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NO. 18

THE CHRISTMAS JOY

The light and joy of Christmas day, Is adoration of the home, And all the love we wish to say— When lovely children to us come.

The one of old with his bright star,
Drew wise men there the love to see;
And so that beauty spreads afar—
And ever will more wondrous bs,

And so tas.
And ever will more womens.
E ich year shall make it brighter glow,
Tho' whitened winder rage so wild;
Add in our hearts love's flower will grow,
Our worship of a little child!
William Brunton.

Christmas.

SUSIE C. CLARK.

Christmas.

Subie C. Clark.

The glad Christmas season is once more here. The frosty air is fragrant with boughs of aromatic evergreen, with spruce trees and garlands of bolly, while human hearts likewise breathe forth their sweet fragrance of love and beneficence, which finds expression in gifts, in offerings to one another, in beautiful surprises for the needy, and in all sweet offices of charity. It is indeed a touching thought, if we were not so familiar with it, that the whole world unites for once in the year, in public recognition of its spiritual allegiance to that glorious Soul, whose birth it celebrates with such affection and enthusiasm, even though there are some radical thinkers in the ranks of Spiritualism, who have devoted much misdirected effort to prove that no such person as the Nazarene ever existed. Yet the light from the Star of Rethlehem still shines down through the centuries, beinging to humanity a new Ideal of life, of service, of the beauty of holiness.

The world is never left without a witness of the Infinite Love, the Divine Presence. No age or country has lacked its externalization of the Word: there is no nation or beople that have not been blessed with some Avatar of the Infinite Light, some illumined son of God to shine through all the darkness, of materiality and ignorance, even though the darkness in its bligorty, comprehendeth it not. Yet another and another messenger is sent, the larger Messianic periods covering an era of thousands of years, while the lesser cycles, when great Teachers like Zoroaster, Mahonet, or Swedenborg, shed their reflection of the one great Light upon humanity, occur at chorter intervals.

At a minister's meeting held in Boston not long ago, a visitor present, one in whom intellectual pride had evidently dwarfed the growth of the spiritual nature, if indeed it had ever reached birth, expressed himself in the most pessindistic terms regarding the present trend of the world, and the slender possibilities of advancement for our poor human nature, when on

arene was an utter failure in every respect!" Verily, Truth cannot be intellectually apprehended, it must be spiritually discerned, and for these who are spiritually blind, clear vision is impossible. It is true that Jesus founded no temporal kingdom, he made no money, no friends of wealth and influence, the nobility perhaps never heard of him. His only followers were a handful of illterate fishermen, among whom one betrayed, and another denied that he ever knew him; and after only three years of an itinerant, nomadic existence, he died the sgnominious death of a felon, crucified between two thieves. It might seem like failure to the workily minded to begin life as a pauper and end it as a criminal, but such a failure to A failure, with a world at his feet, today! A failure even on the human plane, when that matchless life as it was litted up drew all men thither, when the gems of truth that fell from his lips have enkindied the latent divine soark in millions of human hearts to a holy

men thither, when the gems of truth that fell from his lips have enkindled the latent divine spark in millions of buman hearts to a holy sacred fire, inspiring souls everywhere to purity of life, to unselfish devotion to human needs and fidelity to the highest duty.

The true Christ is not yet born in the narrow manger of our hearts, although our lives perhaps already proclaim the angelic message of peace and good will to all men, our carols of joy ring out clear and heartfelt that a glimmering of the Truth which maketh all men free, is already ours. Some of us are trying to carry on the work the Judean Teacher began, of which he promised still greater things should be accomplished, doubtless meaning greater in extent, as it spread over all the world, not restricted as then to that little corner of Palestine. It has taken 1900 years, so slowly grind the mills of the gods, for his charge to his disciples to be fully understood: "Go ye into all the world, preach this gospelheal the siek, cast out devils."

His faithful ministers, ever since, even those of apostolic succession, all down through the centuries, have been content to obey one third of the command and diligently preach the Werd, dissecting and often distorting it according to their respective schools of theology. And now the large army of present

are valiantly, effectively meeting two-thirds of the injunction. They do indeed grandly, devotedly "heal the sick" and strive to edu-cate the sufferer beyond the need of further healing. (But the perfect work and design of the Great Healer is not yet fulfilled thereby.

cate the sufferer beyond the need of further healing. But the perfect work and design of the Great Healer is not yet fulfilled thereby. Art-ther need yet remains, another command awaits fulfillment.

If the work of the Master is carefully studied, surprise may be felt at the promineace given to his recognition of this third kind of bondage, the necessity of this kind of healing, to minister to the carth-bound walfs in the invisible realm—the spirits in prison. For it is recorded on one occasion, that "they brought unto him all that were sick; he healed their diseases, and cast out unclean," (that is ignorant) "spirits;" and again, "he cast out the spirits by his word and healed all that were sick;" a clear distinction in either case. In this psychic age, when the field of psychic investigation is being so vigorously stirred, it incritably attracts into our mandane atmesthere and currents of mortal thought, those discubbodied entities lingering hearest the earth plane, therefore most undesirable visitants. Perhaps five-sixths of the cases of broken poise and depleted energy, which once the door for all other maladies, are of this nature and arise from such cause, and without its intelligent acceptance, our comprehension, our grasp of divine healing power is very limited and imperfect.

But, apart from this phase of work (for all faithful followers of Truth are not sent forth as working disciples), there are beautiful ministries outwrought in silence, in retired nooks of the world's large field, there are grand conquests over besetting errors fought out and nobly won in the heart's silent recesses, which thus becomes cleared and cleansed for the new birth of still higher Truth. Crosses are borne that are heavy and cruel, the thorns deeply piereing human brows while the jeweled crown is slowly but grandly won. This mortal mature of ours must be burged and purified, must be buffeted and tested until strength invincible is attained.

As the years go on and one Christmas succeeds another so much more rapidly than the

grundly won. This mortal mature of ours must be burged and tested until strength invincible is attained.

As the years go on and one Christmas succeeds another so much more rapidly than they used to do, when childlish impatience halled their too tardy approach, is the pure, rich grain of a perfected life ripening in the harvest field of our hearts? Are we feeling a less absorbing interest in the mundane, the temporal, the perishable, and fixing our gazemore steadily, eagerly on the goal of our high calling, as sons and daughters of the living God? Do we yearnly attain and realize our divine inheritance? Do earthly triumphs seem of little moment, of less and less importance, as the Eternal and Divine grow more real, more true and precious? Do we thus grow more pure in heart, and if so, is the reward of the pure-hearted already ours? "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." But how do the pure in heart see God." But how do the pure in heart see God." How do we reach the vision of the invisible Spirit, the inherent Life, the all-pervading Essence?

Many devout Christians listening in their pews to the exposition of the Beatindes, many sweet-souled invalids also, looking upwards from their beds of pain with eyes of faith, striving to free their minds from every thought of guile because of that promised reward—the sight of God—have doubtless often imagined an effulgently glorious potentiate scated upon a cloud-supported throne, the forked lightnings in the grusp of His Almighty Hand, a long lane of light streaming from this King of kings down through the gold-paved streets of Paradise toward the penitent entering the pearly gates. This the goal for purity of life—to see God at last, as the Judge, the Apportioner of possible reward or punishment.

Is this the only way in which the pure-hearted, trae-sighted soul can "see God?"

penitent entering the pearty gates. This the roal for punishment.

Is this the only way in which the pure-hearted, trans-sighted soul can "see God?" Ah, what is sight itself but the vibration of that Light which is His garment, that seamless robe woven into such beauty of form and color and life, peopling the worlds of air and see and land with the expression of its own inexhaustible diversity? Where indeed do we not see the trace of Deliy? And yet this reflection of the Light in all its glory is but one beam from the many-sided prism—the Creative ray. It forms the staff only on which the score of Life's grand anthem is written, in fullest harmony, in myriad octaves, but through all this broad diapason we read other Delfie expressions—Majesty, and Temleraness. Sublimity. Beneficence, Truth, and greatest of all—Love. These are component parts, the reflections that our eyes can bear, our minds conceive, of the One Light, the ineffable Glory, which we are wont to call God. We "see God," not as material things become objects of vision, but the eyes of the soul take cogulance. They re-cogulre. When the mortal eyer games through colored glass, the whole world wears the same hue, and when as souls we grow late the habit of seeing divinky everywhere, we see mothing else. If we look for good in every body and everything, we become the magnet to attract all that is good and lovely within our range of vision. To the pure, all things are pure. We grow likewise into the image of the good we seek, we express divinity in health and

wholeness of body and soul. Have we learned to see God within, as well as without?

God is Spirit. Do we live as spirits should, discerning spiritual things, do we walk in spirit, or realize spiritual growth, freedom and enlightenment? God is Love. Does Love control our thoughts and acts, our judgments one of another? Is love our unfailing law, our daily expression? God is Wisdom. Is this the prize we devotedly seek, the wealth more precious than rubles, with which all other things that we desire are not to be compared? God is Trath, and the paths truth-seeking lead us always 'Gol-ward. It do we make this Truth which we loyally lowital in our lives, our daily hurried action, and even in our secret thoughts?

Is the prominence of the self being outgrown, have we greater ability to deny self as we gain a more universal sconsciousness? Is the soul shining through the veil of flech more clearly? Is the divine in us approaching incarnation, does it herald the birth of the Christ within? Are we striving to be a Christ ourselves unto the weary and heavyladen, the storm-tossed and broken in heart, the weary of sin and them that have no helper? Such service is the world's supremenced and it lies within the range of our possibility.

There have been many human saviors. How the justice of God was incarnate in Lincoln, in Garrison and Phillips, how His mercy and tenderness shone through the sunselves, who have thought out His thoughts after Him, and from whose pure lips have poured burning words like live coals from the ultar of God's Truth.

In ourselves, now latent within, are all the elements of divinity. To live the Christ life is a perpetual divine becoming, a transforening of the material into spirit, a transmutation of the human into the dirine, until atom-ment is gained, the highest god even of a Christ. And the only difference between such ripende soul and the materialist or serf in the kingdom of the Real, is the differing degrees of unfoldment of the spiritual mature. Then, as exponents of the gospel of Spirit,

Helping Our Neighbor.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

They helped every one his neighbor; and They belied every every one Said to his brother, be of good courage. Isaiah 41-6.

linto conditions of help and glad labor, and have pride in existence. And these golden gifts are to be won by the united efforts of men, their working with intelligent understanding of what is to be done, and all furthering it in the spirit of helpfulness. We are standing on the threshold of the new house of happiness.

And we are growing sensible that the real man is the man not yet having arrived. The ideal is the true man, the honorable the good and upright. Kindness of heart, this is the new man for a new earth growing around as. The seed is uncomfortable in its hiding in the earth. It hears the call of the sun that it may come to flower, and it must push itself forward toward this expression of its hidden beauty. It is so with as, and we must realize that this is not only a duty for self, but a duty to all other selves on the planet, that we help, aid and assist them to the same divine attainmient. Soul-idealism is the direction the new-humanism moves. Doing good is the gospel of the twentieth century, as it has been the glory of every preceding age.

This is to be common illumination so that there shall be earnest effort everywhere for

attainment. Soul-idealism is rhe direction the new-humanism moves, Doing good is the gospel of the twentieth century, as it has been the glory of every preceding age.

This is to be common illumination so that there shall be earnest effort everywhere for its accomplishment. But suppose we bring to our own lives this standard of being and doing, we shall have then arrayed ourselves on the side of the world's helpers. There is much in rhis. It shows us in the right place and in the right attitude. All that has been was just to enable us to discern this and make it the mark of our high calling. So it begins to bite into the conscience of the present generation. Here is the thing we are to know as a daily rule.

And is it true then that belping our neighbor is help for us individually? The world affirms by the mouth of all its prophets and saints that it is true, the whole truth of saintship and nothing less.

Orthodoxies are a bore. We are weary of them. The mere profession of right-helieving on speculative matters, no longer counts with reasoning men. The questions of theology too often are dry as sawdust and of no necount anyway. The world has sinned and sorrow under it all. It has built grand cathedrals and malutaleed arnaices of priests, and make creeds without end, and poverty has ground down the poor; sickness has taken young and old and hurried them to death. Men have been in doubt of immortainty and not reason at the liberties of the life. The only ortholoxy that counts for something is the religion that does not dominate man and make helpfunges. It will make mar a blunder; it will make perfectly in the past. The new thought is here. Every man who believes it is ta-five if so as to help his neigbbor to us full and free enjoyment. The past, the world is asking for this sort of neighbor to us full and free enjoyment. The man who believes it is to. One under the felicion of religion. The world is asking for this sort of neighbor to us full and free enjoyment. The hum of the past to the help to all with whom h

meighbor to its full and free enjoyment. The solid to his brother, be of good courage, Isain 41-6.

This is a plain text of good conduct and friendly. It tells of a time when the right feeling of fellowship prevailed and nande the world better in that part of it. We can take it as the expression of the good 'une coming when all men everywhere shall practise this drine principle of helping. There shall be no contention, but re-operation; there shall be most shall be working in the spirit of right. That is the poetry of fine conduct; it is the lideal of real religion; it is the thing that is pressing upon the community as the only true and right thing for every man to do. Society eannot prey upon itself; or men any longer be antagonistic to each other—and prosper, the antagonistic to each other—and prosper, the antagonistic to each other—and prosper, the antagonistic to each other—and prosper to the right of peace and goosd will.

And this is the happy life. It is the highest with which appeals to him for expression. There may be a low form of pleasure in harred and reverage, but it is very low and must be very leeding. The end thereof is beath and disappointment. The savage element came in its day as part of the mannaking going on in the world; but we reconstruct when the product of the patient of the face to make it hislesses of the present. We have an independent of the face to make it hislesses, or hard they are harmonious, beneficent, belipful. The thought is not mears a face of the patient of the face to make it hislesses and the world; but we reconstitute of the patient of love leads this way; it is walking towards the near indeed to the patient of love leads this way; it is walking towards the sources dant is to dissipate the darkness of the present. We can think of a more present with itself and prosperous in every

premise of blossom hemanity its own. tiful order of incl

and tongues.
But the large circle of sym But the large circle of sympathy is only drawn to make each part of it more interesting and precious to us. If I love all, then I have friendship very close and dear with all who permit this converse of soul. I have not superiority to boast of, one drop of water in the ocean of being is like all the other drops. Every soul has just the same right to be here as I have. Every soul has a claim that the world shall be kind and just to it. Let use consider this and govern myself secondingly, and then what a difference there will be in my behavior. What charity and cleer I shall have for all sorts and conditions of mea! I shall carry sunshine into the home, the shop, and the street because it is in my heart.

mea' I shall carry sunshine into the bome, the shop, and the street beennee it is in my heart.

This beneficence is not a matter of position or riches. It is the contragion of a noble unture. It is the man making himself a sool, so that spirit is the reality of his life. He is manifesting the immortal so an everyday fact. He is a spirit though clothed in flesh, but none the less a spirit, and he gives understanding of why we live on beyond the burne of death; it is that we may be this gracious light and love and helpfulness.

Is it worth while noticing what is a simulability block in the way of some that there are those who apparently do not want our help? They would be glad enough if we could give them wealth or position, but to have merely our good will, well, that is of hitle moment. Neither do they want our ideas, or the iruths we have won. They are like stone as we think to all the appeals we make to their rature.

Oh, he not discouraged, the law of life books good for them as for you. They also are to awaken out of their sleep of indifference, and they shall be chall in the new morning combine.

Oh, he not discouraged, the law of life holis good for them as for you. They also are to awaken out of their sleep of indifference, and they shall be glad jo the new morning coming. You need this experience of helping even the abstimate and cold and unthankful. You must empty your heart of every sense of rescentment. You must be a with them as the mother with her child. You must carry them into the silence of the evening and at the gate of sleep pary for them in sympathetic laws. It will not do to be foolfoly sensitive to robuil and unthankfulness. Sensitiveness, may be a sin. It evitainly is if it prevents us doing good when the good is right there asking for our performance. When we bring the face, sensitive nature into subjection of obed-

ing for our performance. When we bring the fine, sensitive nature into subjection of obed-lence to principle, then we have the best neighbor the world knows. It is a gain to be smalle delicate and refined, to be sensible of spiritual impressions and thought, but we must guard this from being disobelient to the heavenly vision of doing good to all. We must not pick and choose who our neighbors are to be. The God who placed the men at our side, had the thought they were good enough for us, and in their shortcomings, gave us opportunity to show how good we could be to them. If we plant not flowers in the fives of these, weeds will opting up in our own.

timely word and that it fell in a genial mind and brought forch the fruit of gladness. Sent-ter your crumbs at eventible, in winter, on the decretep and you will be repaid by the timaks of tirds in the morains.

The property we own as real estate of time will perish, it will slip away from us at least and be another's; the real estate of evenity is the personal kindment and helpfulness we have been to our neighbor. No star so bright as the good word spoken, the sympathy shown, and the beauty-done. A world of this mould would believe in the angels of a better angel world than,

broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science, but its flash may be turned tomorrow; there is not any lievesty reputation, not the se-called electral names as fame, that may not be reviled and condemned. The very hopes of mum, the rhoughts of his heart, the religion of antiena, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it.—Emerson.

All, increase where hears of other. The control of the property of the propert

well with us, we are easy necepting."
Indices then took a short, medita-about the grounds which endreded ones, rambling residence, and both and the state of peace and calm adjulationated the day of all the peace and good will is most paraphasized. There were Christmas hristmas pudding and many beautions of the season in the Anti-clining of these two faithful Enawling, the season in the Anti-clining of these two faithful Enawling the season in the Anti-clining of these two faithful Enawling, the season in the Anti-clining of these two faithful Enawling the season in the Anti-clining of these two faithful Enawling and the season in and though

automatic letter than Mrs. Poorpusie, who had been deeply entranced during the writing, awakened briskly with these words on her tongue.

"I have been talking with my dear husband and he assures me every word you have written is a message from him direct. There will be sad news tomorrow from South Africa and his name will be among those who have died in the late venomater, but, thank God, he is safe and rapidly recovering."

Mrs. Emn-Dingoe was not altogether unfamiliar, with automatic writing, and she knew a good seal of telepathy, so the strange fact of her having writen the aforesaid message did not fill our construction, and did she doorly the cruiter of the communication. Both Index continuity youthful friends and entered with happy rest into the joyous mertiment of the small, but certinus Both Index mertined to the wall, but certinus lastic party and ended the evening at a late bour in a manner worthy of the nation's great Rank Holiday.

Three days later papers arrived at the station, which was far inland from Brisbane, and they contained all the tidings which the visions and writings had specified, but thanks to which they contained all the tidings which they contained to them white waifing for the expense of the form of the community of the was far as a mass of grantle.

Time sped on actively and almost loyfully till Easterdie approached, and then one glorious eventide, Captain Poorpussic appeared on to join his wife at the country station where she was delily expecting him and where her deft fingers, with good Mrs. Fitsalligator's ready assistance, had transformed where she were defined, but then not story of his would and his recovery, and then hastened on to join his wife at the country station where she were defined, which was far alligator's ready assistance, had transformed where she bedet fingers, with good Mrs. Fi

BIS WILL.

And I, if I've done His will indeed Who gave me the promise, can surely wait The reward He gives, be it soon or late; How else am I doing His will sincere Except as I'm patiently waiting here,

Christmas Letter.

W J. COLVILLE.

At this exceptionally busy season, when everybody is living at extremely buth pressure, and it seems almost impossible to crowd into the overfull days all that clamors for attention, I pause for a few moments to wish the countless Banner readers whom I remember among my faithful friends, all the cheeriest greetings of the season. After one Christmas spent in New Zealand and another in California, I find the good, old fashioned, snowy Christmas we are now enjoying by no means an unwelcome contrast to the mild, damp Christmas which I heartilly enjoyed in San Francisco last season.

I am now in New York, amid all its manifold gayeties and activities and it has never seemed more concenial to me than just at present. At holiday times I like to be in the full rush of all that is going on and to feel myself in harmony with every honorable festivity.

My visit to Kingston, to which I have re-

full rush of all that is going on any compressed in harmony with every honorable festivity.

My visit to Kingston, to which I have referred at length in a special article, was in every way propitious. I am glad I have seen the inner workings of a thoroughly up-to-date American Sanitarium in which the latest theories are being successfully demonstrated. Dr. C. O. Sahler is certainly a remarkable man. His energy is truly phenomenal and it does seem markedous that he can treat from fifty to seventy patients in a single day and always maintain his equilibrium.

ti momenal and it does seem marvelous that he can treat from fifty to seventy patients in a single day and always maintain his equilibrium.

During my five days' visit, from Dec. 12 to 17, inclusive, I delivered several lectures and answered numerous questions to large audiences, as the outside public was invited to attend and nearly all the patients were present in the lecture holl.

On Thursday, Dec. 18, I commenced work in New York City at the headquarters of Alliance Publishing Co., Winsor Arcade, 6th Avenne. Daily lecture at 3.20 p. m. The lecture room there is bright and commodious and in every way adapted for consecutive courses of instruction as well as for occasional gatherings. Miss H. M. Young is now residing with Dr. Eliseu, 1519 Madison Ave. She is active as ever and selling looks almost by cartloads.

On Christmas Sunday, Dec. 28, I am to speak at 3 p. m. in Genealogical Hall, 226 W. Shi Ni., which is one of the handsomest halls in the metropolis. I am also giving a course of evening lectures in East Orange, N. J., at 62 Washington Nt., the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Andrews. Evereses commence there at 8 p. m., Dec. 27 and 29. I expect to revain in New York till end of February, but beginning with Sunday, Jan. 4, 1903, I shall speak on Sundays for First Association of Spiritualists at their Temple, 12th St., near Grand Ave., Philadelphia. All betters, etc., can reach me promptly if addressed care Alliance Pub. Co., New York.

The Psychic Atmosphere of Christ-

ABSTRACT OF LEGIURE BY W. J. COLVILLE.

At this glorious and highly festive season let us condeavor, for at least a few brief days, to increase all differences which as usually divide us and seek to find a winner ground of agreement while celebrating the great social and religious festival which a good old song, well designates "the brightest of the year."

Christmestide in Australasia occurring as it does in the height of an often tropical summer, seems to those who were not born beneath the Southern Cross a strange incongruity and even the extremely mild Christmass of Southern California by no means satisfy the poetic sentiment of those who never wish to surrender a single time-honored yuletide tradition. "See amid the winter's snow" sounds always appropriate as the first line of a Christmas carol, and this present merry Christmas has certainly been heralded with enough ice and hoarfrost, at least in New York and New England and many other parts of North America, to satisfy the demands of even the most rigorous sticklers for weather cliquette of the oldest conservative pattern.

Christmas has indeed a spirit, as Charles Dickens so admirably declared in those Christmas has indeed a spirit, as Charles Dickens so admirably declared in those Christmas tales of his which are as attractive to us today as they were to those who first listened to them a generation or two ago. "Old Scrooge" may be a contemporary entity, though the London of today is not quite what it was when Dickens worte his stories, and such a character is quite as likely to be touched and midted by the appeal of the Christmas spirit, as any miser who lived fifty or more years ago. The Christmas spirit is one of unselfield longing to make other household the part of the Christmas spirit which minutes its predice everywhere as subtly and indefinably as some pervasive perform which we inhale and which almost intoxicates us, though we know not precisely how or where it originated or along what path it may have traveled to our postrills.

The tops and bright articles of all descriptions in s

ely anybody really values are by representative of the millions of and children everywhere web

which searweit anybody really values are by no means represented to of the unitions of have nother means nor disposition for extra challenge of the tender of the tender of the tender of the control of

She took my hand with girlish grace, Her trembling steps grew stronger; Then, smiling, gazed into my face, And wished the "bridge was longer."

I led her homeward through the glade, Across the flowery meadow; Love's secret then our lips betrayed, Beneath the pale moon's shadow.

Since then, my beautiful Luzette And I have walked together; 'Mid smiles and tears we're lovers yet, Through ail life's changing weather.

With songs of birds 'neath sunny skies,
'Mid flowers and fields of clover,
And all along life's "Bridge of Sighs,"
We've helped each other over.

Glad children, with their eyes of love, Played round us, morn and even, While some are here, and some above Are calling us to heaven!

Our Golden Wedding Day;—and we, Lave's bright links growing stronger. Clasp trembling hands as then, when she "Wishel that the bridge was longer!"

William Goldsmith Brown. Stevens Point, Wis., Nov. 1, 1902.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

A True Story. IDA BALLOU.

"Well, Dolly, and you want to hear the story of Uncle Ben's visit with your mother and me. Child, that story has been pool-poofted and wondered at and retold times out of mind—but for a true, unabridged account you can ask your mother or me, for there was no one in the house at the time beside ourselves." It can well remember the day," declared Aunt Betty, as she leaned peniarley forward to look in the house at the time beside ourselves. "It can well remember the day," declared Aunt Betty, as she leaned peniarley forward to look in the least peniarley forward to look and the least peniarley forward to look in the least peniarley forward to look and the least peniarley for least pe

wous, 'I declared, 'I am afraid of my smear, Alice,'
"We talked of Uncle Ben late that night, with the lamp burning brightly, and our arms about each other.
"Dolly, the next morning we got word that Uncle Ben had been found dead the evening before in his little, lonely home, and the physician said his death was instantaneous and painless, but that he had been dead several hours.

painless, but that we hours, includes, "There, Dolly, there, there! You seem just "There, Dolly, there, there! You seem just like your mother as she clung to me that

Longevity Through Vibration.

Much is said about vibration at the present time, because we have learned it has much to do with the even tenor of our ways. Vibration is motion, and every thing in the universe is in motion, breathing. Nothing that has life but vibrates. There are low and high vibrations; there are tense and lax vibrations; there are vibrations with a long sweep, there are vibrations with a short sweep. The air, earth, sea and sky are full of vibrations.

Man, being cosmic and dynamic, partakes of all these vibrations, and is subject to them until he understands himself and how to use

the high riborations; there are icase and lax subrations; there are vibrations with a short subrations; there are vibrations with a short sweep, there are vibrations with a short sweep, there are vibrations with a short sweep, there are vibrations with a short sweep. The air, earth, sea and sky are full of vibrations.

Man, being cosmic and dynamic, partakes of all these vibrations, and is subject to them until he understands himself and how to use his mental forces to register just what he wants. Man is capable of this, and when he has learned to be a law unto himself, to control the moratin ann, and let the real man be the monitor within, then he can call to himself, the long rhythmic vibrations that polarize him in truth, and the pendulum of his being will swing to and fro with steady equalized sweep bringing such harmony, aye, melody into his life as he never dreamed of.

We are just beginning to learn that we are not creatures of destiny, but creators of our destinies, and through the law and use of these fine harmonic waves we can live about as long as we wish to.

The alchemy of tile as he never dreamed of these fine harmonic waves we can live about as long as we wish to.

The alchemy of tile way and use of these fine harmonic waves we can live about as long as we wish to.

The alchemy of tile goes will right the seeming wrongs of the ages. Man as a whole has lively a much. Living so much in the thoughts of others, he has falled to unfold himself and learn of his possibilities. Thinking, as he had been taught, that he was a depraved creature with little good and a great departed creature with little good and dare considered and finally death.

The teachings and healing of the past have made cowards of the people. Fear is the relentless foe of man's soul, chaining and bindicalligate, and has ever been trying to avoid in

into his life, that inharmony has been the result.

But in this new cycle, this ago of new thought, man is learning repidly what it all means; he is learning to establish his equilibrium, to get into the right vibration, to keep himself poised. He has found the key to all this unfoldment—love, which is the centre, any circumference of all being—and when we vibrate that chord it awakens all the good in us, and our souls begin to respond; We see with new eyes; we hear with new ears; the body responds to the new awakening and is now being tuned to the rhythmic ribrations, and is healed by them of all troubles, yes healed.

Love is a regenerator, reorganizer, a distributor of increased good on all lines. Ohlove, then wandere from the seed of the complete of increased good on all lines. Ohlove, then wandere from the seed of the complete of increased good on all lines. Ohlove, then wandere from the good in the complete of increased good on all lines. Ohlove, then wandere from the form the forest of increased good on all lines. Ohlove, then wandere from the forest of the complete of the compl

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Facts Wanted.

To Banner of Light and Its Readers:

In looking over data and surveying the field to be covered by the History of Modern Spiritualism, new suggestions constantly widen the area to be covered. History is more than a record of facts. To be useful it must trace the relations of facts and the operation of causes which lead up to a special epoch.

Spiritualism per se occupies a wide range of experiences through many centuries. The special advent in 1845, was a climax in the order of studied in the fact of antecedents. As an introductory prelude a chapter or section should cover the field of human thought, seduce and religion at least half a century before the developments at Hydesville known as the "Hockester Knockings," appeared.

We might go back as far as 1775, which marks one of the most important political epoch in the History of Nations. Those were the times that tried men's souls and evolved many new and radical ideas of government, human rights, and religion.

The genius of Thomas Paine touched many severt keys in the lives of men which echoed with a significance that is still repeating its influence in the history of the world and the solution of the great problem of destiny. It speeds a new ear, in the thinking processes of mankand. Spiritualists understand that the unseen world was potential then as now, in awakening and directing the grains of great minds and the aspirations of the common people which have been felt in all the great reform movements that have impressed the world and bettered human conditions since that anspicious time.

The illuminations of Emmanuel Swedenberg have been complexous in modifying and broadening the runge of religious thought and each new novement has had its inception in an inspiration such as John Murray, George Fox. Ann Lee and various others who have introduced religious epochs, leading to spiritual improvement and though representative sayings from leading thinkers, schooline exponentially and the proper in the proper of the proper in the servential propers of the contr

literature a few representative names may be mentioned, such as Husbon Tuitle, Frof. J. S. Lovelspil, Hon. J. Clengt Sulpit, Fr. J. H. Precibles, Harrison D. Barrett, Frod. J. H. Precibles, Harrison D. Barrett, Frod. Wm. Leck-wood, Charles Dawbarn, E. D. Esbiett, Helen I. Russegue, Mary T. Longley, George A. Bacon, A. Davis, L. Goley, George A. Bacon, A. J. Davis, L. Goley, George A. Bacon, A. J. Davis, L. Goley, George A. Bacon, A. J. Davis, L. Goley, G. P. Hell, H. L. W. Meller, E. A. Dely, G. Pringer, H. L. W. Meller, E. A. Dely, G. Pringer, F. Her, Dr. Desn Clarke, C. Fanny, J. J. Morse, E. W. Wallace, Jerold Massay, Willard J. Holl, William E. Emmett Coleman, J. J. Morse, E. W. Wallace, Jerold Massay, Willard J. Holl, William E. Markett, H. G. H. Wallace, Jerold Massay, Willard J. Holl, William E. M. Francis, Hon. R. F. Van Horn, Mrs. R. S. Lillle, Rev. Moser Hull, Rev. Clara Westson, Rev. Mary Webb Baker, Rev. F. A. Wirghu, Rev. W. F. Peck, Rev. Thomas Grimshaw, Rev. T. Ernest Allen, Rev. W. Hickas, Rev. B. F. Austin, Sarah Byrnes, Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Rev. A. J. Wedver, Frank Walker, Lizule Harlow, H. W. Hichardson, Titas Merritt, C. H. Matthews, Dr. B. O'Dell, Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Dr. Fred L. H. Willis, J. W. Deanis, Rev. George H. Brooks, Rev. G. W. Kates and wife, L. A. Tellmadge, R. D. Jones, E. C. Julusha, A. B. French, Rev. O. P. Kellogg, J. Frank Baxter, M. S. Ayer, Rev. Genevece Lake, Lydia R. Chase, Carriet, R. T. Willis, Mrs. Birch Ellis, Nelled. J. The Highman, Dr. D. B. Mills and many others, each and all of whom may consider this a personal letter to themsay consider this appearance of the control of the world from its hightmare dream, and started list, or father the choling and any partial control of the world from its nightmare dream, and started list, or father control of the superation and any devention and proper of the dominant control of the superation of the dominance of the dominance of the contr

owners after they have done service for his-tory.

Let me hear from readers of the spiritual papers, either by mail or through the public press. In sending documents be sure to mark important passages, intended for use. I hope all Banner readers will take a lively interest in this work.

Very truly

Very truly. Lyman C. Howe.

Midshipman Aiken and Vivisection.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since the recent publication of Dr. Keen's "Open Letter" on Vivisection, the public prints have been filled with statements, editorial and otherwise, which the rational mind would hesitate to ascribe to sensible beings did it not know how prone poor, short-sighted human nature is to jump at conclusions and to ignore great things in its auxiety to realize small benefits. Dr. Keen tells us, in brief, that were it not for the vivisection of animals he would have been unable to locate the clot of blood in young Alken's brain, and so to save his life. While bowing to the Doctor's skill as a surgeon, I would say that anyone at all conversant with the facts knows well that Dr. Keen here makes use of a certain small amount of fact to earry along a great amount of grossly erroneous statement. We will accept as true that, as Dr. Keen claims, he would have been "unable to explain" the symptoms if he 'had seen the case before 1855," but that the knowledge which science at present possesses regarding "brain localization" was gained by animal experimentation, as he inferentially states, is far from the truth,—indeed it is the opposite of the truth. Many years before the famous experiments of Dr. Ferrier on the brains of animals, and many years after, or well, surgeons, but with symptoms, such as analysis, occurring during life, had arrived at a definite idea of the connection between such symptoms and injuries to certain portions of the brain. So testifies James Whitson, Lecturer on Operative Surgery, St. Munco's College, Glasgow, in a letter to the London Times, Jan. 2, 1852;—

"The position of cerebral lesious has been opened and the matter removed therefrom.... The majority (of operations) have been followed with complete success...

Therefrom the 'new era' in the domain of cerebral surgery narrated by 'F. R. S.' has been opened and the matter removed therefrom.... The majority (of operations) have been followed with complete success...

Therefrom the 'new era' in the domain of cereb

Horsley, vivisector of England, was recently asked by the Hon. Stephen Colerday to furnish the mortality-rates in operations on the brain since 1885, the dote mentioned by Dr. Keen as marking an epoch in operative surgery. This opportunity to show the value of these neutdools was not, however, taken advantage of by Prof. Horsley.

Scientists know listle enough, as it is regarding brain functions and "localization"; but what has been gained in that direction by animal experimentation is comparatively lusignificant. Anti-vivisectionists do not claim that no "results" whatever have been gained by vivisection; they claim rather that in comparison to the terrible cost of this unscientific method—cost in time, energy, moral deterioration and the sufferings of sensitive creatures—it is but a drop in the bucket. I say "unscientific" advisedly, for nothing can be more unscientific than a method which ignores both the vast differences between species, and also the extremely abnormal condition of the subject experimented upon. Anti-vivisctionists do not deny that something method—it would be strange if this did not occasionally happen; what they claim is that the same amount of energy directed into natural channels, recommended by experience, and uncursed by cruelty, would accomplish results a thousand fold greater.

And so it happens that Dr. Keen in his laudation of the vivisection of animals, through the medium of a description of his own accomplishments, falls, in the opinion of the thoughtful, far short of the mark. He has proved no principle—he has even exhibited something which strongly resembles a lack of principle in the arguments he advances. As we bear him cumingly asking the parents of young Aiken "how many animals they would be willing to have sacrificed in order that their son might have his life saved," we are vividily reminded of the answer of Canon Wilberforce when asked much the same question—"Yes, Dr. Carpenter, to save my wife's life I would vivisect even you!" To those who will ponder an edifying feat

Briefs.

Sunday, Dec. 14, The Boston Spiritual Lyceum met as usual. Phincipal theme of the
day "Christmas." Many responses were
made. E. B. Packard, Clerk.
Washington, D. C.—The three Spiritualist
societies of this city are doing good work.
Mrs. M. T. Longley has finished a course of
lectures at the Masonic Temple for the First
Spiritualist Society. Her lectures were followed by platform readings by P. E. L. O.
Keeler, the slate writing medium. Mrs. JennieLeyes Edson is speaking for the same society
for the month of December. Prof. W. J. Colville of England has also finished a six
week's course of lectures in different parts of
the city. His themes are many and varied.
E. R. P.
Stonebarn.—On Thursday, Dec. 11, Mrs. 8,
I. Christians.

the city. His themes are many and varies. E. R. P.

Stoneham.—On Thurslay, Dec. 11, Mrs. 8, J. Cunningham of Cambridge addressed a large and appreciative audience under the anspices of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid. Jan. 8, 1963, J. Frank Baxter, speaker and test medium. Mrs. Jennie L. Draper, Sec. Fitchburg. Mass.—Charles E. Dane of Lowell spoke for the First Spiritualist Society, Dec. 14, to large audiences. The subjects of the two addresses, "The Last Enemy to be Destroyed is Death," "Universal Brotherhool," were most ably presented, and the many spirit messages fully recognized. Mis-How, pianist, finely rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres. The verillar selection of the loston, met in Brotherhool, "Later Lagon and the loston. The very large selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, Pres. The very large selections of the loston. met in Robert Lagon and the loston. The very interesting talk on the subject of the lesson, "Spirit." Elsworth Embry, reading: Rebescen Goolitz, piano solo; Mr. Frei Taylor, soags; Mr. Elmer Packard, reading: Rebescen Goolitz, piano solo; Mr. Frei Taylor, soags; Mr. Elmer Packard, reading: Mr. Allen told some very interesting talk on the subject of the children; Mr. Leslie spoke briefly; Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke of the fair and also of the suffering of the poor in the city and the ladies are to meet and make up clothing to help some of the poor. Our Christmas entertainment and tree will be held in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Welnesday, Dec. 31, Frof. Milligna and Mr. Leslie have been drilling the children for some time and an entirely new program is to be given. Mrs. M. E. Stillings, Sec.

Jacksonville, Florida.—We have with us that old war-horse, George P. Colby, also Mrs. Brown of Philadelphia. Both of them are doing good work. We have a live society in good running order. The Tharsday night, meetings are well attended. We look for quite a spiritual wave. F. H. Barnard.

'One month has passed by and finel the applying of the program is to be given. Articles of the print. The

valuable paper have not bessed from us, we have not been assert, Or in exciting at held every Bunday in Oil Oct Pellows Al II Merrimarch Servest. Bee. I. Mrs. Al II Merrimarch Servest. Bee. I. Mrs. Al II Method of the II Method of II Method

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INDEX SECTION OF THE SECTI eantiful angels leantiful City. leantiful Land.

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Fill a bottle or common glass water and let it stand awanty-fore sellment or acting indicates an condition of the kidneys; if it stains it is evidence of kidneys; if it stains to peak it, or pain in the lacconvincing proof that the kidneys of der are out of order.

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WEAT TO DO.

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E. W. Sprague.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—William Peun.

The best man is he who tries to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who feels that he is perfecting himself.—Socra-tes.

It is evident that there will eventually take place an integration by which all orders of phenomena will be combined and recognized as differently conditioned forms of one ulti-mate fact.—Spencer.

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columns, they are at once inter-tify us promptly in case they di ents of parties whom they have; withy of confidence.

Gone! the patter of little feet; All gone! the music that made life sweet;

The loving look in the dear brown eyes That gazed into ours so merry and wise;

The cooing voice, the wooing touch, The baby ways that meant so much

The home is empty, and cold, and still, And baby's chair has none to fill.

There are playthings, crib and her little aboes, That bear the print of her and

That mama cuddled and kissed and loved, Of which all in the household band ap-proved;

While haby frolicked and laughed in glee With a sweet abandon 'twus joy to sec.

Oh Heuven, pity our awful loss! And give us strength to bear our cross

Oh send us a gleam from the higher life, Where baby was taken from care and strife

What might have been hers, God only knows But yet we can only feel the threes

Of mortal grief o'er the open grave,
For 'tis hard to be silent and strong and
hrave.

By Xilia's Grandma Coffin.

Our Xilia.

The pen falters in its sad task of ennouncing to the large Banner family the sudden, cruel death of ittle Kills Barrett.

On Friday afternoon, Dec. 13, she was left sitting in her carriage on Washington St., Brookline, by her now heart-broken rurse, while executing an errand in an adjacent store, when a gust of wind rolled the carriage to the carb, precipitated the child to the street, where a frightiened horse stepped upon her little head, fracturing the skull. She was taken to the Children's Hountal where ahe lived mustil six o'clock, without regaining consciousness. These are the stern insupportable facts of an event which has vrought such and heroe in many loving hearts, and made ef life a desolution, where it was once so full of hope and foy.

to transplant into His angelic garden. And yet, the little-life so early closed, was not immuture. Here, was a ripened soul that chose this brief expression loss for the added experience she might gain thereby, than for the full rich mission that might thus be out-wrought in other lives. Indeed, such reminiscence was strongly here. She talked frequently of her "other mama," and yet referring in her conversation with Mrs. Barrett to that "other mama," and she seemed all day in a dream-like state, as if some premoultion overshadowed her childshe consciousness that the hour drew near when she should return to her dear memories of the past. The links in the chain which drew her to her true home, the realm of spirit grew tighter and tighter, until she could resist them no longer. But how few lives (1 only thirty-two months duration have, made such an impression on the world at large. The prominent position held by her bereaved parents in the

Princess serely in disguise,
Is this malden sweet and fair,
Light of love is in her eyes,
Gold of sensitine in her hair;
Musical her voice as hirds,
When they sing at break hirds,
Happy reli of iaughting words,
Like bright brooks upon their way;
All she does has wondroes grace,
Like the motions of a flower;
Angel beauty in her face
Speaks of childhood's heavenly dower!

Roses if they bad no name,
Would as fair and wondrous grow,
But the poet gives them claim,
All of sweetness here to know;
And true love baptized the child,
With a name ber heart to speak,
Harmony and peace begulled,
Harmony and peace begulled,
Here their shelter sweet to seek;
So her name and life are one,
Fair and perfect as a flower,
And her days of joy run on,
Speut in love's old Edlen bower!
William Brunton.



Xilia.

field of spiritual advancement and reform, made her sweet personality well known wherever the Euglish language is spoken. How tenderly the delegates at the recent convention will recall the visits made by this fairy sprite at their business sessions. Expecially on that last afternoon, just before the election of officers, when she was allowed to run about on the platform among the vases of flowers which lined its edge, hardly taller than they, clutching playfully at the gay holosoms, the writer recalling how one spray of bright burberies particularly tempted her to draw is forth, her father twice replacing it in the vase, but ngain it was claimed as rightfully her own, to the great anuscement of her admiring friends.

Then in that supreme hour, when for the tenth time, Mr. Barrett was announced as president of the N. N. A., when to divert attention from himself, he raised the little white robed naiden to his shoulder, as he received the ovation of applause, her little face the target of every leving gaze, until dismayed by the inmult, cellpsed by the huge bonquet of yellow chrysanthemms presented to her father, her imperative little "down-down" rang out, in her desire to once more express her restless activity.

One who has not had the pleasure of know-

seated to her father, her imperative little "down-down" rang out, in her desire to once more express her restless activity.

One who has not had the pleasure of knowing her intimately in her home, cannot speak intelligently as her loved ones could of her unusual advancement for her years, her vocabulary of expression being as extended as is usually employed by a child of twelve years. This might easily be the result of unusual inheritance in this regard, but is also the proof of her own ripe unfoldment. Why the blossoming of such fair flower on this plane should be so sadly, ruthlessly denied is one of the mysteries which our weak human sight and reason cannot compass.

Words are feeble to express what the heart would prompt. The blow is too recent; the shock too severe, the heart too stricken with its weight of grief to properly express at this time the deep sympathy, the love, which go forth so richly to the distressed parents and family from the great wide circle of sorrowing friends everywhere. May the consolation of a faith which knows no death, the realization of an unbroken companionship, the sure conviction that there can be no separation between spirit and spirit ander any circumstances, clothed or unclothed with clay, be an abiding support through every hour of this heavy affiletion. Her dear ones can be sure of the strong earnest prayers of all who love them, and "underneath are always the everlasting arms."

8. C. C.

THE LOST LOYE

Our Baby Xilia.

"The old must pass away—the young may do so." This trite saying in its second section applies to our loved one who has been so raddenly torn from our arms. From the bloom of perfect health, in an instant's time, she was called away from earth, to blossom into a resplendent womanshood in the garden of the soul. I may be—any, I believe I will be perdoned at this sacred hour, for taking all of the readers of the Hanner of Light into my confidence—to pour out of the deepths of my surcharged heart those emotions that will have sway at such a time as this. If my personal grief be deep and bitter, that of the invalid mother, confined to her bed of pain is infinitely deeper and harder to bear.

Our Xilia, feeling the need of further knowledge to be gained on earth, honored us by selecting is to be her caretakers while she dwelt in the form. She was our guest through the period of two sweetly sacred years and eight months, then re-entered the realm from which she came, a preclous legacy of love, into our hearts and home, there to become our guardian angel while we dwelt in mortal form. To say that we are reconciled, or that we understand why it was to be, we cannot. Her violent exit gamnot be explained upon any hypothesis now known to us, nor shall we cease to mourn her going from us as she did. A long sledness would have led us to see that transition was best, and for one thing we can be thankful—she was spared the pain and suffering of a prolonged illness.

She brightened our lives beyond the power of words to tell during the sweet and hallowed two and thirty months that she stayed with us. My own life has been sanctified by her presence, and her mother's soul has been exalted into the golden glory of God's tenderest love because of her close association with this angel from 'lls Kingdom of Light. Every nook and cranny of our home has something in them to remind us of our Xilia. We listen for the patter of her dear little fect on the floor, and for the wweet music of her vice. We hear not now, nor do we see other than

Harrison D. Barrett.



Xilia

Abby A. Judson.

The trugic exit of this unselfish advocate of the truths of Spiritualism from the stage of earth life has touched every heart with poignant anguish. Her friends—and they were legion—in all sections of the world were moved to tears, and with bursting sobs benoaned her cruel fate. Miss Judson had wrought in sincerity of purpose, and purity of thought for the religion of her soul for more than fifteen years, or since she was convinced of the truth of angel ministration in the affairs of men. Her parents, the Hev. Adonirum and Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson, were the famous missionaries of the long ago

convinced of the truth of angel ministration in the affairs of men. Her parents, the Rev. Adoniram and Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson, were the famous missionaries of the long ago to Burmah, and were strictly orthotox in all their concepts of religion. They were "Baptists of the Baptists," yet lived far above their creed, and conscientiously sought to labor for the good of others, especially when those others had not heard of the Gospel of the Man of Nazareth. Born into a family of this kind, it is not strange that Miss Judson should inherit her religious views by precisely the same law that gave her her sterling integrity and noble womanhood. Conscience to her meant a high moral guide, and she never hesitated to step forward when that 'guide gave the command.

She was strictly reared in the tenets of her parents' faith, having been sent to America at a very tender age to be educated, while her parents remained in Burmah. Her education was thorough of its kind, and she immediately sought to make herself of use to the world. Early bereft of the care of her parents, she felt a tender interest in all children, and sought to fit them to become useful men and women in the world. Her mother entered spirit life when our subject was only a prattling babe, hence every motherless child became to her an object of solicitude and tender love. Her father lost his life at the post of duty as he called it, in foreign lands, and his children were left alone in the world. The story of his struggles in Burmah are known wherever ortholoxy has had a hearing. Thousands of persons will also read with interest that book entitled "The Three Mrs. Judsons," that was so popular a half ceatury ago. It thrilled the hearts of all who read it, and its influence was felt in the hones of people of the liberal faiths, as well as among those of the partialist churches.

With such autecedents, it is not strange that Miss Judson should become a teacher.

and its influence was felt in the homes of people of the liberal faiths, as well as among those of the liberal faiths, as well as among those of the liberal faiths, as well as among those of the partialist churches.

With such antecedents, it is not strange that Miss Judson should become a teacher. Her services were in demand in various sections of the hand, and she filled many important positions in the educational world with singular ability and success. She taught in New England, in the Middle West, and at list established an independent academy for the higher education of young ladies in Minneapolis. Without exception, her pupils speak of her in terms of highest praise and loving regard. This is a signal tribute to her worth as a woman, as their teacher, friend and counselior, when her radical change of religious belief is edusidered. It was while she was at the head of her academy in Minneapolis that she first became interested in Spiritualism. She was solemnly warned that if she investigated that question, her school would be destroyed, and she would be thrown upon the world without resources, save what she had accumulated during her many years of toil. Her innate love of truth would admit of no compromise, so she pushed forward tier investigations until she found therself confronted by the incontrovertible evidence of absolute fact. She accepted the truth she had discovered and felt glorified thereby.

Her conversion to Spiritualism in the year last-7 marked an epoch in her life. Boldly she proclaimed the truths of her new religion, despite the solemn warnings of her Raptist friends. Umble to restrain her in her course, facy sought to make good their prophecy of

their wisles, there is no doubt that her school would have gone on. As it was, student after student fell dway, loving the teacher devotedly, yet fearing for the safety of their souls in the life to come, because that self-same teacher had demonstrated that the children of men live beyond the grave. What an anomaly is this in human life, when a friend, who really loves his brother, is yet willing to do him an injustice, almost an irreparable injury, simply because of a slight difference in opinion on the subject of religion."

After closing her school, Miss Judson began her labors for Spiritualism. She wrote in its behalf and lectured from hundreds of platforms to thousands of interested persons, ller first book, "Why She Became a Spiritualist," was popular from the very first, and was largely read by all classes of people who were bent upon discovering what the daughter of Adonirum Judson, the great Burmess missionary, could have to say upon the subject of Spiritualism. This work did a great deal of good and influenced namy scholarly people to investigate the subject for themselves. This work was followed by "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," "Terrestrial Magnetism," and one or two other works of popular interest. She entered heart and soul into her new work, lecturing sometimes every day and twice on Sundays, while writing the above named books. She had a reason for the knowledge that had come to her, and everyone who approached her found her a most formidable antagonist. Her geatle soul was fortified by plain facts that her logical mind could marshal at the behest of her will, and put to rout every materialist, agnostic or Christian who sought to controvert her.

From the time of the giving up of her school, down to the day of her transition, she was the victim of a long series of cruel misfortunes. Through the rascality of transted ageats, her little store of earlings that she had laid aside for a rainy day was sadly depleted. Then some of her investments were swept away in a financial crash. Following these

order that she might attend to the work accure home. He sent her a set of plates not ber own, and had hers melted. This was another loss, and caused her great annoyance. She recovered little or nothing from the party who injured, but still she retained her firm faith in the ultimate triumph of Justice even in her own case. Hope was great in Miss Judeou's sool, and her noble nature towered high above every earthly misfortune, and turned every physical III into a rich sprintum blessing. In this work, she became an example to every child of (iod on earth. Soon after the writer became the Editor of the Banner of Light, Miss Judson's wrote to inquire if an occasional letter from her would be welcome in the columns of the oldest splitualistic journal in the world. She was at once informed that any offering from her facile pen would receive a hearty welcome at the Editor's hands, and that she could not write too often. From this incentive, her letters became a feature in each issue of the Banner, and not once has she failed to say something of moment to our readers in almost five years, save the brief period she was in the hosp hal for the removal of her eye. Her letters have been eagerly read by thousands of people, and many of our subscribers have urned to her page each week to see what Miss Judson had to say before reading any other portion of the paper. By these many friends, Miss Judson will be sorely missel, and by none more than by every member of the staff of the Banner of Light.

It was while engaged in writing her weekly letter to the Banner that Miss Judson received the injury that took her from the form. She had completed the letter, and had leaned back in her chair for a moment's rest, when, suddenly, and wholly without warning or known cause, the lamp by which she was writing suddenly exploded. She was almost instantly wrapped in flames, but with great presence of mind she caught up a rug, folded it about the person, snothered the flames, and then hurled the offending lamp into the back yard. The neighbo

Baptist preacher was engaged by her two ministerial laptist brothers, who assumed control of affairs.

While it is said that Revs. Boardman and Judson furnished a costly casket and actually spent twenty ministes at their sister's funeral, they were too busy to accompany the body to the crematory, and too narrow in thought to accede to her request to have a speaker of her own faith officiate at the funeral. The self-assumed superiority and cold-blooded in-difference of these unnatural brothers were remarked by all of Miss Judson's real friends and admirers who were present at the services. The Baptist preacher who officiated was cold, unsympathettic, almost brutal in his remarks, because the departed was an heretical Spiritualist. His prayer was without meaning or feeling, while his remarks were as devoid of kindliness and sympathy as a vacuum is devoid of filling. These men will have something to face when they meet their Sister Abby in her resplendent home in the other life. They are as thoroughly sellish and heartless as she was generous and loving. The hiatus between them will have to be bridged by the brothers with a structure of good deeds wrought by their own hands. This means ages of hard work for them. They have remained aloof in all of her misfortunes, have never shown her the brotherly sympathy that the ties of blood are supposed to establish, and all because she was a Spiritualist in her religious belief and had the courage to say so. Yet, despite their neglect, whad only kind words for them, and faithfully endeavored to return good for evil. Miss Judson possessed a large heart, a most devoted, tender and sincere soul. She

courage to say so. Yet, despite their negrect, se had only kind words for them, and faithfully endeavored to return good for evil.

Miss Judson possessed a large heart, a most devoted, tender and sincere soul. She was willing to divide with one she deemed more needy than herself, even the very last bit of food in her home. She was conscientions in everything she said and did. Policy had no place in her ethics. With her right was right because it had right for its base. She was straightforward in her purposes in life, and ever entertained the lottiest possible moral standard, yet had the broadest kind of a mantle to spread in charity over those who erred. Deceit, falsebood and treachery wounded her to the quick, yet she could ever reck for the cause of these diseases, and endeavor to find the remedy that would heal them, through the application of the teachings of the spiritual philosophy. She gave little heed to the matters of food and raiment, Comfort she ever sought—enver style nor display, and there is little doubt that her unbounded generosity often deprived her of those bodily comforts so essential to physical health and protection from the cold. Day by day she built hermanson in the world of souls through her unselfish efforts to do good unto others. Her teachings have giadened thousands of homes and she has left a revered name in them all. Abby A. Judson has written her name in the link of affection on the white scroll of the higher nature of every person who really knew her.

But she has taken leave of earth. This muselfish teacher, this noble martyr, this lover of her fellow men, this exemplifier of the gospel of the brotherhood of man, insideen suddenly taken from our midst by the



of fire. Hers was, indeed, "the crimson shroad," and the terrible papies suffering so cruel, so pittless, so prolonged, surely was not deserved by her. If ever a mortal paid a fearful price for his or her mental, physical, spiritual or religious freedom, surely that person is Abby A. Judson. Even in spirit-life she will seek to find that her flery ordeal was but the beneficent purpose of her Heavenly Parents to exait her soul into the glories of the higher spheres. She so fores her suffering fellowmen that she will ever seek to make her own and their agonies stepping stones to the higher ground of the soul. No one person has worked baider for Spistrualism than has she, and few are there in the form today who have succeeded in doing as much for it as she has. Her love for Spiritualism, her noble life, ter willing service to humanity stand forth in transcendent beauty as we gaze upon the records of her devoted labors. Hers has been the exit of the martyr from the life on earth—surely hers will be—nay, now is the crown of victory in the realm superual where she now dwells.

The Barmer of Light, the N. S. A., and the Cause of Spiritualism in general have lost a tree friend in the transidion of this gifted woman. The soul-world has gained a trushearted champion of every worthy cause by her entrance there. Her pain-mecked form is at rest now—those sightless eyes now see by the celestial light of the soul world and her loyal heart is in possession of all of its choicest treasures. She gave her best to others, and in the giving enriched her soul. She will be missed alike by young and old, but all will rejoice with her in her new found freedom and wish her all possible joy as she begins life anew with her dear emancipated ones who had gone before her into the life elysian. The Banner of Light lays its tribute of love upon the altar of her memory and plants above her ashes the laurel and willow, emblems of two expressions of fire now known to her. We are grateful for her nesful life, her noble example. Hail, all hail, to

CHARITY OF JUDGMENT.

Be not the first with malediction,
To east a stone at sinner man;
Remember Christ gave us conviction,
That kindoses is the better plan;
Not simply leave a soul in sorrow,
But rather help him to arise,
That he from you may courage borrow—
To mount the pathways to the sales!

To mount the pathways to the skies!

How strange we are to one another,

In judging what we do or say;

We oft forget each man's a brother—
And asked by God to go out way;

The road is wide and not for any—
To hold as lift were their own;

It must belong unto the many—
That God in gladness here has shown!

And he has made the common spoule,
And loves the common sure as fate;
And these with airs as high as steeple,
For world they want will have to wait
Will have to wait for endless ages,
For God perfects his world at large;
And for the foolish makes the ages—
The work of help in love discharge!

The work of help in love discharge!
Some have the good denied to others,
Some knowledge have and some have wealth,
But all the same—we all are brothers,
With common feelings, wants, and health;
And it becomes our pialoest duty,
To help along the weak and wild;
Such charity has heavenly beauty,
When shown to stranger or to child!

When shown to stranger or to child!
It is not casting stones in socroing,
That makes us pure before God's sight,
And fouling others is no adraing
Of ourselves in robes of white;
There's none are good without a failing,
And none are bad without a grace,
And all in storm or aline are sailing
To one inviting welcome place!

As white as angels we shall be;
As white as angels we shall be;
Then cast saide pride's false disdaining.
And like the Christ to others be:
Forgive and ye shall be forgiven,
Withhold and ye shall stand alone;
'Tis love that wins its way to heaved,
And sings its aong around the throne! William Brunton

The Inspiration of Love.

WILLIAM BBUNTON.

Beloved, you are as dear to me as one soul may be to another. I have only to think of you, and I am in a bright world at once. There is no image of pleasantness but what immediately surrounds me and brings me into the bliss of paradise—the thought of you is so sweet and imspiring.

It appears like this—I had long been traveling in the desert under the burning sun, the sand blowing about, and the way being exceedingly wearisome—when I reach the fields and the brooks and the happy lands of home—and all the beauty of the greeting thereof speaks of you.

and the brooks and the happy lands of home—and all the beauty of the greeting thereof speaks of you.

Or the scene changes, and in my dreary way I see in the light of the setting sun a wonderful city rise. How lovely its walls and palaces, its minarcts and towers—and I enter the gate to see before me a palace of delights finer than story has ever pictured, and as I go from hall to hall, I have the sense that you are there.

Then again the vision changes, and it seems as if I were in a garden, where the spleador of summer greets the eye, the roses are in bloom, the birds fly to and fro, or they perch on the branches and sing melodious strains, and it is all as lovely as enchantment, but it is not flower or bird that is pleasing, but you—the beautiful one. I saw you not, yet you were the spirit stmosphere of the place, and my soul was satisfied to know that you were not far from me. I could not ask for heaven more secure, and naught could be so satisfying. I've my heart and life are yours; all

Morris Pratt Passed On.

It would seem as if the traism "Death loves a shining mark" was fully exemplified in our ranks during recent days, since following the trajet transition of our immented sister, Abby Joshon, and that of our artisen angel, little Xillia, comes the tidings just as we are sping to press, of the sudden death by paralysis of Morris Pratt at eleven p. m., on Sunday, Dec. Zist. Further particulars will be turnished in a later edition.

Information Wanted.

Wil the lady and gentleman in St. Law-rence County, New York who named their little daughter "Xliia," in honor of our arisen darhing, he so kind as to send us their correct address? It has been mislaid, and we now feel as if their Xliia were ours in a double sense, hence wish to reach them. Harrison D. and Marguerite C. Barrett.

Dean Clarke's Poem.

We are glad to learn that the poem we have noticed in previous issues; is being called for from Canada to Cuba, and that it is now ready for publication just as soon as a hundred more subscribers have sent a dime and postage stamp to its gifted author at 7 Winthrop St., Roxbury, Mass. We hope that at least five hundred of our readers will forward their orders without longer delay. It will be the best investment they ever made, and nid our worthy brother, now unable to do public work upon the rostrum. We owe our worthy vecterans our patronage and an ample support, and none is more worthy than the author of the grand poem entitled: "The Triumplas of Man."

Announcements.

Spiritual Science Home Mission, Providence Hall, 19 Market St., Lynn, Sanday, Dec. 28, Mrs. L. D. Butler of Lynn, a fine test medium, will conduct the services. Jan. 4 Mrs. Effie I. Webster, another excellent worker, will be the speaker.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 p. m. in Paine Hall, 9 Appleton St. Subject for discussion. December 28, "Why do People Entertain Falsehood in Piace of Truth?"

"We are always in the midst of heavenly light and heavenly help; if we refuse to let the clouds overshadow us."

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, who has cleared several thousand doll
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he manufactured at her own home. It

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Nociety, an auxiliary of the First Spiritus Association, held a Banaar, Dec. 3, 4, 5 and 6 in their new quarters and home, The Temple, 2015 Fine St. In the body of the Temple the booths were arranged. Furnishing and decorations were on a grand scale, the colorings of red, white, blue, green and white, with orange the Spiritualists' colors in marked prominence. The Lyceum and its workers had three booths, the ladies of the Ald six boories, a palmist and other side attractions made un the scene. In the rear of the main auditorium, a room 25 by 45 feet, served as dining room, a hot supper there served from 6 to 8 of clock each evening, and after supper dancing, solos and recitations. From the heads of the various parts of the Association and their lady and gentlemen aids, patrons and members received counteous treatment and wefcome: Mrs. V. A. Giroux, leader of the Lyceum, Mrs. Mary A. Fairchild, president of the Association, our pastor, Thomas Grimshaw. The proceeds which netted something over 100 is to be applied to Temple purchase fund. The First Spiritual Association only got possession of their new home September list, the property bought last July.

Mrs. V. A. Giroux.

Massachusetts State Association.

Massachusetts State Association.

The unnual meeting of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists will be held Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903, in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley St. Sessions 10.30, in m; aftersoon conference; evening, short addresses.

The members are most earnestly requested to be present at the business session, as matters of the greatest importance to the association are to be acted upon and it is imperative that each member should be present. In the afternoon a conference will be held, to which all are invited to participate. In the evening short addresses will be given by the following: Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrier, Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. C. Fannic Allyn, Mrs. Minnle M. Soale, Miss Sasie C. Clark, Mr. F. A. Wiggin and if Mr. II. D. Barrett is in Boston, he will also be present, and give short address. Good musle will be furnished; violus selections, Mr. F. M. Davis.

The meetings are all free, and every one is invited to be present. Bring your friends.

Carrie L. Hatch, See'y.

"Rich is that universal self whom thou corshipest as the soul."

All of us are children of the one Living and Mighty God, and all shall reach perfection and bliss some time, somewhere.—Ex.

The somewhere is a fall diagnosts beline you truly and mighty God, and all shall reach perfection and bliss some time, somewhere.—Ex.

annah Swanson, of Co When I began your treat me I could live only a sh to your wonderful treatment is health. May you be to the sick and affiliesed."



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THE SPIRITUAL WREATH

SPIRIT

Bessage Department.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Scale while under the control of her ewn guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a social 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 Beaders.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify when 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.

EFIL the cause of Truth, will you kindly

regid whenever it is made shown the follow-parts the cause of Truth, will you kindly used us in finding those to whom the follow-ment on the finding those to whom the follow-ment on Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you become a missionary for your particular creative.

Invecation.

Oh, sweet influence from the unseen, enfold us in thy love, thy charity, thy strength. In the midst of our cares, distresses and tears, we would lift up our hearts and open our souls that the light from the life beyond might be poured in in bealing floods, washing away all that is unclean and impure, making away and holy coes! Bless us with thy companionship each day that we live, and may we be worthy of the lighest and truest friendship, the companionship of angels which only those who have experienced the joy of communion with those gone on can understand, and because of this great glory in our lives, because of this understanding of the sweeping away of death, of the triumph of love, may we be strong in the world, a staff to the weak and shield to the discomforted, always a haven for those who mourn. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Hattle Brown, Troy, N. Y.

Hattle Brewn, Trey, N. Y.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a girl about fifteen years old. She has a round plump face, light blue eyes and brown hair which is braided and hangs down her back. She is unhappy; the tears are in her eyes and she is grieved because she is so anxious to get to her mother and father. She mays: "My name is Hattle Brown, I used to lire in Troy, N. Y. My father's name is Charles. If I could be sure they would know I come to them I think it would make me supremely happy. I have been here about two years and while I have been able to get something of an understanding of the life, I am erer so filled with a desire to speak to my mother, that I am not real happy. I came away rather suddenly. Nobody thought I was going and I am sure I didn't; that is the hardest part of it all. If I had known where I was going or even that I was going. I think I could have stood it better; but to so suddenly have to leave everything and come into strange conditions isn't very pleasant to a girl like me. I am not ulone because my uncle, my father's brother, who went away just a little before I did, is with me and he says for me to say to my mother that he will take care of me and will see that everything is done for me that can be. My mother docen't care to look at the things I used to have and it makes me feel bad when I see everything put away just as if she didn't want to remember anything about it. I suppose it would make her grieve to handle the things and look at them but it will not when the knows I can see and am able to communicate with her and I think I can. I'd like to seed a message to Maud. Tell her I am glad they did so well last year in the school. I am very much obliged to you for letting me speak."

George Fielding, Columbus, O.

George Fielding, Celumbus, O.

The next spirit is one from Columbus, Oho. He says it the very first thinz. Then be continues. "My name is George Fielding, and I want to go to May. I can't even stop to tell you anything about what I see in a general way my heart is so full of the desire to reach her. She is sick and unhappy and needs my loving care and I am with her so much, almost constantly by her side try-ling to give her the comfort which she needs. Tell her that it won't be long before she exames to me and I will be so happy to have ber, for then I can go on with her und we will see the beauty and the loveliness of this life together. Our little girl is with me and ahe tries to help take care of her mother to tun. I would not say this but I know it will please her exceedingly, I can only send great expressions of love, that is all I care about. She is all I have let there and if this init too personal I hope you will put it in your paper. Thank you."

Alice White, Lincoln, Neb.

Alice White, Lincoln, Neb.

Alice White, Lincoln, Neb.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a woman not over twenty-two years old. She is just one of those bright, happy-go-lucky, wholesome spirits and she comes in with a little bit of a breeze, bringing sunshine and happiness with her. She says, "My name I suppose you want? It is Alice White, I was a music teacher and somehow I couldn't keep loving and loving music without getting a little bit of it into my life and while very often it was the same old thing over and over again I did have a chance to get new things at times und new inspirations. My mother is a live. Her name is Sarah; she lives in Lincoln, Nebr., I want her to get this word from me. Tell her she needn't have any uneadiness about my condition or my fear that I will forest her. I live her as searly today as ever in my life and would bring the same influence to her that I did in the past if it were possible. I wish she would receive me at the home. Thank you."

George Pratt, Wheeling, W. Va.

I see the spirit of a man about forty-fiveyears old. He is of the medium height, has
bright blue eyes, dark lair and shlewhiskers;
the whiskers have jost a little bit of gray
mixed in them. They are quite long and he
has a way of taking a good deal of cure of
them, not nevrously and not with too much
pride, but just as though he did take cure of
them and was conscious of their being there
all the time. He langle a little bit when I
say that and says, "It is fumy how you can
see so piculty even when we don't make a
movement just what our thought is, but I
will harry on to my message. My name is
George Pratt and I am from Wheeling, West
Vs. I didn't belong there but wont
from take part of the country there and was
in buriness and came away rather nexpectedly. It is strange when you think of it that

It mass spends so much time and energy taking care of so uncertain a thing as life. Of
all the things that we can see, life is the
most uncertain and the destrect too. Well
most uncertain and the destrect too. Well
warning or speeds preparation and as a nayin received a straightening out. I am obligato thank Frank for what he had done. It
was very rood of him and I am sure he has
gotten out of the tangle about as well as anybody could. I want to send a word to Mayrect they will enter into my life here and
they come over I shall make every effort to
make myself known and when they get over
you."

Elia Waite, Methuen, Mass.

A women a little hove the medium height, about thirty-eight years of age, is here. She is rather plump and has dark hair which is combed very full around her face; her eyes are dark models has a very sweet, pleament manner. She is full of life and vigor and has a ready weet, pleament and the state of the same very sweet, pleament and the same of the same very sweet, pleament as fresh and strong as she looks herelf. Her name is Ella Waits and she say, "I come from Methuen, I want to go to my people there. They are not Spiritualists. If they were I should be there instead of her but-I knew I could come here and send word-find so I have made the effort. I haven't much to say that I can say in this public fashion excepting that I am as happy as can be expected. I think it is a beautiful place here and I wouldn't come back unless twere to make my friends feel satisfied. Why should I come back? I have excepting over here that I had in earth life with much more freedom and I have friends. I hardly go anywhere that I con't find somebody that I have wand I am progressing I hope in the things that were deur to me. I would like to say to Carrie that I am sorry for what has come to her. It was one of those things that there seems to be no possible escape from half in the progressing that there were the help her. I also have her little boy and he is growing to be as trong and sturdy as she would have him. I am very grateful to you for this opportunity."

Bort Thomas, Lypu, Mass.

Here comes a man about nineteen years old now. He laughs in the funniest little way. His eyes are blue, his hair is brown and he has just a little bit of a mustache started. He way. 'It is a funny thing for me to be coming, isn't it? My name is Bert Thomas and I was a Lynn boy, I have been to Lynn from this life just about as often as I could. Every time I go I see some-body I want to shout at and I do speak but I get no answer. First I meet Fred and then I find some-body else I know and I say, 'Ah there, Jim,' or speak to some of the girls and nobody pays the least attention. After a while I get kind of sick of that business and wonder why in time nobody looks up when I speak, so I decided that I would get the best of them and would come where some-body could hear me. I don't think it is very hard to die. I haven't seen anything about it that scared me much. I am sure I haven't passed through any very dark waters or over any very froubled seas, All I knew was that I suddenly began to talk to people and they didn't answer me. I hadn't any sickness but went out as quick as 2 flash and I guess it is the best way to go. I see some people, over here who struggled along through a sickness and they are always moping around every time they get near to their friends with a long face and husky voice trying to let their friends know they are the same fellow they put away by their manner and what they say. I don't they won't, pay any affection voyant house they some the same fellow they put away by their manner and what they say. I don't fit they don't why should we care? My mother your friends know you can come back or not if they don't why should we care? My mother your friends know you can come back or not if they don't why should we care? My mother your of the pay they are the same fellow they put away by their manner and what they say. I don't how of the pay from the self later. If you hear from her later on, you needin't be surprised. Her name is Susie."

Grace Aiwood, Brookline, Mass.

Grace Aiwood, Brookline, Mats.

Grace Aiwood, Brookline, Mars.

Now standing beside me is a lady about twenty-four or five years old. She is rather short, plump and fair and she says, "I haven't any particular philosophy. I am speaking because my heart is full of sorrow. My name is Grace Atwood and I am from Brookline, Mass. I want to get to George if I can and tell him that I am perfectly misrable every time I think of his loneliness, and I would give all I can hope to possess to have an opportunity to have a word with him. Baby is with me but that isn't enough. I want to talk with him. I want him to know that I do think of him. I want him to know that I do think of him. I want him to an understand that I can see him and I don't want him to get apart by himself and be so unhappy. Please, George dear, give me a chance to speak more plainly to you. It means everything to me and I am sure I can make it mean much to you."

Frank Peabody, Reading, Mass.

Frank Peabody, Reading, Mass.

I see a man by the name of Peabody. He is quite tail not very stout and has a full beard and rray hair which he combs very carefully. He says, "Frenk is my first name and I lived in Reading, Mass. To say that I am anxious is perting it mildly. I want to go to Jennie and I want her to know that I have been able to help her and can help her in the future. She last coast doesn't hinder the compact of the surfaction from being able to do compating. I have been to New Hampshire and tried to fix matters there for you, dear, but it seems almost impossible to reach them as I reach you. Don't try to make any change at present, You had better stay just as you are and when the time is ripe, I will try to impress you what to do. There is much I would say, more than I can say for everybody to know, but I make it complete in this one sentence: I love you, and am going to stay right by you until you come here. I have met Edith and John and Alice. When you see George tall him I am alive. When you see George tall him I am alive want to see in earth He."

want to see in earth life."

Addie Mason. Clarkson. Oklas, to Charles Morgan.

There is a lady standing by me now who is very stoot indeed. She lent very tall and that perhaps unkes her look stouter. Her hair is snowy white and she has a sweet face, kind and benevolent as can be. She says. "My dear, I am Addie Mason, Mrs. Adelaide Mason and I am from Clarkson, Okla. I was pretty near you people, a Unitarian, and I know what it is to step aside from beaten paths and make a trail through the woods, so I have a good deal of sympathy and understanding for you people in your movement. I think, Can no one could ever come to me with a story so improbable fint I would disbelieve it because truth led me info an enclanted land where the old fully stories of Tacology were dimmed by comparison. I Tacology were dimmed by comparison.

your early manifestations and in a way kept in touch with what was going on, but personally I never had anything worthy of countent come to me and new that I stand in the spirit life free to express myself. I want to send a definite message to Mr. Charles Morgan and say to him that I have kept my premise and an trying to send him the expected message. I find it is quite easy for us over here to send a message but the trouble is the receiving stations are out of repair in most instances and if my friends desire to get more definite word from me about all they have to do is to put up their instruments and listen for the click over the wire from this life. My husband is with me and he was the first one to greet me. I expected it but I hardly expected it in the same practical definite way. It was not in glory and pageantry that I met him but as a wife meets her husband after a long separation with silect hand clasp and heart pressed to heart and the eyes telling the story that the toofull heart cannot express with its mouth, and so we have gone on together and today we come and I hope this is only the beginning of our message bearing carreer to our friends who wait. I am very much obliged."

The Man Himself.

CHABLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER II.

In the previous chapter we noticed a striking lesson in the rare case of Molife Faucher. A similar lesson is found in several other "rare cases" attested and recorded by the S. P. R. But there is a still mare case, reported at length by Dr. Morton Triace of Boston and the control of the con

rament, i.e. of well a read of the control of the c

Don't You Need a Lyceum!

One winter morning a fine looking young Irishman was driven to our residence and desired to see see. He ensurvited in and made confortable—the day was cold—although he remarked when I asked him to sit nearer the heater, that 'pain las good for one."

That did not agree with my theory.

He presently mad b himself known as a Catholic Briest from a town a few miles distant, and his errand was to find an old colored servant who had been in our employ after the emancipation of the slaves. Previous to that time she had been owned by a Catholic lady in Raltimore, Md. She had been a nurse for her children, and had always been the recipient of favors from her old mistress. At last the former slave, after a life of unceasing industry was stricken with a fatal illness and the kind hearted lady was anxious to give her comfort through a Father of the church. But the priest was especially suxious to baptize the children of the dying woman, and to do that, he informed me was his most important business. There were six of the children—quite a hambful to get at one cath—and they were to be made to feel that as heaven was to take their mother, the holy clurch was to take their mother, the hold clurch is in looking after the children.

The other was always so goo

late for it is not devoted to seet nor isin but to common sense is all directions and is not common sense is all directions and is not common to Spiritualists exclusively. Mr. Davis was the bringer of a beneficent gift when he transmitted the system of lastruction from heaven to carch.

The Lyccum Guide makes no departure from Mr. Davis' idea that the Lyccum should be a school for the growth and broad development of youth; not in any sense a place to teach any form of religion. Healthy bodies and harmonions souls are the highest product of the Progressive Lyccum. The Lyccum Guide extends and amplifies the exercises so that all may have a better opportunity of that all may have a better opportunity of ioning in the services, and farmishes a fine collection of music, and words written expressly for it, under the direction of James G. Clark. It also includes other departments to ald physical, sightinal and moral growth. Liberalists of all lues may use it as it is adde and comprehensive in its lessons as well as explicit in its directions for organizing and conducting society mealings.

Wake up to your chances, friends, and don't let everybody borrow your children for their Sanday School! Have a Lyccum of your own and you will not be troubled by having them desire to go elsewhere. Send for a Guide and see what you can do.—Emma tood.

Transitions.

Passed to Spirit Life from West Somer-ille, Mass., Dec 2, 1902, Hattie F. Shook, 53

Passed to Spirit Life from West Somerville, Mass, Dec 2, 1902, Hattle F. Shook, 23 years, 2 months.

Miss Shook was a sufferer for many years, but bore her allifetion with the greatest courage and cheerfulness. She endeared herself to her friends and associates by her unselfishness and sweetness of disposition, and her love nud sympathy for others were unfailing. When her prison doors swung outward we could not mourn that her spirit had found release, but she will long be missed, and her memory will never fade from our hearts. The funeral service was conducted by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Mrs. Hattle C. Mason, a personal riend of the deceased, and several selections.—O. M. P.

Mrs. Marie Robinson one of Brooklyn's most earnest spiritual workers, passed into spirit life, Friday morning, Doe 12th, at half past three o'clock, of typhoid fever. Mrs. Robinson was widely known in spiritualistic work and gained for herself the name 'Missionny,' for her labor muong the poor and especially the children. Many tender childish hearts will miss her faith ending Morker's she always gave her annual Christmas tree to chapoor children. She was for many years active with the 'Brooklyn Wonam's Progressive Union,' and "Saturday Night Conference,' both Spiritual Societies, besides her private work of charity. Through her long sainful liness her faith continued to licerase and many times she spoke to those who set endedly carred for her of the beautiful visions and her desire to go and mace the day of the remaining of the leaves and many times she spoke to those who set endedly carred for ler of the beautiful visions and her desire to go and mace the day of the Political Conference, 'Both Spiritual Societies, besides her fransition to the content of the Political visions and her desire to go and mace the day of the Political vision and her desire to go and mace the day of the Political vision and her desire to go and mace the day of the Political vision and her desire to go and mace the day of the Political vision and her desire to g

work of charity. Mr. Couris spoke from the text:

"And so for me there is no sting in death, And so the grave has jost its victory. It is but crossdag,—with bated breath. And white, set face a little strip of sea To need the dear ones waiting on the shore, More beautiful, more loving than before. We receive tidines from the shore, More beautiful, more loving than before, of the season of class, of the season of the shore, the season of class, and was well known on the Cape. A Spiritualist from boyhood, his life was that of a liberal, carnest man, a devoted husband and a kind father.

On the 24th of last month services commemorating the higher birth of Mrs. David Bertsel, of Grand Rapids were held at Holland, Michigan. They were conducted by a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, the Ladles of the Maccabees and D. A. Herrick of Grand Rapids. The two last named were compelled to have their services at the grave as the minister not church consistory would consent to them being held in the church. The remarks from the minister week-entirely irrelevant and purely orthodox. The remarks of Mr. Herrick at the grave were impressive and cloquent. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. She has many friends who wish her progression and happiness in her spirit life. She will be missed by missed by the size of the size rofuse and beautiful. She has many who wish her progression and happi-her spirit life. She will be missed by

Thos. J. Haynes.

Lake Helen Campmeeting, Fla.

Lake Helen Campmeeting, Fla.

The session begins February 1, and closes March 15, 1903.

The speakers engaged thus far are W. F. Peck. Carrie E. S. Twing, Kate R. Stiles and Loi F. Prior, who is to be the platform test needlum. J. Clerg Wright and wife will occurred to the platform test needlum. J. Clerg Wright and wife will occurred to the platform test needlum. J. Clerg Wright and wife will occurred to the platform test needlum. J. Clerg Wright and last winter. Mrs. Wright will give attention to music.

Corresponding Secretary Mrs. J. D. Palmer is now at Lake Helen, and can be addressed for circulars and general information. Hotel Cassedagar is open and contains several guests. The enlarred Webster hotel will accommodate over fifty guests. Mr. Bartholomew's cottage is being built. Mrs. Bartholomew will hold seances for trumper manifestations infining the session.

The composition of the session. The composition of the session of the camp of the camp ground next month. Judge Cortempology, two ceasus from Deland. Mr. Honl and wife will occupy their new cottage on the camp ground next month. Judge Cortempology, two ceasus from Deland. Mr. Honl and wife will occupy their new cottage on the camp ground next month. Judge Cortectall has arrived with his son Arthur. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Carrique, of Rhode Island, are settled in the Marsh-Hatch cottage. Mrs. Bacon is pleasantly located in Brigham Hall. Dr. Brigham and wife of Massachusetts were expected to leave for Lake Helen, December 11. A. A. Butler and wife are in their old rooms is the apartment house, in which are Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Van Lieu and Mrs. Vott. The Shermans and Mrs. Hotel carrie, left for Lake Helen, December 17. Mr. Mace sold over 2500 worth of peaches last summer. He will have 80 acres in peaches next season. Mr. Bedoll had at excellent crop of peaches, grapes and pears, and his ordice grown Arlington, Mass. Mr. Riske wil

New Photographs of Mrs. Soule.

So many requests have been made for photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Boule, as she appears in her Sunday work as pastor of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, that we have persuaded her to take the time from her ever busy and useful life to give the arists an opportunity to photograph her in her platform dress. As a result of her kind compliance with our request we now have for sale three new poses of her—two in speaker's gown, and a new one—which we think are improvements over the former ones, representing her as she appears in her social life and parish work. The Banner of Light Publishing Company, has the exclusive sale of Mrs. Soude's photographs, and has placed them, for the accommodation of their patrons, at the same low price as the former ones, twenty-five cents each.

A Life-saving Vision.

A curious fact came to our knowledge the other day. The Countess Schimmelmann, a Danish lady well known at San Remo, had a singular experience a short time since. A loy was fishing in a boat at some distance from her yacht. He fell overboard, and would have been drowned had not a rescue party sent by the Countess reached him at the critical moment. But here comes in the strange part of the story. When Countess Schimmelmann dispatched the boat no accident whatever had happened. The boy did not fall into the water till his frieads came in sight ready to save him. The Countess had seen in a yielon the event which was about to happen. The boy—d fair-haired youth—has been seen in public with the Countess since the occurrence.—Modern Society.

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Children's Book.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGED

over, Miss Pine and Miss Hem own each other for years; of played together as children, ired their joys and their fears.

had whispered secrets together, the the light of stars at night; through the long, long days of St danced in the sunshine bright.

Mr. Sprace was young, tall and stately, And Miss Hemlock and Miss Pine Thought him the jolliest comrade, And basked in his smile benign.

But one lovely day in December, Two men came up on the hill, And taking out saws and sharp axes, Began to work with a will.

Oh! that was a day of deep terror To these young folks in the wood; They whispered and sobbed and tos Their prayers were not understood.

The men with axes worked faster And said, "A storm's coming on. For the wind is lashing the tree-tops, so let's hurry and begone.

We will take this fine young spruce tree for the children for tonight. It's the best looking tree I've seen here And will suit my folks all right."

Young Spruce heard the praise and happy:
"Good-bye, my dear girls," he cried, "Tm sorry to leave you but really
My worth 1 no more can hide.

"Twee rather nice here on the hill-top But the time was sure to come, When to suit my grace and my beauty, I must find another home.

"I would gladly, dears, take you with me, But you're better here you know, Look in at the window this evening, And see me dressed up for show!"

So waving his beautiful breaches, Mr. Sprace was borne away. While the two poor girls were heart-broken. And wept the rest of the day.

That night they looked out through the dark-

And saw in the house below.

A light shining out of the window
Over the glistening snow.

And there in the midst of the brightness Mr. Soruce stood straight and tail With the loveliest colors on him And here and there a doll.

There were toys and big bags of caudy, And popeorn and apples red; And then to make everything sparkle, Were caudles from foot to head.

Mr. Spruce was a king that evening, And proudly be lifted his head; And his friends on the hill gazed at him, Till every one went to bed.

But only a week after Christmas, Miss Pine and Miss Hemlock looked down And there lay their brilliant companion, All tattered, all torn and so brown.

Se wistfully he looked up at them, And murmured and gasped in shame, "Since I have grown dry and withered, I haven't a friend to my name.

"I had a good time while it lested. But I'd rather be up there with you. With the sunshine and winds around me And my face turned to heaven's blue."

Miss Fine and Miss Hemlock listened, And decided that they'd rather stay And be plain girls with their freedom, Than become jeweled queens for a day, Minnie Meserve Soule,

A Christmas Letter.

A Christmas Letter.

My dear little friends:—
It is almost Christmas again and I am remised as I write, that before you read this letter you will know what all your kind friends have been doing to make the day a happy one for you. What a basy time it is and how everybody goes about with such an air of importance, feeling very fine with a lot of secrets to keep. I myself can hardly wait for the day to come and I may all the sound in the lady was one of her old friends, and should have tried to find her if I had had that look of the low to upretty well that I don't tell something I ought not to.

I think I love Christmas just as well now as I used to when I was a little girl, although I know very well that there is no Santa Claus who comes down chimneys and brings only good little people all the things they.

I used to think that Santa Claus and God were much alike and that all I had to do was to be very good and pray very hard and anything I wanted would be mine, and so I tried very hard to be good and thought of all the things that everythedy else had that I liked and of all the things in the stores that I thought I would like, and naked for them and was disappointed when I did not get them, and I believe that a great many little girls and boys believe just as I used to and they canout understand how Santa fails to bring everything he was asked for.

The first year that Sanbean had her Christmas tree for her little friends, we had a gentleman dressed as Santa Claus sive out the presents. Some of the bittle folks had never had a present before and had never seen a Christmas tree for her little friends, we had a gentleman dressed as Santa Claus way got a man dressed up, and so when he began to give them, and they cannot understand how Santa fails to bring everything he was asked for.

The first year that Sanbean had her can be a good many things they were not some the presents. Some of the bittle folks had never had a present before and here were some the some of the bittle folks had never had a present before an never had a present before and had never seen a Christmas tree and had no idea that the Santa Claus was just a man dressed up, and so when he began to give them presents they were about as happy as any children you ever saw; but after awhile they chought if was so easy for him to give them a few things that it might be a good chance to give a sweet of the same that they consider the same that they consider a summary of the same to give a sweet around him and asked for every any owned around him and asked for every thing. They begged for dresses (and they really needed them, too), for shoes, for hats, for candy and, oh, they begged so hard for extra presents to take home to their friends who were unable to come.

It was dreadful to see those poor little hilf-fed children ask for things which we were unable to give them. At last poor Santa Claus had to take off his fancy clothes and show them that he was only a man. It taught me a lesson, and since then we have just told the little visitors that some people who loved them just because they were little children had made a lot of presents for them. to show them that they loved them; and they understand it.

Lest years we did not have dolls enough to go around because somebody brought more siries fan we expected an dalose little girls for the season they had been that they loved them; and they had perhaps never owned dely in their lives. I sem sure if they had because the from them, for some reason, they need have felt that Santa was not fair.

Of course I told them I would send one to each of them in a few days if they would trust me and wait until I could get them. They were as bappy as if they and them then and never said another word but sai down and never said another word but sai down and seriously their other gifts. So you see little people can be very happy on Christmas day and understand all about

chem and enloyed their other gifts.

So you see little people can be very happy on Uhristmas day and understand all about it. too.

I suspect that a long time ago some dear mama and pana felt as if it would be nice to surprise the tables with gifts of love and see if they could guess who in all the world could love them council to elive hem so much along the mana answers, "Some one who loves you so much and who is so happy when you are cood and who cries when you are naughty."

The little girl does not guess that it is mino and so mama decides to make it a good old noan who knows everybody happy, and she makes him so good that he forget under the mama answers, "Some one working on the good old noan who knows everybody happy, and she makes him so good that he forget under the mana and wherever it see some one working on the price some one else with a gift or over 1 say to myself that the spile spil doort care whether it is now the processing of the product of the processing of the control of the processing of the control of the processing of the processing of the control of the processing of the process of the process of home them on a Christmas it can be always to any set that the long the process of home them on a Christmas Chain. And you, too, can help the spirit of how to be expressed all over the world.

Wouldn't it be lovely if for just one day in the year, if no more, we could be sure that everybody in the world was happy? I am sure you think it would and we can at least make every one we neet happy on Christmas it to everybody one in the spirit of how they give this proven the process in over the property of the proven the proven in the world was happy? I am sure you think it would and we can at least make every one we neet happy on the year, if no more, we could be sure that everybody in the world was happy? I am sure you think it would not we can at least make every one we neet happy on the provention of the prove

so much love in the voice that it will sout.)

It is good to give something to people you love and if you can remember it, there are ever so many gifts which move cannot buy and yet which are so filled with love that they build be so filled with love that they will be so filled with love that mann's plate for breakfast if you can give her nothing else, and then watch her face when she reads it and when she smiles give her a Christmas kiss. Do it as long us you like for I know that big folks like to be loved and remembered. The first thing when I wake on Christmas morning, I am going to sare Dear little Banner rriends, I wish you still a Merry Christmas. Your triend,
Friday, December 19, 1902.

The Boy That "Betted."

JESSIE LENGRA BRITTON

He was one of those jolly, sweet-tempered, bliging boys whom every one likes; and random declared that he had but one fault, the would use slang, and his pet verb was

ordiging beys whom every one likes, and grounding declared that he had but one fault, —he would use slang, and his pet verb was "het." "It is strange," grandma said, "that a hopgange should form such a bad habit." He was seldom if ever heard to use the verbe "think," "gauese," or "pressume," or then adverbe "perhaps" or "probably." If he liked anything, it was "out of sight," If he liked anything, it was "out of sight," If he he should miss in spelling, and he "best twoold rain great gams.

The whole family had tried to break him of the habit, but it did no good. After a time his brothers michanmed the Betty," and then his freiends though the name was very appropriate, and in a little while nearly every one except his mother and grandmosther seemed to have forcetten hat he had any other name. But that didn that the had any other name. But that didn the tried of he had any other name. But that didn the tried had he had any other name. One day his brother Charles was at the religious the same of the same who are not the same of the same when a strengers were waiting for a train which was late.

"Hello, Charles Spenser!" one of his boy friends called.

Then a lady came to him and asked, "Was your mother Elizabeth Porter? I used to know an Elizabeth Porter? I used to know an Elizabeth Porter? and the lady was one of her old Porter. Yes, Charles's mother had been Elizabeth Porter, and the lady was one of her old porter.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds.

There has been unusual cnthusiasm manifested in Glens Falls, N. Y., during the past alx weeks under the ministrations of Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds. She serves the society bere every November and April and when possible extends her work two weeks into the following month. Each time Mrs. Reynolds comes to us we find marked improvement in comes to us we find marked improvement in Grant and the server of the se



tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, loucorrheea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a wast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weight don't 98 pounds. Now I weight 1904, I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mas. R. C. TUMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.—55000 fortett priginal of about lette priving permanens cannot be projected.

When a medicine has been suc-

wighal of above lettic proting genuinness cannot be produced.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick.

Mrs. Pinkhara, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perthans she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

Mrs. E. A. Newton.

Help The Children.

The Malden Spiritual Association holding meeting at Edward Hall, renducted by Mrs. Mouroe, are to give a Christmas tree to the poor children of that vicinity, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 31st, this being the first instance of such charity being bestowed by any society of our taith to the needy in Malden. It is expecially desirous that this entertainment should prove a success and that every child of any nationality or color who responds to this invitation, shall receive some useful gift or token, that will make its heart light and merry. To this end, contributions are solicited of money, of articles for the tree, wearing aponrel, fruit or concetionery, which can be sent to 491 Main St. All donations, large or small, will be acknowledged in the Bonner, and such bestowal, will bless allke the recipient and the giver. All friends of the Cause are invited to actend this party, to assist to the cajoyment of the children and participate the endowed the music, recitations and daucing.

The Great Question of the Spiritual Movement of the World Involved.

Involved.

The Higher Thought, Evelyn Arthur See and Agraes Chester See's journal, published at Kalamazo, Mich, will, in its January issue, give a complete review of the recent position taken by the Christian Science Church in withdrawing its healing practice from the certain classes of disease, with a view to man preserving Life within himself, that he may not through the influence of this strange act come to doubt the sufficiency for him of the God in him; and, also, in further nid to the seeker in Truth and to protect him in the thought of his own faith, the review will trace the cause of this retrograde action to its real source.

All the newspaper and magazine reviews of the action will be comprehended in the consideration given, and the full light of the whole situation brought to focus so as to be clearly seen.

There has been no single action in any modern movement of so deep import and of such far rea-hing consequences as this, and no reader or student in the new thought should full to read this consideration of the great and momentous question involved.

Every student in the new thought should read this January Journal.

There will be no free sample copies of this basic. They can be had at the regular price, five cents ber each copy.

To the Editor of the Danner of Light:

I have just received a letter from a relative or friend of Miss Judson relative to her fatal accident. It makes this statement:

Site was not in bed, or any where near it, and she suffered no pain. The dog had nothing to do with the occurrence except to alarm the neighbors by his barking. Sho was sitting by her table about seven o clock. Sanday evening, December 7th, writing her etter to the Banner neder the usual conditions, and just as she had finished and seafed by warning striking striking the property of the sum of the sum

anything but the roy are table. This statement was made with ner own lips."

My knowledge and observation of the reporting done now-a-days on newspapers have convinced me that stories as they are told have more embellishment than fact, I would seldom quote them as trustworthy. But in the case of Miss Judson's accident there was no occasion apparent for any such distortion. The plain facts were sufficiently, graphic, without resorting to mendacity. I remember well when I was a member of the staff of The Evening Post, it was not permitted to take such liberties with the truth and our reports were such as we would have vouched for in a court of justice. But all that seems to have been changed, and the team who can invest the most extravagant tale

The death of Miss Ju-ventful, and the circui and sufficiently impressi

Newark, N. J.

Proposed Amendments to By-Laws

MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION.

The following Amendments have been forwarded to the secretary and I hereby send them to the Banner of Light for publication in accordance with the By-Laws.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

when to the Banner of Light for publication in accordance with the By-Laws.

Carrie L. Hatch, Secy.

Amend Article II to ead as follows:—
The objects of this Association are:
First. To found churches in the name of Spiritualism as a legally recognized system of religion.

Secondance of a ministry qualified to exemplify the principles and publicly and privately cach the truths of Spiritualism as a religion.

Third. To establish pastorates and permanently settled speakers wherever the same may be practical.

Fourth. To consolidate all Spiritualism so a religion.

Fourth. To consolidate all Spiritualism so in the practical of the process of the practical of the process of the practical of the process of the practical of the practical of the practical of the process of the practical of the practical of the practical of the process of the practical of the practical of the practical of the process of the practical of

them. The regal voters at each annual Couven-Amend Art. V by inserting as Sec. 2 the following:

The charter fee, to be paid by local societies, or other organizations, when uniting with this State Association, shall be two dollars each, and no other expense shall be incurred in the name of the charter. All societies, after chartering with this Association, shall donze not less than five dollars per year to its treasury to enable it to be continued in good standing on the books of said Association.

Amend Ast. V by advantage of the continued in good standing on the books of said

'Have we not all, amid life's petty strife, Some pure ideal of a nobler life, that once seemed possible?

"Have we not all, name."

Some pure ideal of a nobler me, seemed possible?

We have, and yet,
We lost it in the daily Jar and fret, and now live idle, in a vain regret,
But still our place is kept,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen; we alverys may be, what

We might have been."

AN HOUR WITH THE ANGELS;

Or, a Dream of the Spirit-Life.

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proce, Miss Pine and Miss Hem prove each other for years; and played together as children, sared their joys and their fears.

had whispered secrets together, h the light of stars at night; brough the long, long days of St lanced in the sunshine bright.

Mr. Spruce was young tall and stately, And Miss Hemlock and Miss Pine Thought bin the jolliest comrade, And basked in his smile benign.

But one lovely day in December, Two men came up on the hill, And taking out saws and sharp axes, Began to work with a will.

Oh! that was a day of deep terror To these young folks in the wood; They whispered and sobbed and tos Their prayers were not understood

The men with axes worked faster And said, "A storm's coming on, For the wind is lashing the tree-tops, So-let's hurry and begone.

"We will take this fine young spruce tree To the children for tonight. It's the best looking tree I've seen here And will suit my folks all right."

Young Spruce beard the praise and happy:
"Good-bye, my dear girls," he cried,
"Tm sorry to leave you but really
My worth 1 no more can hide.

"Twee rather nice here on the hill-top But the time was sure to come. When to suit my grace and my beauty, I must find another home.

"I would gladly, dears, take you with me, But you're better here you know, Look in at the window this evening, And see me dressed up for show!"

waving his beautiful branches, Sprace was borne away, ille the two poor girls were heart-broken d west the rest of the day.

ness
And saw in the house below.
A light shiging out of the window
Over the glistening snow.

And there in the midst of the brightnes. Mr. Spruce stood straight and tall. With the loveliest colors on him. And here and there a doll.

There were toys and big bags of caudy, And popcorn and apples red; And then to make everything sparkle, Were caudles from foot to head.

But only a week after Christmas, Miss Pine and Miss Hemlock booked down And there lay their brilliant companion, All tattered, all torn and so brown.

So wistfully he looked up at them, And murmured and gasped in shame, "Since I have grown dry and withered, I haven't a friend to my name.

"I had a good time while it lasted, But I'd rather be up there with you, With the sunshine and winds around me And my face turned to heaven's blue."

Miss Pine and Miss Hemiock listened, And decided that they'd rather stay And be oldin girls with their freedom, Than become jeweled queens for a day. Minnie Meserve So

A Christmas Letter.

A Christmas Letter.

A Christmas Letter.

My dear little friends:—
It is almost Christmas again and I am reminded as I write, that before you read this letter you will know what all your kind friends have been doing to make the day a happy one for you. What a breyt time it is and how everyhody goes about with such an air of importance, feeling very fine with a lot of secrets to keep. I myself can hardly wait for the day to come and I may may be a come and I have so many secrets to keep. I myself can hardly wait for the day to come and I have so many secrets to keep about them that I have to look out pretty well that I don't tell something I ought not to.

I think I love Christmas just as well now as I used to when I was a little girl, although I know wished for.

I used to think that Santa Claus and God were much alike and that all I had to do w

Of course I told them I would send one to such of them in a few days if they would trust me and wait until I could get them. They were as bappy as if they had them then and never said another word but sat down and enjoyed their other gifts. So you see little people can be very happy on Christmas day and understand all about it, too.

down and enloyed their other gifts.

So you see little people can be very happy on Christmas day and understand all about it, too.

I suspect that a long time ago some dear mama and pana felt as if it would be nice to surprise the bables with gifts of love and see if they could guess who in all the world rould love them enough to give home and any and the mama answers, "Some one who loves you so much and who cises be happy when you are cool and who cries when you are naughty."

The little girl does not guess that it is main and so much and who is so happy when you are good and who cries when you are naughty."

The little girl does not guess that it is main and so mama decides to make it a good old noan who knows everybody happy, and she makes him so good that he forcets nobody. Then mama and papa, so I think, named him Nanta Claus. I like the name and wherever i see some one working to surprise some one else with a gift of love, or when the proper one clay with a gift of love to the standard of the love of the love of the control of the con

ich love in the voice that it will sound if you can remember it, there are so many gifts which money cannot buy yot which are so filled with love that bubble over with good will, te "I wish you a Merry Christmas" on e of clean white paper and put it under its plate for breakfast if you can give othing else, and then watch her face she reads it and when she smiles give Christmas kiss. Do it as long oa you or I know that big folks like to be and remembered. The first thing when ce on Christmas norning, I am going e-Dear little Runner friends, I wish a Merry Christmas. Your friend, wake on Christmas norming, I am to say- Dear little Ranner friends, I rou all a Merry Christmas, Your frien Minnie M. S. Friday, December 19, 1902.

The Boy That "Betted."

JESSIE LENGHA BRITTON

He was one of those jolly, sweet-tempered, obliging boys whom every one likes; and granding declared that he had but one fault. —he would use slang, and his pet verb was "let."

"It is strange," granding said, "that a boy who has been brought up to use good language should form such a bad habit."

He was seldom if ever heard to use the verbs "think," "guess," or "presume," or the adverbs "perhaps" or "probably." If he liked anything, it was "out of sight," if not, he bett it wented my thing to the should miss in spelling, and he "bet it would rain great gues."

The whole family had tried to break him of the habit, but it did no good. After a time his brothers nicknamed him "Betty," and then his friends thought the name was very appropriate, and in a little while nearly every one except his mother and grandmether seemed to like the name Betty just as well as the name Heatry, and he "betted" just as much as ever. One day his brother Charles was at the rallway station when quite a crowd of passengers were waiting for a train which was late. "Hello, Charles Spenser!" one of his boy "Hello, Charles Spenser!" one of his boy

railway station when quite a crowd of passencers were waiting for a train which was late.

"Hello, Charles Spenser!" one of his boy friends called.

Then a lady came to him and asked, "Was your mother Elizabeth Porter? I used to know an Elizabeth Porter who married a Charles Spenser, and I think she lives in this place.

Yes, Charles's mother had been Elizabeth Porter, and the lady was one of her old friends.

"When I found that I must change cars in this place. I thought of my old friend, and should have tried to find her if I had had the time. You tell your mother that Mary Graham sends her love, and will write soon. Now tell me how many brothers and sisters you have."

"There are three of us," Charles told her. "Arthur is fifteen, I am twelve, and Betty is ten. Betty looks just like mother," he added. "Dear little Betty! I'd like to see her. I suppose she is named Elizabeth, after her mother."

But just then the train whistied, and there

my have a half claim on the month of the presents the senta Claus was jost a man dressed up, and so when he began to give them presents they were about as happy as any children you ever saw; but after awhile they thought it was so easy for him to give them a few things that it might be a good chance to get a good many things they wanted, and so they crowded around him and asked for everything. They begged for dresses (aad they really needed them, too), for shoes, for hat, for candy and, oh, they begged so hard for exirs presents to take home to their friends who were unable to give them. At last poor Senta Claus had to take off his fancy clothes and show them that they are the half-fed children ask for things which we ware unable to give them. At last poor Senta Claus had to take off his fancy clothes and show them that they loved them; and they had been unusual cuthusiasm manifested in Glens Falls, N. Y., during the past six weeks under the ministrations of Mrs. Lest year we did not have dolls enough to go around because somebody brought more girls than we expected and those little girls who got so dolls cause to me and asked me if there was not some one who would help them to get one the year. They made no fass although the year is a some one who would be them to get one the year. They made no fass although the year is not year of the year and they had been been used to the possible extends her work two weeks into the following month. Each time Mrs. Reynolds come to us we find marked improvement in better to the people look forward anxiously for her coming. Mrs. Reynolds come to us we find marked improvement in the possible served to the people look forward anxiously for her coming. Mrs. Reynolds have fell there for Rechester to attend the Mass meeting held there; he then serves the section have work two weren't people look forward anxiously for her coming. Mrs. Reynolds left here for Rechester to attend the Mass served the held there; he then served the possible served the people look forward anxiously for h



tells how she was cured.

tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

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be produced. When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot, wish to remain weak and sick.

believe it would help me?"
Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick.
Mrs. Pinkham, whose address
is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters
addressed to her by sick women.
Perhans she has just the knowledge that will help your case—
try her to-day— it costs nothing.

months missionary work in her own state. We bid her God speed on her mission of do-ing good. Mrs. E. A. Newton

Help The Children.

The Malden Spiritual Association holding meeting at Edward Hall, conducted by Mrs. Mouroe, are to give a Christmas tree to the poor children of that vicinity, on Wednesday evening. Dec. 31st, this being the first instance of such charity being bestowed by any society of our faith to the needy in Malden. It is expecially desirous that this entertainment should prove a success and that every child of any nationality or color who responds to this invitation, shall receive some useful gift or token, that will make its heart light and merry. To this end, contributions are solicited of money, of articles for the tree, wearing appearel, fruit or confectionery, which can be sent to 491 Main St. All donations, large or small, will be acknowledged in the Bauner, and such bestowal, will bless alike the recipient and the giver. All friends of the Cause are invited to attend this party, to assist in the enjoyment of the children and participate it wavelves in music, recitations and dancing.

The Great Question of the Spiritual Movement of the World Involved.

Involved.

The Higher Thought, Evelyn Arthur See and Agnes Chester See's journal, published at Kalamazo, Mich, will, in its January Issue, give a complete review of the recent position taken by the Christian Selence Ohurch in withdrawing its healing practice from the certain classes of disease, with a view to man preserving Life within himself, that he may not through the influence of this strange act come to doubt the sufficiency for him of the God in him; and, also, in further aid to the seeker in Truth and to protect him in the thought of his own faith, the review will trace the cause of this prirograde action to its real source.

All the newspaper and magazine reviews of the action will be comprehended in the consideration given, and the full light of the whole situation brought to focus so as to be clearly seen.

There has been no single action in any modern movement of so Jeep import and of such far rea-hing consequences as this, and no reader or student in the new thought should fail to rend this consideration of the great and momentous question involved. Every student in the new thought should read this darnary journal.

There will be no few example copies of this Issue. They can be had at the regular price, five cents were tach copy.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Danner of Light:

I have just received a letter from a relative or friend of Miss Judson relative to the fatal accident. It makes this statement:

I have just received a letter from a relative for friend of Miss Judson relative to her fatal accident. It makes this statement:

I have just a make this statement where near it, mad she suffered no pain. The dog had nothing to do with the occurrence except to donarn the neighbors by his barking. She was skitting by her table about seven o'clock, Sunday evening, December 7th, writing her letter to the Banner under the usual conditions, and just as she had finished and scaled it, the lamp suddenly exploded without any warning, striking her and setting her clothes on five. With great presence of mind she matched up a rug and threw it around her, then took the lamp and threw it out of doors. There was no burned mattress or anything but the rug and they wit around her, then took the sum pand they it out of doors. There was no burned mattress or anything but the rug and threy it around her, then they have been successful to the papers on her table. This statement was made with her own lips."

anything but satarement was made water table. This statement was made with lips."

My knowledge and observation of the reporting done now-a-days on newspaper have convinced me that stories as they are told have more embelikalment than fact, would seldom quote them as trustworthy. But in the case of Miss Judson's accident there was no occasion apparent for any such distortion. The plain facts were sufficiently graphic, without resorting to mendacily I remember well when I was a member of the staff of The Evening Poet, it was an permitted to take such liberties with the trut and our reports were such as we would hay roached for in a court of fusites. But a that seems it have been changed, and it one who can invest the most extravagant to

The death of Miss Judson was sufficientful, and the circumstances and en and sufficiently impressive for a respectivement of the sufficient of the control of the sufficient o

Proposed Amendments to By-Laws

MASSACHUSETTS STATE ASSOCIATION.

The following Amendments have been forwarded to the secretary and I hereby send them to the Banner of Light for publication in accordance with the By-Laws.

Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

them to the Banner of Light for publication in accordance with the By-Laws.

Carrie L. Hatch, See'y.

Amend Article II to read as follows:—
The objects of this Association are:
First. To found churches in the name of Spiritualism as a legally recognized system of religion.

Second. To provide for the equipment and maintenance of a ministry qualified to exemplify the principles and publicly and privately teach the truths of Spiritualism as a religion.

Third. To establish pastorates and permanently settled speakers wherever the same may be practical.

Fourth. To consolidate all Spiritualist societies into one general, harmoniously working body, for mutual aid and protection in all work pertribing to the phenomena, science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

Fifth. To provide and maintain a system of missionary work through which local church societies may be organized, members added to the same and to the State Association, and the public enlightened with regard to the teachings of Spiritualism.

Sixth. To provide ways and means by which mediumship may be developed and fostered for the purpose of presenting to the world genuine spiritual phenomena.

Seventh. To co-operate with the National Spiritualism's Association of the United States of America by maintaining charter relations with the same and by discharging such duties as may devolve upon this Association shall consist of a President, three Vice Presidents, and shall have charker of all of its business shall consist of a President, three Vice Presidents, Amendary and a Treasurer, who shall be Directors, and with three others shall consist of a President, three Others shall consist of a Board of nine Directors who shall be cleeted by it; also of such persons as have contributed the sum of one dellar per year into its treasury. The chartered local societies, campmeetings, or benevolent association shall convention of this Association, and shall have charker of all of its business chartered by it; also of such persons as bacciation shall convention of t

Amend Art. V by inserting as Sec. 2 the followin:

The charter free, to be paid by local societies, or other organizations, when unifits the first Association, shall be two dolollar each, and no other expense shall be inserted in the name of the charter. All societies, after chartering with this Association, shall donne not less than five dollars per year to its treasury to enable it to be continued in good standing on the books of said Association.

Amend Art. V by changing Sec. 2 to Sec.

"Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life, that once
seemed possible?
We have, and yet,
We lost it in the delly far and fret, and now
live idle, in a vain regret,
But still our place is kept,
And it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen; we
always may he, what
We might have been."

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers:
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours.

-Emerson.

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