original promoters, nearly ninety years ago, of the oldest existing Jewish charitable institution of Liverpool, the Hebrew Philanthropic Society, could revisit the scene of their pious and beneficent labors how they would stand amazed!

Of the extraordinary development, material, social, civil and political of their successors, not the most sanguine of them could have had a prevision. They would be the first to exclaim, "Both riches and honor come of Thee." The story of Jewish progress in this country had often been told, but there were a couple of points which it might not be out of place to emphasize. The first was that in the work of removing disabilities from those who happened not to be of the dominant creed, Liverpool had taken a foremost part. It was a fact that Jews enjoyed civil rights in this city before they obtained them in the Metropolis. It was also a fact that Liverpool aided most powerfully in forming and directing that public opinion which ultimately led to the full civil and political emancipation of the Jews of the United Kingdom, an effort within the memory of some of his congregation. But as long ago as 1830 not only were the Jews of Liverpool themselves active in striving to obtain their rights, but their demands were also strongly backed by their fellow citizens, and by the distinguished Parliamentary representative of Liverpool at the time, William Huskisson. Early in the year in which he met with his untimely death at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, he presented a petition in favor of Jewish emancipation, signed by two thousand of his constituents, including clergymen of the Established Church, and every banker and every merchant of repute and influence in his constituency. That Liverpool had been faithful to her principles of equal rights and equal opportunities for honorable distinction for all good and loyal citizens, they themselves could furnish the best proof.

And on another point he would touch. The lot of the Jews of England had been in one respect unique in the experience of European countries. Other nations had had their generous impulses, but their emotions had often been transient. Not so that dear land of their rights, but where the right lay and set forth upon the road thither, she never retraced her steps. For them there was no fear of losing, unless through their own fault, what the deliberate, matured convictions of their rulers and fellow-

citizens had solemnly declared to be their due. (God had breathed into this great nation the spirit of equity, which was the true spirit of life in the body politic—a mighty, transforming, and enduring spirit.) More congenial than that ordinarily gained there for worship, and the charity on whose special behalf they were assembled, were the two links uniting them with the earlier history of the Jews of Liverpool, and they typified the two great aims of all religion—the service of God and the service of man. No minister was likely to minimize the importance of Divine worship, but after all, what was the use of the purest emotions unless they bore fruit in conduct? The door between us and heaven would never be opened if that between us and our fellowmen was shut. All the growth and prosperity of which the visible signs were about them had its darker side. Never were the contrasts between wealth and poverty so glaring as in our own time, and never was there, therefore, a stronger call upon all whom heaven had blessed by any measure of prosperity to tone down that contrast. Upon them there was a double call as citizens and Jews. They were not conflicting claims. They mutually supported each other. Never, he trusted, would Jews willingly forget the honorable distinction that, while they rightly bore their share of the general burdens, they would not add to the burdens of others by imposing upon them the charge of the Jewish poor.

It was the pursuit of that laudable object that justified the existence of the Liverpool Hebrew Philanthropic Society, and of the other charitable institutions in their midst, and that object could only be properly accomplished by the relief being alike timely and adequate. We had lately been taught a few lessons on the subject of fighting the enemy with insufficient forces, and we had had to pay heavily for it. In principle the lesson was the same whether the foe was one who confronted them with guns or rifles, or one who faced them in rags, and with all the distressful and repellent features of poverty. They read just now much about two acute forms of suffering among the poor—underfeeding and overcrowding—and he knew they were alive to both evils. They had a society for providing free meals to underfed school children; and as to the provision of dwellings for the poor, where it would be possible to respect the elementary laws of health and the decencies of life, he suggested that they should follow the practice of the London Jewish Board of Guardians, and make their charity conditional on the recipients doing their best to render their homes clean and decent, and to live in a state as human as circumstances would permit. The Jewish poor loved their independence too much to desire charity, or to continue it longer than was necessary. In closing, he urged his hearers to show a generous spirit not only toward their own charities, but to the larger charities of the general community.

The collection amounted to £195, the largest ever received at this service, the next being £190 in the majority of Lord Derby. The choir was conducted by Mr. J. W. Lyons. Part of the music was by the late choir-master, Prof. Sagin, and part by the present (Mr. Burman).

My next lecture out of London was given in Eastbourne, by invitation of my old friend, Robert Cooper, who was the first person to meet me in America on the occasion of my first visit to Boston in the late autumn of 1878, when I was known as "The Kitten Orator," on account of my extreme juvenility. Mr. Cooper, though quite advanced in years, is still composing music, compiling tracts, and doing all in his power to advance the Cause of Spiritualism, which is particularly dear to him. Eastbourne is a charming seaside resort, and in the summer season is crowded with visitors. My lecture drew a representative but not a very numerous audience; it was given in a Church of England schoolroom, dealt directly with Spiritualism, and was followed by answers to questions and an impromptu poem. Mr. Cooper feels that renewed interest has been excited, and both he and his son expressed the kind hope that I might soon revisit Sussex and give another lecture in Eastbourne.

As I cannot relinquish my hold upon my London audiences, I have to travel quite extensively to fill my provincial engagements, which are pouring in so thick and fast that were I able to settle in the North or West of England I would be incessantly employed. One of my excellent friends of former days, Mr. James Lingford, a prominent commercial man, whose chief business centres are Leeds and Sheffield (two very large and thriving cities of Yorkshire) cooperated with one of the Spiritualist societies in Sheffield, and with only two days' announcement arranged for me to speak in a large hall on Sunday, Nov. 20, at three services. The attendance was very good both morning and afternoon, and so crowded in the evening that late comers had to stand.

I spoke again in the same place, at a request, on "Joys and Sorrows of Satan," by particular request, to another crowded audience. On Tuesday, Nov. 28, I lectured in Manchester for the Spiritualist Alliance, on "Character Revealed in Halls," which is at present a very popular theme in England, and always gives good opportunity for introducing important points in spiritual philosophy.

I had to be back again in London for balance of the week and am now again in Liverpool. I hear the kindest words about America and Americans wherever I go, and can sincerely declare that liberal philanthropic workers all over Great Britain are in fullest accord with transatlantic brethren. W. J. COLVILLE.

What Shall the Vision Be?

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

I read with thrilling sensations, which almost overpowered thought, "A Vision of Lost Atlantis," in THE BANNER OF Dec. 9, by our ascended brother, James C. Clark. Awful, awful, that was vision, a hinting of the doom of that now ocean-buried land, with its countless people, verdure crowned plains and hill-sides, magnificent cities, betokening a high civilization as the world estimates things, nevertheless a civilization without a soul, bottomed on wrong, inequality and oppression. As I read the closing lines,

"He who slays a starving brother
Smites his maker in the face,"

I realized that Retribution was an eternal law, a two-edged sword, ever whetted, the one edge sharpened by Justice, the other by Equity, which in the balancing of the deserts of nations, institutions and actions strikes effective blows, and mows down the "rulers and robbers," who ever cry, when the "plain people" demand their rights and a just government,

"Give them blood instead of bread."

For the moment I passed Atlantis by, turned my thoughts to my native land, these United States, which boastfully claims to be "the land of the free, the home of the brave," a Republic which it is not only one in form, the spirit departed; for oil princes, coal barons, railroad kings, and the like

"Have locked up Nature's great storehouse,
And to thieves have consigned the keys."

Need I recall the details of the degradation and the decadence come upon the nation as evidences of the supineness of

Children's Spiritualism.

THAT LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was a little Christmas tree, with candles all aglow, And golden balls and silver stars, a bright and shining row. The children danced around it, and clapped their hands with glee, And not a child was happier than the little Christmas tree.

But next week, stripped of all its gifts and cast into the yard, It murmured with a little sigh: "Now, surely this is hard!"

To give delight for but that night And then to be forgot, Would seem to be for any tree A most unhappy lot!"

But Ned and Ted and little Fred soon spied it where it lay, "Hurrah!" they cried, "A mast! A mast! We'll sail and sail away!"

And far across the Arctic seas Our gullship shall go, And the seals and polar bears And jolly Esquimaux."

A plank their ship, a sheet their sail, the happy tree their mast, These bold explorers northward turned, and sailed away so fast.

That soon of unknown lands there waved The banner of the bore, The staff that proudly bore it Was the little Christmas tree.

What afterward befell it would take me long to tell: It once became a fairy wood, where elves and dryads dwell; And once a prancing, coal-black steed, With a noble knight astride; And once a dark and gloomy cave Where bears and lions hue.

But when, one day, there wandered by a ragged, shivering boy, He saw the little Christmas tree and dragged it home with joy.

A merry blaze he kindled, With its welcome warmth and shine, And the cold bare room was fragrant With the odor of the pine.

—Helen Standish Perkins, in December St. Nicholas.

Dear Little Banner Children: I have a Thanksgiving story that I want to write you; it is a true one, which is best of all. In a poor humble home lived two little children named Harold and Ethel. They had very few of the luxuries of life, yet they were happy because they had learned some of the sweet lessons of life, and knew that angels of love from the spirit-home visited them. On Thanksgiving morning they arose as usual, and performed their little duties, for although small they had learned to help others. But in their home no preparations were going on for a grand dinner, the same as in many homes. Their food was of the coarsest and most simple kind, but these same little ones sat down at the table, and both said they were thankful for even the few good things they had, and wished all the little children fared as well as they. Ere the day was done they had taken pencil and paper, and written down fifty-nine things that they were especially thankful for. I thought if only all little and big children would look at the blessings of their lives in a like manner, how happy the world would grow. And, dear children, how much better it is to feed our spiritual bodies with good things, than it is to feast these material bodies. Little Harold said he was thankful because he knew about the angels coming to help us, and Ethel was thankful for Sunbeam's sweet talks in THE BANNER. All along life's way we may find many things to be thankful for, and dear children, I hope you will gather all the roses of life that you can each day as you go along, then will a little bird sing in your own hearts, and the music will make others glad. You each have a garden of your own to take care of; always speak kindly, and the flowers will be beautiful in your own garden. Good bye, with love to you all.

MARY W. JENNE.

Dear Sunbeam: A long time ago I received the lovely box of goodies you sent from your party, and I have thanked you every day since, and now write to thank you again. I think you were very kind to remember the little boys and girls who could not be with you. It made me very happy, and I guess I shall grow to be a better man because of your kindness. I hope you will write to us boys a special letter soon, for you know this cold weather we have to stay in doors a great deal, and I know you can tell us some good things to do. I wish the little spirit boy Dick would write to us again, also Leona; it is a long time since she wrote. My mamma reads THE BANNER every week to me, and I remember many things. I just hope Mr. Barrett can stop long enough to write us a letter some time, for I like him. We children are going to have a party at grandma's some time, and I give you an invitation to come, dear Sunbeam; with much love from when it will be.

With much love from HAROLD R. JENNE.

Monson, Me., Dec. 6, 1899.

Dear Sunbeam—I have often thought of you in the past few weeks, and watched for your letters in the dear BANNER. I have been busy going to school, but now school is done, so I write to especially thank you for the box of good things you sent us. My little brothers all thank you much also. I wanted to come to your party, but live so far away I could not. But the kind remembrance of you who were absent made me very happy. Dear Sunbeam, you do us all good. Please write and tell us some more about how we little children may best live and keep our hearts pure and clean. I wish I were better, but sometimes it is hard to be good. I still remember the Sunday Club. Please visit me and give me your loving thoughts. With best love from

ETHEL RUBY COY.

Monson, Me., Dec. 4, 1899.

My Dear Little Friends: It has been some time since I wrote to you, but I am sure that never a day has passed that I have not been to see some one of you. Everywhere I go I find some planning for Christmas, and so I know you will all be glad to know that I am going to do on that day. I have told you many times that in spirit-land we have no holidays as you do, and that we only know about them and feel an interest in them through our friends in earth life; but of all the holidays you have, the one that the spirit-children are most interested in is Christmas, and all my little friends call it gift-day. That is really what it is, for although it was at first a birthday, and the gifts were brought to the Mother because it was the custom of the people in those days to give presents when a child was born, it is now a day of secrets and gifts. I think it is a lovely way to have one day in the year that is given up wholly to telling your friends that you love them, and telling them with a gift instead of writing letters or running errands or telling them so in words; for, don't you know, sometimes when you love anyone very much you just feel as if you would like to give him or her something. I have often felt that way, and when I look for something that will make them know right away that I love them very much, I find it very hard to know what to give; but I know that the gifts that will tell the story best are those that you have made with your hands or bought with money that you have earned. I never knew there was such a day as Christmas until after I came to spirit-land, and when I heard the children over here talking about it, I thought it was a wonderful day when a wonderful man named Santa Claus rode around the world and carried beautiful dolls and lovely books to everybody who was good, and I could not understand how he had passed me by and had remembered so many, many other children, and so I asked our teacher about it, and she said she would take me to a big city on Christmas day, and I could see how it was done and who did it. Oh, I wish you could have been with us that day! I saw so many beautiful things and so many happy people; but I saw many other things beside that were not as pleasant to look at, for we went to many different places.

In some homes, where some very pretty and very good children lived, I saw that there was

nothing that Santa Claus, or any other good man, had left, but that everything was as cold and as gloomy as could be, so I knew that it was not true that all good children got presents. I saw some poor little boys and girls who were hungry, and some who had to sleep in cold places, where everything looked dirty and dark, I saw a sick little boy playing with a little tin horn, that was bent and broken in some place. It had been sent to him by a woman who was trying to remember a great many poor people, and had only a little money to do it with. He was so happy with it, and while I looked at him he fell asleep with it in his hand. When we got back to spirit-land again I asked my teacher if I might not some time try to help some of the poor and sick children, and she said that I might some day; so when I came to my "meditation" and began to talk to people, I thought my chance had come. The first Christmas I spent with my medi I was only able to help one poor old lady, because I did not know many people to ask to help me; but that old lady had a big basket of everything nice to eat, and some money to help pay her rent, and buy some coal, so she was very happy. The next year I had ever so many things given me, and they were sent away to a neighborhood where only very poor people live, and were given to the children. That was four years ago, and every Christmas since then ever so many good people have helped to make a happy day for some children who never knew what Christmas was. Two years ago we had our first Christmas tree, with lunch and presents for forty boys and girls, and last year we had a tree, and a nice turkey supper, and presents for sixty children, and everything was given because people loved children, and wanted to see them happy.

This year we are to have a supper and tree, and if we have money enough we are going to have one hundred poor children. I have told you all this because I think perhaps you can help in some way, or can find some child who is in need who would like to come. I expect we shall have a lovely time, for we are going to treat the little visitors as if they were our brothers and sisters, and play games with them and do anything we can to make them have a nice time.

I must tell you about a little spirit who is a member of the Sunday Club. Her name is Marion Piper, and she has not been over here very long. Before she came she used to have a great many playthings, and she was very careful of them, so that when she was through with them they were about as good as new. Her papa and mamma felt so badly when she came to spirit-land that they packed her toys and dolls away and could not look at them for a long time; but when she began to send them messages by me they began to feel better, and when I sent some things away at Christmas they gave me a few of her things. Last year her mamma brought a lovely big doll to my medi and said:

"This was one of Little Marion's favorite dolls, and I want you to give it to some little girl who will take care of it; and I want Marion to go and help the little girl all she can."

My medi took it, and as she was looking over the names she heard some one say, "Pin that name on," meaning the name written on a slip which she held in her hand; so she did, and when the little girl got it her mother came and thanked my medi, and said that her little girl had been wanting a doll so much, but that she could not find one, and she had to earn all the money they had, and she had been out of work for a long time; and then my medi told her how the doll had belonged to a dear little girl, and that her mamma was there; and when the two mamma met they both cried for joy—one in the joy of giving and the other in the joy of receiving.

After awhile the little girl came over to Marion's mamma, and said she would keep the doll as long as she lived, and that she had named her Marion; and was it not funny that the name Marion had given her before she came to spirit-land. Now Marion and I knew that it was the little girl's papa in spirit who had told my medi to pin her name on the doll, and we were happier than we would have been had some one given us some beautiful present. Don't you think that was lovely?

I hope you will write me a letter soon. Gertrude's medi is sick, so she won't be able to do as much as she expected to, and I think we will have to work all the harder and do her part.

I have the paper fire-crackers that Rupert Davis brought to the party, hanging on the chandelier in the dining-room, just where they were put that night. Alice Griffin, Winnie Ireland and Harold Piper were here last Thursday night, when we had a supper to get money to pay the rent for the hall for Christmas. I wish you could all come and play with my little friends.

My dearest love to you all.

Sunbeam, through her medium,

MINNIE M. SOULE.

Saturday, Dec. 9, 1899.

Note.

The Christmas festival that Sunbeam refers to will be held at 200 Huntington Avenue, on Christmas day. Supper will be served to the little guests at six o'clock. Any contribution of clothes, food, toys or books can be left at the BANNER OF LIGHT office, or sent direct to 200 Huntington Avenue. Tickets can be procured for any child who will have no other Christmas, on application, until the requisite number is filled.

Faithfully yours,

MINNIE M. SOULE.

79 Prospect Street, Somerville, Mass.

LITERARY.

MR. THOMAS BARTLETT HALL, author

of "The Parity and Destiny of Modern Spiritualism" (Messrs. Cupples and Schoenhof, Boston, publishers), which is having a lively sale by subscription, graduated at Harvard in 1883. He was admitted to the bar in Boston

in 1887, after less than the prescribed period of study, and practiced his profession in Boston with good success but little rest for about ten years, when he became devoted to some manufacturing interests that had come to him in the civil war. For the last twenty years he has been engaged chiefly in auditing accounts, examining some of the largest and most important corporations in New England and the country. All through his life he has taken the deepest interest in Spiritualism. Mr. Hall has a Charles Lamb like appearance—beautiful blue eyes, high spirits, a contagious laugh, and like William T. Harris, one of those rare minds that are both practical and speculative. Though he is in his seventy-sixth year his activity would shame many young men, his business day usually extending from half past seven in the morning till nine in the evening. He is one of the saints. He was born at Springfield, Mass., in 1824. The foreman of the printing-office where "The Parity and Destiny of Modern Spiritualism" was printed, a hard-headed Scot and a strait-laced and even blue Presbyterian, took home some of the sheets and read them with his wife; on appearing in the "shop" the next morning, he remarked as he returned the sheets to their place, "Well, if that's Spiritualism I want to be a Spiritualist!" Dr. J. M. Peebles of Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "The book is no doubt a work of great merit; it necessarily must be, being the work of fifty years of investigation." Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan of San José, Cal., writes: "I should be delighted to obtain and read Mr. Hall's excellent book." The work is both admirably adapted for furnishing inspiring reading, and can be used as a text-book in instruction on Spiritualism.

GRANT BURTON, THE RUNAWAY.

COMPANION TO SIX YOUNG HUNTERS.—Mr. W. Gordon Parker attracted much favorable notice last year by his excellent story, "Six Young Hunters," copiously illustrated by himself, and this year adds "Grant Burton, the Runaway," as a companion. Mr. Parker, a former student of Phillips Andover Academy and an enthusiastic amateur sportsman, as a capable literateur and artist, is exceptionally well fitted to prepare a book for manly, energetic boys, and it is no discredit to his

first volume to say that this surpasses it both in its handling and in the number and excellence of its illustrations. Grant Burton, the partially spoiled son of wealthy parents, attends the same school as the "Six Young Hunters." Being refused admission to the Greyhound Club on account of full membership, he broods over what he considers an insult, assaults one of its members, and then, in sorrow and shame for his deed, runs away from school, intending to forget the past while hunting by himself. Here misfortune overtakes him, and after many tribulations he achieves his object, learns the most important lesson of his life, and returns to his home and school a different boy. The story is a pleasing one; the descriptions of the scenery in its varying aspects will appeal to every lover of nature; and every boy who reads it will not only enjoy a capital book, but will learn a lesson of self-denial and self-reliance which will help him. Price \$1.25. Lee & Shepard. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

COMPANION STORIES FOR 1900.—The stories published in *The Youth's Companion* portray the manly and womanly virtues with no sacrifice of interest or vitality, and they appeal to the sympathies of old and young alike. During 1900 *The Companion* will offer special series of stories—among them being stories of Former Political Campaigns and Adventures of Linemen.

Besides these there will be a score of stories for girls by such writers as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Margaret Deland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wharton, Kate Chopin and Margaret Sangster. There will be four serial stories—"A Prairie Infamia," by Eva Wilder; "Brotherhood," by a Merry-Go-Round; "By Charles Adams," "The Schoolhouse Farthest West," by C. A. Stephens; and "Cushing Brothers," by Ray Stannard Baker. In addition there will be two hundred other short stories by the most gifted of American writers of fiction.

All new subscribers will receive *The Companion* for the remaining weeks of 1899 free from the time of subscription, and then for a full year, fifty-two weeks, to Jan. 1, 1901; also *The Companion's* new Calendar for 1900, suitable as an ornament for the prettiest room in the house.

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The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., 203 Columbus Avenue.

KEEPING ONE'S COAT ON.—In one of the large wholesale grocery houses of New York everybody seems so contented, so ready to chat with a visitor on other subjects than a chop of Oolong or the rise in California prunes, that considerable curiosity has been expressed concerning the manner in which this happy condition came about. The firm does not pay large salaries. Its men work just as long as those of competing houses. The secret was revealed by a young man who had been with the firm but a short time.

"When I went into the place," he said, "the President took me under his wing, and laid out some work. When I was told with that he had the chief clerk turn over a few more little jobs. Then he had the manager give me a few additional duties, which seemed to fill up the time to overflowing. A few days ago he had the secretary turn over certain city letters. I tried to attend to all these things, and succeeded for a time. Then came a big rush of business. The others did not seem to work any harder because of it, but it just swamped me. I flew around like a politician after votes on a close election day, but it was no use. The more I worked the worse the snarl became. Finally I got mad, took off my coat, and began to get heated. About this time the President came in, and saw something was wrong. He called me into the private office, and began to talk in a general way that seemed not in the least useful. He said he preferred to have his people keep their coats on, except when the weather was hot; for a man who was not a laborer to take off his coat showed he was too warm, or not working properly. If he was too warm he should have the room cooled; if he was working with friction he should oil up the bearings a little. He went on to say that when he was a brakeman he found it always paid to keep all the boxes just as cool as possible. About here I began to see the drift. I went out to my desk, put on my coat, looked over what was to be done, spent five minutes or so in planning how to do it, and finished everything by six o'clock. A few days later I told one of the other men what had been told me. He laughed, and said the President had given the same advice to others, so that 'Keep your coat on' was a sort of battle-cry on a busy day."

There seems to be considerable hard sense in that motto—solid value which could be fully applied in professional circles. It is often said there is a dearth of five thousand dollar a year men. This cannot mean a dearth of men with the requisite knowledge; such a view is plainly untrue. The lacking faculty or character is the ability to plan instinctively while carrying on other work, so that affairs never become tangled and there is always time for one more undertaking.

One frequent cause of delay and slow work is dawdling over details until they have been developed far beyond the main subject. This is particularly notable among engineers, physicists and others dealing with measured quantities. Engineers will often report their tests that show that power plants develop, say, 1257.1 horse-power. These decimals look very convincing, yet they are thoroughly fraudulent. Even the unit figure, seven, is a lie, for the instruments and methods used in testing power plants are accurate only within two per cent. This is a case of what is meant by uncalibrated judgment among specialists. They know the pretended accuracy of their results is ridiculous, yet because they lack business training they keep on publishing such statements as truth. Of course there are some who have learned better, who appreciate that in their calling, as in every field of human industry, the men who succeed best are those who have trained themselves to recognize instinctively just how much work to put on each part of an undertaking. The ability to plan quickly and surely is the secret of professional as well as business success, for it lies at the bottom of the executive ability of which so much is often written.—John Goodell, in the Philadelphia Evening Post.

TORA'S HAPPY DAY, by Florence Pel-tier Perry, editor of Children's Department in *Mind*, is a wholesome, instructive, entertaining story for the little people. Tora is a little Japanese boy, and the story is all about the cherry blossoms, the toys and plays of the little Japanese, the stories the good priest told, and best of all, how Tora gave up seeing the cherry blossoms so a little boy who had never seen them might have a day of pleasure.

The book is full of pretty Japanese pictures, the print is large and clear, and we think it is one of the most delightful stories we have read in a long time. Price 50 cents. The Alliance Pub. Co., New York. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

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Or, The Problem of Vibrations. By MARGARET B. PEEBLE.

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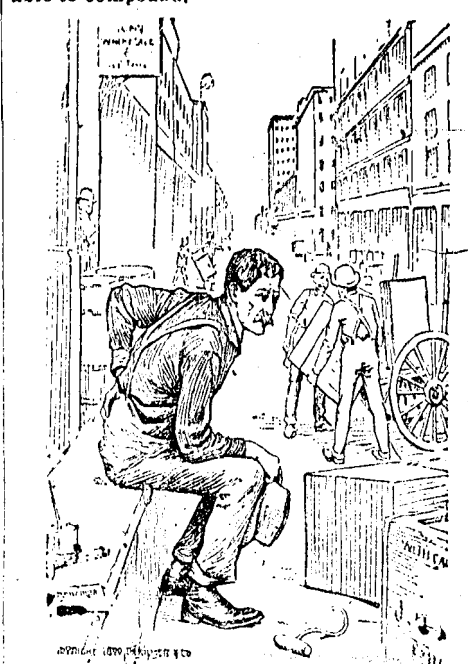
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MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

Dear Readers of the Message Department: I have been overwhelmed with letters asking me to get messages from some specially dear friend of the writer. In many instances I have written a personal answer, but you can readily see that this is impossible in every case, when nearly every mail brings an appeal from some one. It is my earnest desire to do everything in my power to assist in the giving of explicit messages from loving friends who have passed to the spirit-life, to their eager and anxious friends in earth life; but personally I am able to do nothing except to keep myself in at attitude of trust, that whatever comes will be of benefit to someone, somewhere. The circle is held in an orderly fashion at a stated time, and the spirits who are so fortunate as to be able to give the messages are not assisted by me or my co-workers in the Cause, either by sealed letters or written requests; neither are the spirits known to any of us unless specifically stated so to be in the message. The responsibility of deciding even in an indefinite way who should be allowed to come would be more than we in our present state of development could undertake to bear. I have thought, however, that if you all understood just how it is done, you would see how much you can help your own friends to come to you.

THE BANNER's Message Department is an organization owing its existence to and directly controlled by a band of spirits who unselfishly devote a part of their time to the needs of their fellow creatures. This band of workers cooperates with the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and when they meet together a circle is formed, presided over by a spirit of intelligence and ready sympathy. Each spirit who comes is assisted by the members of the spirit-circle, and if able to give some definite information concerning itself is passed on to the inner circle, when the message is given to the spirit in control, who repeats it to the stenographer.

It is probably true that many spirits come who are unable to sufficiently concentrate their force and give a message that would find its way where it would be needed, and it is also true that limitations of time and space crowd out many who might otherwise communicate. In fact I never leave the circle that I don't feel a certain sense of disappointment. Now if you who are anxious for a message from your loved ones will spend the amount of time and energy in loving, trusting thought to assist your friends in their effort, that you would to write me a letter, giving me details that forever bar you from a perfectly satisfactory text message, you will help more than I can tell you. Ask them, exactly as you would if you could see them, to come to the circle and give their messages clearly and distinctly, and then sit in your home at the hour of the circle and give them the benefit of your strength and force. I do not need any information for I am not doing the work. Your friends are the workers and are returning on the strength of your mutual love or desire or need for each other. Do not be discouraged if you do not immediately get a message, for there will be so many of you who are hoping and asking, that it may take some time to reach you all, but at some time I feel confident that love will find a way to comfort you. The circle is held at 2 o'clock every Thursday at the Banner of Light Building. If there is any change of time or place I will let you know. I know you will all understand that I write with a heart full of appreciation of your interest in this department, and I hope that you may receive many comforting messages in the days to come. Yours faithfully,

MINNIE M. SOULE.

MESSAGES.

The following messages are given through one of Mrs. Soule's guides, Sunbeam.

Report of Séance held Dec. 7, S. E. 52, 1899.

Lena Fox.

The first spirit that comes here is a little girl. She has dark eyes and hair, and is about five or six years old. "Please will you say that my name is Lena Fox, that I lived not far from Boston, and I am in familiar conditions when I come here." Then she claps her hands, and says she wants to see her mamma, because she thinks it will cheer her up. She knows of the trouble she has had. It seems as if it had been first one thing and then another. But now things look a great deal better. "My grandmother is with me in the spirit, and she has tried to help Emma." It seems there was an Emma Fox. Then she speaks again: "Tell my mother that she must be guided by her own best judgment, and not by the whim or thought of anybody else, that just as soon as she steps aside from what her impression brings, then, just so soon trouble comes to her, and there is no use in her having so much disturbance, and so much burden."

Charles Sawyer.

Here is a man whose name is Charles Sawyer. He is quite old, has grey hair, and a white beard around his face. He throws back his head with an air of authority as though every step he took in earth-life was marked with that dignity and understanding of just how he ought to deal with his fellows. I think he was not an ordinary man, because he has marked characteristics and abilities. He has a very heavy brow, as though he was intellectually strong, and a good manager. "In some ways," he says, "I led my fellows, and in others they led me. If I ever attempted, though, to understand anything, I usually went to the bottom of it, and was never laughed out of it nor sneered out of it, but kept right on to the end. I knew much about Spiritualism, though I did not feel that I could come out and be a leader in it. My

thought was in it: my understanding and my knowledge of it were correct, but I did not see how I could leave my other business, and attend to it. I came from New Hampshire, where I shall be well known. One of the places where I used to go a great deal was Concord, but that was not my home. Since I went away it seems as though things have gone to the dogs, but I have used my influence, and have in a way helped things to be made better; and I am not through yet. So long as there is a representative of my name, or my firm left, so long I shall use my influence to assist, even though it be many, many years."

Abbie Noyce.

A woman walks right up to me and looks into my face. Her eyes are blue, and she has rather stooping shoulders. As she came to me she stooped down, took my hands and looked into my face so earnestly, and she says: "Can you say that my name is Abbie Noyce, and that I do feel such a desire to get back into earth conditions? I feel the desire because I have friends here who love me and whom I love. I want to get to William. He needs me very much, and I see him sometimes strain his eyes to see if there is not something that will be real to him from the spirit, because he understands this, and I did. I have been so anxious to give him some manifestation, but I want to say to him it is not always possible; love is not the only thing that makes us strong. Sometimes love makes us weak, because we are anxious to prove it; and if he will stand still and trust that I will come as soon as I can, and not feel discouraged because I do not come as soon as he wants me to, I believe I will get there. This seems mixed up, but it is the best I can do. I am a good deal disturbed myself. I came from Bloomington, Ill. My father is with me, too. He helped me to come. He did not know a thing about this, and he looked rather curiously at me as I gave the message, but, in his gallant way, he took my arm and led me away."

Sarah Wilkes.

Here is a lady about twenty-eight years old. She talks so fast, and the sound seems right in her mouth; she does not seem to have a voice that goes very far out. Her name is Sarah Wilkes. She puts her hands up to her hair and keeps fixing it, as though she was very particular about herself; she brushes the front of her dress, smooths her forehead, takes out a hairpin and adjusts it again, and seems to be doing something about herself all the time in a nervous fashion. She says: "Never mind that. If I do so, it is only to show I was like that when I was here. Now I have grown calm, because I find nervousness does not help me a bit. It has been years since I tried to get to the Message Department of this BANNER. Now, thank God! I have got here, and I am going to stay until I get through. I want to say that I found Uncle Thomas. When I first saw him it seemed that it had not been more than a day since he and I parted. I used to think this spirit-return was all bosh and nonsense. I did not see how it was possible for one, if he had gone on, to ever care to come back to any one here. I can see now that it would be the most natural thing in the world to desire not only to get back but to make different some things."

"I used to make patchwork, and after I passed away it was all put away somewhere; nobody cared anything about it. It seemed as though they, with my transition, lost all interest in pieces or in quilts. I used to make a good many things for the house, and as quick as I went they were all packed away, as though they could not use them because I had made them. Why, it would do me good if I saw every dress I ever owned worn by somebody, and if I saw everything I ever patched used exactly as though I was here again. I do not think much of this idea of saving dead people's clothes and getting them all full of camphor smells or moth, so they are no good to anybody. Take them out into the sunlight and let somebody have some use of them. I would like to get to Fred. He will know and he will hear that I have come." She lived in Princeton, N. J.

Franklin Daniels.

This is a big, fat man: it is all he can do to get in here. He says: "Wouldn't I do for a picture of daily circulation?" His face is red and his eyes are blue as can be. He has thin hair, and such a nice smile that you forget how big he is, or how slow he is to get along. He sticks his foot out as though he would give a good deal if he did not have to carry around so much weight on such little feet. Now as he comes up close to me I smell tobacco. He used to smoke and chew, and he says: "They used to tell me that it would help my breathing, because I was phthisicky; but it did not help a bit. I seemed to breathe all the harder the more I smoked and the more I chewed. My name is Franklin Daniels, and I came from Meadville, Pa. I was not of much consequence the last years of my life, but when I was a young man I was interested in everything that happened there. I remember when they cut through for the railroad. It seemed to me that it was a pretty wild scheme, and I was one of the fellows who opposed it; but I was glad afterwards that they did just what they set out to do. There were two contrary factions there, and it was about the bitterest fight they ever made. I have come to say this: that like new railroads being put through old towns is the fact of new thought being put into old bodies; and somehow it would be pretty hard for me to accept what had not been mine for a long time. So it does me good to stand here and say that at last I have the light; at last I can say fully and freely that I am glad God made me to live on and on." I think he was sort of a materialist.

Peter Farnsworth.

Here is a little wiry man, below the medium height. His eyes are black and snappy, and his head as bald and smooth as your hand. He had a little cap on his head, but took it off when he came in. He says: "Please do not say too much about me, because it is not about me that I want to talk. I want to get to my own. My name is Peter Farnsworth, and oh! I want to get to Maggie, of Lubec. We were so far away that we hardly got any knowledge of this; but it is such happiness to know it is true that I can come that I feel like thanking everybody connected with this establishment for the opportunity. You cannot understand what it means to a poor old soldier like me—who is crippled, who stands on one leg, and looks across the valley of the shadow and longs to get to his own. The church never satisfied me. I had an idea that there was something they kept back from me, for they never an-

swered my questions clearly and concisely, and when I got over here I found that many of them might have baptized me with truth and done me more good than they did to baptize me with water. I feel as though I passed through many fires and had come out clarified, and that my love will be strong to assist those who are still living with the love I bore them as a sweet memory of the past."

Maud Wentworth.

Here is a very stylish girl. She has brown eyes and brown hair, and her hair is done up high on her head. Her dress is beautiful; it is black, with a lot of jet on it. Her name is Maud Wentworth. She sweeps in here and says: "Well, why should I not dress well? I always did, I always liked to; and I feel that if I come back I want to make a good appearance. If I did not come in this way, nobody would believe that it was I, for I spent just about half of my time in putting good clothes on to my back. I was married, but I did not live with my husband only a little while. He could not give me all that I thought he ought, and I felt that it was better to leave and get what I could myself; and so I went to work, and the clothes are mine. I paid for them, and with effort and at the cost of a spiritual liberty that might have been mine. I want you to say, please, that I belonged to Andy Wentworth, and that I am familiar with Chicopee, Mass.; and that is about all I want to say. It seems to me if I could get back and for the last time make a good appearance, that I might forget about clothes and go forward with something better as an inspiration for my future life."

Ethel Allyn.

I think this is a Boston girl, because she has such a peculiar way with her. She is about sixteen years old, and is light-brown hair and blue eyes and a round, full face. She has pretty little hands and a very sweet way when she comes. She says: "May I please come in and say that my name is Ethel Allyn? Say that I want to get to my father, that he is a business man, and knows very little about this, but is anxious that I should make some appearance if it is possible."

Mr. Hiss.

Here comes a man who puts his hands up to his face and says: "Please say that I want to get to Charles Hiss—that I am his father. Oh! it was such a shock to me when I went out, and I feel if I could come it would be better for me. I know a little about coming back, but not much. I am very anxious to come strong and to make all the manifestations that I can. My son knows a little about it. My wife is here in the earth life and I would like to get to her. Everything is being done for her that can be, but how I would like to get to her! I think her name is Lizzie; I hear that name. Now he throws back his head again and says: "I am from Boston. Although our name is a peculiar one, I think this will get to my son." He has gone. He seems to be loving, tender and true, and that it is the spirit of fatherly love that brings him back here to his own."

Ruth Henshaw.

Here is a lovely woman. I think she weighs about one hundred and eighty. She has blue eyes, with glasses on, and a round, full face, with a small mouth, and gray hair parted right down over her forehead. It looks as smooth and nice as though it had been ironed, and as glossy as though the sun was shining on it. She steps up to me and says: "It is a pleasure for me to come. I feel as if I had dressed up and started out for some sewing circle, and when we all met here it seemed as though we had met for one common purpose—to do something for somebody else; and instead of talking much about it, we stood ready until an opportunity should come. My name is Ruth Henshaw. I want to reach Charles Henshaw. You will find he lives in Rutland, Vermont. He knows something about this. He has traveled quite a lot. He is back and forth from one city to another in a business-like way, and little thinks that his mother is with him, that she sits by his side and watches him as he is making up his accounts, or sees him throw back his big coat and pull out a picture. I am there and I see it, and I feel so strong in the spirit and so amply able to help him that I do not feel so much like asking your strength as I do your forbearance until I get through talking about him. I have a little girl over here. She belongs to him, and she is a sweet child and is growing in the spirit strong and true and to look like him."

Eunice Morse.

Then another spirit comes right along. It is a woman about eighty years old. She is very well preserved. Her face looks like a rose that has been wrinkled with age. As they grow old, they kind of grow together, she says, as though the flesh understands its weakness, and all rolls up like a scroll, that the spirit may be freed the better. She never minded it so much that she was growing old, because everybody stuck to her and seemed to love her even to the last. Her hair is quite dark, even though she is such an old lady. I think, if the secret was out, that she used to wash it in something to keep it that color, because it looks as though it had just been fixed. She laughs when I say it. She has big long earrings on, old-fashioned gold, and around her neck is a string of gold beads that she thinks a lot of. She says: "When they were first put on my neck, it was plumper and prettier than it is to-day; but before I went away, the beads had grown thin, and so had my poor old neck. I suppose all this time I am giving a description of myself and of my ways, you are anxious to know who I am. My name is Eunice Morse, and I came from Aroostook County, Maine." Everybody called her Aunt Eunice, she seemed to have such a good way that they naturally called her aunt. The place is Littleton.

Lydia Pierce.

This is a little bit of a short woman. She is quite stout, but she wears a little plaid shawl over her shoulders, and she has a white cap with a ruffle around it on her head. She does not tie it; she has the ends laid out smoothly over her shoulders, as though she was particular about them. She says: "Yes, I was particular. My name is Lydia Pierce. I came from Franklin, N. H. I had not the least idea that this could be true. I was a true and devout member of the Baptist church, and I thought that to be a Baptist was all one could ask. I lived and died in the faith, and I felt contented and as though it was all right when I went over; but somehow when I got over here, and there was so much knowledge of what I had been doing, I felt that perhaps

it would be possible for me to understand, and I was not afraid to investigate. Do you know that some of the old Baptists who come over here would not more attempt to get back than they would attempt to go on before death released them? It seems a sort of spiritual suicide to them to try to get back into earth conditions. But I said one day when we were talking about it: 'See here, my friends, I think we do wrong to sit still and not make the effort to see what all this means;' so this is my first appearance and is the result of that conversation. I feel as though I have a good report to give them, for I am not losing my identity; I am only releasing some of the things that I knew. I would like to get to Frank; he is quite a young man starting out into life, and needs spiritual companionship to aid him. He is my grandson."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When this letter reaches our readers we shall be nearly at Christmas, one of the brightest, pleasantest days in the calendar of earth. So we take this occasion to wish to one and all a very happy one. To some who sit solitary, mourning the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still, this wish may almost seem a delusion and a mockery. Dear soul, you feel that you cannot rejoice, missing as you do the loved companions of bygone years. But there is one thing you can do that will be sure to bring some consolation to your sad heart. Think of some one you know or have heard of who is also sad, perhaps lonely, very poor it may be, in wearing illness, in the distress of bereavement, worn with watching, perhaps for various reasons but little esteemed, and do something to brighten Christmas Day for such ones. A visit, a letter, a loving gift from you, may make a great difference to such a person, and change what would have been a day of gloom into one brightened by the sunshine of sympathy and love.

Our learned men tell us much of the origin of this day. According to some, it was a revival by the Christian church of some old Pagan festival; and so, though Jesus must have been born in spring time in Palestine, if the details given are correct, yet his advent must be celebrated late in December.

The actual day matters not. What really matters is the sentiment that the angels are said to have sung, that there is peace and goodwill from God in the highest to the children of men. The old gloomy words that God is a wrathful God, and is angry with the wicked every day, were laid aside, and all, Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile, are encouraged to think that the highest is beneficent, and is indeed Love; and that the all-penetrating soul, that knows us far better than our fellows, will therefore deal with us with the true justice that is born of perfect comprehension, and of loving sympathy.

When the dying consumptive asked Bernadine if she thought we got another chance, or if it all ended in that lonely little churchyard to which he was so near, this is what she said to him:

"If there be a God, some intelligence greater than human intelligence, he will understand better than ourselves that life is very hard and difficult, and he will be astonished, not because we are not better, but because we are not worse. At least, that would be my notion of a God."

When man was but a little higher than the brute, the God he worshiped was a brutal one; but as man becomes more humane, his God seems more humane to him. The Infinite Intelligence does not change, is always beneficent, spiritual and wise. And as man increases in these qualities himself, he gets clearer glimpses of the absolutely perfect, and knows by intuition that it exists.

As to true prayer, that must depend on our oneness with this infinite source. If we are not one with it, it is folly to think we can affect it to feel or act differently from what it did before. But if we are at one with it, then our prayers are in harmony with the on-goings of an infinite beneficence, and while we express the wish, the thing we desire is already in process of accomplishment.

When we are in this harmony with Infinite Life, we often answer our own prayers. For instance, a mother may desire that her child be good and true. Becoming more so herself, an influence goes out from her that affects the child in the desired direction, and she is a true instrument of invisible forces.

We sometimes make the mistake of wrestling with the power of the spirit, as if we could snatch by violence what it is reluctant to give. But with more spiritual insight we rest more, we trust more, and at last realize that we have it all already and abundantly.

A correspondent has just sent me a very beautiful calendar for the coming year of her own design and her own handiwork. She calls it "an ideal suggestion calendar." It consists of six leaves joined by violet ribbon, and all six are displayed as it hangs on the wall, each leaf containing the calendar for two months. The leaves are bordered with gold and are painted with sprays of violet. Each leaf bears a single word of a still deeper shade of purple, and these words offer the "ideal suggestion" for the whole year. These words are Joy, Love, Hope, Rest, Faith and Peace. Surely a peace like that which passeth all understanding must nestle in the heart of her who conceived this calendar, and of all who dwell during the year in the thought suggested.

There are other beautiful colors within the vibration of human vision, but violet seems the most lovely of all to me, because it is the color by which my mother has taught me to become aware of her presence. There is violet here, and there is also violet in the spiritual world, on the principle that Dr. Babbitt has elucidated. He says there are octaves of light and color far beyond what we can see. So when the "bright ones" desire to manifest themselves to us, and we partly leave the fleshly body in order to meet them part way, they give us glimpses of the same colors at the greatly increased scale of vibration which belongs to the realm where they dwell, the colors thus partaking in tint of those of earth, and yet wholly invisible to carnate vision. It is thus that I see my mother's heavenly violet in moments when the earth body is devoid of expression and I am brought for a short time into the more purely spiritual state. True it is that I have never seen in any earthly object the clear, soft and living purple, deeply in the centre and melting imperceptibly toward the outline of that oval form in which she presents herself to my spiritual vision.

In the early days of my clairvoyance I saw

her face a few times. But for several years I have seen her as an oval light; and my impression is that spirits who dwell in the realm that she has attained see each other's faces and forms, each in its own characteristic light, while we who look with a spiritual vision still occluded by the mental mists of earth see only the oval form and the tint.

Spiritualism clears up much that used to seem vague and fantastic in the more spiritual poets. In this class, Dante is one of the highest. In the Inferno the spirits are seen, and bear their torments in their mortal form. In the Paradise the forms of the glorified are not seen, but they appear as lights, and each is known and recognized by the quality of the light. They are called in the course of the narration, splendors, fires, lights, flames, effulgences, cressets, and the like. I quote from Carey's translation from the Italian. John appears as a light of clear amplitude, Peter's light has the color of the red planet Mars, and these living effulgences sometimes appear in a band.

After passing through eight spheres of the Paradise, each one of which is smaller than the preceding, he saw in the distance a point that darted a light so vivid that no mortal eye could bear its keenness. This is Deity enringed by nine ranks of spirits. Those nearest the center are seraphim. Then come cherubim and thrones. Then come in order dominations, virtues, powers, principledoms, archangels, and the band angelical. In the last and outermost Dante pictures the vast host of beatified spirits of earth.

All these ranks circle around the center of light which whirls the most rapidly, and is the visible manifestation of God. As the poet words it, "Heaven and all Nature hangs upon that point." He says elsewhere:

"It may not be,
That one who looks upon that light can turn,
To other object, willingly, his view."

The words so simple and yet so intense, express the love of finite beings for the Infinite Source on which they depend.

When the poet comes to picture the central, eternal beam, he says that in that abyss of radiance were three orbs of triple hue. Of two of these, one was reflected from the other, as rainbow is from rainbow; the third seemed fire, breathed equally from both.

This conception of Deity as a central light has been followed by many thinkers. Mr. John P. Cooke in his brochure entitled "God" saw in a moment of spiritual exaltation a Great Central Spirit Sun, and his description has been recognized by others who have seen the same.

Recognizing the magnificence and the spirituality of these and similar conceptions of the "steering apparatus" of the universe, to quote a felicitous expression lately used in an editorial in *Light*, it yet seems to us that no finite being ever can or ever will sense a concentration of this absolute force. Quoting what has been quoted before, "God is a being whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere." God, to the writer and her inspirers, is life. Each entity—be it plant, animal, man or spirit—has a portion of this life. To them, God is Infinite Life. This life is nowhere concentrated. It exists everywhere. As Lizzie Doten said:

"It springs to life in grass and flowers,
Through every shade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

That God is a concentration of Light or Force in any special direction belongs to the views of the old theology. We expect to find it in Dante and in all who are still dominated mentally by the notion that God is "a being." God is being, is no personality, unless we use the paradoxical and incomprehensible formula that God is infinite personality. A person is *per se* limited, and what is infinite is not limited. The words contradict each other.

But we have no quarrel with those who see this matter differently to ourselves. We revere all spiritual thinkers, and expect to clasp hands with them on the uplands of eternity, when all the narrow conceptions of earth will blend and disappear forever in the ever increasing vistas that will be presented to progressing souls.

We are thankful to have been so far emancipated, and think one of the choicest expressions in the Old Testament is this, "Come now and let us reason together," and will close by quoting the following words from an editorial in *Light* of Nov. 18:

"The thoroughly sane mind asks, 'Why?' It loves reasons; it can wait; it holds its own; it discriminates; it can afford to consider; it can bear to be alone."

"Such a mind as that will not count its company and will not care what the world says. It will be receptive, but it will be its own master; ready to march, but resolute to see its way. It may suffer, but it shall

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON
Arlington, N. J., Dec. 7, 1899.

MY MOTHER.

BY CHARLOTTE A. EATON GREENE.

My mother came each night in prayer,
She placed her hand upon my head;
My forehead then was smooth and fair,
When she her benediction said.
There came with her a ray of light
That proved to be her counterpart;
Her gentle hand, so thin and white,
Then pressed me to her loving heart.
Sweet mother, long have been the years
But still fond memory doth retain
Thy pleasant tone, thy smile, thy tears—
These are all sacred as thy name.
My mother's face both young and sweet,
With lengthy tresses of dark brown hair,
When flowing touched her lovely feet:
Such is her image that I wear.
I see her while in evening prayer,
Kneeling beside my infant's bed.
I knew her slender form was there
Long ere I heard the words she said.
Age twenty-nine—so young to die
And leave her offspring here alone.
I cease to wonder at her sigh,
Or question her last plaintive tone.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Norwood, Mass., Dec. 12, HARRIET ANSELIA, wife of George H. Metcalf, aged 74 years 5 months 10 days. Mrs. Metcalf was a Spiritualist of many years' standing, a frequent attendant of Berkeley Hall Society and an old subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT. The funeral services were conducted by Mr. J. Frank Baxter, who came on from Brooklyn, N. Y., for that special purpose.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1899.

Spiritualist Societies.

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

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 p.m. E. L. Allen, President; H. H. H. Secretary, 75 Sidney street, Dorchester, Mass. Take elevator.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Minnie M. Bole, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:30. Discourses and evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

Engle Hall, 610 Washington Street. First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, Pastor. Services at 11:25 and 7:30; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Bazaar, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown. Spiritual meetings Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Tuesday and Friday, 3 P.M. Thursday, 7:30 P.M. Mrs. Gilliland, President, 21 Soledad street, Charlestown.

440 Tremont Street. Mrs. Gutierrez, President. Services Sundays at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.

Spiritual Fraternity. At First Spiritual Temple every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 P.M. Other meetings announced from the platform, A. H. Sherman Secretary.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. at 241 Tremont street, near Eliot street. Elevator now run by Mrs. M. A. Allen, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum. Spiritual Sunday School meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 614 Tremont street, at 10:30 A.M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial. 547, 694 Washington Street. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A.M., 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. and Thursday at 8 P.M.

The Helping Hand Society meets every first and third Wednesday 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. at 500 State street, Business meetings at 10:30, supper at 11:30. Entertainment at 7:30 and 11:30. A. E. Elder, Secretary.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 P.M. Mrs. C. A. Appleton, Sec'y, 100 State street, Boston.

Palme Memorial Building. Appleton Hall, Appleton street, No. 9. Services every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 P.M. and Thursday at 8 P.M. Mrs. C. A. Appleton, Sec'y, 100 State street, Boston.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6 P.M. C. A. Appleton, President.

Ministry of the Divine Science of Health. Services Sunday 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Tuesday 7:30 P.M. 188 State street, City. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union meets every Wednesday afternoon and evening in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont street. Supper served at 6:30. Entertainment in the evening. All invited. Mrs. C. A. Appleton, President.

W. Scott Stedman holds meetings at Harvard Hall, 241 Tremont street, Sundays at 11 A.M., 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Mrs. Florence White will hold a tea service every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at 288A Columbus avenue.

Echo Hall. 1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown. Meetings Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Circles Tuesday evenings.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at Cambridge (lower) Hall, 61 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30. Ada M. Cane, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn street, Cambridge, Mass.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant street. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 P.M. Mrs. St. Barber, President; Mrs. Rebecca Morton, Sec'y. A cordial welcome is extended to co-workers in the cause of progressive Spiritualism.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 74 Lexington Avenue, one door above 34th street. Services every Sunday morning at 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

BROOKLYN.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 161 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Mr. G. Deloree, President; Mrs. Alice Ashley, Secretary.

The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 10 o'clock, and social meeting every Wednesday at 8 o'clock, at Hall 424 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and Queens street. ELIZABETH F. KERRIN, Pres't. BAXTER or LUTHER for sale at the Hall.

308 Tompkins Ave., near Gates Ave.—Miss Chapin, Blind Medium. Meetings Sunday and Friday evenings. Spirit Messages and other Phenomena. Admission free. Collection taken.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The S. and M. H. Society, 3310; Rhodes Ave., meets every Sunday at 10:30 and 7:30 P.M. and Tuesday 7:30 P.M. Open doors, and every body welcome.

Spiritualist Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Taylor st., between 7th and Jackson. Services for children 2 P.M.; for adults, 7 and 9 P.M. Mary Arnold Wilson, Assistant Pastor, 1845 N. 10th. "Genie" Hagau Jackson, Pastor, residence 718 Florence street.

Notice to Local Societies.

Hereafter all reports will be condensed in the same general style as given below. We respectfully request our correspondents to govern themselves accordingly. We shall deal fairly and impartially with all societies, hence must ask them all to conform to the same general rule. The addresses of all local societies in Boston and vicinity, as well as in cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Another large and appreciative audience was present Sunday morning at Berkeley Hall. Prof. Schaller opened the meeting, as usual, and Mrs. Pearl furnished the singing. Dr. Fuller read a poem, gave the invocation, and took for his subject "Involution." It was agreed by all to be one of his best. Among other things he said: "The universe rests in the supreme soul. In my lecture last spring before this society I attempted to show the ways and means by which living organisms assume their present characters or forms. Necessarily I antagonized many of the pet theories of men, for evolution must always be opposed to *creationism*. The old argument that reason appears as the brain develops, is not valid. We talk very glibly of the beginning of things, but how little we really know along this line; our theories fill immense volumes, but our facts we have only just begun to collect. The visible is the result of invisible cause.

"Evolution gives to us perfected forms; involution true intellectual and spiritual growth. Evolution enrolls, unrolls, unfolds from within. Involution, the act of infolding or wrapping or a rolling or folding in or round.

"The spiritual scientist commences where the physical scientist finishes his work. The latter stands in the valley and looks up at the lofty mountain heights and declares they cannot be scaled. The former presses boldly forward and hews out of the bowlders a broad pathway that leads to the summit.

"It is not expected that all humanity will at once rush forward and climb this mountain, for only those who are ready for the higher wisdom can press forward.

"Spiritual truths are perceived only by those who are ripened to them.

"God is manifest only unto those who have so far unfolded their sane powers as to perceive him.

"Involution has ever kept pace with evolution. They have walked hand in hand down through the ages."

The Doctor spoke for forty-five minutes, and was followed by Pandit F. K. Lalani, who referred in favorable terms to the lecture given by Dr. Fuller.

The meeting closed with a benediction. In the evening Dr. Fuller took his subject from Plato, and, of course, gave an able address.

On Sunday next, in the morning, Dr. Fuller will take for his subject "The Spiritual Significance of Christmas," and a good lecture may be expected.

Remember, H. D. Barrett will be the speaker during January.

What a fine Christmas Present the BANNER OF LIGHT would make! Why don't you give a subscription for one year to your friend? It costs only two dollars. It is for sale at this hall every Sunday. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.—Dec. 17 the lesson subject was "Phenomena of Spiritualism." The little folks' subject was "Duty." The following members rendered songs and recitations: Wilhelmina Hope, Ethel Weaver, Francis Peters Louisa Rederman, Elder Bowman, Esther Botts, Eda Felman, Harry Green; and Mrs. M. A. Brown, Conductor, read a Christmas poem. The children will be given a Christmas Festival on the evening of Dec. 27.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Sunday, Dec. 17, question considered "Which is the Most important, the Past, Present or Future?" Miss Jessica K. Ellsworth was the essayist on "Topics of the day," and read an excellent paper on "Woman's Increased Opportunities." Others taking part: Harry Gilmore Greene, Esther Mabel Botts, Charles L. C. Hatch, Mabel Washington. Next Sunday the Lyceum will treat the children to a Christmas Festival.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter Conductor, L. A. Cameron pianist. Sunday, Dec. 17, meeting opened as usual with song service and invocation, led by Miss Brehm. Mesdames who assisted throughout the day: Nutter, McLean, Fish, Daub, McKenna, Gilliland, Ritzel, Fisher, Woodward, Gough; Messrs. Krasinski, Brown, Tuttle, Baker, Furbush, Howe, Graham; Mr. Rummy favored us with some music with his graphophone. We shall watch the old year out and the new in the 21st of December.

First Spiritualists' Church, 616 Washington street—M. Adeline Wilkinson—Morning service, prayer, Mr. Newhall; solo, Mrs. Kneeland; remarks and messages, Messrs. Fred De Bos, Hill, Blackden, Marston, Baker; Mesdames Lewis, Fagan, Miss Sears. Afternoon, song service conducted by Mrs. Nellie Kneeland; reading of Scripture, Mrs. Wilkinson; piano solo, Mr. Mackintosh; address on "The Continuation of Life," Mr. Hicks; solo, Miss Merrill; readings, Mesdames Woods, Woodward, Lewis, Wright, Miss Albright, Mr. Turner; elocutionist, Mrs. Dade. Evening, Mrs. Carlton, soloist; prayer, Fred De Bos; remarks and reading, Mr. Hicks; readings, Mesdames Chapman, Lewis, Carbee, Branch; solo, Mrs. Ida Knowles; piano solo, Dr. Sawin.

The First Spiritualist Ladies Aid met as usual at 241 Tremont street, Friday, Dec. 15, with the President, Mrs. Albe, in the chair. A circle was held in the afternoon. Many communications were given from spirit friends. The evening meeting opened at 8 P.M., with music by Mr. Sawin. Mrs. Waterhouse spoke. Reading by Willie Sheldon; messages, Mr. Barker, Dr. Hunt and Mrs. Healy, which were very satisfactory. Mr. Shaw, President Veteran Spiritualist Union, was present, and spoke. J. B. Hatch, Sr., was called in, and closed the meeting with a good night speech. The Secretary was absent, and Mrs. Barnes filled the position.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. C. A. Appleton, President, was held Thursday afternoon and evening, Dec. 14. A very large number enjoyed the supper at 6:30 P.M. The hall was well filled when the President called the meeting to order at 8 P.M., and opened with singing. Mrs. Boyd at the piano, after which Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, First Vice-President, with a few brief remarks, introduced Mr. F. A. Wiggin, the well known and wonderful medium. His words were well chosen and instructive, and the scene was most satisfactory. Next Thursday, 21st inst. is the regular Whist night, and five prizes will be given. Tickets fifteen cents for playing.

Services Sunday, Dec. 10, at 241 Tremont street. Class in psychical research meets at 11 A.M.; subject, "Charity." W. Scott Stedman, Conductor. Afternoon service at 3 o'clock. Address by Mrs. Ott, preceded by praise service, after which the following mediums gave spirit messages: Mesdames Gilliland, West, Messrs. How and W. J. Hardy. Mr. Willis Milligan favored the audience with a piano solo. Mr. Clark took charge of the singing. In the evening the meeting opened with a praise service of thirty minutes; invocation, poem, and fifteen minute address by the Conductor. The following talent took part: Mrs. Shaw, soloist; Miss Fern Foster, reader; little Jennie Meltzer sang; Prof. Milligan, piano solo; W. Scott Stedman, spirit messages. Meeting closed by the friends rising and singing "America." Christmas evening, Dec. 24, there will be special music. Service will be at Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street.

Odd Ladies Hall, 416 Tremont street, Bible Spiritual meetings, Mrs. Gutierrez Conductor. Sunday, Dec. 17, those assisting throughout the day: Messrs. Pye, Hall, Sanders, Graham, Cohen, Sawin, Nelke, Webster, Whittemore, Mesdames Hall, Woodward, Fagan, Gutierrez, Mr. Hersey answered written questions. Many others took part. Mrs. Chapman from Brighton will be with us next Sunday. Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Home Bazaar—Morning circle opened by poem, Bro. Thompson; remarks, Mesdames Gilliland and Gauthier, Messrs. Howe and Waite; messages by several others present. Evening service of song, 7:30, remarks and messages by the President and Dr. Saunders; messages by Mesdames Mackay, Erickson and Stone; Mrs. Gilliland read a poem, and Miss Stone gave two vocal selections. Special service on Christmas Sunday. Great interest is shown by investigators at these meetings.

Echo Hall, 1 Johnson Ave., Charlestown, Sunday, 17th. The Bible says, "Try the spirit." We invite everyone to come to our meetings to investigate and test the truth of spirit return. Our meeting opened at 7:30 P.M. with a service of song led by the organist. Mrs. Peak followed by an invocation; solo, "No Night There," F. W. Peak; remarks, Mrs. Peak, under control, Mrs. McLean and Mr. James McLean; also, Mrs. Peak gave good readings.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualist Association, L. D. Milliken, President. Mrs. Twing was with us again Sunday, Dec. 17, able paper on "Old grand work, both in address and messages. Music was furnished by Mrs. Bertha Merrill, vocalist and pianist, and V. H. Thomas, cornetist. Mrs. Twing's benefit tendered to the society in the form of a mystery supper, was a great success; a large crowd was present, and netted a good sum for the treasury. Mrs. Twing will be the speaker again next Sunday.

Massachusetts.

Progressive Spiritualists' Association held services at Providence Hall, 21 Market street, Lynn, Sunday, Dec. 17. Dr. Cates' remarks and messages were well received. From 4 to 5 social circle, massage and magnetic treatments; healing of sick free, Drs. Quaid, Badger, Matson. The treatments caused sunshine to many of the audience. The evening services were impressive, and in sympathy with Spiritualism and its teachings. Music, J. Franklin, T. J. Quaid. Next Sunday, the 24th, Julia E. Davis is to be with us afternoon and evening. Subscriptions for BANNER OF LIGHT. Hot supper every Sunday at 5:30.

The Deliberative Hall Spiritualists' meeting, conducted by Mrs. M. A. Moody and Mrs. Emma F. Whittier, Dec. 17, able paper on "Old grand work, both in address and messages. Music was furnished by Mrs. Bertha Merrill, vocalist and pianist, and V. H. Thomas, cornetist. Mrs. Twing's benefit tendered to the society in the form of a mystery supper, was a great success; a large crowd was present, and netted a good sum for the treasury. Mrs. Twing will be the speaker again next Sunday.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Stoneham met at O. U. A. Hall, Main street, Dec. 14. Business meeting, 4 P.M., Mrs. Frank Danforth, Vice-President, in the chair. Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding in the evening gave a very instructive and forcible lecture, followed by messages from spirit-friends. Mrs. Harding has many warm friends in Stoneham, and her work is greatly appreciated. At our next meeting, Dec. 28, 7:30 P.M., a lady from Haverhill will be the speaker and medium. Mrs. Frank Robertson, Sec'y.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held a meeting Dec. 14 which filled the hall. Mrs. Carrie Twing was in her happiest mood and held her audience until she intro-

duced Mrs. Webster from Lynn, who gave some messages. Dec. 23, owing to the near proximity of Christmas, the society will have home talent, assisted by Mr. Scarlett, who will be the speaker of the evening. The ladies will meet at 2 P.M. to sew. Business meeting at 4 P.M., supper at 6:30, and regular evening meeting at 8. Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Ave.

The First Spiritualist Society of Milbourn was favored with full houses Sunday. Mrs. Pottingill was unable because of sickness to fill her engagement. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport occupied the platform. Her guides gave their whole attention to spirit-messages. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, medium, speaks for the society next Sunday.

Brockton, Sunday, Dec. 17, Mrs. Ella I. Webster of Lynn, Mass., served the People's Progressive Spiritual Association. Sunday, Dec. 24, Miss Lillie A. Prentiss of Lynn, Mass., will occupy the platform.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield held its annual fair and sale in Ladies' Aid Hall Thursday, Dec. 14, afternoon and evening, serving a salad supper from 5:30 to 7. The attendance was unusually large, and judging from the reports so far received, a decided financial success. The contributions were liberal—the tables groaned under the weight of good things. The booths were prettily decorated, and offered many attractive fancy and useful articles. The Lyceum, under the supervision of the Conductor, Mrs. Lydia Hart, assisted by her husband, Mr. Fred Hart, was well represented, and aided very actively in swelling the receipts of the evening. Mrs. May S. Pepper was greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences afternoon and evening Dec. 10, in American Mechanics Hall, which has a much larger seating capacity than the society's hall; but even this was too small to hold all who wished to hear her. Owing to the overheated condition of the hall Mrs. Pepper fainted during the singing of the closing piece. With prompt medical attendance she recovered sufficiently to be carried to her boarding place in a carriage. While not fully recovered she was able to fulfill her engagement of Dec. 17. Mrs. Anna M. Kelsey, Cor. Sec'y, 376 Union street.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society of Lynn held services Sunday, Dec. 17, at Temples Hall, 36 Market street. An appreciative audience greeted the speaker and medium, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler. Appropriate music, Mrs. J. P. Hayes. At 2:30 Rev. James Smith read a poem from the BANNER OF LIGHT, "Hope on, Toil on," and gave well chosen remarks on "Higher Life." Mrs. L. D. Butler spoke well, and gave a splendid séance of an hour's duration. At 7:30 invocation, N. S. Noyes, and interesting remarks "What All Should Do." Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler then spoke on "Spiritualists and Mediums, and their Duty to Humanity," and gave many spirit messages. Next Sunday Mrs. Holden, late of California, Mrs. N. S. Noyes, and others.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant street. Sunday evening, Dec. 17, invocation, Mr. Quint; Scripture reading and remarks by the President, subject, "Heirs to the Heavenly Kingdom"; instrumental music, Mrs. Barber, whom the audience gladly greeted; her first appearance since her late serious illness; poem, remarks and messages, Mr. Chase of Waltham; piano solo, Mr. Jones; address and messages, guides of Mr. W. C. Cowan; remarks, Mr. Quint. Our Musical and Social last Wednesday evening was largely attended. Inspirational music, Mrs. Barber; piano solos, and duets by pupils of Mr. Jones: Miss Chase, Miss Dowling, Miss Rogers, Miss Perkins, all of whom were a credit to their instructor; songs, Miss Jones and Miss Doré of London; both were highly appreciated. Light refreshments and a social hour completed our December Social. Mrs. R. Morton, Sec'y.

New York.

Sunday, Dec. 17, at the Woman's Progressive Union, Brooklyn, Mr. Baxter gave a very fine discourse in the afternoon. "Materialization," subject for the evening; solo, Mrs. F. Kurth Seiber, the "Lord's Prayer," beautifully rendered. Mr. Altemus was present at both sessions and gave many convincing messages from our loved ones. His genial manner and sweet singing has won him many friends in Brooklyn. Mr. Baxter and Mr. Altemus will both be with us till the close of the year.

Brooklyn.—The Advance Spiritual Conference held its Saturday night meeting on 16th inst., at 1101 Bedford Avenue. Mrs. Tillie Evans gave the opening address; subject, "The Devil Hell and Heaven from a Spiritualistic Standpoint." Messrs. Henry H. Warner, Hopkins and Deloree followed on same topic. Mr. Warner and Mr. Frank gave readings and communications, closing with congregational singing and benediction. Geo. A. Deloree.

First Association of Spiritualists.—Sunday, Dec. 17, Miss Gaulé fairly exceeded herself at the afternoon meeting with the power and intensity of her manifestations. An extra musical program was presented that was extremely fine and liberally applauded. The evening meeting was fully up to its usual standard in all particulars, Miss Clare's music being exceptionally pleasing.

The Church of the Fraternity of Divine Communion held its usual Sunday evening service at Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Avenue and Madison street, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, Dec. 17, at 7:45. Mr. Ira Moore Courlis gave a great number of messages which were spiritual and gladly received. Large audiences greet us from Sunday to Sunday, and the afternoon meetings, at which the philosophy is presented under the hand of Mr. Jerome H. Fort, are also largely attended. Sunday evening Mr. Courlis is assisted by Prof. Angus Wright, organist; Prof. Adolf Witelaw, violinist, and Mrs. A. A. Miller, contralto.

Other States.

Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "I am still in the land of sunshine and flowers. As I write I am sitting on the piazza. Near by in the shade sits the thermometer registers 86°; and from the appearance of all nature about me I would say we were approaching the Fourth of July, instead of Christmas—the season of snow and ice in my native State, New York. I have visited many places of interest and beauty in this southern portion of the State, and as I look up from my writing now my eye rests upon the famous 'Mount Lowe,' away in the distance. The awe-inspiring pleasure has been mine of taking that grand mountain ride and viewing from 'Echo Mountain,' which is thirty-five hundred feet above sea level, the glories of sunrise and sunset, and the wonderful cloud effects, which I fail to find words to describe. At night you gaze up into the starry firmament and down upon the thousands of electric lights from Pasadena, Los Angeles and Santa Monica, and it is a question in your mind which is terrestrial and which is celestial, so alike they seem. The 'Mount Lowe trip' will ever be a bright spot upon memory's page. Then another point of interest that my eye rests upon from my present location is 'Old Baldy,' white with snow, and still this mountain looks to be only a short ride away.

"The spiritual outlook for this part of the State is good; the only drawback seems to be the scarcity of money to pay workers. 'This City of the Angels' has the most progressive thought in it of any place I have been in, and I feel the truth of the saying that it is the 'spiritual center' of the world.

"To my friends east, west, north and south I send the greetings of the season, and may the dawning of light come to all. I shall remain here yet a while longer."

Mrs. M. A. Brackett writes from Portland, Me.: "Mrs. M. Knowles of Boston occupied the platform at Orient Hall, Dec. 17. Her remarks and messages were practical and pleasing to the audience.

Providence Spiritualist Association, Columbia Hall. Speaker for Sunday, Dec. 17, E. J. Bowtell, who delivered two very able lectures, subjects being "The Blackness of Death," and "Good and Evil." Next Sunday, the 24th, we shall have J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport. We hope for a full house to hear Bro. Scarlett.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression,

Newark, N. J., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30, corner Broad and West Park streets. BANNER OF LIGHT always for sale at the door. Dec. 10 platform was occupied by Mr. H. Dorn, the organizer of the association and a powerful medium. He will be with us again on the 17th inst. Mr. Dorn is always ready and willing to exchange with the medium of any other association within reasonable distance of our city.

Campbell Brothers write from Manchester, Eng.: "We are pleased to inform you, and your many readers, that we have filled our engagements in London, Paris, and other places, where we have been highly successful, both in public and private work. We are now winding up our European engagements in Manchester, Eng., being booked full up to the day of our departure, which will be Saturday, Dec. 9, on which day we sail by the steamship *Edwina* of the Cunard Line for New York. We have received the most kind and courteous treatment from all, but we shall be glad to return to the United States, and our many friends. We have been offered other engagements, which we had to decline, owing to our promise to return to the States by the first of the year. Letters after this should be addressed to us at box 23, Lily Dale, N. Y."

Conflict of Love and Hate.

Rabbi Fleischer on Christian Theory and Practice.

CHRISTENDOM HAS NOT LIVED UP TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE MASTER, HE SAYS—MOHAMMEDANISM FRANKLY INTOLERANT, BUT CHRISTIANITY HAS PRETENDED TO CHARITY.

In Temple Adath Israel, Boston, Rabbi Charles Fleischer spoke upon "Christian Theory and Practice." He said, in part: "The sectarian lawyer, the minister who conceives it to be his one business to make a special plea for his sect, constantly evinces a bias for his own, and a prejudice against every other, form of faith. This quarrelling habit of the ministers is one of the causes of to-day's so-called irreligion, for it is confession of the absolute weakness of a faith if it shows only a comparative strength. Judaism has not had a very edifying experience at the hands of the average Christian teacher. Christianity, on the other hand, has been reverently or respectfully treated by most rabbis who have given it any attention at all.

And yet, at the risk of being misunderstood, I want to say that I, for one, feel temperamentally inclined to make Judaism still an actively Protestant faith, an unflinching opponent to unsensitized theological teaching, and an uncompromising antagonist to the prevailing habit of divorcing ethical theory and practical conduct. Therefore, about Christmas time always I feel the temptation to interrogate Christianity and to test Christendom by the distinctively Christian teaching of love. And I cannot help but ask: How far has Christianity lived up to its central teaching? How, indeed, when its career has been one of ruthless expansion of intolerant Christian dominion?

Mohammedanism frankly avowed its intolerant purpose, but Christianity still preached love and practiced as it pleaded, according to natural, selfish interests. I need not mention the inquisition, St. Bartholomew night, the various Protestant persecutions, the many "religious" and other irreligious wars, the Franco-German, the civil war, the English-Boer and the American Filipino war, to illustrate with painful vividness the statement that the preaching of love has not been allowed to interfere with the practice of hatred whenever the savage passions of Christendom have been roused. The Jews, on the other hand, have neither hated nor persecuted, but have nobly borne hatred and persecution. They are at peace with the world if only the world will leave them at peace, still loving humanity, still dreaming the universal dream.

However, even if Christians have not been true to Christianity, that fact does not diminish the force of Christian ethical teaching. Only it would suggest that the doctrine of love be taught less arrogantly, more humbly, with more of aspiration and more of love. And, after all, love and all the other ethical ideals are not exclusive, cannot be monopolized. They transcend person, party, sect, country. They make us all akin, they unite mankind and emphasize the divine.

Therefore, I say, let Christianity, though its theology become less Christian and more normal, natural and rational, still continue to hold before an aspiring world, at Christmas time and at all times, the unifying, compelling doctrine of love, until Christian and Jew, and all humanity, acknowledge its power, and illustrate its sway.—Boston Herald.

TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Stoneham, Mass., Wednesday, Dec. 6, 1899, of heart trouble, LUTHER F. JONES, aged 61 years and 8 months. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn the loss of his presence. Another son, passed to spirit-life fifteen years ago, since which time Mr. and Mrs. Jones have been Spiritualists. He was a member of Col. J. P. Gould Post 75, G. A. R., and of Highland Cornet, O. U. A. M. Funeral services were held in E. A. H. Hall, Stoneham, Dec. 10, at 2 P.M. by Rev. E. A. H. Hall, assisted by Mrs. M. S. Wood and Mr. D. Evans Caswell. Ceremonies of the Order were performed by the members thereof.

M. S. Wood.

From her home on Payson avenue, Dorchester, Mass., after a painful illness, Mrs. MALVINA F. FARWELL, aged 81 years 3 months.

She was an old-time Spiritualist, and a constant subscriber of the BANNER OF LIGHT for twenty years. She was beloved for her many virtues, her large hospitalities, and her kindness to the unfortunate. She has been a summer resident at Onset for eighteen years, and was interested in the meetings, but her age and illness prevented her attendance of late. She will be missed from her home on West Central avenue, where she always had a smile and cheerful words for her many friends.

From his home in Junction City, Kansas, Dec. 4, of heart failure, FREDERICK VOEL, M. D., aged 67 years.

He also held meetings at his home for the last twenty years. A valuable worker has gone. He always kept his religion before the world.

Mrs. E. D. CONNANON.

The First Spiritualist Society of Junction City, Kansas, at its last regular meeting, passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That, in the death of Dr. Frederic Voel the society has met with an irreparable loss, and that his chair as President of the Society be draped with flowers for the next thirty days.

J. A. CHAPMAN,

O. L. CONNANON,

G. C. GRAHAM.

GAME

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Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

J. C. F. Grunblum is booked to speak in Washington, D. C., on a return engagement during April and May, 1