

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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## LYNES FOR A SUNNY GLAD NEW YEAR TO EACH BANNER READER.

With your face to the sunshine steadfast stand,  
And the shadows will fall behind you.  
Grasp firm the staff of Faith in your hand,  
And a happiness sure will find you.  
And all your days in the dawning year  
Will be blessed by Our Father's sunshine clear.  
DEVOTION.

## LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

DEDICATED TO OLD AGE.

Ripe are the harvest fields about thy ways;  
The scarlet poppies and the blue cornflowers  
Light up the rustling golden grain, while praise  
From woodland bird-choirs chime the happy hours.

The earthly light is fading in the West,  
But look! such glory floods the star-gemmed dome,  
For Nature calls Earth's children to her breast,  
Crowning her lullaby of "Home, Sweet Home."

O harp, take thy harp! A Master's hand  
Hath tuned and gently touched its mellowed strings  
With melodies thy soul will understand  
When wafted heavenward on angelic wings.

Glad vesper-chimes are ringing everywhere,  
God bless and keep thee in his sunshine here,  
And beauty with praise thine every prayer;  
For prayer lights all the way to Heaven's most clear!

Peace rest on thee, dear reader of these lines!  
Heaven fill thy soul with thoughts of comfort bright!  
For thee, Old Age, the Master's blessing shines:  
"Thine Eventide be crowned with heavenly light!"  
DEVOTION.

Sydney, New South Wales.

## Personal Experiences.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

Spiritualism has no dogmas and doctrines one is called upon to believe, no Pope or recognized head authorized to speak ex cathedra, and whose dicta are accepted as articles of faith to which the neophyte must subscribe. Therefore, no one can be persuaded to become a Spiritualist. The arguments of friends may predispose one to believe, but spirit return is the basic fact on which his conviction depends, and this he cannot accept on hearsay, but must have personal experience of it. When he has had that, he will want to know the why and wherefore of it, he will begin to investigate and will gradually learn something of a religious philosophy, the most rational, consoling and elevating, the most perfect and beautiful that ever appealed to man's intellect and heart.

Pure Spiritualism may be termed an individual revelation leading to solidarity of action through recognition of the individual's duty to others and of the brotherhood of man which admits of no selfish privilege, but demands of each the cultivation of altruistic love and consequent hatred of injustice and oppression, of wrong in any form.

In giving here my personal experiences, covering a period of thirty-five years, I have, therefore, no thought that I shall convince the reader, but I entertain the hope that, if inexperienced, doubting, or discouraged by his first attempts, he may find in this narrative something to induce him to persevere in his investigation, using more caution, distrusting his imagination, discarding preconceived opinions and forming others only on what he sees and hears, when his reason confirms the evidence of his senses.

From childhood I have evinced a disposition to investigate the occult, to know more of the mysterious beyond than Bible or catechism could teach me. There may have been a secret reason for this: my great-grandfather was forty-eight hours in a cataleptic condition, during which, he always claimed, he had visited the unseen world; so my grandmother, born subsequently to that occurrence, used to say she was the daughter of a ghost. We had, besides, a genuine ghost story in the family, the circumstances of which often related to me, as fresh in my memory as if I had witnessed them, though they occurred before I was born.

A nephew of my father's who owned a large estate in the island of Cuba, died, making him his testamentary executor. My father thereupon went to Cuba, where, for some time, he managed the estate in the interest of his two grand-nephews. There was a maiden lady, past the years of discretion, a distant connection, living with the family, and Pierre, the younger of the brothers, who was of a jovial disposition, used to have great fun teasing Miss Sophy with extravagant declarations of love. "Oh, Sophy," said he one day, "I love you so desperately that if I were to die away from you, my soul could not go to heaven without first coming to say good-bye!" "Go along with your foolishness, Pierre," Sophy replied, "you should not joke about death and heaven, it is sinful."

Well, one morning, Pierre went, on horseback, to the city, 35 miles distant. He was accompanied by his valet, Pedro, and expected to be absent several days. That evening, the family being assembled in the sitting room, Sophy, looking towards the door,

exclaimed: "There you are again with your tomfoolery, Pierre Thibaut! . . . you had better come in."

"Who are you speaking to, Sophy?" asked father.

"To Pierre; he is standing there in the hall, blowing kisses at me, putting his hand on his heart and all such nonsense. . . ."

"You have been dreaming, Sophy; Pierre is in the city and will not return for some days."

"I tell you he is here. . . . I see you, Pierre, you needn't try to hide behind the door," and Sophy, rising, went to the half-open door and looked into the hall. "Why, where is he hiding? He was there this minute!"

A search proved fruitless, and Sophy was convicted of dreaming awake, though she stoutly maintained she had seen Pierre Thibaut. The mystery puzzled and frightened her. Soon after this the family retired.

Late in the night father was aroused by the clatter of a horse's hoofs and the sound of voices. Opening his window, he called out: "Who is there?"

"It is me, Massah,—me,—Pedro," replied a shaking voice.

"Pedro—at this hour! What is the matter?—what has happened?"

"Oh! Massah—Massah Pierre is dead."

"Dead!" Father hurried down stairs and found the faithful valet trembling all over, scarcely able to speak. This was the sad tale he finally managed to tell: Pierre Thibaut reached the city in good spirits and health, and called on several friends. Returning to the hotel, he ate a late dinner, after which he went to his room to make his toilet, intending to call on some ladies. Suddenly, he uttered a hoarse cry and fell, lifeless, in the arms of his faithful Pedro. The poor fellow cried for help; a doctor was summoned in haste, who pronounced the young man dead. Apoplexy was named as the cause of death.

After seeing his master properly laid out and a watchman secured for the night, the distracted valet had taken to horse and ridden at breakneck speed to bring the sad news to the plantation.—Pierre had kept his promise to Sophy.

My first acquaintance with Spiritualism was in 1865. I was temporarily residing in Montgomery, Ala. A French family lived in the next house and we became quite intimate. Neither my neighbor nor I had ever attended a seance, seen a medium, or read a book on Spiritualism. Our curiosity was excited by what we heard other people say; some of the stories were so wonderful we could not believe them true. One Sunday afternoon, the two families being together, the conversation turned on the oft-discussed subject, and some one proposed that we sit round a table, with our hands on it, as we had been told was the way to invite the spirits, and see what would come of it.

We seated ourselves at a plain, square, pine table,—my neighbor, his wife, their young son, my wife and I. Pretty soon the table began to move with great violence, turning, tilting over this way and the other, rising on two legs, then on one. In short, we had all the elementary manifestations beginners have who sit for table tilting, and we succeeded in obtaining some answers by yes or no. So interested we became after this first success, that we sat almost every evening. We began to have intelligent messages spelled by the table, and, in the course of a week or two, my hand was controlled and I was told to write. It has been my good fortune that in those early days of tentative investigation, I was warned against self-deception resulting from too great anxiety and the tricks of imagination. I was warned also against the wiles of unscrupulous spirits and taught the law of like attracts like. Our motives, the more or less sincerity of our aspirations, decide in a great measure what sort of visitors we shall have. Frivolous and mischievous spirits may intrude, but detected and failing to make an impression, they soon seek other fields and more gullible victims.

During these experiments, which lasted several months, although I had every reason to believe we were communicating with the spirits of the so-called dead, I felt a reluctance to evoke, even in thought, the spirits of my loved ones, of my mother, whom I fairly worshipped; of my father, whom I had lost in my childhood. I wished to penetrate more deeply into this mystery before trying to enter into communion with them. Suppose some deceitful spirit should personate them! I could not bear the thought. None of the spirits who communicated—and they were not many—claimed to be our loved ones. How then, identify strangers? We judged them by the nature of their communications, by their acts. Two, principally, gave us proofs of their identity.

One was an accountant. He complacently counted my neighbor's cash (he kept a store) every evening. The till was then brought up and the counting verified; it was invariably correct. Once, even, the sum total found in the till was short. My friend was exulting in the thought that his unseen cashier was

at fault, the latter insisted and was angrily stamping the table in reiterated affirmation, when my friend's young son came in, who, hearing of the debate, told his father he had paid the washerwoman and forgotten to charge the amount which was precisely that of the supposed shortage.

The other, who gave still more valuable proofs of his identity, was the first spirit under whose control I was made to write. This was a Swiss physician named Guinand, who, suddenly stricken, had passed away almost in my arms, some years before, in New Orleans. A firm believer in spirit return, he was the first person who spoke to me of Spiritualism. Though Dr. Guinand said he was now engaged in curing souls as he had cured bodies in his earth-life, he was still ready to heal us poor mortals. Many were the medical prescriptions I wrote under his influence,—prescriptions which never failed. Once he diagnosed the case of my neighbor's young daughter, who was ailing with a mysterious complaint that baffled the attending physician's skill. The diagnosis covered two sheets of paper. When shown to the family physician, he was struck with the clear and scientific demonstration of latent causes he had not discovered and he asked which of his learned colleagues had been consulted. As I knew nothing of the art of healing, I must conclude that I was an unconscious instrument, an animated pen-handle wielded by a great doctor.

A noticeable part of that communication was that, my neighbor preparing to return to France, Dr. Guinand recommended his procuring, on his arrival at Havre, a certain preparation not obtainable in Montgomery, indicated the favorable effects the sea-voyage would have on the child, and gave minute directions for the treatment to be followed after arrival. He also recommended a southern climate as favorable for hastening the cure. This last recommendation worried our friend, as his business interests required his presence in an interior city. I was surprised therefore when, some months later, I received a letter from him informing me that an unexpected and advantageous offer had been made him which led to his locating at Nice—a far better climate than Provence. He had followed religiously Dr. Guinand's instructions and his daughter was now restored to perfect health. What better evidence could I want that it was Dr. Guinand who directed my hand?

A year after my friend's departure, we came to Baltimore. Chance, or rather the unseen hand that guided my steps, brought me in contact with several Spiritualists very soon after our arrival. Among others I made the acquaintance of Francis H. Smith and Mr. Dauskin, and from these intelligent upholders of spiritual truth I gathered much information to strengthen my growing conviction of the high purpose of spirit return. I wished to see a good medium; they recommended a Mrs. Morrell, an uneducated, hard-working, thoroughly honest woman, and most remarkable medium (she has long since gone to the spirit world). By this time I had overcome my scruples and was anxious to communicate with my mother; I made a note of some questions I wished her to answer, and I called on Mrs. Morrell.

The good woman left her wash-tub to receive me. We had scarcely taken our seats at a small table when it tilted over in my lap. "You bring great force," remarked Mrs. Morrell. "Your father is here. He has much to say. He will write it." There was a pencil with some sheets of paper on the table; she tried to pick up the pencil, but could not grasp it with her right hand; after many fruitless efforts, she picked the pencil with her left hand and inserted it between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, muttering meanwhile: "What is the matter? I cannot take hold of the pencil—why, your father must have been crippled in his right hand!"

My father had three fingers of his right hand crippled by a dog's bite; he could not move them; to use a pen, a knife, he had to take it with his left hand and insert it between the crippled fingers. This was a convincing test, even if the written message relative to family affairs, which Mrs. Morrell proceeded to write, had not satisfied me—which it did. Then, where was the influence of mind? I had come fully prepared and most anxious to hear from my mother; I had not once thought of my father. I knew, of course, that he had a crippled hand, but why was this particular test selected, when my mother could have given me as good a one? Let scientists meet this with some of their pet theories; I am content to believe that my father having something particular to say to me, disregarded my wish to hear mother and took precedence.

I had two or three sittings more with Mrs. Morrell, all satisfactory. But I had lost everything by the war and had come to Baltimore to try to retrieve my fortunes. I worked hard, early and late, and had little time to devote to psychic research. We would hold a circle occasionally with a few friends, but

so little did I keep informed of the public work of mediums that it was only in the 80's I attended one of Miss Maggie Gaule's seances. The hall was packed full; I found a vacant chair in the last row and was in the act of sitting down, when I heard: "The gentleman who has just come in is accompanied by a spirit." I looked up. "Yes, you, sir," continued Miss Gaule, "it is the spirit of a sister. She is so glad to be able to communicate here! She loved you dearly. Her name is Elizabeth, but she says you never called her that, you called her Liza." This was followed by a correct description of my sister.

By what far-fetched argument will anyone convince me that Miss Gaule ransacked so quickly the disused pigeon-holes of my memory and discovered there that I once had a sister who was very fond of me and for whom I had a pet name? Once admitted the possibility of spirit return, the simplest explanation is the surest. A medium can only read in my mind that of which I am thinking at the time. The moment a memory is evoked it is done by a third party having knowledge of the fact, i. e., by the spirit interested in recalling that fact.

I became a frequent attendant at Miss Gaule's seances and received many excellent tests and beautiful messages. One time she gave me three names, one French, and two Spanish, each composed of many letters and known to me only. She could not pronounce the names, but spelled them, tracing letter by letter in the air with her forefinger. These spirits had come together and the message given by one as spokesman was simply: "All we have given you in your home is true. Your imagination had nothing to do with it." This brief assurance was worth more to me than the most elaborate message.

I have a very dear young familiar—my adopted spirit daughter, I call her, whose history would make a romantic little tale. She used to manifest quite often through Miss Gaule. Corresponding with a Boston medium, I incidentally gave her this spirit's allegorical name, requesting her to ask her guides whether the spirit was man, woman or child. She sent me in return a very full and correct description, with certain details which fitted exactly with what I already knew. I had asked the question as a test. Did this brief question, added in a postscript to a letter relating to other matters, convey to the medium in Boston all the knowledge I possessed and induce her to send me a prophetic message from the spirit, which was subsequently verified?

Again, having a private sitting with Dr. J. D. Roberts, one of the best, if not the best test medium in Baltimore, he remarked: "There is a young female spirit here who clings to you very affectionately. She says, be patient, you will get the picture—she calls you 'Father'—why, how is this! She is not your daughter—she is not of your race—she is a half-breed of Canadian Indian stock." All of which was true. Twice, with Washington mediums, this spirit has materialized. I not only recognized her features, often seen clairvoyantly, but I addressed her in French and she gave me incontestable proofs of her identity.

The facts accumulate to convince me that I am not hallucinated, that auto-suggestion has nothing to do with my psychic experiences, that I am not hoodwinked by clever spirits or mediums, but am proving repeatedly the phenomena while making progress in the study of the spiritualistic philosophy. I respect science, but I do not trust scientists in preference to the evidence of my senses—and to common sense.

As I consult my notes I am embarrassed by the number of incidents from which I must make a limited choice, lest this narrative should attain a too considerable length. I sat with Pierre L. O. Keeler, in bright daylight, for slate writing. I had brought with me, rolled into the smallest compass, six slips of paper containing questions to as many spirit friends. Mr. Keeler did not touch my paper pellets, nor the two slates I held tied up in my handkerchief after cleaning them. I obtained six messages written in different colors. All were satisfactory, but one deserves special mention. My question was: "Dear Mrs. Hamilton, have you nothing to say to your old friend?" The answer filled twelve lines in a very fine handwriting. The thoughts were characteristic of my friend—a very superior woman—but it was not her writing. This was explained in the last line: "I have not the strength to write, so a friend is acting as my amanuensis." But now comes a little thing which gives great value to the communication: I had written "Mrs. Hamilton," and the message was signed with these two words, but, as by an after-thought, the letter M, initial of Mary (my dear old friend's Christian name), was inserted standing in the narrow space between "Mrs." and the surname, "Hamilton."

Who put that M. there? Not I; I had addressed Mrs. Hamilton as I used to when she was on earth. Not Mr. Keeler; he had not touched my slates; and then, what could he know about it? Let us suppose we have to

do with mortals: A very old lady gets a young friend to write a letter for her. She dictates; the letter is read to her and she remarks: "My dear, you should have an M. for Mary, before my surname; that is the way I used to sign." And the young amanuensis makes the correction. Is not this perfectly natural? Then, why seek another explanation simply because the parties are incarnate spirits?

We were to have even more remarkable experiences at our home circle. One of the spirit friends at Keeler's had suggested that I procure slates and they would try to use them at our circle. I did so, but I do not possess this phase of mediumship. Most unexpected and startling results followed, however. I had invited a young French painter to attend a seance at my house. While perfectly ignorant of the subject, he denounced Spiritualism as a fraud or a delusion, and classed its phenomena (none of which he had ever witnessed) with the tricks of legende-main exhibited in Paris by Robert Houdin. It was with a hope of shaking his preconceived opinion, if not of convincing him, that I had run the risk of introducing this hostile influence in our hitherto harmonious circle. This seance was going to be the spirit's instrument to give startling proofs of their existence and power.

To begin with, we obtained through him the promised slate-writing. His bewilderment on hearing the peculiar scratching sound within the pair of slates he held awkwardly over the table, was ludicrous to behold. In the course of a number of seances, he attended, we had not only writing on the slates, but writing on the walls, way up near the ceiling or quite low near the floor, writing on paper, on the doors, on the marble top of a bureau, wherever there was in the room a convenient spot or object. The table, at almost every seance, would rise several feet above the floor. I asked why this was done. The table rose higher and higher; so high that we stood up and our hands slipping along the legs, barely touched their lower end. It soared thus around the room, came back to its starting point and settled down gently and noiselessly in its original place. On the tablet of paper which had remained on top of the table, we read this message: "Let this ascending motion of a table be to you an emblem; lift up your souls higher and higher, reaching out to Truth and God to whom I am leading you." I make no comments.

This spirit, who gave her name as Julia and told us she had perished by the guillotine during Robespierre's reign of terror, was bent on converting our artist, who was something of an atheist. She wrote to him a touching appeal to recognize the existence of an Infinite Intelligence and the immortality of his own soul, ending with this awful warning: "You will believe, or you will die in the throes of despair!" But her favorite mode of communication was by brief, terse sentences, such as: "Believe, pray, hope!" "Earth-life is darkness, death is light." "Your doubts trouble and pain us." "Do not trouble the beyond with your suspicious questioning." "We come to save." "All souls are as one soul."

Independent writing was not the only phenomenon we had; chairs were pulled; sledgeshammer blows were struck the table right between our hands; we were touched and patted gently, sometimes roughly; different objects, some quite heavy, were transported from one part of the room to another; from a bouquet, thus carried in mid-air, two flowers were detached and placed on the table, between my hands—a token of which I understood the meaning as referring to a private communication received some days before. I have no doubt the "know-it-alls" would demonstrate scientifically, to their satisfaction if not to mine, that our invisible eyes, sub-conscious or subliminal selves, had done all these things while our visible, easily duped personalities, were sitting round the pine table; or may be that we were hypnotized and made to believe all these casual events had actually taken place—though the writings on the walls, slates and tablets remained and could be examined afterward by non-participants in these seances. Spirit Julia's explanation was more simple: She said the writing, which advanced spirits might be themselves, the physical and solar phenomena were the work of still undeveloped incarnates who operated under the direction of one of the high controls, as workmen do under the direction of a boss-workman. The roughness of some of these spirit's ways could not always be checked, but they meant no harm. They were not evil spirits, but unfortunate in whom the spiritual had not been cultivated and whose surplus energy was thus used for a good purpose while they were learning and preparing to enter the ways of enlightenment.

Be this as it may, the reader will perhaps agree with me that I have seen enough of the phenomena, under conditions where fraud was impossible, to reason every doubt from my mind about it? Let us suppose we have to



## CHRISTMAS EVE-1900.

BY WILLIAM GOLDEN SMITH BROWN.

Mark! all around us, loud and clear,  
The Christmas bells are ringing;  
The sweet perfume of the year,  
In golden censers swinging,  
White lights of thy valley, Judea,  
White hands, white robes, are bringing.  
Lilies, all damped as by thy tears,  
Who woke the cold dead sleeping;  
Across the sea, across the years  
Of centuries centuries sweeping,  
The wide world's heart turns back and hears  
Judea's maiden weeping.  
But let the tears of sorrow cease  
Like morning dew that glistens;  
Around the world is sounding on  
"Death cannot life imprison!"  
Ah! hark! comes down on rays of dawn,  
"Behold, the Christ has risen!"  
From other worlds the winds that blow  
Bring messages of greeting;  
"Peace and Good-will to man below,"  
Will down the war-eyer flowing;  
The twentieth century will show  
That heaven and earth are meeting!  
Star of the East! Love's brightest gem,  
Shine on at more and even;  
Lead upward—not to Bethlehem—  
Souls, their clay-layers here,  
Sing with the bright-eyed Usherim;  
"You earth shall yet be heaven!"  
The Summer flowers, the fruits of Fall  
Through bud and leaf are lying;  
But see, "neath gilded scepter tall,  
What host of angels is lying!  
And Santa Claus does never call  
On India's thousands dying!  
Take, friends, these Christmas gifts we bring,  
And thank the cheerful giver;  
Like birds that through the Summers sing  
By wood and field and river,  
So let us sing life's song and ring  
Sweet sunshine round us ever.  
The future, with its worst or best,  
We wait in silent wonder,  
Our quiet souls from peaceful rest,  
No hard myths can sander;  
We own the garments o'er our breast,  
The heart that's beating under.  
O Bethlehem's star, still shining bright,  
Searching for truth has found us;  
Our old time friends are here tonight,  
Their arms in love have bound us,  
And oh! if we could bear the light,  
What dazzling forms are round us!  
But whence we came or where we go,  
Has little power to move us;  
All rivers to the ocean flow,  
All life to God above us;  
'Tis worth a thousand worlds to know  
Our friends still live and love us.  
The century's dying, grim and gray,  
Ring out, O bells, earth's sadness;  
This age of war will pass away,  
With all its hell of madness;  
Sing now our parting Christmas lay,  
"Peace—and a world of gladness!"  
Stevens Park, Wis., Dec. 14, 1900.

## The Philosophy of Ego.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

The explorer returns from his expedition, and proposes to tell the tale of his discoveries in one brief article. It will be practically a summary of his recent Ego series in nine chapters, which may now be deemed closed—at least for the present.  
It is well understood that neither God nor man, nor child, God Junior, can manifest without form. It is impossible for each when we intellectually sense the wondrous "speck," which in its minute grandeur, embodies substance, energy and intelligence; and is thus a conscious, living entity, as indestructible as the divinity it represents. In its solitary grandeur Ego is almost as inconceivable as the Infinite All in All. It is its unitary practice of brotherhood which tells the tale of Ego to mortal sense. The atom of hydrogen and the atom of oxygen elude mortal faculty. Homo neither sees, hears, tastes, smells nor touches these tiny representatives of God Junior. Yet we, or Mother Nature, blend any two parts of hydrogen with one of oxygen, water is immediately signed, sealed and delivered by Infinite Cosmos to finite man. Just two and one. No more, and no less. Man may freeze it into a solid, or compel it into invisibility. He changes nothing but form. The form of hydrogen with units, which we call "elements," and whose blendings by number constitute all we call "creation." Mineral, vegetable, animal, are but questions of number. So many of this, and of that, and protoplasm is born. Number is divine. No wonder the sage of old declared "God that number is." More, and no more, and no less, than Ego gaining experience by association with his fellows.  
Endless change, and the crash of worlds leaves Ego untouched. Cosmos needs no census. Units may come, and units may go, but increase or diminution is impossible, for each is God Junior, fragment of the divine Ego. Ego is a drop of water has the experience of that drop. Ego in a world has the experiences of that world; and these experiences are the consequences of form. From microbe to archangel is Ego's field; and the explorer claims that Ego is limited by the experiences from limit to limit at the same time.  
We have been trained to limit Ego to just one personality. That personality, measured by the inch rule of mortal sense, we have called "human form," and used it as a plaster cast, in which to fashion Ego. We have been taught there must be one Ego to each form. The microbe, the monkey, the man had each his own Ego, but as soon as we pass beyond, we are told that spirit is only a second edition of man Ego, with improvements all up to date. There is no second edition of microbe and monkey. It is man who has been stereotyped, and then rebound in celestial cloth, with gilt edges, for circulation in celestial society. Such beliefs have been founded on ignorance. We have sensed just a little of Ego at any one time, and have called that little "personality." It has never occurred to man mortal that appearances are as deceitful physiologically as they are astronomically.  
This great truth, that seems at first so startling to the student, becomes very simple by an illustration from every day life. Let us imagine a man having composed his grand Oratorio Messiah. He is now facing an orchestra, every member swayed by his will, and expressing the melodies in his soul. He has already sensed the entire Oratorio, but is now seeking a grander expression by the united soul force of other mortals. Now, by a further effort of the imagination, let the student reader place those musicians in a line, a mile apart, but at the same time raising Handel to an eminence from which he still guides and directs every instrument. Ego Handel is now expressing himself from one end of the line to the other, and at every point at the same time. The student reader will now perceive that the control of the various instruments will never be perfect, but always partial and incomplete, yet the experience of the whole, such as it is, is harvested by Handel, and cannot be enjoyed by any one

of the players. Each hears his own disjointed melodies as harsh, discordant, and incomplete, according to the instrument, it is Ego Handel alone who grasps the "Messiah" from the united band.  
The experiences of the form belong, as a whole, to the form, and not to Ego. Ego has just as much as he appropriates, and all along the line at the same time, from microbe to archangel. The form, which is Homo, may faintly exchange thoughts from his own instrument to its nearest neighbor, but, as we have seen, it is Ego alone who comprehends the whole.  
Surely the student can now realize that human history has been "form" history and not Ego history. And that Spirit Return could not break the spell, and let in the truth, until the "form" came. It needed far more than Ego of any mortal kind for inspiration. It needed the hour and the conditions when at last the truth must burst its bonds, and come forth from its sepulchre. Then it is we notice for the first time that the entire orchestra is but expressing an experience for Ego Handel. Each player has lost touch with his neighbor, but each plays his own part, and it often seems but a weary fragment of life rather than a divine harmony. Yet Ego Handel's soul is triumphant, and to him not even a note in the chorus but contributes to the divine whole. As a whole, Ego realizes the divinity of harmony, and is enabled to enable to him, who continues to sense only the effort of just one personality.  
Such is The Philosophy of Ego, as grasped by the explorer. It was impossible until science had gathered her facts, all ready to be marshalled into a higher philosophy, which demanded a broader and more comprehensive view of the earlier period of human history. On the one hand we have Ego standing by divine right in a vast unity; wielding powers and gaining experience all along the alphabet of his existence. On the other hand we now discover that vastness which is the limit of our knowledge. We have separate expressions of individual life. To him but one—and that one himself.  
The explorer discovered yet further, that human form was never an abiding place of Ego from cradle to casement, as taught by theology to ignorant man. He perceived that every form was a personal nationality in which no Ego reigned or roamed for more than a brief experience. Our nation is a type of this great truth. It has an Ego at its head. There are Egos wielding power in its various organs, and myriad Egos bearing the weight of daily toil. But every Ego passes on, and leaves his unfinished labor to another. Ego comes, and Ego goes, but the nationality survives. Such is human life, and that of every other form. The personality is that of a myriad, but Ego remains forever a divinity.  
Such is The Philosophy of Ego as discovered by him who explores the realms of conscious existence. He discerns Ego manifesting in a myriad forms, all at the same time; with an experience in memories that never fade. Those players in the valley of life, and a mile apart, which each play a echo in the nearest instrument, but Homo, in lofty disdain, has scorned to recognize a brotherly intelligence in life below man. But with awe and humility he acknowledges that he catches now and again a note from the beyond which calls him "brother," and declares himself immortal. Such is Ego, as embodied in The Size of Man, which was the first chapter in the explorer's record.  
The experiences of "God Junior" told the tale of creative power inhering in Ego by divine soaping. It was startling only to ignorance. The knowledge of the creative power of the limited form, a factor in daily life, and stands as a legacy from the dying century to its new born heir. Such was the second chapter of student history.  
"Some Experiences of Ego" pointed out that intelligence can do its work without brain. Certain conditions of earth life have demanded the limitation of the human form, and he weighs and measures, compares and decides, and proclaims to the universe that having relatively the highest development of brain, he has become lord of creation. But the explorer noticed that divinity which we need no brain. He perceived that lower life was quite comfortable without brain. And further, that in man himself, brain was not allowed to interfere with any of the important processes by which the human form is sustained. It was thus seen that Ego, as child of his father, inherits a divinity which knows no limitation. He is not limited by a brain by his creative power, as a convenience of the hour for daily life, but as soon as he would reach out to his personalities above or below man, the mortal brain becomes useful as a scribe, and nothing more. There is certainly a lesson of deep import was caught and recorded by the explorer in his third chapter.  
"A Descent into Nature's Kindergarten" was next made, that the student might learn the lesson of "form," both in its limitation and its fulness. Without form Ego is as unthinkable as Infinite Cosmos. But he needed to emphasize that form was not child of God Senior. Man has belauded himself until even Delity must wear human shape. Theology, like human history, has been founded on form. So we needed to emphasize, again and again, that speck Ego is the truly God Junior, fragment of the divine Ego, and that the form we know and call "man" may reappear after death, but he is only a nationality—not even a personality in the true sense. Homo is a reflection of Ego, as Ego is a reflection of First Cause; and that was the lesson of our fourth chapter.  
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The great demand for "BIG HOLE STONES" has led to the discovery of many new ones. These stones are of the same size as the ones used in the "BIG HOLE STONES" and are of the same shape and size. They are of the same shape and size as the ones used in the "BIG HOLE STONES" and are of the same shape and size as the ones used in the "BIG HOLE STONES".



## SPECIAL NOTICE

## Banner of Light

Mrs. McDonald, speaker and platform test medium, will engage with societies near Boston. Address 29 Hanson St., Boston Mass.







## SPIRIT 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.

These Circles are not public.

### To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify each communication 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.

If in the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding out the truth of the following messages? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seances held Dec. 6, 1900, S. E. 23.

### Invocation.

Oh spirit of love and truth and tenderness, bless the effort of this hour, help those who have come and those who would come. Go everywhere into the homes with strength and love and understanding. May the messages carry the comfort intended; may those dear ones who have been strengthened even by the weak effort that has been made go to the homes, go to the hearts, go into the lives, and make brighter and better the conditions everywhere. Help us to forget not those in distress whose hearts are sad through bereavement, through the misunderstanding of what death is. Open their eyes to the light, attune their ears to the sweetest harmonies of the spirit, and may the distress be taken away through their understanding of the truth and its blessings. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Lizzie Carrier.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a lady. She is quite tall and thin, gray eyes, brown hair with just a little of the gray mixed with it, and is very weak. She walks over to me and looks at me with such an air of sadness as though she wished so much that she might do all that she desired to. She had something the matter with her throat because she can hardly speak above a whisper and she says first: "My name is Lizzie Carrier and I came from Nashua, N. H. I have been gone about seven or eight years and all that time I have been making an effort to return, and while I have been conscious of everything that has been going on at home, I have not been able to make myself known or to have any interest awakened in my family. I desire most of all to go to George; I want him to feel that I am with him. When they sit down to the table and begin to talk about everything that has happened through the day, it seems to me that I must speak so plainly that they cannot misunderstand me, and yet my voice seems lost in the air and no one pays any attention to me. I was sick a long time before I came over here and it was really a relief to me and to everybody about when it was over because it was known that I could not get well. I am sure that nothing could have saved me and my only desire now is to connect with my people. I have seen Margaret and she sends love to those who are left and says to tell them that she is much happier now than she was."

#### Edward Gross.

I see a spirit of a man about the medium height with very dark hair except for some gray mixed in front, dark blue eyes, and dark eyebrows and lashes. He has a strong, rugged looking face and steps up to me with an earnest, energetic way and says: "Good-morning, here I am again. I have been here about a dozen times and every time given way to some one else who was less strong than I. It is a pretty hard thing to push yourself in and give your evidence of what you are when you see so many who are so anxious, whose hearts are aching, and who have such a desire to send loving messages to their friends, but I feel that somehow I have earned this opportunity, and I want to say that my name is Edward Gross; I came from New York. I have such a desire to get to my people because I would like to carry on some experiments with them. I was interested in everything along the line of telepathy and I have thought that if I could only get into communication with my own people that I might establish a line of communication for myself, not only by actual control but by using my thought force here and connecting with theirs in the home. I want to go to Josie; I want her to know that she is very mediumistic, more than ordinarily so, and I think that it would be a pleasure to her to unfold in this knowledge, to grow strong in the understanding of it. Her nervousness would be overcome. Tell her not to fret so over the little girl. She will be all right after a while. It is only that she is getting her growth now and by and by she will grow stronger and there will be no more need for worry."

#### Mrs. Susan Knowles.

Now I see a lovely old lady. She is rather stout with blue eyes and soft white hair. She is very ladylike and calm and walks up to me with such an air of sweetness and sincerity that I just love to put my hand out and take hold of hers and feel that I am walking with her into the old home circle. She says, "If you please, my name is Mrs. Susan Knowles, and my husband's name is William Knowles, and we used to live in Fall River. I have vivid recollections of my old life and such conscious experiences of the life that now is and of the life of my friends who are still in the body that I concluded it would be well for me to come. I am not the least surprised that so many

spirits are unable to express themselves clearly. There is a little excitement attending the effort, which prevents them speaking definitely to the one in control, and I am surprised sometimes that they get as near to the people they want as they do and give as clear messages as they do. I have left in earth life a boy and his name is Frank. He is just as good a boy as he can be, and I know that his heart often goes out to his mother and whenever he speaks of her he says: 'Whatever else I have had in my life, I had a mother who was one of the best.' It pleases me to hear him say that because it was my constant thought and effort to be to him all that a mother could be. I am glad he is married. It was better for him and makes a better home condition, and if I could only walk into the little family circle and bless them all and give them my dear love, it would be the happiest moment I have known over here. I am sure the time will come when the doors will be opened wide and they will receive me as I desire to be received. I also have a little daughter over here and her name is Edith; she is so glad to send a word to her brother. Thank you."

#### Charles Hersey.

I see a tall, slim man; he has side whiskers, a smooth chin, and a mustache that is heavy and comes right down into the side whiskers. He has quite long, brown hair, blue eyes, and he is large. His hands and feet are very large and as he speaks to me there is a little smile comes over his face that is just as pleasant and boyish as can be and he says: "Well, little one, do you often have a minister of the gospel come back to you? That is what I am and I thought that it would be a good thing to see what there is in this after all. My name is Charles Hersey and I came from Wilmington, Pa. I thought when I lived here that there was nothing in the world so important as to consecrate one's life to God and his service, and while I did it with all my soul, and threw myself into it as the one work that was important, I feel like acknowledging my own narrowness in refusing to take an interest in anything outside of the salvation of souls in the way that I believed was right. My word is to those who are striving for Jesus and his kingdom. I know the holy men who feel that there is no effort to be spared and who give freely of their life, their hopes, their everything to this mission and I just feel like dropping this word down: 'In your zeal for the salvation of souls, forget not that there may be a way of which you have never heard that will open the doors quicker than you have ever dreamed of, and lift them to a more exalted state of being than you can hope to do. Relax not a whit your effort for good and for all that is beautiful and true, but open wide every avenue of your soul and let the sunshine in and gather all the help from any source. I know how easy it is to feel that anything outside of the church life is the work of the devil himself, and I would still assert my belief in a power for evil if I were here, but I would say that it worked to shut us up into narrow boxes rather than to open us to be influences for good, and so if there be a power for bad, it is being exercised in those who are striving to be good in many instances by keeping them so closed up that no truth outside of what they have acknowledged, however holy, can get to them.' I thank you for this opportunity of expressing myself. I desire to get to my friends, who would be so glad to know, if they dared to believe it, that I am still an active member in their midst, and am as anxious to add to their orthodoxy this belief in Spiritualism, as they would be anxious to add orthodoxy to the spiritualistic creed."

#### James Garland.

I see the spirit of a man about forty years old. He is dark, has dark hair, dark blue eyes with dark lashes, a heavy brown mustache and a beard that comes down in a kind of a point. He is tall and thin and he has a sickly, weak way as he staggers over to me. He had consumption, because I can see, in his effort to come back, that he takes on that old condition. He says: "Oh dear, dear, every time I try to get back to my people, the old cough attacks me, and it seems as if I could never overcome it, but I think if once I could get into harmonious conditions, that I would be relieved. My name is James Garland; I came from Peoria, Ill. I was sick a long time and fought for life because I was afraid to go. It's an awful thing to stand face to face with death and fear it so. My wife was a brave little woman, and many a time I was sure she was keeping the tears back because she didn't want me to see how badly she felt; since I came over here I have seen her heartache and her pain, and if I could just tell her that I am better, that I know her and can watch over her, it would make her happier. My little boy, too, needs a father's thought; she tells him about me and says to him over and over again, 'Robbie, that is what your father would have liked'; he opens his eyes wide and seems pleased to do the things that would please me. My wife's name is Lizzie and I want to say to her that she need not fear for Robbie. He will stay with her; he has not inherited the disease which I went away with and will grow stronger as he grows older and will be a comfort to her in the long years to come. Tell her, too, that I am glad she has taken off the black. It pleases me to see her in the old colors again. She looks so much better and more like herself. I will come to her and give any evidence I can of my love."

#### Margaret Mason.

Now I see the spirit of an old lady. She is short and stout with snowy white hair. Her eyes are blue, but they are faded as though from looking so long. She has a cane and leans on that. She comes over to me and I see that her lips are drawn tightly; she tries to speak and then her voice fails a little; she opens her mouth again and says: "Oh, I shall be able to speak in a moment. I am a little nervous over coming the first time. My name is Margaret Mason and I belong in Toronto, Canada. I thought if I could come way up here to send a message back to the people there, there would be no doubt about its be-

ing I talking to them. I am familiar with Boston, because I used to go there a long time ago, but of late years I didn't know much about it. I think I must have known more or less about Spiritualism, but not under that name. I was quite sure that my people talked to me and came to me, but I thought that everybody had the same understanding, and I didn't make much noise about it. I have a daughter who lives down there and her name is Cordelia and the other name is Lawrence; it is to her I would say that it is I who rattles the dishes and make the noises round the house. I must stir them up some way, and if I can't do it through their brains, I must do it through the noises that I can make about the place. The old place is not changed much, so that it is pretty familiar to me, and I can go anywhere in the dark and find anything I wish, just as I used to. Give them all my love, and I think that although I was a Baptist, I must be a Baptist Spiritualist."

#### Frank Brown.

Now I see a tall, rather angular, broad shouldered, strong looking man. He has large features and blue eyes; his hair is a little gray, but bald up on the top of his head. He seems so nervous and he comes quickly as though he could not wait to give his message. He is afraid he will forget it. He comes from Conway, N. H., and his name is Frank Brown. He says, "Goodness is this what you call coming back? I made all possible haste to get here, thinking that I could have some help to get to my own people, but all I find is I have a chance to speak to somebody else, and that they can pass the word along. There isn't much good in that. I can't tell you because my people wouldn't listen. If I could get some strength to go back and stir them up, and tell them I am alive and know what they are doing, I could stop some of the performances that are going on. They haven't done a single thing the way I wanted when I was here. They have just gone ahead as if I never had been. I don't know that I blame them, but at the same time, they might have waited till I got cold before they commenced to go contrary to my wishes. I always was a rough, outspoken kind of a man, so if I have said something that has shocked you, don't mind it. I must come some way, and it might as well be this way as any way. I am with my people and they are helping me, and if I came any other way, the people on earth wouldn't know me, because I never was any other way. I am much obliged to you for helping me give this message. I can't say 'God bless you,' because I do not know anything about such things, but I do say 'Good-bye till I see you again.'"

#### Sarah Wilber.

The next spirit is a lady who is rather stout, medium height, and has snow white hair and black eyes. She is as pretty as a picture and sweet as a flower. She comes along in such an open, honest, sweet way that she just seems to create love for herself by her very presence. She says: "Good-morning, my dear. I thank you even before I give my message for your interest and your love in helping me to come. My name is Sarah Wilber, and I used to live in Topsfield, Mass. I was well-known there and have many friends who still live there. I was not interested in this subject at all, and it is a pleasure to me to know that one who was not, is received equally with those who were. I have the greatest desire to get to Jennie, and I want to help her because she is so unsettled and disturbed in her mind. She isn't sick, although sometimes she thinks she is. It is only her mind that makes her as she is, and I am convinced that she is a medium because every time I see her I see a band of influences about her striving to unfold her and to make her conscious of their presence, and so I come to give this word, thinking perhaps if it came from me, she would know that it is all right, and she would yield and perhaps be helped. Tell her that mother would bring her nothing but the best from the spirit, and that the love I always had for her is hers today. To Hattie I would say, 'God bless you, Hattie. Do all the good you can and mother will do what she can for you.'"

#### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

One of Dickens' characters says of a poor lad, "He was born in a vale, he lived in a vale, and he must take the consequences of such a situation." After this quotation by changing the pronouns to the feminine gender, and it becomes applicable to womankind—under the old dispensation.

By the old dispensation we mean of course the teachings of the Old Testament, and the Calvinism that is their natural outgrowth. Early in Genesis, we find the blame of listening to the serpent is placed on Eve, and when her doom is laid on her by "The Lord God" (just exactly who he might be seems obscure to latter-day readers), we find these words:—

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

These words struck the keynote, and the melancholy strains of woman's woe, and pain, and subjection have made doleful music ever since. Theologians have said that as the first man fell into "original sin" through the temptation of a woman, it is God's will that she suffer forevermore.

No physical pain is considered equal to that of child-birth. The intensity of any pain is expressed by comparing it with that of a woman in travail, and as this great suffering is a punishment laid on her by Almighty God, some think it would be impious to look for any alleviation. Some clergymen have said, "God meant child-birth to be painful, and it is wicked to try to ease it." In accordance with this dictum, chloroform, which is used in all other extremities of physical pain, is withheld in this, the most extreme of all, by many physicians.

The keynote struck by Moses is reiterated by the Jews who wrote the New Testament,

and we find that Paul says women shall not have "braided hair, nor gold, nor pearls, nor costly array" (the very things that natural women like), that they must "learn in silence with all subjection," and he holds out the hope that they may be "saved in child-bearing." If they will only "continue in faith, and charity, and holiness with sobriety."

I am a great believer in science. But for science to do the good that it is designed to do, it must be applied to every-day life. But science is one thing, while experimental drugging is quite another. Science, considered subjectively, is knowledge, skill, expertness, the comprehension of facts; considered objectively, it is truth that is ascertained, or known.

A man has rheumatism. He goes to fifty different physicians, and every one of them prescribes a different remedy, to alleviate the pain of rheumatism, which is after all only a symptom of the underlying incapacity of the kidneys to dispose of the surplus amount of uric acid which has been supplied to the system by improper food. These physicians engage in experimental drugging.

But the fifty-first doctor is a man of science. He has made chemical analysis of different articles of food. He knows what kinds furnish uric acid, and which kinds do not. He may possibly prescribe some palliating remedies, to alleviate present pain; but he devotes his main efforts to enlighten the patient as to the foods and drinks he ought to take, and those he ought to avoid. This method is the scientific one, but it makes the patient his own doctor, it tends to lessen the number of physicians that are needed by a community, and it is of course discounted by the medical fraternity.

What is true of rheumatism is true of most ailments. A proper diet, practised from early youth, keeps all diseases in abeyance; and where a malady has already gained a foothold in the system, through ignorance, or through disregard of what is known to all, it can be conquered in time by avoiding the very articles of diet that tend to increase its power.

Of course we are now speaking of cases caused by disregard of physiology and hygiene. In cases demanding surgical aid, we need a practitioner who combines with the two an exact knowledge of anatomy, and a practical skill in operating on the injured or diseased part.

Some of our readers may surmise that we stray from the subject with which we began. But we are going to resume our original thread—the physical pains of woman by virtue of her sex—and show how these pains can be reduced in great measure by a practical application of the facts pertaining to chemical science. We claim that the science of chemistry annuls the old words of doom, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." And there is nothing impious in doing so. For if Almighty God is not the originator of all the exact sciences, we fail to find their original constructor, and shall have to think, with Topsy, that they "grewed."

To premise, animals that live a natural life in their native wilds, who are not cooped up in pens, or chained to stanchions, or pampered with unnatural food, bring forth their young with ease, and are at once able to go on living as usual and to provide sustenance for the new little ones. We also note that the poor and hard-working women, who are not pampered by luxurious habits and rich living, get through the strain more easily, and can resume their work in as many days, as one bred in the lap of wealth requires of weeks or months. And we also note that women in the tropics carry and are delivered of their babies in a comfort that is utterly unknown to their sisters who live in London or New York.

There must be a reason for what is stated above. And as we do not choose to find this reason in the fiat said to be pronounced against woman in the garden of Eden, we shall find it in the natural facts revealed by science in the century just closing.

And as all will agree that living naturally and cheerfully, in pure air, with abundant exercise, untrammelled by the demands of an artificial society, are good for a woman in this condition, we will devote the remainder of the article to a consideration of the proper food for a prospective mother—a food that will lessen, rather than "multiply her sorrow and conception." Our tropical mother, with her fruits and her rice, will give us our object lesson on this subject, and our man of chemical science, with his tables of the constituents of different food products will give the scientific data for our conclusions.

To make the process of giving birth an easy one at the time, and with no disagreeable features before and after the occurrence, what should the prospective mother eat?

In the first place, she should not eat too much, for it takes a very little food to supply the needs of her little protegee day by day. Besides, most persons eat too much, and surely she who has a physical strain in prospect should not fall into this error.

We must now approach a necessary part of the subject, and nothing but our strong desire to save needless pain induces us to treat of what the world in general deems indelicate.

An unborn child has one natural channel for its egress. Were Nature unwise or cruel, its exit would cause terrible pain. But Nature is wise and kind, and when her laws are obeyed, the exit is made with ease. The cruel pain comes because her laws have not been obeyed, and this is the result of ignorance.

It stands to reason that the less bony and the more cartilaginous the bony structures of the mother and child, the more easily can the exit be effected. In this very point lies the cause of the difference between pain and ease.

The question now becomes, in what way can these bones be made as largely gristle as possible, and thus yield more readily to the exigencies of the case. In this respect, Nature herself comes to the assistance of the mother in the tropics. The climate there furnishes the very cereals that are destitute of the elements that make the bones hard and

brittle, as rice, tapioca, sago, and a great variety of fruits.

Her sister of the temperate zones is provided with very different food. All the cereals and bread of every kind are supplied with phosphate of lime, the very element that hardens the bones. If she eat much pie and cake, they are made of flour which contains the same. Puddings contain the like. Beans, rye, oats and barley have not so much phosphate of lime as wheat. All the fruits and vegetables have scarcely any of the elements that harden the bones. We see that those who live in the temperate zones have to depend on the chemist in order to govern the selection of food in this crisis of womanhood.

After the birth of a child, it becomes the duty of the mother to change her diet, and eat much milk and bread, in order to harden and strengthen the bony tissues of the child she nurses.

It should be added to the enumeration given above that where meat is eaten by the prospective mother, the meat of a young animal is to be preferred to that of mature cattle; and that fish and eggs are better for her than meat.

Those who practice this regime suffer none of the ills that often follow their illness, and their children become strong and healthy men and women, with teeth like rocks.

I read a pamphlet on this subject many years ago, and procured some copies for friends, who were much benefited thereby. It was a resume of an article published in "The Herald of Health." Lately, I found that the information regarding this method had been collected into a small book. I desire to say in the interest of humanity that it can be obtained of Dr. M. L. Holbrook, The Herald of Health, New York City. It is entitled "Parturition Without Pain."

Dr. Holbrook is a well-known Spiritualist, and gave an admirable address at the World's Psychical Parliament in 1893. This article will be a surprise to him, and I shall take pleasure in sending him a copy.

Mr. Editor, do you ever lie awake at night, thinking of the pain in the world, and wishing you could do more to lessen it? I know that you do. And you are doing this most effectually, publishing from week to week what will enlighten the world. Knowledge is indeed the true savior. It saves from pain, from ignorance, from contention, from jealousy, and is the firmest ally of spiritual development. Many a household martyr would be saved from unutterable misery by a little more knowledge. Let our motto be ever the memorable words of the dying Goethe,

"Light! light! more light!"

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J., Dec. 23, 1900.

#### Mrs. Susan M. Carroll.

The citizens of Lily Dale, N. Y., were startled on the morning of Dec. 22, 1900, to learn that the above named lady had passed suddenly to the higher life. This news will be a painful shock of surprise to her many friends throughout the nation, as Mrs. Carroll has long been well and favorably known to the thousands of visitors to Canadaga Camp each succeeding year. She was intending to pass the winter in La Porte, Texas, when she was called upon to take leave of earth. She was a woman of rare intellectual discernment and great intellectual powers. Her writings were varied, and covered a wide range of subjects, but she was perhaps most perfectly at home in dramatic composition. Several of her plays possessed a high order of merit, and rank well with the dramas of the day. She was a reader of discernment, and kept in touch with the works of the best authors of all ages. She was an exceptionally able conversationalist, for she was at home upon all topics of interest of the day, and had opinions concerning the same that were decidedly original.

In her religious views, she was an ardent Spiritualist, in the broadest and most comprehensive sense of the word. Fraud and deception had no place in her nature, and she did not hesitate to put the seal of condemnation upon everything that bore evidence of counterfeiting in phenomenal manifestations of all kinds. She was a Spiritualist of intuition as well as by intellectual reasoning upon phenomenal effects. Her nature was broad and generous. To the poor and needy she was a true and tried friend. She labored earnestly and willingly to relieve suffering, and her purse was forever open at the cry of distress. She was one of the central figures in free-thought circles at Lily Dale. One of her friends, Mrs. H. T. Stearns, writes: "No one ever did more for Lily Dale than Mrs. Carroll. In all ways she was unassuming and quiet, but ever ready to act and push all good things for the interest of the place. She was ever good and kind..."

No funeral services were held at Lily Dale, as the remains were taken to her former home in Ohio, and laid beside those of her husband, who passed to spirit life about one year ago. Five sons and one daughter survive Mrs. Carroll, all of whom have the teachings of Spiritualism to comfort them in this sad hour. Peace to the memory of one of earth's noble women. The world is better for her having lived, and spirit life is the richer because of her entrance thereon.

#### Passed to Spirit Life.

Mrs. Paulina Gerry of Stoneham, aged 85 years, on Dec. 10.

Mrs. Gerry was a woman of large intellect, was well educated, and was interested in all reforms. She was opposed to slavery in every sense; was a member of the New England Woman's Suffrage Association for many years; a firm and outspoken Spiritualist and a member of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid of Stoneham since it was first organized. She enjoyed that knowledge that comes to all who know of it as she did. She was a subscriber to the Banner of Light and ceased to read it after she was unable to read at all.

The Rev. Mr. Whitmore spoke at her funeral, but said nothing of her beautiful belief, as he has no knowledge of it.

S. G. Barrett,  
One of Mrs. Gerry's friends.









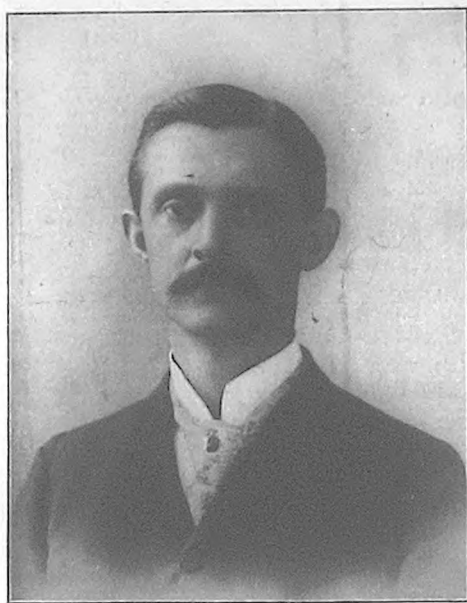








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