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NO. 19.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FOR THE BANNER READER.

May the year of 1900, breaking,
Gird thee with a happiness complete,
In thy heart a world of music waking,
Crowning thee thy sleep with visions sweet!
Ministering angels guard and guide and lead thee,
Giving thee fresh blessings every day.
These, my heart's best wishes, do I send thee,
With the prayer, "God bless thee, friend, for aye!"
DEVOTION.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

An Old Year Song.
BY DEVOTION.

The hours are flying, the year is dying;
The bells are chiming for us, dearie;
My heart is beating for just one meeting
With those I love in the old country.

The shades are falling, the past recalling;
When years were sunless, tranquil and free;
And through the gloaming my thoughts are roaming
To childhood's home in the old country.

Farewell, O sorrow! The veiled-to-morrow
Holds precious promise of what shall be.
I wait this token of love unbroken,
Faithful to God and the old country.

The bells are ringing, dear love, and flinging
The quaint "God bless 'ee" for you and me.
Oh! stars above us, say, say who love us?
"The dear old folks in the old country!"

Sweet, wrinkled faces of saint-like graces
Take me in dreams where I fain would be;
For nought can sever my memory ever
From home, sweet home, in the old country.

Bling out all sadness, ring in true gladness;
Oh! draw my life in a kiss to ye!
The old folks' singing sets heaven's gates swinging,
For God loves us and the old country.

The hours are flying, the year is dying;
I'll pass out singing when Death calls me,
For peace, thrice holy, crowns souls most lowly,
And bears them home to God's old country.
Sydney, New South Wales 1899.

"The Man With the Hoe."

BY W. F. PECK.

[The following lecture was delivered to a large audience at the Church of Spiritual Unity, St. Louis, in review of a series of all-courses preached by Rev. Dr. Holland of St. George's Episcopal church of that city, criticizing and condemning Edwin Markham's famous poem. In response to numerous requests Mr. Peck prepared the lecture for publication in THE BANNER.]

No surer indication of the power and forcefulness of Edwin Markham's now famous poem could be desired than the severe criticisms that have been bestowed upon it and its subject by the apologists for and defenders of the prevailing social system of which these verses are so severe an indictment.

Many have been the protests against the terrible arraignment to which society is subjected in this apostrophe to the low-browed, brutish laborer of Millais' painting, and, in every case, so far as I have seen, these denunciations have emanated from those who have profited by the system, and who selfishly, though naturally, desire its continuance.

There is no evil, however far-reaching, but finds its apologists and defenders, but one would scarcely expect to find a sturdy and uncompromising defender of the present social system in the person of a professed follower of the socialist and reformer of Nazareth, the lowly agitator and doctrinaire of Judea, as is the Rev. Dr. Holland, whose lengthy and vigorous assault upon Mr. Markham and his poem is now attracting considerable attention in our city.

In discussing principles the aim should be to avoid as much as possible all personalities, and to discuss the subject independent of every thing but its own merits. Yet, as environments have much to do with the views held and expressed by an individual, it is, I think, quite in order to note the controlling influences which operate to bias and prejudice so able a teacher and conscientious a man as is, no doubt, Dr. Holland.

The clergyman who ministers to a wealthy, aristocratic and fashionable congregation, among whom are few or none of the wielders of the hoe, will naturally in most cases treat the subject entirely from the standpoint of the upper classes, and with little conception of the real facts as viewed from the lower level of intimate acquaintance and experience with the subject.

In the synopsis of the entire course of nine lectures as given by Dr. H. I failed to catch a spark of that sympathy for the lowly, the suffering and the sinful that was so marked a characteristic of the Master he professes to serve. The position all through, generally speaking, might be consistently occupied by the materialistic scientist who sees only the outworking of heartless, soulless law which decrees "the survival of the fittest" in the narrow sense of the term. Who recognizes with philosophic calm that the strongest must prevail and the weakest go to the wall, and visits with a sharp and scornful reproach the man who would modify this soulless tendency by a little human helpfulness, and endeavors to wither him with the title of "Anarchist and doctrinaire," an enemy of law and order.

[That many of the statements of Dr. H. regarding the factors in this problem are profoundly true goes almost without saying. That many of his suggestions deserve the most careful thought and consideration on the part of reformers and teachers is beyond question, and, separated from the unemphatic and unkindly criticism of the lower classes would be worthy of wide circulation. As it stands, however, it seems to me too utterly one-sided and

prejudiced to be of much value as an addition to the literature of social science.

While dissenting from the views of Dr. Holland as partial and one-sided, I cannot quite agree with the opposite extremist, the Anarchist, in his crusade against government and statute law, though, with all due deference to the learned Doctor, I am convinced that the philosophical Anarchist has delved far more deeply into, and has a far profounder conception of, the subject than has his critic. It seems to me that the medial line between these two extremes affords the true method and rational solution of the social problem, and it is from that standpoint I propose to speak to-night. The plutocrat and aristocrat who view the question from one side, and the Anarchist and Communist who view it from the exactly opposite side, are not only hopelessly divided, but can neither of them get a correct conception of the problem they are both seeking to solve.

One reason from the point of view of the rider on the top of the stage-coach who is satisfied with his place—satisfied to be dragged through life with no more exertion than is necessary to retain his hold and keep from being precipitated to the ground.

The other can see the matter only from the view-point of the man in the traces, the man who performs the toilsome but necessary labor of pulling the coach over the rough and sandy road of life. In both cases the views are distorted more or less by a sort of mental refraction caused by the medium through which the subject is seen.

To my mind the very root and essence of the social question lies in this statement of a philosophic fact (a fact of which, by the way, most of the agitators from among the upper ten seem to be ignorant or to wilfully ignore), as follows:

The State or community is simply a greater individual, a composite man, and the same laws which operate in the case of the individual are also operative in the mass.

Introduce a virus into the blood of a man, and his whole system suffers.

If he wound his foot, every member and organ of his body will be more or less affected. And so a false system will poison the life-currents of a nation, and an injustice to one will work evil to every member of the community. As the members of the human body are linked together by a network of nerves, so the members of a community are linked and interlinked by millions of invisible bands. The Knights of Labor struck the key note of the anthem of human rights when they adopted their motto, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

The wrongs visited upon an individual or a class injure not that class alone but the entire structure of the social order. Society itself suffers by every pang inflicted upon one of its units. In defending the rights of any member or class of people I am defending myself and the society of which I am a part. The greatest enemy of humanity is the man who creates antagonisms and animosities between units or classes of units in the community or state, no matter whether he be aristocrat or peasant.

In using the term class I do not want to be understood as endorsing the artificial divisions and distinctions that are recognized in society to-day. On the contrary, I can find no words strong enough to condemn them.

I do not claim that all men are equal in mind any more than they are in morals or physical strength, but I most earnestly and unqualifiedly deny the right of one person or class to indulge in luxuries while another must content with the bare necessities. I must maintain that if anything qualifies one person to receive and enjoy comforts and luxuries that are debared to others that qualification should be moral, and not mental or physical. But right here we are confronted by that apparently incongruous fact that the most highly and morally endowed cannot enjoy comfort and luxury with the consciousness that others, however unworthy, are suffering for lack of them. That teacher who maintains that a class or an individual has a right to advantages denied to another, and may and should be happy in the enjoyment of those advantages, is morally and spiritually blind. Such teaching is as morally false and misleading as is the doctrine that the "saved" can be perfectly and eternally happy in heaven with the full knowledge that millions, among them some of his dearest friends, perhaps, are roasting in an endless hell. Such teachings may be orthodox, but they are not moral. They are not religious in the true sense.

But more of this anon. Let us come back to a consideration of the part and place occupied in society by "The Man With the Hoe."

I think a moment's consideration will convince the most obtuse mind that this man is absolutely the most important, useful and necessary member of the whole social body. He is not the foot merely, as Dr. H. intimates. He is hands, feet, arms, legs, muscles, and to some extent that force pump the heart. He is the foundation of the whole structure, the prop upon which the whole social fabric leans. He is the commissary of the human army; the feeder of the race. Without him you and I and Dr. Holland would starve to death, or else be compelled to take his place at the hoe handle. Around him revolve all human ambitions. Upon him rest all human achievements. Were his supporting hand withdrawn, nations, governments, principalities and powers, scientific attainments and philosophic accomplishments, all would crumble to nothingness and disappear.

If rewards are graduated to the degree of importance and usefulness of a class it is plainly evident that the meed of the Man With the

Hoe is a very great one indeed. In fact, justice would seem to demand that to him belong the first fruits not only of his own labors, but of all efforts that depend upon his. That not only shall he be permitted an ample supply of the products of his own toil, but science, philosophy, learning, music and art, which, but for him would have no existence, should shower upon him all their blessings. Have I exaggerated the importance of this man, or the reward which that importance deserves? Dr. Holland himself admits that this man "makes possible all that is above him." Why, then, should he not share in all that he makes possible?

Some will declare that he does share it; that the scientific achievements of the age reflect their advantages upon every member of society, high or low, and in a measure they say truly; but it is only a half truth. The lot of the laborer, the producer, has, in some respects been improved; in other respects it has become worse. While, upon the whole, he may enjoy many conveniences and advantages not possessed by his class a half century ago, yet, per contra, he often suffers from the actual necessities, food and clothing, to an extent utterly unknown to his predecessors in the days gone by. This is true of our own land, at least.

But, admitting that all classes share more or less in the progress of the age, it is absolutely undeniable that the advantages to the producer have been utterly incommensurate with the service rendered by him in bringing about this progress. His share in the wealth produced by his industrious hands has been, as a rule, absolutely beggarly. The man with the hoe must dispose of the choicest fruits of his labor and content himself with consuming that which is inferior or unsalable. The farmer must sell his butter, cream, chickens and eggs, and content himself with bacon and skim milk. The shoemaker's family must go badly shod, and the tailor wear cheap clothes. The builder of palaces must dwell in a tenement, and the carriage-maker go afoot. The car-builder may not occupy the sleeping palaces his skill has produced; but if he travels at all, in consequence of the high railroad fares rendered necessary largely by the free passes and reduced rates given to nabobs, court officials, members of the legislatures, clergymen and other dead heads and semi-dead heads—among the latter you will take notice and class myself—if he travels at all, I repeat, he will be found in the smoker with a second-class ticket. And so on of the vast majority of the producing classes.

Mr. Millais and Mr. Markham draw a striking and repulsive picture of the man with the hoe. As Dr. Holland says, it is not true of all wielders of the hoe, nor even a majority of them; but it is true of a very numerous type, a type found in all countries, but most numerous wherever the struggle for existence is the most severe, wherever the man with the hoe receives the least return for his efforts. Constant and unremitting toil compensated by a but for shelter and a crust for food would brutalize an angel. The man depicted by Millais is not a brute because he wants to be, but because he is forced to be. When Dr. H. says that it is his own fault if he does not advance, he utters an absolutely indefensible statement. To affirm such a proposition is to ignore all ante-natal conditions and deny the influence of environment upon the character. It is to antagonize every thinker who has made a study of the question and contradict the most common facts in every-day life.

The fact that a comparatively few have overcome the obstacles and cleared a road for themselves to the top, does not weaken the above statement in the slightest degree. To say that because one man has done this all others may, is virtually to declare that all men may be mental Websters and physical Apollos or Simpsons; that poetry, music and painting in perfection lies within the capacity of everyone. No; the social reformer does not claim that all men are equal in capacity, and the polemic who places that interpretation upon his language manifests but shallow capacity for comprehension. In these days of imperialism and lust for conquest, when the Declaration of Independence is laughed to scorn, and all the cherished traditions of our liberty loving fathers are trampled under foot, it is heresy to speak of equality. Yet even at the risk of being regarded as a heretic, I boldly proclaim my adherence to the principles that underlie that immortal document. Equality, equality before the law, equal rights, equal opportunities for all, special privileges for none. It was the denial of those rights and opportunities that "slanted the brows and loosened the jaw" of this poor brute who leans his weary body upon his hoe and gazes vacantly into space.

Says Dr. H.: "Property and the right to possess it is the corner stone of civilization."

Few social reformers will take issue with this declaration. The point of difference will be as to who is the rightful owner of the property. The socialist claims that it of right belongs to the one who produced it; the plutocrat insists that it belongs to the one who is shrewd enough to get it away from the man who made it.

The social reformer insists that no man is entitled to the results of another's labor, that every person who is able should earn his property and his living. Anything else is virtual slavery.

I recall a picture in one of my schoolbooks when a child, entitled "Diamond digging in Brazil." A long line of naked negroes, pickaxe in hand, are standing up to their knees in a stream of water, searching for the precious stones. A number of white men, with long

whips in hand, are comfortably seated, overseeing the operation. As soon as a stone is found it is taken possession of by one of the gentry with the whips, and the laborers receive for their services what food they require to keep them in working order, with frequent applications of the raw hide thrown in. This picture represents, somewhat exaggeratedly, it is true, the industrial system of the present day. The producer does not get the property he creates, or even a fair share of it; but as fast as it is produced it is appropriated by others. He has the privilege, it is true, of changing masters, and if he is shrewd and lucky enough may become a master himself. The raw-hide is not waved over his head, but other measures quite as effectual are always at hand. Again the doctor says:

"If labor makes property, it is no less true that property makes labor." If I get the correct meaning of this rather obscure sentence, I sense the superficial view, which so many smatterers in social science have of the question at issue. To put it in the usual form, "If labor creates capital, capital also furnishes labor." The narrowness of this expression consists in the notion that labor is a boon, an object to be sought for its own sake; whereas man uses it as a means to an end; labor that he may secure the products of labor. It is not work he wants so much as the returns for work. That labor is not what he desires is evidenced by the constant invention of devices for lightening toil; labor saving machinery; machinery doing the work of many hands.

It is the property that labor produces that mankind seeks, and when justice prevails, and each toiler secures the products of his own industry, he will not be dependent upon the capitalist for the privilege of earning his bread.

The object, then, of the social reformer is not, I repeat, to deny or destroy property rights, but to place the title where it justly belongs, in the person who creates it.

I am not to be understood as maintaining that only those who labor with the hands are producers, and entitled to the property which labor creates. Far from it. The man who labors with his brain, either to instruct or amuse his fellows, is entitled to exchange his capital for the more material and substantial products of "The Man with the Hoe" and his compeers; but I most earnestly protest that neither he nor the shrewd schemer and speculator has a right to monopolize the lion's share of the wealth, as is now the case. I know of no reason in justice, religion or morals, why a clergyman should receive a salary equal to the wages of a dozen day laborers, each of whom is of more real necessity in the world than he. I want every preacher, myself included, to have a comfortable home, enough to eat and to wear, plenty of books and papers and such things as he needs to make life worth living; and I want him to earn these comforts by rendering an equivalent to the community that provides them for him. That which I ask for the minister I ask for every useful member of society, according to his taste and requirements.

This is justice, this is morality, this is religion; this is, if I understand the teachings of Jesus, Christianity. Anything else is irreligious, immoral, unjust, un-Christian, unspiritual.

It has often been charged that of all educated, thinking men the clergy are the most illogical. The necessity of making every fact and principle conform to their creeds is a sufficient explanation of that weakness. To be able to reason correctly, one must be absolutely free from all mental chains. Tethered as they are to the immovable stake of dogma, they can only reason in a very limited circle, and their logic becomes exceedingly lame and halting. Apropos of the above, the good doctor utters a sentence that deserves to be blazoned on the inner walls of every dwelling in the land: "The curse of to-day is the begetting of children in lust."

He amplifies upon this in an edifying and most suggestive way, but weakens his argument by his denunciations of the poor victims of the lust of his progenitors and the exactions of the false social system which prevails. The inference to be drawn from his remarks is that the "Man with the hoe" is more sensual in his nature and appetites than the "Man with the whip," the man of leisure and luxury.

No well informed person will endorse such a statement for a moment. Unremitting and arduous physical toil does not tend to increase the activity of the lustful nature as does leisure and high living. This is a fact too well known to permit of contention. That the fruits of such lust are more numerous among the toilers than the idlers is because the former are not possessed of the knowledge and means of avoiding the consequences as are the latter. The Doctor advises the "doctrinaire" to teach the man with the hoe to curb his passions and regulate his offspring in accordance with the higher laws. This is the very thing that most social reformers have been doing for years, and which has brought down upon them the anathema of the Church and persecution of the Church inspired laws. More than one earnest reformer has seen the inside of prison walls for proclaiming the doctrine of "fewer children and better," as hinted at in the sermon under consideration. The irony of this volunteered advice is emphasized when we consider the fact that the largest Christian sect on earth makes it a special point to encourage and even enforce the bearing of large families of children upon the membership of its church, and inflicts a penance upon those who try to avoid such responsibilities. Thus forced by his masters into this "hog wallow," he is soundly berated because he bewails his

fate, and demands enough of food and clothing to supply the needs of his progeny.

"Slave of the wheel of labor." The reverend critic denies this, or claims that it is so it is the man's own fault. Sacrifices must be made to the cause of progress. Some must suffer for the general good. And then he adds: "Why should the man with the hoe demand that all the sacrifices be made by those above him?" One must read this question over several times to assure himself that it was asked in earnest and not jokingly or sarcastically.

Think of this toiler bending his back to his tasks from early morn till late at night—from twelve to sixteen or more hours daily, day in and day out year after year—eating the coarsest food, wearing the cheapest clothing, sleeping under the commonest shelter, sustaining a mere animal existence, "to make possible all that is above him," and then ask that question. The person is hopelessly blind who cannot see that this man's whole life is a constant sacrifice, a complete immolation of all hope and prospect of comfort and advancement upon the altar of a false and unjust social system. And what makes it so much more deplorable is the fact that such sacrifice is so unnecessary. Under a just and equitable social and industrial system, no man would suffer even for a moment by the introduction of labor-saving machinery. Not only would the inventor himself reap the reward of his skill and ingenuity, but every person whose labor it lightens would bless the day of its introduction. With the wonderfully productive power of the improved machinery of the age, all the necessary productive labor could be accomplished in two or three hours per day per adult individual. Yet millions more must labor from ten hours per day on the average. Millions more must exist in enforced idleness, while other millions revel in luxury, make pleasure their god, and add nothing to the wealth of the world.

Is it not obvious that there is something painfully absurd in a system of society which permits and fosters such a state of affairs? Dr. H. is right when he says that condition is not brought about by the natural man. No indeed. It is the unnatural man, the artificial man, the perverted man who is responsible for it, as for the system of government which is at once the offspring and protector of this unnatural and unjust medley of conditions. And here the doctor injects a meaning into the poem never dreamed of by its author, and proceeds to attack this fanciful creation by declaring the poem "anarchistic in spirit." He quotes:

"Oh! masters, lords, and rulers of all lands
Is this the handiwork you give to God?"

Dire visions of anarchy and lawlessness are conjured up by this question to the "rulers of all lands," and the Doctor sounds the changes on it to the utmost.

It seems strange that the mental vision can be so distorted that it must confound a candid criticism of a certain kind of government with antagonism to all government. It is the same mental obliquity which charges men who would shed the last drop of blood for their country with being "traitors and copperheads" because they oppose the policy of the administration.

There is not a line in this poem which inculcates anarchy, or enmity to government as such, and, while I cannot speak from personal knowledge, I have reason to believe that its author is a profoundly religious man, loving the human race with an intensity as profound as that which characterized the Nazarene himself.

"How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?"

The doctor denies the danger here prophesied, and declares that "idiots do not work revolutions," though "fanatics may." The ignorant and the brutish may not lead a revolution, but when they fall in line with fanatics in the lead they work horrors terrible to contemplate.

One has only to refer to the history of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror to realize the magnitude of those horrors. Had the brutal, sensual and selfish aristocracy of France heeded the warning of the "doctrinaires" of those days, and rendered some meed of justice to the down-trodden masses, history might have been spared some of the most sickening pages in all her records.

Dr. Holland refers to another painting of Millais, the celebrated "Angelus," and declares that it presents the true type of the Man with the Hoe. The peasant man and woman, toiling in the fields at the closing of the day, hear the distant church bells call, and, ceasing their work they strike a devotional attitude, and chant a prayer to the virgin.

No right-minded person can view a manifestation of sincere and earnest devotion with any other than sincere respect, however mistaken he may deem the devotee. Yet this picture speaks almost as loudly as the other the degradation of labor, for here we have not only the man with the hoe, but the woman also. Not only is the man compelled to carry the burden of the years, but his wife must assist him with it, or the children go supperless to bed. It is bad enough when the father must be brutalized in this way; but when the mother, too, must become a beast of burden, what possible hope is there for the offspring?

Contemplate the woman yoked with an ox or a dog, dragging a cart or a plow through the fields—a sight not uncommon in some countries—and speculate as to the possibility of that creature, or those born of her, keeping step with the march of civilization.

[Continued on Fifth Page.]

"STEP HIGHER."

BY MATTIE M'GASLIN.

On the floor of a room that is cheerless and damp,
With fever panting breath,
Lies the form of a beautiful bright haired boy
In the joy clasp of death.

The blind man's darling, his only child,
His faithful little guide
Through sunshine and shadow, through tempest wild,
Was ever by his side.

Now the beautiful eyes have a meaningless stare,
The breath comes thick and fast;
Though reason has fled from her throes, his heart
Is faithful to the last.

He thinks he is pulling through the street
The footsteps of his sire,
And whispers in accents low and sweet,
"Now, father dear, step higher."

"Step higher." It is the last message of love
From a happy spirit, flown.
"Step higher." The words echo from above
To the father left alone.

"Step higher." Yes! they are words of cheer
While tolling the upward way;
Though dark is the night of his pilgrimage here
It will lead to endless day.

"Step higher." The pathway the angels have trod,
From earthly trials past;
"Step higher," the motto that leads us to God
And gives us peace at last.

From the N. S. A. Home Office.

To the Editor and Readers of the Banner of Light:

Dear Friends: It gives me much pleasure to announce that Mr. T. J. Mayer, who so nobly promised that in the event of the Spiritualists of the United States raising fifteen thousand dollars for the general fund of the N. S. A., that this Association might have means to carry on its good work in various lines, he would give the property in which this office is situated to the National Association for its home, has authorized me to say that he will lower the sum asked for from fifteen to ten thousand dollars, and will extend the time for securing this fund from Jan. 1 to April 1, 1900. This is indeed a magnificent offer, and one that the Spiritualists of America will surely meet in a liberal spirit. Mr. Mayer asks nothing for himself; he is not selling the property to the N. S. A., but means to give it outright. Some of the friends cannot imagine it possible for a man to give away such a handsome estate, and they persist in thinking that the fifteen at first, now ten thousand, he asks the Spiritualists to raise, are for him as purchase money for the home. Nothing is further from the fact! Mr. Mayer asks the Spiritualists of America to create an N. S. A. fund, and to contribute this money to it that the Association may have means to do missionary work, to send out spiritual literature, to help mediums when they are in trouble, and to do other good work for the cause of humanity.

The worthy man says if all the Spiritualists together will raise the amount asked for, "I will match their united contributions by the gift of the N. S. A. headquarters, and then the National Association will have both a home and a fund for its needed and humanitarian work." Besides this, Mr. Mayer has himself given the Secretary of the Association a check for five hundred dollars to be put into this fund that he asks the people to secure. He has a good and worthy reason for asking the people to do something for the National Association, which is that they may have a personal interest in the work and the Association, and that it may not be said that the institution is carried on by any one man.

Now, if the friends of the Cause who have not already contributed to this fund will send their donations, large or small, to me, we will surely have more than is asked for, by the end of March. Please do so as soon as possible. Do not wait for others to do the work, but have a hand in it yourself. Do not say, "Oh, they will collect enough without my contribution," but send in your donation, and with it the best thoughts of your soul for the success of a grand and noble work. Any and all sums will be received, and we will gratefully acknowledge the same.

It may not be generally known that the Secretary rents part of the building, and makes a personal home here; hence, if the N. S. A. receives the gift of this property, it will have a rental from a portion of it that will more than pay for its taxes and other expenses.

Any Christian organization that made an appeal for such funds would secure them at once. I quote from an appeal to "The Sunday Schools of the General Synod": "To help carry on the work, the Board of Foreign Missions has recently sent out four new missionaries. This makes large offerings necessary. Let us make 1900 the best of all the years. There are about two hundred thousand officers, teachers and scholars. If all give according to their ability, fifteen to twenty thousand dollars can be easily raised. For Christ's sake, and for souls, can we not do that much?"

Who doubts that the amount will be raised? Why cannot the Spiritualists of the country do as well for their home missionaries by raising the fund asked for by the N. S. A.? We believe they can, especially when one man is willing to do as much, or more, than the whole number put together. We believe the response from hundreds of hearts and purses during the next ninety days—now that the holidays are over—will be a generous one. All things are moving quickly and pleasantly at this office and in this city. The Spiritualists and others have been regaled with a rich feast by the lofty teachings and words of the guides of Brother Grumbine. In January they are to be further instructed by the eloquence of A. E. Tisdale and his spiritual inspirers.

I wish here to announce that the well known speaker, Jennie Hagan Jackson, is appointed special financial agent of the N. S. A., and is authorized to collect money for the Home fund, or other uses of the N. S. A.

Fraternal greetings and love to all workers in the Cause of Truth, from the N. S. A. and from cordially yours,

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y,
600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

AT TABLE.

You may breathe a pious blessing
Over viands rich and good,
But a blessing with long faces
Won't assimilate your food;
While a meal of bread and herring,
With a glass of water clear,
Is a feast if its accompaniment
With the blessing of good cheer.
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to tell it;
Something hateful, quick despatch it
At the table.

Elizabeth H. Francis, in Ever, who, c.

MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,

WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

Any poor, wretched being, who was without a home or employment, could come and join this colony, and cottages would be built for them. Hereafter it was expected that the common fund would furnish money enough for the purchasing of such material as would be necessary for the purpose; but, eventually, all were expected to contribute a sufficient amount of money and labor. A very little from each would accomplish the desired result; but, as we have before stated, material prosperity was not the sole purpose for which this colony was founded, but to see how nearly heaven could be made on earth.

Marion desired to pattern after the colonies within the Spiritual World. Come with me now, dear reader, and we will enter the beautiful building that had been erected instead of a church. It is Sunday. Look and listen. The band is playing. Look at those musicians. Finer looking men were never seen, and better music never heard. "Can it be possible," you ask, "that these men were once common drunkards?"

Those are the men, my dear sir, that Marion saved from filth, sin and drunkenness. To save them alone is well worth the life of one man or woman. Listen again. Hear the whole congregation. They are singing sweet spiritual songs, the musicians leading. Did you ask me, "Who are those upon the rostrum?" Englehart, Marion and Viola. Viola is the medium—the one who stands between heaven and earth—the one through whom spiritual beings can comfort and instruct those still in the material body. The singing is over. Marion is now delivering an invocation—that is, invoking the aid of the relatives and friends of those present, who have gone on before, preparing the way for them and making the paths straight, showing them the way, outlasting them against pitfalls, sustaining and comforting them.

Marion has ceased. Again music, sweet and soft fills the air. Viola's beautiful blue eyes close. Her face has changed like unto an angel's face, and she is robed, as the angels are, in pure white. She rises as Marion takes her seat. A small table is placed before her. This table is used as a signal-board. She places the tips of her dainty fingers upon it. Loud and distinct raps are now heard. She removes her fingers; the rapping still continues. In this way the spiritual beings greet their friends and manifest their pleasure at being heard and listened to through the lips of this pure child, Viola. A short lecture is given, filled with uplifting instruction, sweet consolation and good advice.

"There is only a thin veil between us," said the voice of the spiritual guide of Viola. "We are simply hidden from your material sight and hearing; but when we have an excellent medium the veil is rent asunder, and we talk with you face to face. Listen!" Soft, but distinct raps sound upon the table. Viola is not touching the table, as all can see. Viola calls out a name. The raps respond. A truth and me, together with a little child, rise.

"Ah, mamma, mamma!" they murmur, "are you indeed present?" "Yes," responds the entranced Viola, and the raps distinctly corroborate the words. Then a beautiful message of love is given to these bereaved orphans, the continuous rapping or signaling corroborating each word, that there may be no mistake, that they may know it is their mother, and none other. The children's faces beam with love, happiness and contentment. Now the raps cease, that another may take the signal board. Now very loud, emphatic raps are heard. Another name is called out in stentorian tones. A woman rises from her seat, together with four little ones. Viola stretches forth her arms toward them:

"Oh! my wife! my helpless little ones! It is your husband, dear wife. It is your father, my babies," and loud, low raps corroborate the words. Then follow comforting messages of love and care, and the assurance made doubly sure by the loud knocking or signaling, that his mourning widow and his helpless babies are not without the constant presence and loving care of the departed husband and father.

Thus it goes on, until all have received messages from heaven—from those they have loved and lost—but now have found again. Marion has discovered that one of the musicians is a medium. He is now invited to the platform. His eyes close; his face takes on a glorified expression. The name of a beautiful piece of music is given through Viola's lips, for she is the oracle; the signals are quick and responsive; the musician takes his seat at the piano; his fingers wander for a moment over the keys, and then the music commences. It is the soul of Mozart who is playing; the signal upon the table keeps the time exactly, and Mozart plays some of his sweetest, most heavenly airs. "Ah!" you ask, "does Mr. Zart do so to play to these former drunkards and paupers?"

"Yes," cries the voice in the silence, "they are my children, all of them; for I am the father of paupers. A pauper myself, the whole world of paupers are my adopted children. I would rather play for them than for a king and his courtiers or a queen and her subjects; rather, even, for the smallest and meanest of them than for the most fashionable and aristocratic audience that the whole world can produce." This is Mozart's message to the world at large—to that world who forgot him in his misery while he was yet with them in the material form, and remembered him only when he needed not their assistance.

A young man is now invited to come upon the platform—a tall, pale youth is he. He had been found and rescued from an opium den by Englehart. The mother, a widow of this youth made one of the congregation. Her eyes now rested upon him with fond admiration. He had passionately loved a very beautiful girl; but he, the son of a poverty-stricken widow, was looked upon with disdain, and the young lady married an old millionaire. The narcotic eased the young man's pain for the time being, and he gradually sunk down, until he became a frequenter of an opium den, apparently lost beyond retrieve; but here in this beautiful region, away from all temptation he regained himself once more. He also proved to be a medium.

The raps upon the table sounded their signals; his eyes closed, his face became excited; then his eyes opened once more, but their expression was entirely changed; another and a spiritual being was looking through them. A name was called; a man and his wife arose; they were both young, but a widow of sadness rested upon their faces. An aged woman drew in front of the young man on the platform, painted, brushed and patted, were handed him; his hands moved with lightning-like rapidity; he was painting a picture.

Englehart takes out his watch; ten minutes—the picture is done. The easel is turned toward the audience for inspection. It is the face of a lovely little girl of three years, so lifelike that a buzz of excitement runs through the audience. The young man and his wife reach out their arms, while tears stream down the mother's cheeks.

My own Elsie! My little darling!" she exclaims, for it is the face of her departed little one that greets her. The little head wreathed in flowers, the baby hands so filled with them that they are full of all about her; great innocent blue eyes, rosy-lipped lips sweetly smiling. They had never been able to have a likeness of their little girl taken, but this picture was so like her it seemed as though it must be her self indeed. This was to be hung on the wall of their cottage as a memento that their baby was not dead and the veil which parted them from her was now rent asunder.

CHAPTER XXV.

(Conclusion.)

Five years have passed by on rapid pinions. Let us pay another visit to Pearlville. As the train slows up at the depot, we gaze forth in astonishment. Can this large, thriving city really be Pearlville? It must be so, for the brakeman calls "Pearlville! Pearlville!" The train stands still at length, and we alight.

"Beautiful as a dream," did you say? Really, it is far more beautiful than any dream which ever presented itself to my sleeping brain. The city now numbers ten thousand, just think of it, my friend—ten thousand human beings saved from a vicious and infamous life. Surely five thousand saved from prison cell or the penitentiary, and all through the influence of one young girl—who once bore the name of Marion Goldboro.

Let us stand here on this gentle elevation until we have taken in the view as far as the eye can reach. Look at those immense fields of waving grain, all ready for the harvest; and the streets of this city and the cottages are so numerous that we are not able to count them. Surely paradise can be no more beautiful than this city. The shrubbery and trees about the cottages have attained a goodly size; the air is filled with the fragrance of blooming flowers; all the houses are clean and bright in their yearly coat of pearl-colored paint.

Did you ask me if that large stone building near the center of the town was a courthouse? No, madam, no, sir. This city of former vagrants and prison-birds needs no courthouse or police-station. How widely you open your eyes to stare at me surprisedly. This city is so well managed that no one thinks of committing crimes of any kind; not even a b. o. l. or quarrel arises. That stone building, my dear sir and madam, is Pearlville's storehouse. Can it be possible that this city has become self-sustaining?

This city has not only become self-sustaining, but comparatively rich. The three million dollars which the Engleharths expended at first has been returned to the city in full, but this three million is kept in constant motion; new cottages are constantly being erected for the stream of new comers; the hospital is usually filled with them, and, as soon as cured, other new-comers take their places.

Englehart has cultivated all the lands left him by his father, and thousands of acres adjoining have been purchased by the city of Pearlville; but no one man shall own more than his cottage and acre of ground surrounding it. The well-directed labor of four or five thousand men, four hours each day, gives health, wealth and prosperity to all. Is not this better than fifty thousand men encamped on a burning hillside, starving amid filth (and consequently disease), armed to the teeth with deadly weapons wherewith to slay their brother men, costing the government many, many millions of dollars?

War may have been necessary in the past, but we will hope that wars will forever cease in the world.

"How is it possible," you ask, "for these vile and wicked vagabonds to become saints so soon?"

I will tell you, madam, and my good sir. Not a drop of ardent spirits is ever allowed within the precincts of the city, no horse racing, no game of chance or gambling, no pugilistic display. No one is richer or better treated than his neighbor. No one within the city is allowed to use tobacco, no flesh is eaten. Each house is provided with a suitable bath-room; every one must present a clean and wholesome appearance. There are no churches, no priests to preach hell, and eternal damnation, no angry God to be pacified through the intervention of priest or prelate. God smiles on all alike, and the great universe stretches forth its limitless arms to embrace all peoples and nations. No creature's life is ever taken.

The children in Pearlville, or at least those who are born there, never have looked upon vice, or crime, or cruelty of any kind; consequently they are pure and innocent, without the slightest inclination toward vice or crime. Their little faces shine with contentment, love and happiness. All innocent games and amusements are allowed. Many beautiful parks and greens are scattered throughout the city, and out-door sports are encouraged. Music is cultivated to the fullest extent of the powers of those who are engaged in it, and all are taught who desire to learn.

Politics are never discussed in Pearlville. The people govern themselves.

Englehart and Marion had drawn up a code of moral obligations at the time of the founding of the colony, and whoever did not wish to conform to them was not admitted to the city, could not become one with the colony. A copy of these laws, framed, was hung up in every cottage. The reader has already been made acquainted with them.

Marion and Englehart had long since solved the marriage problem. The marriages in Pearlville consisted of a civil contract between the parties desiring to unite themselves; to be kept inviolate so long as both could live in peace and comfort together; but if any so united found themselves utterly unsuited for each other, and thereby were made miserable in consequence, each gave to the other a writing of divorce, by which both must abide.

Ah! did you say, that law was too loose—not stringent enough? Believe me, sir, there have been but two divorces in Pearlville within the last five years, and not a house of ill-fame exists in the city.

When men do not smoke, drink, gamble, horse-race, bet, or visit houses of ill-fame, very few divorces ever take place; and, as none of the men in Pearlville could do these things, they became good and loving husbands, and their wives gentle and amiable; and, madam, it will astonish you to see how beautiful the little children are in consequence—more like smiling cherubs, as Nature intended them to be. Men here find their happiness at home instead of a drinking saloon. The love of wife and children fill their hearts, and not fast women, horse racing, betting and gambling; they sport on the greens with their little ones instead of being sports about town.

The moral laws at Pearlville were as binding on the males as the females; but come now with me, and I will introduce you to the earl and his wife.

They live in no better style than the rest of the community. The house is much larger, to be sure, but simply that it may accommodate the helpless infant department; this, together with a large public music room—large enough to hold many kinds of musical instruments, besides a number of pianos, for the cottages as yet have no piano within them. As the colony grows richer, Marion hopes to place a good piano in every cottage; but that time has not yet arrived.

How do you like this reception-room? It is no better than the cottage parlors, simply a little larger. Is not this room bright and airy, neat and clean as human hands can make it? This matting upon the floor is far more conducive to health and cleanliness than a heavy woollen carpet. These cane and bamboo chairs are so much better than upholstered ones, which are so heating to the body. This large table covered with books is very attractive to those inclined to be studious; but Marion has added a large public library to the buildings in Pearlville. It was a gift from her father, who has become so much interested in the colony that he spends a portion of each year with his daughters, Marion and Viola.

Ah! here comes Mrs. Englehart. "Mrs. Englehart, allow me to introduce my friends to your charming self and also to your beautiful city of Pearlville—Mr. and Mrs. Incredulous."

Marion's great brown eyes glow with pleasure as she extends a hand to each, and when Mrs. Incredulous asks her to observe: "We did not think it possible, madam, that such an enterprise as this, which you have undertaken, could ever be successful. I should think, madam, that the overlooking of these formerly wretched beings would soon wear you out."

"Quite the contrary," replies Marion. "It gives me an interest and zest in life that nothing else could."

"Ah! how do you do, dears? These are your little ones, are they not, Mrs. Englehart? Very sweet children, I am sure."

"Maud, darling, go and speak to our visitors," and a graceful little girl of four or five years, with eyes and hair very like her mother's, gives us her tiny hand.

"I am very glad to see you," she says, with a smile on her rosy lips.

"And this little toddler is your brother, is he not?"

"My name Arty," lisps the baby.

"He means his name is Arthur," said Miss Maud; "and we have a little tiny bit of a brother beside," she continued, "and oh! how much we love him, do not we, Arty?"

"Me tise me 'tittle brofer," said Arty, putting up his lip; and after both children had been kissed a number of times by myself and Mr. and Mrs. Incredulous, they ran away to play.

Marion Goldboro is as beautiful as ever. Her form is a true rounded her face has taken on a sweet, motherly expression, that we did not observe in the young girl six or seven years ago. The door now opens. A beautiful, dreamy-eyed girl enters, followed by a frail, emaciated cripple.

"This is Viola and Mary," observes Marion, and we are delighted to meet the young ladies.

"Would you like to go up stairs and see some of Mary's pictures?"

"We should be delighted," and we ascend the clean, bright stairway and enter Mary's studio. The walls of the room are covered with valiant—beautiful works of art.

"Chromo copies of many of these paintings are in every cottage," said Marion; "Mary's life is not in vain."

"Where is Mr. Englehart, may we ask?"

"He has gone with a party of men to his mines in the mountains. We intend to form another colony here. His mines are extremely rich, and we desire to benefit the world at large with the wealth which these mines will yield."

"Then you do not intend to enrich yourself from the proceeds of these mines?"

"No, sir; not by heaping up hundreds of thousands of dollars simply for the gratification of avarice; but we intend to build another city near these mines; in fact, it is already under way. The men will work the mines in stead of farm land. All who prefer to work in the mines will leave Pearlville—others will take their places here—but the cottages and the city will be patterned exactly like this. The men will work in the mines four hours per day, for which they will receive one dollar. All the overplus of wealth will go to enrich our colony and add comforts and luxuries to our city—and I must tell you, continued Marion, with a smile, that this Viola is about to be married to a very wealthy English lord, whose father has also left him vast estates in America. He has barely time to get to do with them, but Viola has settled the question for him. His estates lie in the cotton fields of Kentucky. He and Viola will found a city there, patterned after Pearlville, and they will raise cotton instead of grain. Another friend of his lives our little Mary here, regardless of her misfortune, and she has consented to give him her hand in marriage. He has extensive manufacturing interests in Michigan. If factories have long stood idle for want of cotton. The company that once owned these mills has been ruined from the habitual strikes which have occurred. Mary's future husband has enough to build a city such as Pearlville was at first. The men will be employed in these factories four hours per day, at one dollar. Mary will see that all things are conducted there as they have been in Pearlville.

Now the mining city and the cotton plantation, together with the city of spindles, will each purchase their grain and vegetables from Pearlville. We intend soon to erect a large spinning factory, but in none of these places will any one labor more than four hours per day, all receiving one dollar therefore—their homes and acre of land assured to them as long as they live."

"But in the mountains," I observed, "they cannot have an acre of land. How are you to manage that?"

"Every man who owns a cottage in the mountains and has worked in the mines, not only retains his cottage there during the time he is thus employed, but when he is unable to work there longer, or wishes to leave, it secures to him a cottage and acre of land within the city of Pearlville; and he can make the change whenever his inclination points in that direction; but his mountain home must then pass into the hands of other miners."

The mining city will probably not become very large; but the cities of the plains will increase immensely. I would that the whole world was one like Pearlville—like cities scattered through the length and breadth of the land."

"Then you would banish all meat-eating—which is really a species of cannibalism—all whisky drinking and all with the brewing and distilling of all liquors whatever from the world?"

"I would," she ardently replied.

"Well, how about ship building?" I asked.

"A small ship-building city could be managed something after the manner of the mining city. Cottages could be erected for the workmen, and when they were old, or tired of the building, their land and cottage could be assured to them within the agricultural city—or a spot near the ocean might be chosen, where there were extensive lands, and a city built like Pearlville; but of course their supplies would have to be purchased from the farming cities. Iron foundries could be managed in the same way. And now comes the question of railroads, cars, and those employed in constructing them. The city of Pearlville was built and managed by one man and his wife; but why could not companies with capital at their command join themselves together as one man and do likewise? Why should not the railroad employ have his cottage and acre of ground like others?"

"But the railroad man must necessarily work more than four hours per day," I objected.

"Why should he?" asked Marion. "Each man could be relieved by another after four hours of service, and this would give employment to hundreds that are now unemployed. It is not the welfare of mankind in general that is thought of, but how a few can heap up riches at the expense of the many; yet their riches invariably turn to gall and bitterness on their tongues. But behold my wealth!" exclaimed this noble woman, extending her arms toward the beautiful city—behold my wealth! They will all go with me into the heavenly cities not made with hands but eternal in the heavens. The dress of gold I could not carry, no not one ounce, but these, oh! these, are my Eternal Treasures!"

"There are so many necessary industries," I observed. "There must be logging out, saw-mills, and a thousand and one other industries."

"A logging camp could be arranged after the order of our factories," answered Marion.

"But according to your planning, our splendid cities would soon decay."

"Let them then decay a natural death. They are but whitened sepulchres, filled with dead men's bones, refuses for all manner of evil. One man lives in a palace, while his brother starves in a garret, or rather his wife and children do, while he revels in drunkenness and debauchery. Let them die. Who would wish to exchange one of them for our beautiful Pearlville?"

"But, Mrs. Englehart, the American government itself would be jeopardized."

"Well," said she, laughing, "when all the little thriving cities like Pearlville, fill this vast Republic, as they will do some time, when all men and women within these cities are able to govern themselves, when there is no possibility of going to law about anything, when old theological dogmas have died a natural

death, and a pure and true religion takes the place of these, there will be no ministers nor lawyers; when men lead perfectly natural and pure lives full and penitentiaries will not be needed, neither court-houses, police-stations, nor patrolmen; when there are no party political representatives will go by the board, and our expensive administration will die of old age."

"You forget," said Mr. Incredulous, "that other nations might seize our lands and our country; we surely need a government, a powerful navy, also a good standing army."

"No doubt we do at present; but when wars shall have ceased, as they surely will all over the world, there will be nothing to fear, for the whole world will soon join hands in peaceful brotherhood. We shall then need no more war ships. Powder and shot will be obsolete, also all other death-dealing accessories, and swords shall be beaten into pruning-hooks. Kings and palaces, Presidents and White Houses will be known no more forever."

THE END.

Principles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT have had a surfeit of criticism of the National Spiritualists' Association's fundamentals, hence we will not further inflict them, except to say a few words relative to Infinite Intelligence.

In view of natural phenomena, Infinite Intelligence embraces far too much for possible reconciliation with phenomena.

Infinite Intelligence includes Infinite Power, hence must be held responsible for all bad as well as for all good.

There is no possible evasion of this conclusion.

These two Infinities of all that is made man what he is; made him extremely sensitive to conditions over which he has no more control than a tit-dilemma has over the winds. Also made his love to abide in flesh paramount to all else.

Now, considering the many catastrophes through which the earth has passed, it is questionable whether man has not experienced more pain than pleasure.

A long life of ordinary comfort hardly compensates for one hour of excruciating pain we have many, many times witnessed. Surely two Infinities could and ought to have made life all pleasure without pain. Is it not blank nonsense to assert that man must first be made miserable ere he can be happy?

Where ignorance is bliss, is it not folly to be wise?

Those two infinities, if existing, have remorselessly evicted millions from their enormously-loved abode in flesh. In 1876 two hundred and fifty thousand people in Calcutta were evicted by a tornado. In 1878 thirteen million Chinamen were evicted by famine. In 1891 forty thousand and Japanese were evicted by earthquake. Statistics show that such calamities are increasing in frequency.

How easy for Infinite Intelligence to have made China-land flow with milk and honey. If a cowboy with his sense of right could see to spot it, he would shoot at sight for such cruel negligence, and thus become a hero for all time.

In a late postscript Rev. Weaver stated he believed trees had intelligence, and cited as proof that their roots seek moisture. Such arguments have outraged humanity with the banal idea of Infinite Intelligence. Trees planted in dust or earth never seek in any direction. They only rot. The essential moisture must first permeate the dry soil and mingle with the roots, otherwise growth is impossible and decay inevitable.

Another silly postulate held by some who pose as scientists, is that all creatures are by infinite intelligence adapted to environment. Nothing could be more fallacious. The exact reverse is the truth. Environment molds all flora and fauna to its own best advantage. Evolution clearly teaches that change of species results from change of environment.

Dr. Carl Sauer demonstrated that by subjecting *ardentia* to salt and brackish water alternately they were so changed that some scientists mistook them for new species. Geology teaches that this old earth is dotted over with old polar centres; that a hundred or more times, possibly, she has suddenly shifted her polar centres 30° more or less, and thereby caused floods that probably covered three-fourths of the earth's surface, whereby nine-tenths of all land habitats were destroyed.

A sudden shifting of the poles so great a distance would immediately change three-fourths of the old tropics to arctic conditions. Two small tropical areas, however, on opposite sides of the earth, would hold over and remain tropical during the new polar period. On the other hand, old polar regions would not become tropical until the great polar ice cap had melted under the influence of a vertical sun. Two small areas of the old temperate zones would also hold over; from these hold over areas, exotic species would spread and eventually inhabit the whole earth. Meantime the hairless dog of the old tropics, be it caught in arctic cold, would struggle for survival, and, if successful, in time would become covered with much-needed hair. The nude elephants of the old tropics would in like manner become covered with hair. On the contrary hairy elephants of the old arctic regions, being unexpectedly subjected to tropical conditions, would become denuded of hair, thus demonstrating that environment dominates and modifies all vegetable and animal life absolutely.

Owing to this sudden change of climatic conditions we find tropic and arctic products superimposed in all zones of the earth. Recurring to our subject, we may further add that gravity and heat are the antagonistic forces that impart and maintain molecular motion, whilst the cosmic forces known as magnetism control their relative arrangement. Surely none will claim that these forces, singly or combined, possess intelligence.

Intelligence can only originate from cosmic life, by evolution through matter. Its first expression is motion by vibration.

No, inasmuch as we find in nature so much that is hideously repulsive and pernicious, is it not more sane to impute all such to blind insensate cosmic force, rather than to Infinite or molecular intelligence?

The foregoing opinions are not the expressions of a captious or tie, but are logical conclusions from well known premises.

Washington, Pa. GEO. M. RAMSEY.

A Unique Sentence.

While I was at Moscow, writes a traveler, according to *The American Law Review*, a volume was published in favor of liberty for the people. In the book the conduct of public men and even of the sovereign was severely censured.

The work created indignation and the offender was taken at once into custody.

At his trial he was condemned to eat his own words.

A scaffold was erected in a public square, the Imperial Provoost, Magistrates, and the physicians of the Czar attended.

The book was taken from its blinding and the margin cut off.

The author was then served, leaf by leaf, by the Provost, and was obliged to swallow this unpalatable stuff on pain of the knout, more feared in Russia than death.

When the medical attendants stated he had eaten as much as he could with safety the unfortunate was returned to prison.

This punishment was renewed the following days, until, after several hearty meals, every leaf of the book was actually swallowed.—*The Householder*.

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Children's Spiritualism.

TO MY DOG BLANCO.

My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing valet at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human-kind,
Hath royalty informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I seen the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, real and true,
Bears friendship with us end or bound,
And find that prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars:
Nor crutch nor staff nor guide,
Nor beggary nor dungeon bars
Can move you from my side.

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old;
As gentle as a lamb and true
But with your brothers bold.

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.

You place your head upon my knee
The while you whisper and lick my hand;
And thus our friendship is confessed
And thus we understand.

Oh! Blanco, did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility—

Did I sit fondly at my feet
As you do sit at mine,
And watch him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine.

—J. G. Holland.

The Lost Lamb.

To All My Dear Young Readers: I know there are many of you who would like to know what we do in our spirit life, so I will try to tell you of some of the things that keep us busy. One night grandma asked me if I wanted to go with her, and find a little lamb that was lost. I was very eager to go, so placing my hand in grandma's, I soon found myself in a great city. It was snowing very hard, and the streets were all covered with snow. It must have been near Christmas, for there were lots of people with their arms full of bundles and toys, going this way and that, with happy faces.

Grandma and I pushed our way through the great crowd of people; they did not seem to mind us, and I don't suppose of all the people that we passed, one of them could see us.

We went down a side street that branched off from the great thoroughfare. We soon came to a house that was all lit up. As we came to the steps of this grand house grandma said to me, "Here is the little lost lamb," and as I looked, there on the steps, all curled up in a heap, was a beautiful little girl about five years of age. She had the most beautiful golden hair, and bright blue eyes. She was crying hard, for she was blue with cold, and the few clothes that she had on were all torn and covered with snow. Many people hurried by, and took no notice of the poor little child.

Grandma told me I might lead the little lamb into the fold of the great Shepherd. So grandma took hold of one little cold hand, and I took hold of the other, and we were soon back to the spirit-world again; and when the little girl opened her eyes and saw the beautiful place she was in, her eyes just sparkled with joy. Were we not repaid for our effort in trying to find the lamb that was lost?

The little girl's father had passed to spirit-life, and her mother was dying all alone and in poverty. The little girl went out to find some one to help her poor sick mamma, and when we found her she had lost her way.

When the poor little body was found in the morning the people said: "She was frozen to death," but no one knew that the spirit had left the poor little starved body before it was frozen.

In the earth-life her mamma named her Mabel; but in spirit-life the name of Blue Bell was given her, for her great blue eyes made every one happy wherever she went.

So you see we in our spirit life can go out and find and feed the little lambs, and there are many all around you in the earth-life that you and your mamma's care make happy at this grand Christmas-time.

ROSE BUD.
Through her medium, CHARLES E. DANE,
36 Marsh street, Lowell, Mass.

White Fawn's Story.

Dear Children: Once more Wah-tah-nowan, the White Fawn of the Chippewas, comes to you through her medium to tell you a story. My last story was rather sad, as it told you how I and my father were slain by the Ottawa, and lay out in the State of Michigan; and I promised you then that I would come again and tell you how I felt when I woke in the nappy hunting grounds. Now, in those days, and even now among the Indians, a girl or woman is not thought much better than a servant to wait on the brave, carry their wood and water, sew their mocassins and cook their food. Some white braves don't act much better now, either!

So of course I expected to find myself waiting upon my father, as I had no brave as husband; but when I woke up and found where I really was, I was lying on a beautiful blanket, and a kind face was looking down into mine. She told me her name was Waubun-Annung (Evening Star), and she was my mother, who had passed away when I was very small. She told me father was being cared for by other friends and that we should see each other just as soon as the spirit teachers had told him where he was and taught him how much better the spirit life was than the happy hunting grounds he had been told he would come to when he died.

In a few days, after we had both rested, father came for me, and with him came my mother, Evening Star. I use her English name to you, as I think your tongues were not made to pronounce her Chippewa name; although when you sound it, making your voice linger softly on the last syllable—Wau-bun-an-ung—it has a soft, musical tone. They took me with them to a pretty tepee—a tent made of birchbark stretched over poles, like it would be in earth-life, and with a running stream of water and great trees near by, and a beautiful meadow, all dotted with mimosodes—oh! I forget you don't know our Indian names, like my medium. Now mimosode is a pretty flower that grows on the prairies, and blossoms with pretty white flowers in the springtime; and we call it mimosode, or "white man's foot," for it only came after the white man came sailing down the great lakes in his big white winged canoe. Your own name for it is spring beauty; and there is a big white brave says to me: "Tell them that in the flower-books they call it Claytonia Virginia." Oh, my isn't that a big name? Perhaps I have spelled it wrong; if I have, I know Leona will tell you the right way, and let mine stand as it is, so that you can see that sometimes we make mistakes as well as you.

[Leona thinks White Fawn is a pretty good speller. She only has one letter too many in the first word. It should be Claytonia, and the whole name, Claytonia Virginia, was given to the flower in honor of John Clayton, a botanist (one who studies plants and flowers) who lived in Virginia. Perhaps some of our BANNER children can find some of these flowers next spring, and then they will remember White Fawn's story.]

But I am running away from my story. Father and mother brought me to this pretty home, where I grew strong, and then began to go around with them to help other Indian girls and boys who came over all alone. I had to go to school every day and learn how to help my friends in the earth life, and I found that we had to help white people just as much as our

own, and they had to help us. We found that, instead of hating the white faces and trying to kill them or hurt them, it was much better to help them and love them. But it was harder work to reach the white faces than it was the redskins, as we always believed in the spirit-world, and that our friends came back to us, although the old medicine men used to try to frighten us into not asking for our friends to come unless "medicine man help." The white faces were hard to get at, because only once in a while was there one who knew what spirit voices and faces meant. The others said it was evil and the work of a devil, and those who saw and heard spirits or felt them were witches and wizards and servants of Satan! Oh, my! how foolish. Don't you think so? But that was two hundred and fifty years ago, when Boston was only a little log village, with Indians all around it.

All these years I have been learning more and more, and have become a messenger spirit—that is, one who carries words for one spirit to another and for those in earth-life from their friends in spirit. Now I know Leona thinks I have been a chatter-box long enough, but I will come again another time and tell you of the funny names Indians give to their children, and to each other and to the birds and beasts.

WHITE FAWN.
Through her medium, Henry H. Warner, 376
Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LITERARY.

THE HOUSE WITH SIXTY CLOSETS: A Christmas Story for Young Folks and Old Children, by Frank Samuel Child.

"The House with Sixty Closets" is the most delightful title of a "Christmas story for young folks and old children," as the author, Frank Samuel Child, quaintly puts it, and the delight increases as the book is examined. It tells of the strange things that happened, or did not happen on the "night before Christmas" in the family of a minister blessed with the goodly number of fourteen children, counting his own, and those left in his care by a sister no longer living. The paragon to which they came was the mansion house of a famous "Judge" and his lady, built according to the latter's idea. How the stately couple stepped from their portraits for a frolic with the children, of whom little Ruth is a leading spirit, and the sixty closets who are animated with life for the occasion, forms a story that has not had its like since "Alice in Wonderland," and like that famous book will charm young and old. It all concludes in a wonderfully sweet and impressive manner that will give Christmas a deeper and truer meaning to many. The plentiful and excellent pen-and-ink illustrations by J. Randolph Brown, who has caught the true spirit of the story, add greatly to the attractiveness, and the whole makes up a pleasing little volume.

"The House with Sixty Closets" is the old Sherman mansion of Fairfield, Conn., Judge Sherman, a nephew of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a royal host to many of the most eminent men of the nation. Judge Sherman was especially fond of children, but while his two sons grew to maturity they did not survive him, so that he was left childless. It was his dream to see the mansion bright and merry with many little people.

All through the years since the house became the minister's home, the handsome, stately portraits (by Jocelyn) of the Judge and his wife have hung on the wall of the east parlor. Traditions and reminiscences concerning these famous people haunt the old place. The family clock, tall and chaste in its dignity, still marks the lapse of time, suggesting the interesting scenes of long ago.

To day the Sherman mansion is filled with children, and it was in response to their earnest importunities that Mr. Child wrote his fantasy, investing the story with the atmosphere of the place, seeking to bring his blithe troop of boys and girls into happy touch with the noble, uplifting spirit of the good Judge and his beneficent lady. (Price, \$1.25.)

Lee & Shepard, Boston. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

WEE LUCY'S SECRET is the title of the fourth volume of "Little Prudy's Children" series by Sophie May.

Wee Lucy and her brother are on a long visit to Grandpa and Grandma Parkin in the East. Their sunny sayings, laughable adventures, and quaint and lovable ways make old people wish there was not a home in the land without the wee prattlers, and fill the child-readers' hearts with delight from sympathy and a complete understanding of the workings of those active little minds.

Because of the dear, loving auntie she possesses, Wee Lucy thinks to be an auntie is the nicest thing in the world, and conceives the unique idea of adopting another little girl as her niece. The acceptance of this relationship, and the affection existing between the two are extremely touching. Then they have a secret, but as I dare not tell it the only way for our little readers to find out is to read the book and look at all the pretty pictures it contains. Price 75 cents. (Lee & Shepard.) Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

A GREAT YOGI.—Mr. P. Ratna Mudaliar, Sub Registrar of Vellore, writes us the two following communications:

"It was on the 20th August, 1899, that our long-cherished desire for paying our humble homage and respects to the much-talked-of Yogi, who has taken the public roadside as his residence near Palnattu Agaram, a village of the Vellore Taluk, nineteen miles off the Vellore Town, Southwest Side, was gratified. Mr. Raju Mudaliar, a government pensioner, Mr. Chengalvaraya Mudaliar, a military hospital assistant, Mr. Sivasankara Mudaliar and myself, left Vellore Town early on the morning above mentioned, and after a drive of three hours in the jutta, reached the place where the Swami was, finding him in that ecstasy of joy—in which he always is—so peculiar to the higher spiritual beings. The very sight of the Swami, the majesty of his countenance, which seemed to us the impersonation of power and thought, held us rapt in awe and reverence.

"On close examination, it is clearly manifest that the Swami is a Jivanmukta, fully merged in the happiness pertaining to that exalted state, and quite forgetful of all these mundane affairs. In stature he is all that could be desired, robust with a shining appearance. He depends on no meal whatever, except what is offered by pious persons who pass the road. He wears no robes, and is proof against the sun, the wind and the rain. It has been told at times that during nights, loaded bandies pass over him while he is lying on the roadside, without hurting him. The people of the locality where the Swami is, state that once on a time a blacksmith severely beat him so as to make him speak, for the Swami always preserves golden silence, being quite rapt in perfect bliss. A few hours after the beating, the blacksmith became mad and continues to be so even to the present day. Being a novice in spiritual affairs, I am unable to understand his further excellences; I therefore recommend those who are interested in spiritual matters to take the earliest opportunity of paying a visit to the above Swami, and thus to be profited thereby, for it is not known when the Swami will take shelter in some secluded mountainous range, as the Mahatmas generally do."

The writer of the foregoing has subsequently sent us the following in response to letters of inquiry from various parties concerning the Swami:

"He is of dark brown complexion, aged about fifty-five years. His caste is not known, neither the place whence he came. It is believed that he came from the Mahadeva Malai—a mountain consecrated for its sacredness as it is considered to be the abode of many saints. He has been in the place where he is for the last fifteen years. The Swami does not seem to have shown special favor to anybody, nor has he disciples, but is equally accessible to all. A view of the Swami will only confirm our idea that such persons enjoy supreme and unceasing bliss; and the presence of such sages clearly indicates that even the nineteenth cen-

tury, with all its evil influences, is not devoid of persons of this type.—The Theosophist.

THE NEW CRUSADE.—We are favored with a copy of the above-named magazine, whose motto is:

Abolish Ignorance by Knowledge;
Eradicate Vice by Virtue;
Dispel Disease by Health;
Dispel Darkness by Light.

In the December issue the article entitled "The Hygiene of School Life," by Genevieve Tucker, M. D., is especially valuable, and worthy a thoughtful perusal, as the following extract will show:

Parents should remember our public schools are not asylums for feebleness, nor are they reformatories. The home does not stand for the public school, and the public school cannot stand for the home. The one is environment for the other. Every pound of energy expended in work either of mind or body, must be made by food, rest or sleep. It rests with parents to see that children are sent to school in a condition for mental work. That sufficient sleep, in well ventilated rooms, has been had.

Children need more sleep than adults. If the adult should have eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for play, a child should not have over four or six hours of work, nine to ten for sleep, and the rest for play. What food is to the blood and muscular system, sleep is to the nervous system. Most children should go to bed, instead of being taken to the theater, church or a party. Plenty of sleep is needed when the brain is taking on functional activity.

Again, more attention ought to be given to the breakfast of a school child. A child often hurries off to school with little or no food, that little taken hastily, then comes a hurried walk of a longer or a shorter distance, and before the morning session is half gone the child is weak and faint from lack of nourishment. This alone unfits a child for mental effort. Most children will be the better for a slight lunch at recess time, and every child should have time provided for a regular, deliberate, wholesome meal at noon. Children should be so clothed that they may reach the school-house dry and warm when the weather is stormy and cold. If a child sits with damp feet and skirts, sooner or later catarrh develops, and this deteriorates for mental work. A child's skin needs special attention at all times, but especially so when he goes to school; he owes to others to have as clean a skin as possible, as the contamination of the air is sufficient from the impurities of respiration, aside from the effluvia of the body.

Many children do too much walking in going to and from school and to their meals, and thus use strength that should be reserved for mental work. It is not in the province of this paper to discuss whether the state ought to furnish conveyance for pupils, lavatories and attendants for dirty children, soup kitchens in connection with school buildings. Ought the state to provide those things which are essential to the health of the child and which the parent fails to do? Should there be medical supervision of schools? Emphatically yes; but that supervision should be confined to hygienic questions pertaining to school houses and school life. Life has a physical basis, and the sine qua non of any system of education is that the child finish with "a sound mind in a sound body."

Wood-Allen Pub. Co., Ann Arbor, Mich.

POE COMING TO HIS KINGDOM is the title of an article in The Dial of Nov. 1, by Henry Austin, in which we learn that justice has been done at last.

The recognition of the greatness of soul and true genius possessed by Poe has come at a time when, as Mr. Austin says:

"To one who tries to study literature in the large, it seems as if we were just now passing through one of those irritating transition periods in which all standards are lowered or confused, in which Conglomerations reign, taste gets freaky or fantastical, and True Art hides her head or goes to sleep. Of course, all periods are transitional; but some by their accentuation acquire the especial name, when literary or historic annals are compiled, and balances just, or approximate, are struck."

But, irritating as the present period may or must be to the subtlest nerves of criticism, it is not without its assuring signs, its cloudless promises. The most cheering of present omens—more than an omen; indeed, almost a right earnest—is the final rendering of complete literary justice in the land of his birth to that genuine man of letters whom the critical consensus of Europe has long acclaimed as our greatest literary genius. The recognition is rather late, but, clearly, it is to be lasting. Edgar Allan Poe—the Yankee Yahoo, a stupid English reviewer once called him, "that jingle-man" Emerson with unwonted blindness or bitterness labelled him, while Lowell, who knew better, spoke of him as "three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge"—has come at last Virginia, the Alma Mater from which he was not expelled and where he was never censured even for alleged vices, then common among the sons of Virginia gentry, honored his memory, but chiefly itself, by celebrating on Oct. 7 the fiftieth anniversary of his untimely death, and by unveiling, with fitting ceremonies of prayer, poem and address, a fine bust by an excellent sculptor, this long-delayed rendition of poetic justice, this formal recognition in America of his world-wide fame and genius, was made complete.

THE RELIGION OF FREDERICK THE GREAT furnishes the subject matter of an excellent essay by Prof. W. H. Carruth, University of Kansas, written for the October issue of The Open Court.

In reference to the religious views of Frederick, Prof. Carruth says:

"Strictly original views of religious problems we shall not find in Frederick, as indeed strictly original views are few and rare at any time. But there is no good reason for thinking that the views he expressed were not sincerely his own. He had thought through and lived through his philosophy of life. While even his phraseology borrows freely from that of his masters, yet of his deeper convictions I feel justified in saying, as Lowell said of Parker's words, that they had been 'fiercely fused in the blast of a life that had struggled in earnest.'"

"But if serious thought and deep conviction on the mysteries of the universe and the greater problems of human life and destiny; existence and nature of God, the nature of the soul and its future, the relation of the creature to the Creator, the right relation of the individual to his fellows—if conviction on these subjects so deep as to control the course of one's life constitute religion, then Frederick was certainly a religious man."

After passing through a period of materialism, Frederick wrote: "Gradually I begin to perceive within me the dawn of a new day; it does not yet gleam and glow fully before my eyes, but I see that it is within the possibility of human nature that I have a soul and that it is immortal."

"Frederick met Voltaire in 1736, and in a letter to him, less than a year after the one just quoted, he writes: 'Metaphysical subtleties are beyond our grasp; my system is restricted to the worship of the Supreme Being who alone is good, merciful, and therefore deserving of my reverence, and to trying with all my power to alleviate and lessen the sorrows of mankind, in all else submitting to the decrees of the Creator, who will do me as to him seems good, and from whom, come what may, I have nothing to fear.' Whether he was aware of it or not, he was certainly the beautiful confession of faith comes close to the Gospel requirement of a complete religion, 'do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God,' while the trust expressed in the last phrase suggests Whittier's faith, 'No harm from him can come to me on ocean or on shore.'"

From this essay we learn that Frederick could not tolerate theological creeds. In a letter he says of the Ode on the Goodness of God: "You may find passages in it which are not in harmony with the Augsburg Confession; but

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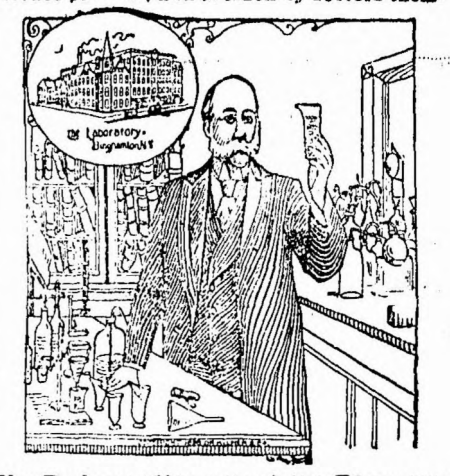
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IS IT THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE? or, Science Applied to Spiritualism, not in the Manner of Dr. Hammon. By W. L. RYAN.

(Continued from First Page.)

It is characteristic of the spirit of intolerance that the meek and docile creatures depicted in the painting of the "Angelus" should be regarded as the type of what the man with the hoe ought to be, and the constant admonition of the clergy to the common people has been, "Be contented with the lot to which God has assigned you here, and an eternity of bliss awaits you hereafter."

It would seem uncharitable to intimate that churcho and personal interest and aggrandizement had anything to do with this advice; yet it is open to that interpretation. If the producers were once awakened to a realization of their rights, and stood together in demanding them, there would be fewer and plainer churches and less toadyism to wealth and fashion by religious teachers.

Finally,
"How will you ever straighten up this shape? Touch it again with immortality?"

Dr. H— says: "This is a task that lies partly with the church, partly with the man with the crooked shape."

If the church were true to her mission, if her ministers really followed in the footsteps of their Master, if they were guided by His precepts and inspired by His example, the church might well assume this task and with every prospect of success. But the church represented by the gentleman with whom I am taking issue could not accomplish that object in a million years—nay, not through eternity.

Read the synopsis of his nine lectures upon the Man with the hoe, and point out one passage that would appeal to the soul of the poor benighted, sinful wretch upon whom he is bestowing so much attention; one kind, loving, tender expression, that might give evidence that he regards that creature as a member of the same family as himself, a child of God, a brother man. There is nothing in it to appeal to the poor and lowly, the man in the depths, the moral weakling, the social outcast, the class that appealed most deeply to the great heart of Jesus.

The whole animus and spirit of the dissertations is plainly a coddling of the wealthy, an apology for and defense of the aristocratic worshiper to whom he ministers and from whom he receives his support.

I would not be unjust to the gentleman or his church. I have no doubt that they contribute large sums for charity, that they support missions and help to send workers into the slums to save the fallen, but so long as they make the Church a religious clubhouse, so long as they worship in select and aristocratic exclusiveness, the Divine Spirit will never bless their efforts with success.

As a preliminary to the conversion of the man with the hoe, the prime necessity is the conversion of the Church, and especially of her ministers to the true religion of which she has but the shadow. The churchianity of to-day is not the Christianity of Christ. It has the name but little of the spirit. Until her ministers can rise superior to the considerations of pelf and worldly advantage; until they can imitate the Master, and seek the company and fellowship of the fallen, the outcast, the poor and lowly; until they can feel deeply and truly that they have no right to indulge in luxuries so long as others are dying of want; until they can rebuke the selfishness and greed, the sin and wickedness of the rich as fearlessly and vigorously as they reprove the poor, they have not brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

When they have reached that stage of development, then their ability to reform the world will be augmented a thousand fold, and the morality of the race, including the man with the hoe, will be correspondingly increased.

I said at the outset that while I utterly repudiate the spirit of plutocracy, I cannot agree with the opposite extremists. I am not an anarchist. I have many good and valued friends who are, and I have listened to all the arguments presented in proof of their views, but I am utterly unconvinced. Neither do I believe in Communism in the broad sense of the term. I should not want any share of a communal toothbrush, nor a communal suit of clothes. I want my own bed. I want my own room. I prefer my own dwelling, to which I may invite those who are congenial. I believe in the right of private ownership in the product of one's own labor or its equivalent, but I deny the right of individual ownership and monopoly of the gifts of nature, soil, sunshine and air. These belong to all the people, and each individual is entitled to use as much of these as is necessary for his sustenance.

I deny the right of private ownership of public utilities. Railroads, telegraphs, water-works, lighting plants, etc., should be the property of the State or community, and run in the interest solely of the people.

In short, the effort should be to establish a system which will provide the fullest community of interest consistent with the liberty of the individual, and vice versa.

Time will not permit me to elaborate this thought. I can only say that such a system would in my opinion completely abolish the many injustices and extreme inequalities, eradicate poverty and reduce crime to its minimum. It would lift the man with the hoe from the position of a brute and menial to that of a respected and self-respecting citizen—the equal socially, intellectually and religiously of any in the land. It would bring about a state of society whose moral and spiritual perception would be summed up in that grandest of mottoes: "From every one according to his abilities, to every one according to his needs."

A New Prayer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am a man of advanced age, and upon retiring to bed for the night I have had occasionally this difficulty: After sleeping two or three hours I have awakened, unable to compose myself to sleep again. This led me frequently to say the Lord's Prayer earnestly, concluding that it would help to quiet my mind, and probably I might be assisted by the higher powers. One night a few years ago I was in this state, and began to say the Lord's Prayer. Having arrived at the petition, "and forgive us our trespasses," I was spiritually stopped from proceeding, and although I was in no pain, no fright or distress in any way, I could not say any more. If I had had words to give, and willing to give them, I could not go on. During the next two days I thought carefully over this event, and on the second day it occurred to me that during the day previously to my being stopped saying the prayer, I had put the law in force against a man who owed me money, and by repeating "as we forgive them that

trespass against us," I should be asking the great Almighty Power to punish me. I love the Lord's Prayer, and this event impressed me to put it in a slightly different form, and I now repeat it as follows:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be your name, Holy Father. Your kingdom come, Loving Father. Your will be done in earth as it is in the heavens, Benevolent Father. Give us this day our daily bread, Bounteous Father; and forgive us our trespasses, and help us to forgive them that trespass against us, Merciful Father. Guard us against temptation, deliver us from evil and lead us to all truth, Gracious Father; for yours is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

One of the first communications I obtained spiritually, after saying the prayer as I have given it, was: You may repeat it in that way. Another spirit said he came purposely to forbid my repeating it in that style, but having heard it, saw nothing to forbid; and lately another spirit said, "I never heard it in that way before." He was, however, pleased and interested with it.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours in the Cause, CHARLES GRAY.
Birmingham, England, Dec. 13, 1899.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Spiritualist Training School.

A. J. WEAVER, SUPT.

This School will open its fourth session at the Cassadaga Camp Grounds, Lily Dale, N. Y., on May 14, and close on July 13, 1900.

The Course of Instruction is as follows:
Higher Criticism and Biblical Exegesis, Moses Hull.

Oratory, Voice and Physical Culture, Mrs. Alfarata Janke.

Rhetoric, Composition and Logic, A. J. Weaver, A. B.

Psychic Lessons and Class Sitzings for Development of Mediumship, under direction of spirit guides, Mattie E. Hull.

Juvenile Department—to be supplied.

Expenses—Tuition for the entire term of eight weeks, \$6.00. For part of term where whole of term cannot be taken, per week, \$1.00. Board and Lodging, at So. Park Hotel (on grounds), per week, \$3.00. Cottages or rooms for self boarding at small expense. Cost of Books (to be obtained on grounds), from \$1.50 to \$4.00.

The object of the School is to prepare workers in Spiritualism and those who wish to become workers, both private and public, whether as mediums, speakers, writers or organizers, for doing better and more acceptable service.

There has been a long-felt need for such a school, and teachers have been selected who are amply qualified for their respective positions.

The school is divided into four departments. Mr. Hull's work is to give such instruction in regard to the Bible, what it is, and what it is not, that we shall become fitted to wrench this weapon from the hands of our opposers, and use it successfully in the defense of our own Cause. One of the achievements of Spiritualism is to attack, and try to annihilate error, and there exists no error more productive of evil than that the Bible is the "Word of God," because that is the source of all the other errors which have cursed religion. To do this work effectively no one in our ranks is superior, and probably no one is the equal of Mr. Hull.

The second department is oratory. In these days, scarcely any one ventures upon the career of public speaking, whether at the bar, in the pulpit, or on the platform, until he has received instruction and drill in this important branch of education. No college exists that does not have a chair devoted to it. It may be said by some that the trance speaker, and all who speak in any way under spirit influence, are an exception to other speakers, and are above any aid that schools or teachers on earth can render.

I think this idea has become well nigh outgrown by the intelligent Spiritualist. We know that a spirit, when it speaks to beings on earth, uses the voice and vocal organs of the medium. If that voice has been deepened, strengthened and enriched by culture, the more attractive and impressive will be the delivery. It is supposed by some that the controlling spirit itself can train the medium's voice without other help. This is seldom if ever done; but, even if it could be done, the most of spirits who speak are not teachers of oratory and do not know how to train the vocal organs; and even if they did, they exhaust their magnetic force simply in speaking.

Aside from argument, it is a matter of fact that those who speak under control are more or less defective in delivery, like other speakers, and are more defective than had they received vocal training by a competent teacher.

In this department there are few better teachers than Mrs. Janke. In the first place, nature made her for that kind of work. She loves and enjoys it with her whole soul. Besides this, she has received years of training in the Emerson School of Oratory of Boston. She is very successful in her profession, and we are able to secure her services for the school only because of the vacation of her classes.

The next department is that of Logic and Rhetoric. These are essential both in writing and speaking. For a discourse or essay to be made impressive, and convincing and interesting, the thoughts must be arranged in logical order, and expressed with rhetorical force and beauty. Ideas, jumbled together in violation of the laws of language and of thought, as is often done, especially by crude writers, may produce no effect like the still air of a quiet June day, but these same ideas taken in hand by a trained master mind, become a cyclone in the impression they make. Errors, either in Logic or Rhetoric, may not be perceived by the literate, as discord in music is unnoticed by those deficient in time and tune, but educated people perceive them, and are disgusted.

I believe every writer and speaker would like to improve himself. But improvement is impossible till one becomes conscious of his errors, and this seldom happens without a teacher to point them out. Every one ought to do the best work of which he is capable—ought to do justice to himself, and to his own natural abilities, but he never can do this till he has been trained for that special work.

Mr. Weaver, who has charge of this department, is a graduate of Tufts College, Mass., of the class of '79. He was Superintendent of Public Instruction in Kansas for many years, and is a teacher of age and experience.

The fourth department is devoted exclusively to the practical development of mediumship. Heretofore it has been customary for some public teacher to organize a class to which he would deliver a course of lectures on development, and then leave it to the members of the class or their guides, after they had disbanded and gone to their homes, to sit in circles, or in other ways put in practice the instruction given. By this method much of the spirit force gathered by the occasion is dissipated and lost. We propose to avoid this mistake by resolving the class three times a week, if not oftener, into a circle for development under direction of spirit guides. A boy becomes a swimmer not by receiving instruction simply, but by jumping into the water and trying to swim. Is it not something so in becoming a medium? Has there not been much money paid out for which no practical benefit has been received except

PAINT TALKS---XXIV.

Why Combination Paints Are Economical.

The saving in first cost of a good combination paint over the cost of pure lead, is, of course, an item for consideration; but it is not the only item, nor, in fact, the most important item to be considered. The best combination paints cost, pound for pound, generally about one cent less than pure lead. This is not a great deal, but still it amounts to something on a large building. But when it is remembered that a pound of the combination paint will cover anywhere from one-fourth to one-half more surface than the pure lead, then we see that we effect a really important saving in selecting the former.

But it is in comparing the wear of the two classes of paint that we reach the fountain of the economy involved in using combination paints. Pure lead will protect a building fairly well for three years at the longest. Even before the end of that time it is usually chalky and absorbent of moisture, promoting the decay of the underlying surface rather than enabling it to resist decay. The combination paints containing zinc white, however, if of the standard brands, which can be obtained in every village of the land, afford perfect protection during periods ranging from five to fifteen years. They do not become porous or absorbent, and hence are protective during their entire life.

Here is the great economic advantage gained by the use of combination paints containing zinc: they preserve buildings effectively and they require renewal only at long intervals.

STANTON DUDLEY.

by the teacher. In addition to the class sittings full course of lectures will be given by Mrs. Hull and others on Development of Mediumship.

Nine will be admitted to this developing circle except those who join it or who belong to some department of the school. The very best conditions will be sought. All needed requirements for good development will be complied with and the rest left to the spirits. We believe spirit power is the chief power in developing mediumship. All we can do is to make good conditions. We think the spirits which the class will bring together will organize themselves into a band at the opening of the school for the work of development in the class. We think by thus combining the lectures with the sittings, better results will be obtained than by any course of lectures the most eloquent lips could give without the sittings.

Mrs. Hull will have charge of this department. Her mediumship commenced when she was but a girl. She was an unconscious medium for seven years. She then became conscious, and is now inspirational. We are deeply interested in this department, and we expect important results.

Let it be distinctly understood that the school is not for those who seek simply recreation or pleasure or rest, or a social resort or a pleasant outing. It is established for work—for solid work. Self-improvement is the one sole object—intellectual, spiritual and psychic improvement of each one's self. The school means business.

The forenoon will be devoted wholly to study, to the preparation of the lesson, the afternoon to recitation, and the evening to social relaxation, to let down the nervous tension, and get the system ready for sleep.

The school is not a one man concern, but is under a board of officers annually elected, and is subject to their decisions. Neither is the school a business concern, established to give the teachers employment, by which they may earn a few dollars. I have belonged to the school since its inception, and I have received no pay for my work, and what is true of myself is true of Mr. and Mrs. Hull. We have simply carried the school on our shoulders.

Neither is the school a transient affair, but is the beginning of an enlarged and permanent educational institution. It was started at Maple Dale, but the Trustees moved it to Lily Dale, because they considered Lily Dale the better place for such an institution; it would be more likely to have an increase in attendance, and in contributions of money and bequests, and exert a wider influence.

Lily Dale is the one important Spiritualist center between Massachusetts and Chicago, and the school will become there what it never could become at Manassas Station.

72 York street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lake Helen Camp-Meeting, Florida.

Last Two Excursions.

Cottage building is the chief topic now at this beautiful winter home. Mrs. Eliza Philbrook is to build a cottage. Others are planning to do so.

The Webster Hotel is now ready to receive guests.

The Hotel Cassadaga on the grounds is open, and the Managers (the Doherty Brothers) are prepared to set a fine table, and cordially care for guests.

The new bicycle path (three feet wide) is being rapidly made from Lake Helen to Da Laud, being already completed to Lake Winnemisset. All bicycles are carried free by Clyde Line, and by Florida East Coast Railroad.

Those intending to keep house at the camp should write Mrs. Emma J. Hull at Lake Helen, for particulars concerning the apartment house, which is fitted for light house-keeping. Circulars giving information of the meeting, etc., can be supplied by Mrs. Hull or myself.

The meeting begins Feb. 4, and closes March 18.

A new grocery store has been built at the entrance gate, which will be kept by Mr. Sprencer.

My last two excursions will leave New York City Jan. 5 and 26. Tourists for any part of Florida can join them, and save nearly five dollars, or a ticket. These parties will sail on the Comanche of the Clyde Line.

I shall personally conduct the party leaving Jan. 26. I some of this party decide, I intend to go with them up the St. Johns River by boat, landing at Berestord, and ride in carriages from Berestord to Lake Helen—a pleasant ride through the pine woods of eight miles.

Write me for particulars, enclosing four cents in stamps for circulars, etc.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

91 Sherman Street, Springfield, Mass.
P. S.—Brigham Hall, a well furnished lodging house, is ready for occupancy.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

E. W. Sprague and wife will return to Alliance, O., Jan. 15. Where Mr. Sprague has a three months' engagement. He will answer calls to hold meetings in nearby towns on week days or evenings, or to lecture at funerals. Mrs. Sprague can be engaged for Sundays or during the week as speaker, platform, test and message medium; or to hold private or public seances. Address 715 High Street, Alliance, O.

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May 27.

18w

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Paradise, Calif., December 8, 1899. Dear Doctor Peebles—Your one month's treatment taken according to directions, has improved me greatly. The psychic treatment was certainly wonderful. I feel all right now after one month's treatment. Thanking you kindly, I remain yours truly,
W. L. MELVIN.

Waco, Oregon, December 2, 1899. Dear Doctor—The last month's treatment acts like a charm. It is working wonderful changes in my health, and I am nearly well.
LORNAINE CAMPBELL.

Uncas, Oklahoma, Nov. 20, 1899. Dear Doctor Peebles—I sat for psychic treatment Tuesday evening, and I felt very much relieved by it. I went to bed and slept soundly all night, something I had not done for weeks.
MRS. DORA CALLAHAN.

New Orleans, December 2, 1899. Dear Doctor—I must say I am improving wonderfully under your treatment. My stomach, feet and limbs bloated terribly at times, but this has all passed away now.
MRS. RETTA HATHAWAY.

Garden Plain, Kansas, Nov. 25, 1899. Dear Doctor—I am better than I have been for ten years. I can do all my house work with less effort. To you and your efficient assistants I owe a debt of gratitude too deep for me to express.
MRS. A. FOLLETT.

If you have failed to get relief elsewhere do not give up. There is still help for you. Thousands of those who have been given up as incurable are receiving new life and vigor from Dr. Peebles and his able staff of assistants. He can no doubt cure you or give you permanent help. Write him to day, giving full name, age, sex, and leading symptom, and receive a correct diagnosis of your case free of cost.

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CONTENTS.

ARTICLE I. Dawn of the New Day.—ARTICLE II. Heart and Head.—ARTICLE III. Spiritualism and Material Interests.—ARTICLE IV. Spiritualism the Opening Way.—ARTICLE V. Spiritualism a Searching Power.—ARTICLE VI. Fulfillment of a New Era.—ARTICLE VII. Spiritualism a New Science.—ARTICLE VIII. Spiritualism waiting. Possession and Obsession.—ARTICLE IX. Closing Illustration. Soul Culture the Chief End of Spiritual Seeking. The Marriage Relation in Conclusion.

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Jan. 6.

SPRIT Message Department.

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.

Report of Seance held Dec. 21, S. E. 52, 1899.

Invocation.

Oh Spirit of Love and Tenderness we ask that the sweet influences of the past may wrap themselves about us, and that, gathering strength and helpfulness for future days, we may go forward happier and better. Not only do we ask that the influence of what has been may surround us, but that the dear ones who have lived and have gone on before, who see our faults, our desires to do, our downfalls, may come to us and whisper to us of their life, where all is beauty and love. May we find them strengthened by this hour of communion, and in their new strength find expression in the hearts and homes of their loved ones. At this altar freely may they gather. Not here alone may their influence be felt, but wherever hearts beat, wherever souls aspire, wherever tears are to be dried, there may they hasten, and with that power which comes from an understanding of spiritual law, may they ease the burden and dry the tears. We ask all this in the name of the sweet love which finds expression through all tender hearts. Amen!

MESSAGES.

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

Frank Hathaway.

The first spirit that comes here is a man. He is quite tall and thin. His eyes are blue, his hair brown, and he has a light brown moustache. He has rather a thin face, and seems excited and nervous as he comes. He passed to spirit life very suddenly, as though an accident took him away—not an accident with machinery, but as though there is something that came between him and another person, and in the struggle he went to the spirit. He says: "There has been quite a mystery in connection with it, but I have never been able to speak plainly. I do not know that I can say all I would like to at this time, but really it seems as though there was a burden on my soul, and that if I could clear it up, I would be free to go forward." He speaks as though many spirits are burdened by mysterious conditions surrounding their death, that if they could be lightened they would be free to go on into their new spiritual existence. He gives me the name Frank Hathaway. He came from Burlington, Vt. He continues: "It has not been a great many years since I went, but it seems to me ages since I was in contact with people whom I loved, and who loved me. Of course I found many friends in the spirit, but it is like a drawing I have to the old conditions that I want to say things that shall clear matters. It was a dark cold night when I came over, and it seemed to me that I left a dark, cold bleak condition, and entered into sunlight. I had done no wrong, and yet I had been the victim of bad conditions, and so when I came it was like entering into a burst of sunlight that dazzled my eyes. I could not stand it, and I then learned that spirits must become accustomed to brighter conditions just the same as a child who has never had enough to eat could not sit down to a table spread sumptuously, without making himself sick, but have to come to it by degrees."

He has a brother named Henry. "To him I would say, it is all a mistake, a mistake, and if I had the same strong influence all the time to speak that I have now, I could clear it up, and fix it as it ought to be."

Ada Cromwell.

Here comes a girl. Her name is Ada Cromwell. She is about medium height. Her hair is brown, and so are her eyes. She is pale, and she looks about twenty five years old. She is dressed in light clothes, and has a pretty, lady-like, quiet way. She puts her hand up to her forehead as though she would try to collect herself while she speaks: "I am so anxious to reach my mother. My father is with me, but my mother is alive. She often yearns for some particular word that shall give her comfort. She is getting to be an old lady now, and it will not be long before she comes to me. I thought if I could speak to her, perhaps it would prepare her a little bit for the coming. Her name is Lucy Cromwell, and she lives in Harrisburg, Pa. Almost all of the family are with me and I think that is one thing that makes me very anxious to get to my mother, because she is so lonely. The message is not from me particularly, but from everyone who is gone. Tell her there is enough to take care of her, that she will never come to want; but that I am looking forward to her coming to me as the one joy of all for her."

Willard Grant.

Here is a man—short, stout, with a little pug nose, red face, and bald. His hair is quite dark with no gray in it to amount to anything. Still he is old, I should think between fifty-five and sixty. He has rather a bluff way of speaking, but seems good-hearted. He looks at me with a sunny little smile, and says: "Well, I have a pretty good name—Grant. I am no relation to the General; wish I had been. I have not even been in his company since I came over. I think I would have fought for him though, but I did not seem to have a chance. I was too old. So you can see from that I have been over here quite a while. My name is Willard Grant." (He came from Free-town, L. I.) "It is no use trying to find my relations; they are all with me; but we all thought it would be a pretty good thing if I could come back and speak. I got permission and so I am here. I have a grandson alive. His name is Charlie, and he travels all around, and it would not be any use to try to chase him with a letter. It is possible he may come across this. If he does he will be glad to hear from me."

Benjamin Hancock.

Here is a man named Benjamin Hancock. He is quite old, and a Boston man. He says, "Yes, sir; a good old fashioned Bostonian." He is quite tall, with square shoulders, long, grey hair, which is quite thin on the top of his

head. He has bushy eyebrows, and wears spectacles. Around under his chin are whiskers. He has a high collar on, and it looks like the old-fashioned stock. He says: "I feel a certain sense of responsibility in coming here. I am interested to see every movement that is for progression have something like a backing from those who are thinking people, and while my influence to do in the earth-life is not what it was once, still in the spirit I am sure that a word from me would help some people to make an investigation. I do not say this with any pride, because I feel that every man should be influenced from within rather than from the thought of his fellow-men; and yet it is too true that when one has in any way succeeded, he becomes a power and an influence in the place where he has lived. So I give my thought and my word for whatever it is worth to help this movement."

"Elizabeth is with me, and she says: 'I, too, am glad to be of some use.' We would like to reach Nellie Hancock Adams, of Boston."

Lucy Adams.

Now there comes a woman named Lucy Adams. She is quite a buxom-looking woman, with dark hair and eyes. She says: "This is not entirely new to me. I knew something about Spiritualism, but did not believe much in it. I looked on it more as a sort of makeshift for religion, that would never survive the test, but, since I have been over to the spirit, I can understand the need of it. I feel so much a desire to get to my own people. I want to reach some people by the name of Hall—Mrs. Hall; she lives, and I lived, in Brighton. They are Spiritualists. She will know me. It is sufficient to say that." She puts her hand up to her head and says: "I am not suffering with my head as I was. Before I passed away it seemed as though I died daily with the pain and distress, but I find there comes relief every time a thought of helpfulness is sent to me. It is like a little uplift to my spirit; and I beg any one who reads this message to send a thought of steady faith that will lift their friends to a better condition of spiritual existence and will help them as well, because of their understanding how to get back to them."

Arthur Armstrong.

Here is a young man, dark blue eyes and dark hair. He rushes in and says: "My name is Arthur Armstrong. I passed out so suddenly, it seemed as though everybody around would die from grief; it was nothing but blackness and despair, and it almost made me desperate to find myself shut off from all communication, to see all the trouble and sorrow. Why! you cannot imagine the feelings of a spirit when he longs so to get to his own and knows they are there, yet cannot speak and be heard. It is like a horrible nightmare. I had to be taken away; I could not stand it. My grandmother came and took me where I could in a measure take up my mind with the thought that the time would come when I could go to them. I come from Charlestown, and I am so anxious to get to my father and mother; they are both alive. My father's name is William, and he will be so glad. He may have some doubts, but the time will come when he will fully understand how I suffered in my struggle to get to him. I am a little easier now, because I am looking forward with hope until the time when I can speak or can in some way divert their attention from the sorrow that is theirs. Will you please say I love them so much and that life is not life without them; it is a living death. If I could be assured that they understood I was with them, it would not be dark any more, and that is what I am struggling to do. I have so many people over here and so many friends who are in the same condition that I am. We have often talked of organizing a little body of spirits where we could go with a force that would be overwhelming, until they were obliged to recognize us. If the cry could only pierce through the shadow, it seems as though the world would be so much happier for everybody both sides."

Bertha Chadwick.

A girl comes now, and says her name is Bertha Chadwick. She comes from Salmon Falls, N. H. She has blue eyes, brown hair, a little round plump face, and is just about the medium height. She puts her hands together, and says: "I do not come with a sadness so much because I feel it is not any use. What is the sense in being discouraged over things you cannot accomplish? You might as well start in, and do what you can, and then let God take care of the rest. I was not very much of a Christian when I was here, but I have been convinced that there is a power stronger than I, and so I say that I trust God will help us. Then, too, I am happy that some time I shall know my own again. I was not a bit sure of that before I passed away. I was afraid to die. The fear was more because I did not know whether I would ever see them again or not. So it does me good to say I know I shall see them again, because every day I see people meeting their friends, just the same as they would if they went down to the station, and met them coming home from some far off country."

Mrs. Haggerty.

Here comes a woman who says: "I want to get to Charlie Haggerty. I am his wife. It is about Frances I want to speak. I feel so nervous when I come that I can hardly hold myself together. My mother is with me. Dear me! Sue; that is the name. I suffered so before I went that it was a relief to get out of the body. I feel such a desire to get to my child. Why cannot somebody speak for me in a way that will clear the matter up?" I think they live out of town a little way, but near Boston. A new condition has arisen that makes it quite necessary for her to come close to Frances with an influence to help her, because Frances is little, and needs the mother's thought."

Aunt Annie Tucker.

Now there comes a lady who is very tall, rather square shoulders, grey hair, crimped and combed down the side of her face, grey brows and bluish grey eyes. She comes very quietly and yet strongly. "My name is Tucker. They used to call me Aunt Annie Tucker, and I lived in Brooklyn, Mass. I had no more use for Spiritualism than I had for anything that was false. I belonged to the Church, and was a worker, and I hailed with gladness this opportunity to speak for myself. I would like to say to William Tucker, many are the things he has done that I have felt if I could have been with him he could have been saved. He has been forced into them through conditions, and it is a shame that it has been so. But he, too, will come to me, and then we can look on

these things as something of the past, and perhaps we may have gained some growth therefrom. I thank you for letting me come. It is a privilege I had hardly dared hope for."

Mary Agnes Wilson.

Here comes another spirit, a lady about forty years old. She is weak. It seems as though she can hardly speak above a whisper. When she passed out she had some trouble with her throat or lungs, because there is no voice left. She tries to speak and cannot. Mary Agnes Wilson from Pasadena, Cal.—a long way to travel, but well worth the effort. She wants to get to some of her people in the East. She went to California for her health and passed away there; and she wants to get to Emma Wilson. She says, as though she had gained a little strength: "Charlie is with me. He seems as bright as ever and studies all he can."

Mrs. Sarah Leonard.

Here is a lady, about forty-five. She has black eyes, and dark hair with some gray in it. She is very thin and old-maidish; has quick, nervous ways, as though she was looking for something she did not get. She keeps turning around, as though in this corner she expected to find it, or in that corner. She laughs heartily now, and says: "It does not make much difference. I found somebody waiting for me when I came over to the spirit, and I am afraid that I did not like to be called an old maid very well, so it will seem rather strange when I come back and let anybody say this about me." She came from Delaware; her name is Mrs. Sarah Leonard. She wants to reach her brother. His name is George Leonard from Cheswold, Del.

Joseph Snyder.

Here is a very tall man, with a bald head and smooth face. His hair, what there is of it, goes right around the back part. He has broad shoulders and he seems almost majestic as he comes. He says: "I want to find a woman by the name of Caroline Snyder. She lived in Catskill, Pa. She can do more for me than anyone else. I was sent here because it is sort of an Inquiry Bureau as well as Post-Office for the spirits, and I think if you could find her and tell her that her husband has come, that he has not been sleeping, has not been unconscious of her prayers and her desires, but that he loves her and desires to lift her from her sorrow and her remorse, it would perhaps do us both good. My name is Joseph. I had been sick a long time before I went away, and it seemed as though it was best I should go, yet I long to earth. I had no particular religion. If I had had, it might have made it easier for those left, but not a bit easier for me. I have not had anything to outgrow, no creed so imbedded in my bones I could not get it out; but my friends would have felt a little safer about my destination. So I feel that a word to let them know that I am not in a place where I cannot get back will be what is needed, and will do good. I have a son with me. He is named after me too. He passed out when he was a child, and I found him waiting for me. I tell you it was a glorious day, and I felt more like praising God than I ever had at any time when I was alive. Some have to wait until they die to appreciate things, and I was one of that kind. I was not sour exactly, but I could not see much to be thankful for that God had given me. I worked for everything I had, and had to fight like a soldier for everything I ever possessed, and I could not see God's hand in that very strongly; but I did say when I found my son waiting for me that somebody was guiding the universe, and I did not care whether they called him God or what name they gave him. I felt a great desire to give thanks to him."

Abijah Chase.

Here is a funny old man, quite a little below medium height. He says: "Can a man from Toronto get in?" He is an American, though. His name is Abijah Chase, and he winks his eye as though he had a funny little wink with that eye when here. He is as jolly as can be, seemed always saying something to make people laugh. "Well, I have to play my jokes on the people just the same now as when I was here. One of my jokes used to be about my name, always talking about 'I cannot A-bi-jah (abide yeh).' I want to get to Frank. He is in business in Toronto, and he needs my advice. He is headstrong and wilful, and thinks he knows a lot more than he does. I never saw a young fellow yet that did not. It takes them about sixty or seventy years to understand that there is somebody else knows as much as they do. I say this with all good-will, because I am fond of the boy and I would like to see him get ahead. When I see him standing right up as though he knew it all, I feel like pulling his coat-tail and saying: 'Sit down a little bit, and let somebody else talk.' So I feel if I could really get strength to pull his coat-tail hard enough so he would sit down, his business affairs would be better."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the science of geology, the mind of the student deals with immense periods of time; in that of astronomy, with enormous stretches of space. Geologists estimate that it has taken more than fifty millions of years to lay down all the strata that form the crust of the earth, from the azoic period, when there was no life at all on the planet, down to the present age, which is that of man. The coal stratum including the rocky formations are nearly three miles, or twelve thousand feet thick. At present rates, it takes one hundred and seventy years to form one inch of anthracite coal. So, though the process was quicker in the azoic age, yet the time requisite to lay down those beds are beyond computation, and it dazes the human mind to fancy such tremendous periods of time.

"Roll it backward, roll it backward,
Backward still, and backward more,
Through vast eons, till the effort
Strains the mind till it is sore,
Still a nebula beyond you
Down within the past's dim vale
Are those years which can't be counted
By the human mind so frail."

Turning now from geology, which has to do with only one little planet, to the celestial science which has to do with all worlds in a boundless universe, the mind must cope with the immense spaces which it reveals.

Take our little moon, little, for its diameter is but one-fourth that of the earth, the moon, the very nearest of all the orbs that greet the human vision from the sky. And yet this

nearest one is at a distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth. It is our own little moon, held to us by a force that nothing can sever, and yet, how far away! It is beyond my poor powers to conceive of a length of eight thousand miles, which we all know measures the size of the earth. But to reach the moon, it would require thirty planets like our own, strung like amber beads to grace the neck of beauty, to reach across the mighty interval between the earth and our satellite.

Many of us, Mr. Editor, watched with intense interest the eclipse of the moon on the 16th of December. Absolutely full that night, yet her brightness became dimmer and dimmer, until one hundred and nineteen one hundred and twentieth of her fair face was covered by the dark haze, which left her but the shadow of herself.

Who can estimate the many thousands in our land from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast who watched this amazing phenomenon? In California they could see only the passing off of the shadow, for in that longitude the moon arose from the horizon already eclipsed. And yet, of all the host of human beings who watched this celestial phenomenon, how many had a clear notion of exactly how it was produced? I spoke with a number here, and not one of them knew just what was happening. Some gave some odd theories; but every single person was delighted to talk with one who knew the cause and could make them understand it. When they comprehended clearly that the earth always casts a long shadow in the direction away from the sun, and that the moon on this occasion came directly into this shadow, they only wondered why they did not think of this simple explanation before.

Some inquired why we saw the moon at all during the eclipse. But on reflecting that there was no opaque body between her and the spectators on the earth, and that we still saw the whole of her face though under a shadow, this too became clear to the mind.

But when the sun is eclipsed, a very different thing happens. On such an occasion, the body of the moon comes between the sun and us, and we see only that part of the sun that is not hidden by the disk of the moon. When she comes directly between the sun and us, the eclipse is total, or else the edge of the sun is seen as a flaming ring around the body of the moon. An eclipse of the sun is total or annular (ring shaped) to a very small part of the earth at the time of occurrence.

Our not being always at the same distance from the sun causes these two kinds of eclipses. When we are nearest to the sun, the eclipse is total. When we are furthest away, it is annular. I have never seen an annular eclipse of the sun. I wish that I might, before giving up the physical body, and being thus debarred from ever seeing directly so curious a phenomenon.

March 16, 1885, there was an annular eclipse of the sun in the northwest portion of the United States, manifesting the rim of brightness for only fifty seconds. In Minneapolis, where I then lived, it was nearly total, and it looked about as the moon did a little while ago. Though it was toward noon, the day became like sunset, and it was impossible to attend to school work. The pupils watched its progress out of doors through bits of smoked glass, and the older girls were greatly interested in the simile by which Milton described the dimmed brightness of Satan in the first book of Paradise Lost:

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so yet shone
Above them all the archangel."

The transcendent genius of Milton could well cope with themes like these, and he has this advantage over the more spiritual Dante, that we can read him in our own tongue. The foundations of Milton's astronomy were correct. He understood the true relations between the members of the solar system. But the little spy-glass of Galileo, through which the poet probably looked when he visited Florence about 1638, could not reveal the starry depths which modern telescopes have made manifest. So, though his foundations were true, he had no conception of the tremendous distances of fixed stars and of nebulae, which make the utmost bounds of even Neptune fade into insignificance.

If the human mind cannot grasp in its entirety the distance of the moon from the earth, far less the distance of our planet from the sun, and inconceivably less the amazing distance at which Neptune revolves around the common centre, what can poor, frail human intellect do with the statement that it takes the light of the nearest fixed star two years to fleet its rays to our eyes, and with the fact that some stars are so remote that it takes their light more than six thousand years to reach the earth? These considerations do indeed show us that though geology gives us wonders regarding the lapse of time, astronomy reveals still greater wonders as to marvelous space. Also the vast periods of time hinted at by geology are conjectural, while the spaces revealed by astronomical research are founded on the absolute science of mathematics.

"God geometrizes," said an ancient philosopher. His expression was an apt one, for, though he had no conception of the starry universe as revealed by the telescope, yet his principles of geometry were true, the object of their reasonings being to measure the earth. We only extend his geometry much further, and find that its principles are as true in Sirius as on the earth. Its truths are everywhere applicable. The relations between lines and angles are always the same, whether we are measuring the height of a tower or the semi-diameter of the earth, or estimating the distance of a fixed star by taking its semi-annual parallax. The relations arising from cutting cones are the same, whether we are drawing a two-inch ellipse on a bit of paper, or calculating the elements of a comet.

An Intelligence that we take to be infinite is at the basis of all law, and the ancient philosophers believed in such an intelligence, as we do, for those famous men of Greece were not restricted by any narrow conception of a Zeus. Intuition gave to them what it gives to us, and shows the truth to receptive souls in every age and in every clime.

To our insight, the Intelligence is infinite, and the material universe, which is its expression, is boundless. Supposing we could go to one of those stars, so distant that it takes its light a thousand years to reach us. Would not the starry world seem just as boundless at that point? Is it not far easier to conceive of the universe as limitless, as to think of a point where it comes to an end? And intelligent

souls, did we converse with them in these remote regions, would see these things in the same way, and adore that matchless Intelligence, to which all things bow, whether visible or invisible.

I saw a beautiful phenomenon in the sky about 1862. I was teaching in Bradford Academy, Mass., and had been to a prayer-meeting in Haverhill. It was a revival time, and we had lingered late, so it was after ten o'clock when we crossed the bridge over the Merrimac. As we came up the street leading to the Academy, our attention was arrested by the wonderful appearance of the sky. At the north, about forty-five degrees above the horizon, was a magnificent arch of light. Along its edge projected bright bars, which seemed solid, and yet constantly melted into each other, and reformed. We had seen the Northern Lights before, but this display was so fine that we all stood still to watch it. But what followed, I have never seen before or since.

As we were gazing up, suddenly that arch of light which spanned the northern sky began to move. Slowly, majestically it moved over the zenith, and settled at the same altitude over the southern sky. The light was so strange that I, for one, felt a little fear, and we went home in a quite solemn mood. My own room was on the opposite side of the building, so I saw it no more; but those on the other side watched it from their windows, and said it was hours before that bright arch faded away and left the sky to the stars.

I would gladly be aroused from my bed, even on a cold winter night, to see these wonders of the sky, be it northern lights, comet or a shower of meteors. But alas! there is no one to see it here. On this quiet street my neighbors retire early and sleep all they can till they have to rouse themselves early to go to work. I sit up later, because there are so many letters to write. But, though I may not wake before, I am sure to wake when the steam whistle of the celluloid factory blows at seven. It is difficult to conceive how Gabriel's trumpet could possibly blow louder. When that gives its dread sound every worker in the factory is expected to be on the spot. Woe to him who has been detained by illness of wife or darling little child. No matter, he must be there. Is he not a laborer? Is he not under the dominion of capital? Which brings me to wonder when the spell under which the country labors will be broken. Which brings me to inquire why it is that we have to pay so much more for oil just at the time when the days are getting shorter, and when the cold weather is gaining ground? Probably Mr. Rockefeller could tell us why this is so, but probably he will not tell us anything about it. Oil is up again. Pay your twelve cents a gallon and keep quiet or go without. "Down wintons, down!" as the old woman said to the eels that she was frying, as she rapped them on their heads. Or, get your class-consciousness. If you be a laborer of either high or low degree, become conscious of it now where you belong, and when the chance comes use your vote to aid a government "by the people," as they did in Haverhill and Brookton.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Dec. 22, 1899.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUESTIONS.—[By Florence Maberly, London.] 1. In what form do you picture to yourself God, the Great Power? There must be some Almighty Power or Powers at the back of nature. 2. If the spark of the Divine within one is all powerful for good, why, when wishing earnestly to do the right, the reverse seems not only a real, but a pleasant at the time, and the Divine Power does not assert itself. Even St. Paul found it difficult, for he says, "The good I would, I do not, and the evil I would not, that I do." Are there two minds, a natural and a spiritual? 3. As for disease coming through the mind, don't you think that many physical ills have been and are caused through our ignorance of how to treat our bodies? The knowledge of physiology was not taught in our schools fifty years ago, and many were sick, and many died from ignorance. Mud, or thought of disease, could not be the cause, for people did not think they were not treating the body well, and certainly did not think of disease as consequences. 4. What is the difference between soul and spirit?

ANS. 1.—We cannot picture to ourselves the absolute Divine Being in any form whatever. Moses Maimonides, the great Jewish philosopher who flourished in the twelfth century, went so far as to say in his declaration of principles, or creed of Israel, "God has no form whatsoever." Form implies limitation to the finite intellect, therefore a distinctly limited personalized idea of God cannot possibly convey the thought of infinity.

For ourselves, we do with perfect faith believe in Infinite Intelligence, and that Intelligence is to us illimitable Love and Wisdom. It is only in an accommodated revelation that Deity can be known to man, therefore almost all peoples have acknowledged some deific incarnation.

The highest Jewish thought differs from that of the Gentile world, in that the philosophy Jew sees God revealed in humanity at large, not simply in some special Messiah or Avatar. It is only practicable to think of the divine within us as the first which is the highest and inmost of our life.

It has always seemed strange to us that so many people should make a difficulty of the first or uncaused Cause of all phenomena. By first cause we never mean first in the sense of time, but purely in the sense of order. We say that things can go back to their original, and we talk of getting back to a first principle, by which is clearly meant nothing other than a logical, which is in no sense a chronological, commencement.

The universe contains nothing but Life and its expressions. God is Life itself and the prime author of all life's manifestations. It is quite easy to understand how children and childlike people can picture to themselves divine men, because there are in the spiritual world just such individual Theoi or Elohim as they conceive of; consequently, when people tell you they receive communications direct from a definable personal divinity, they may be telling the exact truth, but it is an angel whom they see or from whom they hear.

The highest court of appeal must ever be the voice of the divine within, and whosoever hearkens diligently to the voice which speaks into the mystic silence when the outer intellect is seeking communion with the divine centre of intelligence, will assuredly perceive the needed light and become a partaker of all necessary wisdom.

A. 2.—This inquiry has to do with the age old question of our two natures, and can never be settled until we have a clear idea of our three-fold constitution. We will not attempt to complicate definitions by introducing the idea of man's seven-fold consistency, because just as there are three primary and seven prismatic colors, and the seven are in the three, so when we duly grasp the thought

that we are at least three-fold, we shall be able to understand, at least in adequate measure, the two distinct sources whence our intellects receive two distinct and opposing sets of positive suggestions.

The rational human being is a mind capable of receiving enlightenment from the soul (anima divina) and also of getting impressions from the lower self (anima bruta), which is the source whence all solicitations to carnality proceed.

As the terms "good" and "evil" are constantly employed in conflicting senses, we will seek to define these two much-mangled words as we always use them in the entire course of our teachings.

All is good in the absolute sense, but in the relative evil exists wherever there is inversion or misplacement. The human mind (mens), which is the seat of intellectual discrimination, is placed midway between the spiritual plane (within or above) and the material plane (without or below). We are all in the Garden of Eden, where we hear two voices proceeding from opposite directions until we have attained to that degree of self-conscious individual development that we know the use of all things, and can so handle the sixty-four or more elements in our chemistry as to produce only harmonic compounds.

Not one of the twenty-six letters in the English alphabet is to blame because there are objectionable words in the common lexicon. Change the arrangement of the old letters, and you at once produce new words. The most mischievous and altogether misleading view of existence is that any part of primary substance is other than perfectly excellent. This world is neither a place of reward nor punishment; it is a school, a workshop, a laboratory. If we do but admit the truth to enter our minds concerning the right use of all things, we shall quickly learn the lesson of transmutation, and spiritually perform the *magnum opus* of the alchemists.

The epistles of Paul are full of instances of struggle, conflict and final victory. When we interpret Paul's experiences aright we shall see in their record, as though reflected in a mirror, the history of all who struggle and aspire. It is worse than useless to bemoan the presence of lower tendencies, because we can only master them by setting our thought, as well as our love, upon those higher tendencies which must be brought forth to exercise dominion. There are no bad natural propensities, but there are two distinct sets of propensities—higher and lower—therefore upon right subordination of the latter to the former must ever depend the success or failure, the beauty or deformity of our manifest expressions.

A. 3.—We cannot in the least agree with the implication in this interpretation, for facts are entirely at variance with the presumption that a technical knowledge of physiology is necessary to health. We are perfectly in sympathy with a correct study of the human body, considered both anatomically and physiologically, but we cannot overlook that natural instinct which preserves in health all undomesticated animals in their native state, and also all those vast multitudes of peasant people who enjoy on the whole much better health than the pampered darlings of fashionable colleges.

Fifty years ago there were no more diseases than there are now, and such diseases as there were, proceeded from foolish actions opposed to the orderly course of human conduct. There is no need for a child to disobey natural instincts, and it is a well-known fact that mothers who are uncoursed with the vicious indulgences and artificial restraints of an unnatural civilization bring forth children quite safely and almost painlessly.

We must remember that all antagonistic mental states result in physical disease, whether people know of the workings of natural law or not. We constantly hear sensitive people say that inharmonious makes them sick and it can be clearly demonstrated all over the world that multitudes of invalids are kept sick solely because they are environed with discord and do not know how to resist its pressure.

Mental treatment is the only truly effective treatment, because it alone goes to the root of the malady and teaches concerning the necessary attitude to be held to conquer present disorder and prevent a recurrence of similar disease in future.

There is no safety in ignorance. Fear, anger, jealousy and other disorderly emotions eventually produce bodily ailments, and it is a foolish superstition that we can sow without reaping merely because we are unacquainted with the nature of the seed.

It is not taught by any rational advocate of mental healing that the only cause of disease is thinking about illness. We need to strongly emphasize the universal operation of the law of cause and effect. Science can only be such in reality in proportion as it is based on the knowledge that the same cause inevitably produces the same effect. We can learn what effects can be produced by setting certain mental causes in motion, and in this consists our moral freedom; but we cannot escape consequences through lack of knowledge of laws. Those ignorant people who are truly healthy and happy are in indulging precisely those mental habits which the most learned must also encourage if they would be healthy and happy also.

A. 4.—The soul is the entity, the real individual, the spirit (from spiro, I breathe), is the outbreathing therefrom. The soul is the breather, the spirit is the breath; spirit is therefore the result of the soul seeking expression, and is the soul's manifestation of itself. We instinctively speak of the immortality of the soul. Soul is soul, the central sun of our conscious being, from which the spirit proceeds as radiance, efflux or emanation. The soul is the entity, the spirit the conscious working of that entity.

A Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am urged by my spirit friends to mention to you a plan for securing the necessary means for furthering the spiritual work. It is this: To call a mass meeting as soon as possible, to invite all the mediums, great and small, of all phases of mediumship, to take part in it for two or three days and evenings, and to give their services free to gain something for the National Spiritualists' Association Treasury. This, though much needed, is the least important feature of such a gathering which I mean as a force massing for desired scientific results. It is a truth that many good true mediums lack that psychic fluid and force of which others have a superabundance, and by a mingling of forces, say in one session in form of a large circle, could be kept in form of a medium, and in turn be greater spirit power that could be manifested by such a massing of forces and their exchange, would certainly be of benefit to all who seek to establish Spirit-

ualism on a scientific basis; and all of the latter class so interested should be especially invited to witness a collective mediumistic exercise, as well as each medium in his or her own phase of mediumship, the results to be for Spiritualism and its furtherance.

This last part has been suggested to me before now by my spirit friends, at the time when you, through THE BANNER, made a call for mediums to give their services in the interest of science, and I inquired if mental mediums were included in the call, you answering me in the affirmative; but my guides told me the time for it had not come yet, a little later it would work more to desire. I arose to speak of it when it was before the convention, but was impelled by my controls to sit down without making mention of it, as it was still too soon, and the time was needed for other business. I hope that something can and will be done to give Spiritualism a lift. It is especially desirable now that there is so much criticism put out by the spiritualistic household, lest the house divided a ruin itself fall.

Van Wert, O.

Mrs. M. KLEIN.

A Criticism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your correspondent, Fred L. Hildreth, says: "All over this beautiful land the tollers are seeking to throw off the yoke of bondage and the robes of freedom, hoping thereby to receive more compensation, fewer hours of toil, and some of the pleasures which they are told gold will bring to its possessor. Our banks have their vaults full of unused money," etc.

I want to criticize our friend for not informing us how these banks are established. Why doesn't he tell us the simple fact—that if I have one hundred thousand dollars' worth of government bonds, and if I wish to establish such banks as he speaks of, I only have to deposit them in the United States Treasury, ask the officials for ninety thousand dollars to establish said bank, and I can still draw interest on said bonds; and they are exempt from taxation—the said ninety thousand dollars given to him for an indefinite time to loan to the wealth-producing classes.

I wish furthermore to call your attention to the fact that in the circulation of such banks we are paying double interest, which I think *undemocratic*.

Why not ask the Government to issue the same amount to be paid out to liquidate debts and pay public expenses, to be redeemed in twenty or thirty years, instead of giving it to a favored few to loan to the people for big interest. The masses would soon save it in interest to liquidate the bonded indebtedness. This is only a drop in the bucket of what ought to be said of other injustices.

I truly believe in Woman Suffrage, and voted for it in Legislature twenty years ago. But do not wait for it. Let us, as Spiritualists, show up the injustice to our fellowman right here and now.

To have a better government we must remove the causes that have brought the depression of business, the crimes and poverty. I want to say, brother, that the reason Spiritualism is not more prosperous and growing is because we do not recognize against the great evils and injustices in our land.

God bless F. L. Hildreth! he is on the right track and doing a great work for humanity. We must show to the world that Spiritualism means something here and now to better the condition of the great wealth-producing class. We must vote as well as pray.

With best wishes, C. M. DAVIS.
East Jefferson, Me.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Off the Newburyport bar, on the evening of Dec. 28 LUTHER W. JOHNSON, of Groveland, Mass.

He was engineer of the tug Laura Marlon, and was drowned in the wreck of the vessel. The body was recovered the next day by the Plum Island life-guard crew and was given into the charge of the W. H. Hildreth, President of the Newburyport First Spiritualist and Pentecost Club, of which deceased was a member. The funeral services were held in Haverhill, Mass., on Dec. 30, being conducted by Dr. Hildreth. The deceased was a cheerful, upright citizen, a loyal friend and a devoted Spiritualist.

From his earth residence, 241 Shawmut avenue, Boston, Mass., JOHN W. SMITH, aged 74 years and 23 days. He leaves a wife, Mrs. M. A. Smith, a medium well-known among Boston spiritualists. For many years they had lived together in love and harmony, and it is with great grief that the parts with the visible presence of her companion. As she is one of those privileged to look back into the veil, we at the moment we have much comfort from the loving messages she will be able to receive from him. The funeral services were conducted by Harrison D. Barrett.

From Leominster, Dec. 23, ISABELLA L. FARNSWORTH, wife of John B. Farnsworth, aged 63 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth had been 13 years in Spiritism for many years, during which time they were as healing beings in their own home as the houses of many friends. Nine brothers and sisters, a son and a beautiful daughter had preceded her to the unseen life. The daughter's transition followed the cord that bound the mother to earth, and she rapidly faded. No more devoted wife and in her ever best a loving family, and in the home her companion is left alone, and dwelling near his son, who, with his own children, were very near to the departed. The funeral was held in the Methodist Church on the afternoon of Dec. 28, the service being conducted by its pastor, E. L. Hildreth, and the writer, in the presence of a large assemblage. Deceased was a devoted Spiritualist, and his work was in the line of the release of the spirit from the body of the soul and left the innermost of youth upon the face. May the comforting peace speak in the hearts of husband and son and her beloved children and sister.

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

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Aug. 27. 2111141

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INCORPORATED 1888. Headquarters 505 Pennsylvania Avenue, South-East, Washington, D. C. All Spiritualists visiting Washington cordially invited to call. Contributing membership (\$1.00 a year) can be procured individually by sending five dollars to the Secretary at the above address, and receiving a handsome certificate of the same, with one copy each of N. S. A. Reports for '97 and '98. A few copies of the Reports of Conventions of '94, '95, '96 and '97, still on hand. Copies up to '97 sent free each. '97 and '98 may be procured, the two for \$5.00; singly, 25 cents.

Mrs. MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y, Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C. Feb. 25.

College of Psychical Sciences.

THE only one in the world for the unfoldment of all Spiritual Powers, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Inspiration, Healing, the Science of Harmony Applied to the Soul of Music and Physical Expression and Culture, and Illumination. For terms, circulars, percentage of psychical power, send stamped addressed envelope to J. O. F. GRUBBINE, author and lecturer, 1115 1/2 West Goussier street, Syracuse, N. Y. Send 25 cents for sample copy of, or \$1 for a year's subscription to "Immortality," the new and brilliant Quarterly Psychical Magazine. Address J. O. F. GRUBBINE, Syracuse, N. Y., 1115 1/2 Goussier street. Dec. 17.

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