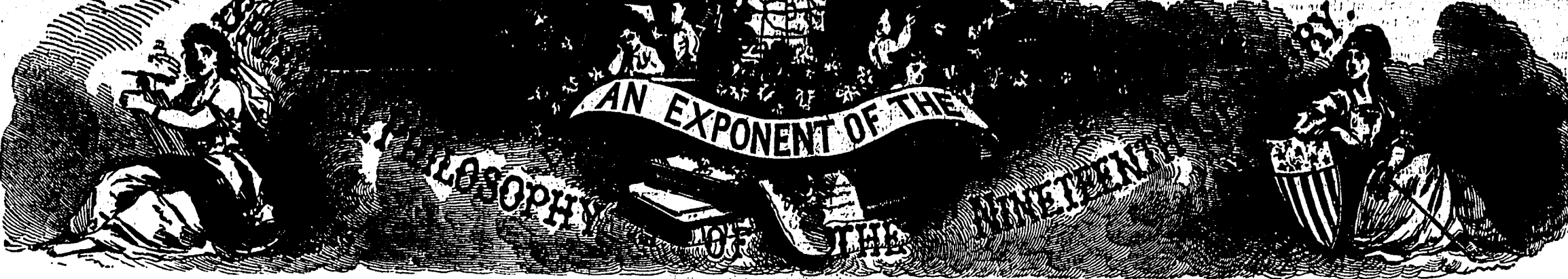


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PLANNED BY A SPIRIT-GUIDE.

THE MANSION OF MANY ROOMS IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

Mrs. Chynoweth's house has one hundred and nine rooms, and yet the owner's family is not a large one. Around the house are seven hundred acres of the finest land in the fertile Santa Clara valley, but the owner needs no income from sale of olives or almonds, or prunes or quinces.

Mrs. Chynoweth lives in the big house, which is at Eden Vale Station, six miles from San José on the Monterey road, and with her are her sons, E. and J. Hayes, children of her first marriage, and their wives.

Mrs. Chynoweth says that she was influenced by spirit control to make her home at Eden Vale, just as she was influenced to locate the great iron mines in Wisconsin, whence she receives the almost fabulous income that enables her to buy outright seven hundred acres of land, and build a house with one hundred and nine rooms.

"For thirty eight or thirty-nine years I have been influenced," said Mrs. Chynoweth, "but not by the spirit of a human being. I am not to be classed as a Spiritualist, as Spiritualists are generally understood. I have never joined any society, have never had any one with me in my work. I know that I am controlled to do and say certain things. Of what I have said and done there are many witnesses, and they give their testimony."

"When the power first controlled me I was a skeptic. I doubted immortality, and did not believe in the bible. I had not read the bible, and yet the first time I was controlled to speak I spoke in a strange tongue. I quoted Scripture in that address—texts that I had never seen. I am now a Christian, and I call this power that controls me the influence of the Holy Ghost. Some people might call that a sacrilege, but I cannot help it. I assume nothing. I claim nothing, I can do nothing by myself, but when controlled I can work miracles, even as Jesus Christ worked miracles. That might be called sacrilege, too, but I say it in all reverence. I am merely telling you what I know. I have done when controlled and what many people can testify."

HEALING THE SICK BY MIRACLES.

Mrs. Chynoweth is a widow the second time. Her first husband's name was Hayes, and in Wisconsin, her old home, she is better known as Mrs. Mary Hayes than as Mrs. Chynoweth.

"When I am under control," she says, "I am not conscious of what I am saying, and after my sermons I do not remember what I have said. I have healed the sick by miracles, but what the means of healing are I do not know save that I believe it is the influence of the Holy Spirit. I actually took the sicknesses of others upon myself and suffered the physical pain that they suffered, and they were made well. At a time predicted the sickness leaves me."

"Do you see that scar?" she asked, pointing to a perceptible mark in her left hand near the base of the thumb. "That scar came from a cancer transferred from a patient to my hand."

"It remained there for some time; then, one night, just as was predicted to me, the cancer left. I awoke in the morning, and my hand was as you see it now; the scar was there, but the cancer was gone. My sister and I examined the hand. We could find no spot of blood there—no sign of the cancer. It was miraculously removed."

"I take no medicines when I take upon myself the diseases of others. The diseases leave me as I have told you. Sometimes I prescribe medicines for people who are ill, but commonly my treatment is laying on of hands and use of water in baths. My sister attends to this water treatment."

"Not long ago by application of my hands a dislocated hip joint was set, though the dislocation had occurred five weeks before, and the doctors had not been able to put the bone in place."

"I cured a tumor by laying my hands on a woman. The tumor disappeared entirely. I do not know where it went, but I know that it disappeared, and the woman was well. I never have to ask a person what is the trouble with him. I am told by a higher authority than human he has to do, and that I do."

"For many years not many people knew of this influence that inspired me, because I was told that the world was not ready to receive the news, and I was not to cast pearls before swine; but people heard of the miracles that had been performed through me, particularly when the location of the mine became known."

HER FEET STEPPED OVER RICHES.

From these mines that Mrs. Chynoweth mentioned comes the wealth with which she is endowed. "It was promised," as she said, "but it was a long time in coming."

Years ago Mrs. Chynoweth and her sons lived in Waterloo, Wis. Thence they moved to Madison, in the same State. Her sons were engaged in the practice of the law. An aged lawyer at Ashland desired to turn over his business to some young attorney, and asked William F. Vilas, who was in the Cabinet of President Cleveland, to recommend some one. Mr. Vilas recommended the Hayes brothers. "The influence told me to tell my younger son to go to Ashland if he desired to make money," says Mrs. Chynoweth, "and therefore he went. He prospered, and both he and my elder son invested their money in pine lands. One day I was sitting in my house when the influence told me to tell my sons to stop putting their

money into pine forests that might burn up, and to put it into iron mines.

"I went to my son's office, and told him the instruction I had received. My elder son, too, was informed, and we went in the direction I was told to go. We took with us a captain who had had years' experience in mining."

"The place I was influenced to go to was Hurley, about forty miles from Ashland. Three different companies had spent thousands of dollars in sinking test pits there."

"I walked out upon the ground, my sons carrying stakes to drive, and the captain we had hired following. The captain turned aside, and calling to us, said:

"Here is the place to locate the mine."

"No," said I, and continued to walk on. Then my feet stopped suddenly, and I knew within me that right under the place where I was standing was the mine."

"Here is the place," said I, and my son drove a stake into the ground."

"You are wasting your money to dig there," said the captain.

"Well, it is our money, so let us waste it," I answered him in a good natured way, and he laughed as he said:

"If you want, of course, I will sink a test pit here."

"No test pit," I answered; "sink a shaft, for here under my feet is the mine."

Mind you, only thirty feet away was a test pit sunk by a company and no traces of ore had been found."

FINDING THE IRON MINES.

"Our captain hired his men and began the shaft. My oldest son was Superintendent, though he had no experience in mining. They had dug but a short distance when they found a vein of Bessemer iron ore. The captain in charge of the men told me that the vein was shaped like a ridge of a house, and the place where I had stood as the stake was driven was the very apex of the vein. We still own that mine, which is named the Ashland, and we also own one half the Germania mine on the same ledge."

My sons and I moved to Hurley to manage the mine. I located several other mines by the guidance of the same influence that directed me to stop when over the apex of the vein of the Ashland mine. I have gone out on two feet of snow, when the ground was entirely covered, and been influenced to show the places to dig shafts. The people in that neighborhood learned to place confidence in my announcements, and would sink a shaft at any place I would direct, and they always found the mine just as I predicted."

"When we had a quantity of ore from the Ashland mine I was controlled to send my son to Cleveland and Pittsburgh to sell it. I told him the names of firms to whom to sell, names I had never heard in my life, and exactly at what price to sell the ore. He went according to my direction, and everything I had told him happened exactly."

Mrs. Chynoweth and her sons and daughters-in-law have lived in California but four years, and she says she was ordered to come hither by the same power that directed her other movements. She thought she was directed to go to California merely for a visit, but on the way, while in the drawing-room of a sleeping-car, she was suddenly told that she and her family were bound for California in order to make their home there, and was advised to select no place that was not entirely satisfactory to every member of the family."

HARMONY AT EDEN VALE.

They went to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Mayfield, and other places, and then to San José, looking at many places, but none of them were entirely satisfactory to every member of the family.

"My sons just saw this place," continued Mrs. Chynoweth, pointing to the magnificent domain about her. "and the next day they brought me along this road, but said nothing to me about this place. I asked them to drive in here, and we were all perfectly satisfied, but the real estate agent said that the owner, John Tennant, charged three times its value."

"I told them that the price would be no more than was just, for we could rely on the influence that had guided us so long. After they had some conferences with him without any result I went with them and told Mr. Tennant about the spirit. On Wednesday evening she holds a meeting, and during the week examines the sick, prescribes for them, or lays her hands on them. Sometimes one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty people gather at Eden Vale to hear and be taught."

HOME OF THE TRUE LIFE.

No money is taken by Mrs. Chynoweth for

treatment. No collections are taken at the meetings. Everything is without price, and, indeed, visitors are frequently entertained in the big house.

All of Mrs. Chynoweth's sermons are reported in shorthand, and printed in a pamphlet called *The True Life*, which is issued semi-monthly, and sent, without charge, to every one who desires to read it.

No commercial benefit accrues to Mrs. Chynoweth from any of the meetings at Eden Vale.

The great house is luxuriously furnished throughout. Upon the walls are several large paintings by an artist named Strat, a young man of Mayfield, who has received commendation from Meissner for his work. He is now working on a painting, "A Glimpse Into Spirit-Land," the subject and detail of which were told to him by Mrs. Chynoweth at a time when the inspiration moved her to give the direction.

Plans for buildings and furniture are also given by her, according, as she says, to the spiritual control.

One room in the great house is furnished entirely in white. A great thick white carpet covers the floor, and the furniture and hangings are of ivory whiteness. No one has entered this room since the furnishing and decoration were completed. The visitors who have faith in "The True Life as taught and lived by Mrs. Mary Hayes Chynoweth" expect that in this room will be some extraordinary spiritual manifestations.

The property of rich people is commonly exaggerated, and maybe the opinions of people in San José of Mrs. Chynoweth's possessions are magnified. Common reports place her wealth at \$8,000,000, and the value of all the possessions of herself and her sons at \$17,000,000. Her sons have invested in bank stock in San José, and one is a director in one of the banks.

However exaggerated may be these tales, the evidences of vast wealth are palpable. The land and the houses and chapel at Eden Vale represent an investment of \$500,000, and more comes constantly from the great iron mines in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Chynoweth, a woman of rugged countenance, indicative of a life of hard work, is between fifty and sixty years of age. She sees all who come, and devotes to them her time and energy.

PECUNIARY PROFIT NOT DESIRED.

In the pamphlet containing her sermons is this announcement:

Mrs. Chynoweth, by reason of the purity, unselfishness and nobility of her life and the knowledge and power which such qualities will always develop, has been able to invest her money in the most profitable manner. Suffering bodies have been healed; troubled minds and heavy hearts have been relieved; poverty has been dissipated; discord and inharmonious have been banished from home and heart; dissipations, with their attendant evils, have been overcome; and where was suffering and unhappiness, in their place have grown peace and joy. The many lives that have thus been changed by her help and ministrations make us feel sure that could they be extended to many more, even by imperfect and indirect methods, the good that might be done would be very greatly multiplied. And this is the only excuse for this publication. Neither Mrs. Chynoweth nor the other promoters of the enterprise desire any recognition or pecuniary profit for themselves. Nor have they any creed or aim which they wish promulgated or upheld. The only object they have in view in the matter is the good of their kind. They fondly hope that the principles and the inspiration of God which have touched their lives and built them up from the hard and unbelieved elements of the world into some degree of harmony and happiness may reach some, at least, of those who may read *The True Life*, and make them also feel that life is worth living."

"I cannot help it that my followers regard me as they do," said Mrs. Chynoweth. "I intend no sacrilege, for of myself I am nothing. We live the right life in perfect peace and harmony, and, as I have said, our home is heaven to us."—*The Examiner*, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 1st, 1891.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

In consultation with our spirit friends they inform us that they have known of Mrs. Chynoweth's work for years: That she is undoubtedly a fine medium under the guidance of a band of human intelligences, and that their work through this lady's agency is precisely similar to the work of individual spirits through other mediums.

According to Mrs. Chynoweth's own statement she is unconsciously controlled at times by an intelligence that quotes scriptural and other matter with which she personally is unfamiliar—precisely as our trance-mediums are daily doing. She also heals the sick and performs wonderful cures under the power of the same influence; and, although the lady ascribes this to the "Holy Spirit," and considers the work "miraculous," it is exactly the same power or influence producing these results through her agency that performs like marvels of healing through the instrumentality of thousands of magnetic healers in the world. Intelligent spirit is undoubtedly the source and operating power producing these wonderful works through mortal agency. There are no "miracles" in the sense in which that word is generally used—as natural law governs all life and its manifestations. What seems miraculous to uninformed minds, is perfectly clear to the student who has gained through study an understanding of the law by which the seeming "miracle" is produced. It matters not in this case whether Mrs. Chynoweth considers the power directing her work to be that of the "Holy Spirit" or of Individual Spirit Intelligences: The results are for the good of humanity, and that is all the inspiring forces desire.

Wise medical men do not treat consumptives as a pillow-case.—*Boston Courier*.

Literary Department.

AMY LESTER; OR, A STRANGE GIRL.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY CARLYLE PETERSLEE,
Author of "The Discarded Country," "Oceanides," a Psychological Novel, Etc., Etc.
(Copyright by the Author.)

CHAPTER XIV.

The Strange Voice.

"Mr. Goodman," said the voice that issued from the childish lips, "the human heart is not naturally depraved, and no blood can wash it clean. To be truly wise is to be truly good; it needs no miraculous change of heart; love and wisdom combined are the true saviors of mankind, the only redeemers from error and ignorance. Man errs through ignorance, and this is the only hell or devil there is. Mr. Goodman, try to learn wisdom, for 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' shalt thou be taught. Do not try to stamp your erroneous dogmas on the clear and innocent minds of little children, for they in their innocence and purity naturally hate and abhor the fearful and most unnatural things which you teach. Go to the ant, thou sluggard in intellect; consider her ways and be wise, for she buildeth her house in wisdom, and garnisheth it with the sweetness of love. Look abroad over nature's domain, and to the rolling world on high, and let thy mind broaden in true wisdom; let the flowers in the hands of this innocent babe teach thee of the fragrance of love; forget your wrathful God, your burning hell, your fiery devil, your torturing of innocents, and turn your attention to things of higher import."

Mr. Goodman sat tipped back in his chair, his eyes starting from their sockets, a look of utter surprise on his countenance. As the child paused to take breath he brought his chair down with a jerk, and with a loud stamp of the foot, he cried:

"Stop! stop, you little vixen! How dare you? You child of the devil! What do you mean by talking to me in this most outrageous and abusive manner? The master whom you serve hath a ready tongue, and puts words into the mouths of the least of his lips. Mrs. Lester, am I to be insulted in your house by a child like this? Came near dying in the closet! I do not believe a word of it; she is capable of any kind of fraud or dissimulation; you were deceived, Mrs. Lester; she has cheated you with her wicked, lying tongue. Get out!" said the minister, as he would to a dog; "get out of my sight, and may my eyes never look on your impish face again!"

Amy Lester drew her slight form up to its extreme height; her eyes were a strange, fixed look, and she did not appear as though she heard what the minister said. Again she went on as though there had been no interruption:

"Mr. Goodman, you have not wisdom enough to answer the questions that naturally arise in the mind of a child less than ten years of age! And you set up to be a teacher! You expect the world at large will take your word as infallible. You are supposed to expound the true word of God, to do the thinking and praying of others of less calibre, and yet you do not allow yourself to think as clearly, naturally and reasonably as this little child. You need not get angry, Mr. Goodman; it is not the child who is speaking, it is I, a spirit; one who has passed through that which you call death, a traveler whom you say can never return. Even that is false, Mr. Goodman, for I am one of those travelers, and I stand here now talking with you. Throw your sledge-hammer in-vec-tives at me, Mr. Goodman. We will stand man to man in a fair fight. Cease torturing the body of this frail girl; stand up like a man, and let us have an intellectual warfare. You cannot hurt my body, I will not hurt yours; and now for it. I throw down the glove! I challenge you, Mr. Goodman, and we will fight an intellectual duel!"

"Get out! Get out! Get out!" screamed Mr. Goodman, pale as death, his under jaw dropping nearly to his breast. "Great God! that girl is insane! She is as crazy as the craziest lunatic that ever helped to fill an insane asylum. Mrs. Lester, you will be obliged to put that girl in a straight-jacket at once!"

Mrs. Lester sat, pale as the minister, staring at Amy.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "I have heard her go on that way now a number of times, and she has crossed my own mind that she was becoming insane. Have you ever known of a little girl going crazy, Mr. Goodman?"

"Well," answered Mr. Goodman, "that's neither here nor there, but this girl is insane beyond a doubt."

"Mr. Goodman," said the voice of the invisible, "do you decline to fight? I swear to you, you shall not hurt this child; she shall not be punished more on our account, neither shall she be put in a straight jacket; she shall be as free and clear as the air of heaven. Dare to lay a finger upon her, and you shall be struck to the earth by this traveler whom you say never returns. You shall find to your sorrow, Mr. Goodman, that one traveler, at least, has returned to take the part of a helpless child. Come on now! Mr. Goodman, accept

my challenge, and let us have a fair fight. Square off now, and here goes! Defend yourself, sir. Where is hell? Tell me, if thou art able."

"It—it—it—is below," stammered Mr. Goodman in spite of himself, for it seemed as though some unseen power were forcing him on.

"Where is below?" asked the stern voice, holding him straight up to the mark.

"Well—well," answered Mr. Goodman, "it's below the earth."

"Thou fool!" said the voice. "The merest babe at school knows better than that; there is neither above nor below to thine earth; it is but a globe rolling in space, like countless other globes which are also rolling in space; answer me, then: Where is thy hell? Tell me if thou knowest; and if thou dost not know, how darest thou to preach it to the world, how darest thou to poison the minds of little innocents like this with such falsehoods?"

"The Bible—the Bible says so," stammered the minister.

"I did not ask thee what the Bible said, I asked thee where thy hell is located, and thou canst not tell me; but I can tell thee! Thy hell is located within thine own ignorant skull, and nowhere else; nothing but blows from the sledge-hammer of truth can ever enlighten such men as thou; truth must be beaten into thee after the fist-clout style, just as thou art trying to beat error into the minds of children and the people. Now, at it again, sir. Where is thy devil? Answer thou me!"

"In—in in hell," stammered the minister.

"Thou mindest the devil is the keeper of hell, dost thou not?"

"Yes, yes, he is the keeper of hell."

"Then if hell is located within thine own ignorant skull, thou art the keeper of thine own skull, and therefore thou art thine own devil, and thou being a devil, according to thine own showing, art trying to hoist thyself on other people to keep their skulls for them; therefore thou art constituting thyself a devil to others as well as to thine own self. Now, sir, for it again! Where is heaven?"

"It is above, far, far beyond the stars," answered the minister, braving.

"I have already proved to thee there is no below nor above," said the stern voice, "and thou knowest that this earth is a globe whirling in space, and what appear to thee as above at one hour of the day is apparently below at another; so thy talk of above and below is the twaddle of a fool; thou puttest thy heaven far, far beyond the stars," said the voice mockingly.

"It delighteth thee to put it afar off, and of a truth it is afar off to thee; but the stars extend throughout all space, and infinity is their home. Therefore thy heaven cannot be beyond the stars; it is amongst them, if it is anywhere, and thine earth is but one of a countless throng; therefore heaven is with it, as with them; then, tell me, where is heaven?"

"Thou canst not—thou teacher of the people, thou self-constituted keeper of souls; but I will tell thee: it is here within the heart of this little child; it is everywhere, if thou hast eyes to perceive it; it surrounds your earth as it doth all other earths; it is where spirits and angels dwell; it is eternal and in the heavens; in other words, the heavenly spheres surround this earth and other earths that are progressed enough to be inhabited and have atmospheres. The heavenly spheres are even more countless than the stars, for each developed earth has seven distinct spheres, beside all the intermediate grades. Now, sir, defend yourself once more and for the last time, for I intend to thrust you through and through—thou coward and beater of babes! Where and who is God?"

"He is the supreme being, the ruler of heaven and earth," answered Mr. Goodman, thinking he surely had the best of the case now.

"Where doth he dwell?" questioned the voice, authoritatively.

"In heaven," answered the minister.

"Thou fool!" said the voice. "There is no end to the heavens or the earth; they are forever and forever; they begin not, they end not; then if thy God dwelleth in heaven he dwelleth in all things; he is all things; he beginneth not, he endeth not; he dwelleth in the earth; he dwelleth in the heavens; he dwelleth in the beasts; he dwelleth in the birds and the fishes; he dwelleth in man; he dwelleth in the spirit of man; he dwelleth in the angels, and without him is not anything. But how is it that thou callest thy God a he? Dost thou forget there is a she? Didst thou ever hear of anything coming into existence without a she? God is a he and she, for he cannot be without a she, and a she cannot be without a he. They are co-existent and equal; therefore, God is the he and the she, spirit and matter; equally proportioned, and their union bringeth forth form; but all this is far beyond thy comprehension; thou dullard, thou dolt! Get thee gone, and

say to thy parablethou thou hast fought an intellectual duel with a little girl of less than ten years of age, and been thrashed through and through by her. Get up, thou ministerial vagrant; thou poverty-stricken man of creeds and horrible dogmas; go, work out thine own salvation, for the blood of no other man will ever save thee from ignorance. Work out thine own salvation through wisdom, for it alone can save thee. Go tell thy people that Amy Lester floored thee, for thou dost not believe the so-called dead return to earth. They, priests, dwell far, far beyond the stars. Go tell them that thou hast been floored by little Amy Lester in a fair fight—little Amy Lester of less than ten years—in her short frocks, her white sunbonnet, her baby-blue eyes, her golden curls, her little hands filled with daisies and buttercups. Here, take her flowers; they are a free gift, as heaven is a free gift to all who will take the trouble to gather wisdom in its various forms." And with these last words, Amy scattered her flowers over the minister's knees. They fell in bright heaps at his feet; the child glided from the room and up the stairs to her own chamber. She threw herself down on her bed and fell asleep—her fair little face looking more transparent and childish than ever.

Mr. Goodman arose and took his hat. He looked humbled and crestfallen. He stooped and gathered up a few of the flowers. Mrs. Lester also arose, the picture of amazement and despair.

"Oh! Mr. Goodman," she said, "do not blame me. I cannot help it. Amy does go on awfully. I really don't know what to do with her."

Mr. Goodman opened his mouth. He bowed low, still holding the flowers in his hand, and took his departure. As he wended his way homeward, when he thought no one could see him, he kissed the flowers, and a tear trickled down his hard cheek. A good thrashing was the only way to reach this man's heart and brain; a good intellectual thrashing is the only way to reach many hearts and brains. Amy Lester had done the work well, or the unseen hand which guided her had.

At tea time that evening Mr. Lester was informed that Amy had "sauced" the minister in the most dreadful manner. Her father looked at her sternly, as he said:

"Amy, what can induce you to go on after this style? Why do you take it upon yourself, a little girl, to fly in the face of those so much older and wiser than you are?"

"I do not know what you and mamma mean," said Amy, looking the picture of childish innocence and truth. "I did not speak to the minister at all. I just went through the room and up stairs to rest a little while, for I had been skipping and playing in the woods, and was very tired. I didn't want to speak to Mr. Goodman at all. I don't like him since he whipped little Benny."

Mr. Lester looked at his wife.

"Amy," said her mother, "what can you mean by telling such fearful falsehoods? You stopped in front of Mr. Goodman, and went on in the most impudent manner for fifteen minutes, at least, and now you say you didn't speak to Mr. Goodman at all. Amy, either you are the most wicked girl who ever lived, or you have spells of insanity. Mr. Goodman thinks you are crazy."

"Mamma," said Amy, "perhaps I am insane," the tears springing to her soft, blue eyes, "but I thought I went directly up stairs, and fell asleep. I do not remember of speaking to Mr. Goodman at all."

Mr. and Mrs. Lester looked very much perplexed; just then the tea table began to twist and whirl, this way and that; and one of the table legs, the one nearest to where the child sat, thumped violently on the floor.

CHAPTER XV.

A Startling Manifestation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester sprang from their seats.

"Amy," said Mr. Lester, in a dreadful voice, "if you cut up any more of these shames, I'll whip you (ill you can't stand!)"

Amy began to sob piteously.

"Papa," she whispered, half affrighted, "I have not touched the table."

And then, suddenly, a change came over the child, her eyes took on a vacant and far-away look, her little form straightened, her voice sounded deep, like that of a man, and thus it spoke:

"My friends," said the voice, "do not punish this poor little girl for any manifestations that may take place through her instrumentality. She is what is called a medium. We are well aware that neither you nor she have ever heard the word used in this sense. We know you do not even understand the spirits of the so-called dead can be with you and manifest in this way, but such is the fact. This much-abused child is not insane, but, on the contrary, is a very bright and extremely intelligent little girl, free from guile of any kind; in fact, she is one of the most loving and innocent of beings, and therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Lester, we beg of you to leave her in peace to follow out the way in which nature has intended her to go. It is not the child who is now speaking to you; it is not the child who has moved the table, but it is a spirit, the spirit of one who loves you well, and will never harm any of you. We are merely using the body and brain of this child, she being a medium, to prepare her for a great work which she shall do in the future. It is not this child alone who is being prepared, but many, all over your land. It is high time that the earth became more enlightened on the subject of a future life. All the present ideas are imperfect and erroneous; we are obliged to take these little innocents, while they are very young, before their minds are forever stamped in error, and keep them almost entirely under our control, in order that they may be fitted for their future work. Mr. Lester, you are an intelligent man. Listen well to my voice, and heed all that I have said, for whoever injures this girl, she being a chosen instrument in the hands of the angels, will be severely punished. Whoever treats her kindly and well will meet with a great reward at last. We do not expect she will have many friends, and her life on earth will, at best, be hard and sorrowful, for she is one of those who are set apart from the rest of the world. She will be constantly misunderstood, misinterpreted; she will be driven and buffeted about. This we cannot help in the present state of man's enlightenment. Her life on earth will be hard and sorrowful; so treat your little girl kindly. She is and will be like a stranger in a strange land, for she must lead two distinct lives at the same time, one on earth and one in the heavens, not fully comprehending either; but, at last, when you and your wife are both here with us, and this girl is a ma-

ture woman, she shall be rewarded for all which she will be called upon to suffer, and you then, being here with us, looking down upon your child, shall aid in repaying her, and her later life on earth shall be crowned with wisdom and love. Mr. Lester, the spirit of prophecy shall be with this girl; and herewith, to prove to you that all we say is true—that it is not the child but ourselves who are speaking to you—we will tell you what is about to happen in your own family. Two of your children will very soon come to be with us, your little daughter Leonora, and your baby Louis; but be comforted; weep not for them; they will escape the sorrows which this little girl will be called upon to endure; therefore treat her kindly. This is our parting benediction."

When the voice ceased speaking Mr. and Mrs. Lester were in tears. Amy returned to herself once more, but looked pale and weary.

"Amy," said Mrs. Lester, kindly and in a choked voice, "you had better go to bed."

"Papa," asked Amy, "have I had another spell? Do you think I am insane?"

"No," answered the father, "you are not insane, but there is something about all this that I cannot understand."

A week or two passed by; the children went to school as usual, and nothing of importance transpired until one afternoon Amy was led home from school really delirious and in a burning fever; but this delirium was not at all like the spells before mentioned. The doctor was sent for, pronounced it scarlet fever, and for two weeks Amy lay on her bed absolutely deranged, not knowing she was sick, and when she became convalescent baby Louis lay in his little white casket in the parlor, or his little body did, but the baby's spirit had gone to be with the angels. Charley and little Annie had both been very sick with the fever, but were now out of danger, and little Nora lay dying. Amy sat propped up with pillows by the side of the dying little girl. Nora was but seven years old. The death-rattle had already sounded in the child's throat; the mother stood over her in an agony of tears. "Nora," said Mrs. Lester, "Nora, darling! pray—pray that God may forgive you your sins and take you into heaven."

The child raised her large dark eyes to her mother's face. "Mamma," said she faintly, "tell me who those ladies are, all dressed in white, just up there?" and she pointed with her little attenuated finger toward the ceiling.

"Oh!" sobbed the mother, "Nora is out of her mind."

"No, mamma," said the child clearly and brightly. "I am not out of my mind; but I see a great many lovely people, all dressed in white, moving about up there; but, mamma, I cannot see the room at all; I can only just see your face and Amy's. Mamma, they are all singing, and I hear them say, 'Come, little Nora, and they tell me to say you must be good to Amy. Mamma, they are taking me in their arms: Good-by, mamma, good-by, Amy.' The beautiful dark eyes closed, and Nora was with the angels.

Mr. Goodman came, preached a funeral sermon, and the little forms were laid side by side in the village churchyard. Amy shed not one tear; she could not, for to her the children had gone to that beautiful place where she had been with her angel grandma; she only thought of them with envy, and was unhappy that they were more favored than she. She had tried so hard to break the cord; the angels would not let her. Now they had allowed Nora and Louis to go, and compelled her to stay on the earth. She wept and complained at the partiality of the angels; but the child was yet feeble; she had not recovered her strength. A while afterward, as she was sitting by her mother's side, suddenly she started up, a bright smile on her lips, and a look of surprise in her eyes. "Mamma," said she, "there is grandma, with baby Louis in her arms, and Nora is with them. Oh, mamma! Nora is throwing flowers all over me." Then Amy's eyes took on that strange vacant look, her voice sounded just as Nora's did before she went to be with the angels, and thus she talked:

"Mamma, I am little Nora come to pay you a visit. Don't you know me? And here is little Louis, too. Grandma has brought us. We are just as happy as two little children can be. We do not want to live with you any more, we had rather be here. Louis can't talk much, but he wants grandma to put him in Amy's arms a little while, for he loves Amy better than anybody else."

Amy stretched forth her arms, and seemed to be fondling the baby; then another change passed over her; she straightened herself up, her voice took on a deep ringing sound, and seemed the voice of a superior being; her words were not those of a child: "Emily," said the voice, addressing Mrs. Lester, "Emily, my daughter, I am your mother. You have considered me dead for many years. I am not dead, but living, and I am with you much of the time. You are mourning for your babes. They are here with you at this moment. They are content and happy. It is not they who need your tears; but, rather, weep for the little girl who sits now by your side; she is the one who needs your sympathy, your love, your tears. Emily, heaven is not afar off, as you think, but very near, and heaven is not as you think it is, but far better; a more natural and happier place than you have ever dreamed it could be."

Mrs. Lester did not believe that this talk was from any spiritual being; she considered that she had given birth to a strange child, and looked upon her as one regards the insane; she was conscious of a feeling of fear and awe, and she could not find it in her heart to love Amy as she did the other children; she really wished that if any of her children had to be taken it might have been Amy instead of Nora; she found herself repining that this child was left, the others taken, and could not reconcile herself to it; she really never felt comfortable in Amy's presence; she now said: "Amy, child, take your bonnet, run out and play, and do try to get some of those wild notions out of your head."

Amy was only too glad to go out in the woods, and by the little brook, sing and live with her unseen visitors.

The people in the village and surrounding neighborhood began to hear about Amy Lester's strange behavior and talk; some laughed, others were curious, and others thought a good whipping would soon break her of that sort of thing, which they believed to be the work of the devil, and that Amy Lester was possessed by his satanic majesty. Some of the most devout members of the church talked with Mrs. Lester about it, saying they believed in witchcraft, that Amy was a young witch, and thought Mrs. Lester ought to flagellate her continually in order to drive Satan out of her. The most of the children in the village began to shun

her, and the rude boys would hoot after her, and cry, "There goes the little witch! Spooks! Spooks! Ghosts!" Of course, this was all very hard for the poor little girl to bear, something that she was in no way responsible for; her little heart was often near to bursting with grief; she had no companions but the angels; her tender heart had been bound up in the baby Louis, for she had taken nearly the entire care of him since his birth, and now he rested no more in her fond arms; his little blue eyes and baby lips met hers no more; still, many times when she was alone, Nora and Louis were with her, she thought, and she would talk and play with them.

(To be continued.)

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

TROY.—W. H. Vosburgh writes: "When I was twelve years of age, a circumstance occurred that changed my whole life and way of thinking. My mother was a devout Methodist, and a noble woman. My father was a Universalist, and very much more liberal in his views, and at the time was healing the sick by the laying on of hands. My mother labored hard to bring her children up in the popular idea of the church and Christian religion. I was the eldest of three children. It was customary for the minister to come occasionally and pray with the family. One day he called, and during his prayer my father entered the room, and reaching the nearest chair bowed himself also out of respect to his family and the minister, who in his supplication prayed God to save the whole human family. When he was through my father said to him, 'I noticed you committed a sin in that prayer. He replied, 'I think not, Bro. Vosburgh.' The minister was a good man, and meant well. Father said, 'You certainly did, sir, if I read Scripture correctly.' But the minister insisted that he had not. 'Well, father said, 'did you not pray for the whole human family to be saved?' The reply was, 'Oh yes, I have often done that.' But, rejoined my father, 'are you not preaching right to the contrary, and if honest what do you not believe?' (His name was Starks). For, Bro. Starks, I remember that when he was not of faith, and pointed him to the chapter and verse. I saw at once the minister had no argument to meet the case, and he was in a hurry to go. My father said, 'That will not do, Mr. Starks; when you gentlemen get in a tight place you are always in a hurry to go. The book commands us to reason together, and where two or three are assembled in the name of Christ there he will be also. Now, Mr. Starks, I am looking for light, and if you have any more than I possess, I am ready to listen to you to dispend it. The clergyman was not pleased. Father continued, 'You really believe you are a true follower of Jesus and his teachings?' He answered, Yes—what else could he say? 'Well, said my father, 'I am going to try you, friend Starks, by some of the precepts Jesus laid down. You remember he commanded his followers to go out among the people and preach the gospel, and said certain signs should follow them that believe; they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall be healed, and if they take up any deadly serpent, it shall fall from them, and not injure them; they shall make the blind to see, the lame to walk, etc. Do any of these signs follow you, Bro. Starks?' 'No, sir,' he said, 'those words refer to the apostolic times.' 'Where do you learn that?' Jesus did not say so; on the other hand, he said his true disciples would do even greater things; he did not say the doing of those things was confined to any certain age or time. I think, my brother, you are all wrong, and off the track.' He was very anxious to go, but father held him as long as he could, beating him in the argument at every point. I thought if the minister and teacher of the people could not meet my father's argument, and on Bible grounds, there was something sadly out of joint in the Christian religion and teaching; and my poor mother, though earnest, conscientious and good, could not impress on my young mind her doctrinal views following the event above narrated. She embraced and became schooled in a far more liberal and consistent view of life and its requirements before she passed over to reap her reward. I have been a Spiritualist forty years, and rejoice that I still live to proclaim the truth, and help fight the battles of justice and right. I have had a long and glorious experience, and feel powerfully moved occasionally to give some account of it to the world."

NEW YORK CITY.—Mrs. Chadwick writes: "Being a constant reader of THE BANNER, and a Spiritualist, I wish to relate a wonderful experience of mine with Miss Maggie Gaule, at the residence of Mr. J. Newton. I formerly resided in New York, and the past five years have lived in Portland, and visited Miss Gaule as a perfect stranger. I had scarcely seated myself before she said, 'The word Portland is over your brow; do you live there?' I had to smile, but replied only by simply saying, 'Go on.' She then said, 'You attract many spirits to you.' Still I spoke not. She continued, 'Before you left home you took with you an article belonging to a departed spirit, to see if in any way you could secure a message.' I said, 'I have no idea, who told me so.' She answered, 'Your mother; I see her near you.' 'Describe her,' I said. She did so, and the description was perfect. Now the name? 'Lydia,' father called her. This was true. I asked her to name the article referred to, and to whom it once belonged. She then described a silk handkerchief that belonged to my departed favorite brother, told me I had it in an envelope, and tucked under my blouse; gave me the name of brother, Ferdinand, called me Kate, and told me not to doubt the mediums. I no longer doubt. To me the test was everything. All was perfect. The medium never saw or heard of me, and no one knew of the handkerchief but my immediate family, who doubted my being able to get anything satisfactory."

Florida.

FEDERAL POINT.—Herbert Marathon writes: "The season of orange harvesting through which we are now passing entails upon me such a busy life that I find but few opportunities to study the trend of human thought in the outside world. In particular my interest attaches to the spiritual movement, and the brief moments of my leisure are devoted to the subject of moral advancement through the agency of the Spiritual Philosophy. A perusal of the literature upon this topic is, to me, a pleasant occupation, and affords me occasion for much thoughtful contemplation. There is so much to commend and admire that I am grieved whenever a departure is exhibited by any of its advocates to depart from a dignified exposition of the principles of the Philosophy. Notwithstanding that intelligent, heroic criticism of error should be encouraged, and that Spiritualism must necessarily strike vigorous blows to win popular consideration, I deprecate a contemptuous bearing on the part of any of its adherents toward those who maintain opposing beliefs. Such a course, to my mind, is injudicious, and to be deplored by everyone. If there is one fault of human thought which should surround a Spiritualist and permeate his whole life, it is that of loving kindness; and in no better way may this be exemplified than by leniency toward those who dissent in opinion. Furthermore, it is impolitic to repel investigators by scornful allusions to their religious predilections. I do not believe a sneer ever won a heart or evoked a loving response. It is a principle of this Philosophy to foster liberality of thought and encourage careful examination into existing theories and ethical systems, and the arguments of Spiritualism would receive additional weight and prove more effective if presented by living examples of this precept."

These thoughts have occurred to me in a general way many times; but my attention is now directed chiefly to the animadversions which are occasionally made upon church dogmas and the expounders thereof. If these oppo-

nents of Spiritualism are only such through ignorance, let their confidence and good-will first be obtained, and then we may proceed to enlighten them. Every man, outstretched to the fallen and disconsolate, every holy aspiration instilled in the heart of humanity; every word spoken for the reformation of character is worthy the highest commendation, however great may be the errors of doctrine which accompany the act. And whatever persons or class of persons perform one little act of loving kindness should receive the love and sympathy of all.

If reply be made to this that the intent is not to oppose the principles which inspire these acts of mercy, but to condemn certain dogmatic errors and the enmity of a few, I would still maintain that greater benefit would result to the world, and that the ranks of Spiritualism would receive more numerous and desirable accessions through argument dominated by brotherly love, than by a disdainful attitude."

Maine.

PORTLAND.—"Victor" writes: "The First Spiritual Society of Portland opened its meetings for the season the first Sunday in October, and has had full houses every Sunday. We make errors and the enmity of a few, I would still maintain that greater benefit would result to the world, and that the ranks of Spiritualism would receive more numerous and desirable accessions through argument dominated by brotherly love, than by a disdainful attitude."

Sunday, Dec. 6th, we had Miss S. Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth, N. H., with us. She occupied most of the time in giving tests, which were recognized as true. We consider Miss Ewer one of the best of mediums, and hope to be able to have her with us again soon.

Miss Ewer on Monday evening kindly gave a benefit to the society, which was gladly patronized by a goodly number.

The last two Sundays in this month Mrs. Hurd of Lynn, Mass., is to be with us; and the first three Sundays in January Mrs. Maud Gould of Boston is to be here."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Mrs. C. M. Whipple, Secretary, writes: "Our Progressive Aid Society continues to meet at Mrs. Susan M. King's, 58 Prairie Avenue. We have a large attendance, and a deep interest prevails. Nov. 25th Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock of Boston were with us. Mrs. Whitlock gave a very interesting experience of her spirit leaving her body, and a few psychometric readings. Mr. Whitlock favored us with remarks pertaining to the Cause. Mr. Farnelle and Mr. Fales expressed their views, followed by tests by Mrs. Humes. Each week brings into our meeting new faces and earnest seekers after the truth. Dec. 2d the meeting was opened as usual by our President, Mrs. Mary Goodrich. Remarks were made by Vice-President J. Carroll, Mr. Bliss and Mr. Farnelle. Music was furnished by Miss Yessie Shaw. Tests by Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. Humes."

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.—Joseph Brown, President of the Ethical Spiritual Society, writes: "The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at the close of the lectures for the month of November, delivered by Moses Hull before our Society."

"Whereas, Moses Hull, our collaborator and lecturer, has just closed a month of most successful and instructive lectures, and as he is about to enter upon other lecture fields, in some of which he may be a comparative stranger, therefore,

Resolved, That we cheerfully and confidently recommend him to the spiritualists of this city, and to all admirably adapted not only to enlighten Spiritualists of old standing but to bring many new converts into the ranks."

Resolved, further, That we recommend him as a congenial, social friend and companionable gentleman, and we hope and believe that perfect success will attend all his efforts wherever he is afforded suitable conditions for the dissemination of spiritual truth."

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT, The Better Way and The Progressive Thinker newspapers with the request that they publish the same."

Texas.

DENTON.—J. B. Sawyer writes: "The people of Texas are urgently in want of a good medium, and success is certain to attend any one who comes—a good slate-writing or materializing medium, or inspirational speaker, who will follow a lecture with tests or psychometric delineations. There are in all our towns and cities a few Spiritualists, and not only they but many others will warmly welcome whoever may come as a pioneer of the truth in this region."

I have lived in Texas thirty years, and am well and favorably known, and can aid a good medium socially and financially. Texas is the best field in the United States. I have a good home for one who may come when rest or recreation is desired, free of charge."

Michigan.

RODNEY.—S. M. Ohmart writes: "Permit me to say a few words in behalf of the blind medium, Fred A. Heath, of Detroit, Mich. Nearly two years ago he gave me a wonderful reading, and I would most emphatically recommend his media powers to all. I positively know that he can read the past, discern the present, and foretell the future. He has done so for me. His services make him deserving of the patronage of the public, and his life-long affliction—loss of blindness—commands him to the sympathy of all."

Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs, so as to retain your young looks, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

December Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—A full-length picture of Queen Isabella as the frontispiece is followed by an article from the pen of the editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, upon "Some of Queen Isabella's Descendants," of whom portraits are given: Emperor Charles V. of Germany, Queen Mary I. of England, Philip II. of Spain and Sir Francis Drake. Roy Singleton contributes an interesting account of "The Colonial Meeting House" and the Thanksgiving Days and Christmas Festivals in the early days of New England. "A Pen Portrait of Washington," consisting of extracts from the journal of Prince de Broglie, by Hon. Horatio King, gives the reader an excellent impression of his subject. Something of the history of dueling in this country is given in "The Code in North Carolina," by Prof. Weeks of Trinity College, N. C. New York: 743 Broadway.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Christmas Eve in 1465 is the date of events described in the opening story, entitled "The Christmas Inn," by Ella F. Mosby, with illustrations, one of which is the frontispiece. Like all of the December magazines this celebrates the festival day of its namesake with a profusion of Christmas stories, poems and pictures. Mr. C. F. Lummls has the first of a series of "Strange Corners of Our Country." Its illustrations are superb in impressing one with the sublimities of Nature as exhibited in the Grand Canons of the West, appearing like cathedrals more majestic than any the hands of mortals have raised. The text imparts much information to all, old and young. J. T. Trowbridge in his usual attractive vein contributes a traveler's adventure in a Neapolitan story, "The Corner of the Column," "David Cameron's Fairy Godmother," "The Long Hilleide," "The Admirals' Caravan," and "The Escape of a Whole Menagerie," by the humorist, "Bill Nye," are among the remaining contents. New York: The Century Co.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—A portrait of George Endicott, from a painting in possession of the Essex Institute, Salem, is the frontispiece. The opening article is upon "Canadian Journalists and Journalism," illustrated with thirty portraits. In "Hand-dolph of Ronoke and His People," Mr. A. G. Evans describes very commendable traits in that eccentric and illustrious statesman. "Brunswick and Bowdoin College" is the title of a fully illustrated historical garter about by O. L. Slattey, and the charms of the Orient gather about "Pen Pictures of the Bosphorus," by A. D. E. Hamlin, with their score of illustrations. "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," are commenced by W. S. Nevins, the illustrations being a portrait of

Gov. Bradstreet, views of the Farris House, Danvers, in which the first manifestations occurred, the Ann Putnam house, Wilt III, Salem, and others. "The Ode of Sanctity" reaches its ninth chapter, and two complete stories are given, "Only an Incident" and "The Trapping of Widow Rose." Boston: 86 Federal street.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—In the line of fiction the closing chapters are given of "That Little Woman" and of "A Quaker Girl." "The Living to Get" is continued, and three complete stories given: "The Heronism of Mark Leslie," "The Widow's Portion" and "Pards." "A Game of Chess" is the subject of a poem. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—One of this month's attractions is an illustrated account of "Hero's Birthday Party," that of a horse twenty-one years old, who was garlanded with golden-rod, led in a procession of children, and presented with a birthday cake. Whatever teaches kindness to animals is a blessing to all. Boston: Russell Pub. Co.

THE HOUSEHOLD has an elegantly illustrated cover, symbolizing the month's festive day, and it is needless to say that within is to be found instruction and entertainment, for that is a usual occurrence the year round; but special care is made in this number to excel if possible. Every housekeeper should have The Household. Pub. office, 50 Bromfield street, Boston.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—The editor gives a summary of what his patrons may expect in the new volume (39th), the first number of which will appear with the opening of the new year. Under the heading "Habits of Eating," excellent advice is given for the avoidance of indigestion and the multitude of discomforts resulting therefrom. Articles that follow are entertaining and instructive. New York: 340 West 39th street.

THE COMING DAY.—The editor, John Page Hopps, gives the conclusion of his "Scientific Basis of Belief in a Future Life," and the fifth of "Sunday Evenings with John Ruskin's 'Crown of Wild Olive.'" London [Eng.]: Williams & Norgate.

We should as soon go without matches in the house as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, for croup.

THE SPIRIT OF ETERNAL PROGRESS.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bid the thunder in silent sleep?
The sun which rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven, all answer, NO!
Can ye drive sweet spring from the blossoming earth?
Or the tempest still in its awful birth?
Will the hand on the dial plate backward turn,
Or the scorching sunbeams cease to burn?
The flowers that blossom, the winds that blow,
The lightnings of heaven, all answer, NO!
Can a truth be consumed in the martyr's fire,
Or a soul be enchained in the dungeon dire?
Can ye keep back the spirit that soars away
From dungeon and fire to the realms of day?
The ages of progress as onward they go,
And the angels of heaven, all chorus, NO!

Oh priest, oh despot, your day is done,
On tyrant and bigot, your race is run;
From the hands of the slave, and the feet of the soul,
The angel of progress your doom will unroll,
Shall the tides of enlightenment cease to flow?
The armies of heaven are shouting, NO!

You have marched through the earth with banners unfurled,
You tyrants who've preyed on a famished world;
You have crushed the martyrs in gory graves,
You have made its children weep in their graves,
Shall your evil power continue to grow?
The God of the nations is answering, NO!

The wintry night of the world is past,
The day of humanity dawns at last;
The veil is rent from the freed soul's eyes,
And heroes and prophets and seers arise,
Their burning words to the world they utter,
As the angels of God to the earth descend,
Shall the oceans of progress then cease to flow?
The earth and the heavens both answer, NO!

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 27th, Mrs. Geo. W. Farrington, formerly Ida F. Keyes, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren C. Keyes of Worcester, aged 23 years 8 months and 23 days.

Mrs. Farrington had endeavored herself to a large circle of friends, both in her new home in the South and in her native land, by her many charming qualities. She will be remembered among Spiritualists as one of the quietest that formerly furnished music at our Spiritualist meetings in this city. She leaves a husband and small child, also father, mother, two brothers and a sister, leaving many friends, to mourn her departure to the higher life. May the consolations of our religion be with them. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Webster Thayer, of Rev. Austin S. Garner, Unitarian, and the writer.

From Worcester, Mass., Dec. 5th, Frances L. Lombard, widow of the late Wm. W. Lombard, aged 46 years and 1 month.

After a long and painful illness her pure spirit took its flight to the realm where pain and suffering are known no more. Mrs. Lombard was a quiet, unpretending lady, beloved by all who knew her. In her last illness she was cheered and comforted by the love which ministered to her through her own mediumship. She leaves a brother who will deeply feel the loss of her outward presence. May he be sustained by the spirit which guarded and comforted her. The floral tributes at the funeral were many and very beautiful. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hosmer, Congregationalist, and the writer.

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 10th, 1891.

From his home in Thornton, N. H., Nov. 25th, 1891, Carter Foss, aged 94 years.

Carter Foss—or "Uncle Carter," as he was more generally known by his large circle of acquaintances and friends—was a veteran Spiritualist and a zealous worker for the Cause. For over forty years he has been a medium and a firm friend of mediums, and his secretaries many years of encouragement to earnest seekers after truth. Hundreds can attest to the remarkable manifestations, generally of a musical nature, which have occurred in his circles at home and elsewhere.

He leaves a wife and three children. The funeral occurred Nov. 27th, and by request was attended by Mrs. A. P. Brown of St. Johnsbury, N. Y., who for many years was a friend of the deceased.

Nov. 27th, 1891, Bro. Amos H. Cowdry, aged 76 years. Bro. Cowdry was a firm believer in the theories of Spiritualism; he has been a resident of Geneva, O., and a member of our Society for many years. He was born in Harland, Ct. Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee officiated at his funeral—her guides using these words for a text: "Ye must be born again."

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines for each additional line will be charged. To secure insertion an advance make a line. No space for poetry under the above heading.]

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Chicago, Ill.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard, corner Ogden Avenue, every Sunday at 7 P. M. The First Society of Spiritualists meets at 77 Thirty-first street every Sunday at 8 P. M. Speaker, Mrs. Emma Rickerson-Warne.

Waco, Tex.—First Spiritualist Society meets Sunday at 8 P. M. Wm. F. Effner, President; H. Eaton (233 Franklin street), Secretary.

Colorado City, Col.—Meetings are held in Woodman Hall, Sundays, at 8 o'clock.

St. Paul, Minn.—A large Society of Spiritualists meets in G. A. R. Hall, 25 and 27 North Main street, every Sunday at 10 P. M. and 7 P. M. Seats free. Public invited. Wm. E. E. Kane, 1226 West 4th street, Secretary.

Original Essays.

Closing the World's Fair.

It is stated that fifty thousand gospel ministers have been served with blank petitions for their respective flocks to sign, praying Congress to enact unconstitutional "religious legislation" to close the World's Fair upon the Constantine-Heathen-Sunday.

If the American government were a Church and State government—which it is not: And if all the world, who are invited to the Fair, knew that this was a *Christian nation*, and had a "Christian government"—which its father, Washington, declared it was not, and had not: And knew, further, that if they come from India, from South America, from Spain, China, Africa, Turkey, Russia, France and England, they would be compelled to lose one seventh of their time in the observance of a sectarian, unscriptural Sabbath, in addition to their own Sabbath, coming upon another day: And, knowing all this, they still choose to come, well! But they are really invited to come, not to an Infidel, an ecclesiastical, Christian, nor even to an American Fair, but to a *WORLD'S FAIR*, open to Anabaptists, Jews, Buddhists, Mohammedans, who have their own Sabbath days—to say nothing of the millions of non-sectarian, or the religious people, who, like Shakers, regard all days alike, and to be kept holy by ceasing thereof to do evil, and learning to be and to do good.

Infidels to Church and State governments like Paine, Franklin, Washington and Jefferson, wrote and signed the Declaration of Independence, and framed a constitution that expressly forbids all "religious legislation." The "Age of Reason" had arrived, the "Rights of Man" were boldly set forth, and when "The Crisis" came the truth prevailed. All men were legally equal, and had inalienable right to entire liberty of conscience, even down to the priests of Balaam, who, for their salaries, seek a union with Balak.

Religious freedom, perfect exemption from priestly rule and domination, is the great honor and glory of the secular government of these United States. But "eternal vigilance" will alone maintain it. Under God we are all indebted to the skeptical classes for our secular government. The anti-Christians ought to be thankful to them, for they have returned good for evil.

By what the Church and State Christians have done in Tennessee without specific law, we may judge what they will do when they have the special law in their hands. They tore a good American citizen from his home and family, imprisoned him, worried and browbeat him; his soul in the spirit-land is now "marching on" to vengeance upon them. He was doing what he, and all of us, have a perfect United States constitutional right to do—plow our fields whenever we choose. Where is the Ecclesiastical Court to determine upon which of the seven Sabbath days we must not plow?

Could there be a greater absurdity than the stamp upon our coin: "In God we trust"? when thousands of good citizens do not believe in any God at all! Yet their inalienable rights remain intact, as do the rights of those who profess to believe there are three Gods, all masculine, ignoring woman. Are there any Christians except Shakers? And are there any human beings in the spirit-world, in heaven or hell, or upon this earth, who may not become Christians? "A great company of priests were obedient to the faith." And if the Inquisition clergy may become Christians, who shall despair of being saved? Belief is the result of evidence. There is no virtue in it, nor is there any vice in unbelief. It is want of evidence; having evidence, belief is the result.

Jesus said: "My kingdom is not of this world, therefore my servants will not fight." If the chaplain is a Christian, what is he doing in a secular worldly legislature, that is spending the principal revenues of the country in manufacturing war material? And what place has he in the army and navy, or on the bloody battlefield? Is it not fifty thousand Balak Priests who are going to move heaven and earth to fill their churches and increase their incomes? Let us have peace, but not the "peace of Warsaw." Let Infidel, Jew or Turk be left in perfect liberty of conscience, to do by others as they would be done by. Did Jesus ever denounce the skeptical Sadducees as he denounced the believing Pharisees?

Either open the World's Fair upon the seven Sabbath days, or close it upon the seven Sabbath days and tax the Church and State fifty thousand Balak Priests to pay the outlay and all losses to the exhibitors. F. W. EVANS.
Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Science and Scientific Investigation.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Much is said in these days about science and scientific investigation. All questions must be probed in the light of science. Many who very glibly use the term, really have no correct idea of its meaning. To them it is undefinable, something of the nature of a solvent; exactly how or what, they cannot tell. Eminent truth is this of many of the anti-Spiritualists, who are very critical, demanding that everything psychic shall pass through the sieve of science, so that the matter receive a scientific investigation. No one objects to science, or scientific investigation, but it is legitimate and not spurious. Now a word as to science. Worcester thus defines it: "Knowledge; knowledge methodically digested and arranged; learning." All well enough, though the second has the most plumb and marrow, and is nearer the true definition. But let us see if we cannot find a better, one which will be more exact. Science I define to be the ascertainment and correlation of facts, whatever the domain may be we are investigating—psychic or physical. When we have ascertained our facts we must weigh and balance them to deduce their logic, which done we arrive at the truth of the matter.

I was told years ago that under certain conditions a table could be made to do many wonderful things, talk by raps, jump, dance, and move in divers ways by some invisible power beyond the ken of the ordinary senses. So I went to a sensitive susceptible by adaptability to this power, or through whom the weird manifestations were possible. She sat by the table, charging me to make a thorough examination to ascertain if there were any hidden springs or cords, or other appliances capable of producing the phenomena. Seating myself by the table, opposite the sensitive or medium, both of us lightly resting our hands on the table, in a few moments there is a rap! immediately un-

der my hand; then it is heard the other side of the table, and again at the ends. I watch intently, but the hands of the medium are motionless, as well as mine. To be sure that the hands of the medium are not the cause, I ask her to put them on mine. She does so, and there is no motion or pressure; the raps are independent of action on her part. Again I examine the table, turn it over, closely scrutinize the legs and frame, finding it to be a plain table standing on the floor without machinery or attachments. The medium moves back a foot or two; I do the same. Then we hold our hands over the table without contact, taking care at the same time that none of our clothing shall come in contact with any part of the table. The raps are repeated, first in one place, then in another, and finally several distinct raps are simultaneously made. I thus ascertained fact No. 1, which is that the rap is not the work of the medium, but is extraneous to him or her. At the same time I ascertained fact No. 2, which is, that force of some kind is exerting itself, for force can alone produce the raps. Force was exhibited in various movements of the table; its rising bodily from the floor, its tilting and sliding along, also its vigorous wrappings when I attempted to hold it.

Let us take another step, and see whether more facts are obtainable. I say rap one, and it is rapped; then three, five, twenty, getting a correct response every time. Intelligence has been manifested; this is fact No. 3. Interested to test this intelligence further, I come to an understanding with the table, agreeing that one rap should indicate no, two, doubt, three, yes, or an affirmation. Then I ask, "Is there an invisible power producing the raps?" Yes. "Now if I call the alphabet will you spell your name?" Yes. So I call the alphabet; as there is a response to certain letters which I call, I note finally that I have the name William Foster, my father. I get the name Brooklyn, where his transition took place, his age, and other particulars, all going to show that whoever was communicating was entirely cognizant of my family matters. Hereby I more pointedly proved intelligence.

Now I claim that my investigation has been strictly scientific. I have ascertained and established three facts: 1st, That the medium did not produce the raps or move the table. 2d, That force was exhibited which came from an invisible source. 3d, That intelligence was developed, coupled with the manifestations; and, therefore, it must have come from the same invisible source—in this case from my father, so-called dead.

Correlating these facts, their logic is irrefragable, as much so as the logic involved in a demonstration of Euclid. The deduction must be the continuity of life, individual spirit existence, capable of manifesting itself and proving its identity in various ways, and needed besides the one I have taken as an illustration.

No; Spiritualism does not shun scientific investigation. It only asks that the investigator shall pursue the true method, and not dodge the facts he may obtain because their logic cuts asunder his dogmas and creeds. The Harvard Professors who attempted to crucify Dr. F. L. H. Willis were scientific men, so-called. So were the members of the Seybert Commission; but their procedures were a strange mixture of ignorance and assumption. Ignorance of occult law, and assumption in the endeavor to make the public believe they knew it all.

50 Battery street, Providence, R. I.

"THIS MAY INTEREST YOU."

Was a printed inscription resting upon sundry articles of value on the children's table at the Lyceum Fair lately held in Boston, which articles were to be donated to whoever should receive the largest number of votes. As is now known, "Lotela" received every vote for the handsome silk quilt, mention of which has already been made in THE BANNER. Lou Kivlan received many hundreds of votes for the Falls Heater and lamp—presented the Fair by W. F. Falls—and won the prize, although Mrs. Ireland gained a very large number of votes on the same list, and made the contest a very close one. The set of Thackeray's works was voted to Mrs. Charles Thayer. On the guessing chances, Miss Emma Ireland won a set of handsome draperies, and Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, the elegant banquet lamp, gift of J. B. Hatch, Jr.; Mrs. Kivlan won the framed portrait of our conductor, Wm. F. Falls, and Mrs. J. A. Shelhamer, one of a pair of exquisite sofa pillows, Miss Herford the other; Little Edith Barlow won the handsome parlor-rocker which had been on exhibition during the week. The friends of Mrs. Blodgett voted to her a dozen quart jars of nicely preserved fruit—the work and donation of Mrs. J. A. Shelhamer—also a bed-quilt of pretty design, and the same lady won another quilt during the week.

Interest in the Fair was largely displayed by the Lyceum organization and by the Ladies' Industrial Union of Boston. Members of the Ladies' Aid also appeared from time to time, adding their encouragement to our work for the Children's Spiritual School. An entertainment of music, song, recitation, character-acting, fancy dancing, and other features, was presented by a number of talented young people each evening during the week under the management of J. B. Hatch, Jr. These entertainments won the admiration of all who witnessed them, and called out commendatory notices in all the daily papers. "Moxie," the finely trained little dog that appeared in costume, executing her famous dances, and otherwise delighting the children with her cunning tricks, must not be overlooked in this report; and the thanks of the committee are hereby extended to Mr. Albro for bringing this very knowing little animal to the Fair on four successive evenings. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch was presented with a large and exquisite basket of roses on Monday evening, Nov. 23d, as a token of esteem from her many friends in the Lyceum.

Taken altogether, the affair throughout appeared more like a festival than an ordinary fair. The success of the venture proved such as to gratify the management and all friends who had labored to make it assured. Over four hundred dollars will accrue to the Lyceum treasury from the results of this Fair, after its expenses have been paid. So liberally were we supplied with useful and pretty articles for our tables by generous donors, that when the season closed there remained quite a quantity of these goods. Of this collection the committee has donated a large supply to the Fair in aid of the Home for Inebriate Women, to be held in Boston the present month; also a box to the Lyceum at Greenwich for its Fair, which is soon to open. A sale of fancy goods will be held by the Boston Lyceum, in connection with a social dance, at 514 Tremont street, Dec. 18th, at which we

hope to dispose of many of the beautiful things we have on hand, while the children's Christmas-Tree will yield a willing support to all that remains of our stock after the above-mentioned affair.

The thanks of the Lyceum Association are extended to all friends who contributed to make the Children's Fair a success; to the generous donors who responded to our solicitations for donations for our tables and booths; to the ladies who faithfully served at the same during the week; to the managing committee whose oversight and good judgment were constantly displayed; to our patrons whose open purses and willing hearts made our task of lightening the tables of their load an easy one; and to the young people of the Lyceum and their friends, whose valuable assistance at entertainments and in other ways cannot be readily estimated. Also to Mrs. Maude Jones Gillette for one of her public table writing séances, at which, in the presence of a large number of witnesses, the inner surfaces of two slates, that had been cleansed and placed together, were written over with messages from the spirit-world. M. T. LONGLEY.

Telegraphy Without Wires.

THE WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE DISCUSSED.

At the recent third annual dinner of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Prof. William Crookes, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Electricity in Relation to Science," said that they had happily outgrown the preposterous notion that research in any department of science was mere waste of time. The facts of electrolysis were by no means either completely detected or coordinated. They pointed to the great probability that electricity was atomic; that an electrical atom was as definite a quantity as a chemical atom.

It had been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which filled all space there were locked up ten thousand foot tons of energy which had hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man was a task which awaited the electrician of the future. The latest researches gave well founded hopes that this vast storehouse of power was not hopelessly inaccessible. Up to the time they had been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations, but the researches of Lodge in England and Hertz in Germany gave an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays from wave-lengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here was unfolded a new and astonishing universe—one which it was hard to conceive should be powerless to transmit and impart intelligence. Prof. Nikola Tesla had lighted a room by producing in it such a condition that an illuminating appliance might be placed anywhere and lighted without being electrically connected with anything. He suspended two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the coil.

If an exhausted tube was carried anywhere between these sheets, and placed anywhere, it remained always luminous. The extent to which this method of illumination might be practically available, experiment alone could decide. From Tesla's researches it appeared that a true flame could now be produced without chemical aid. The slower vibrations to which he (the speaker) had referred revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. It was vain to attempt to picture the marvels of the future. Progress, as Dean Swift observed, might be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation were the wonders thereof.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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For the Banner of Light.

SOUL LONGINGS.

In unknown countries, stretching far away,
The footsteps of our friends may sometimes stray
Beyond our care, beyond our helping hands,
To "bide with strangers in some foreign lands."

Ah, then, while waiting with subdued regret,
How oft we're thinking, "Do they love us yet?"
Responsive, softly comes the heart's reply,
"We hope that Love will never, never die."

To realms in yonder clear, ethereal space,
Which sensuous vision has no power to trace,
Our dearest pass to homes beyond our own—
Ourselves bereft, heart stricken, sad, alone!

O! then through tears, with wistful, yearning eyes,
We pray for some slight token from the skies;
To show that, though unseen, they ne'er forget—
Who loved us truly here—to love us yet.

And oh! what joy those tiny raps once gave
That broke the fearful silence of the grave,
Telling of life beyond! Of unquenched love!
Of charmed existence in sweet homes above.

JAMES S. DRAPER.

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Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications may be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount paid and will forward to the publisher, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891.

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COLBY & RICH,

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ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All communications relative to literary or editorial matters must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters must be sent to ISAAC B. RICH.

Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Christmas Notice to Patrons.

Those who have advertisements on our seventh page which they wish renewed must see that they are at this office on Friday, Dec. 18th, as the first forms, containing the seventh page, will go to press that night.

The Banner of Light establishment will be closed on Christmas Day (25th).

Those having notices, etc., for the editorial department must have them at this office on Monday morning, Dec. 21st, as the paper will be put to press on Monday night.

The Riches of Gratitude.

It is men's conceit that chiefly stands in the way of thankfulness, and makes the habit of fault-finding so much more common than that of gratitude. It is a common thing for people to be dissatisfied, feeling as if they had been and were continually being wronged by somebody, just because they do not happen to have got all that they think they want. One man complains, secretly if not openly, because he is not yet rich. Another because of another thing, and so on through the list.

But what is it that gives us a claim for anything? We certainly have claims on our parents, because they and not we are responsible for our being here at all. Also, with all reverence, on God, and a similar claim. On society as such we have no claim. God is under obligation to his creatures to make this life a good to us rather than an evil. But to that end it is by no means necessary that we be rich, or possessors of beauty, or dwell in fine houses, or at the top of what is called society.

One trouble with us is that we do not estimate properly that which we have. Most people not only covet something more, but something different. Dissatisfaction seems to be the law of their lives. We fall insensibly into the habit of regarding as commonplace what is in reality a constant marvel and miracle. Who, for instance, pauses to feel grateful for the possession of health, which Emerson rightly pronounces the greatest wealth? Yet there is no end of complaint from those who have lost it. What right have they to complain, when they never stopped to feel and express gratitude for the health they once enjoyed?

Happiness, in the elements requisite for its combination, lies all around us. Yet we wear out our lives in fruitless lamentations over the impossibility of attaining to it. We are all the time longing for what we have not, and even after we sometimes get it we are just as discontented as before. All of this wretchedness could be escaped by the cultivation of a spirit of thankfulness for the gifts and opportunities we already possess.

A certain way to discipline ourselves into the habit of thankfulness is to go out among men and offer help and sympathy to those who need it. The reflex influence of such action is far greater than one would readily believe. And again, why should we not cultivate the sentiment of thankfulness for our sorrows, our crosses, our disappointments, and our trials, as well as for what may be called our indulgences? How can we say that they are not best for us? Does the loving parent never deny the request of his child, knowing it to be so much more for his good than unrelenting compliance would be?

Gratitude as the habitual attitude of the human spirit is the one great secret of happiness. No circumstance can oppress the one whose heart is constantly attuned to this key. Nothing can daunt, nothing can overwhelm. The happy spirit knows that above the clouds, and even beyond the fiercest storms that encompass it, shines the sun of everlasting light and love.

The religious question has got into the French Chamber of Deputies. The debate—Dec. 11th—between M. Floquet, president of the Chamber, and Paul De Cassagnac, on the question concerning the recent difficulty between M. Fallieres, the minister of public worship, and the Bishop (Catholic) of France, became so violent and dangerous that a motion to adjourn further argument until the next day was carried by a vote of 290 to 241. What next?

Forty Years Ago.

It is interesting and instructive to refer to the history of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and to remember that although for half a century the spiritual world has been seeking to reveal its power over the spirit of man, and also over material things, yet in all these years there has been the same consistency of purpose, the same elevated instruction, and the same affirmations.

As long ago as 1853 the spirits asserted that they could create for themselves physical hands from the elements of the atmosphere, which could be rendered visible to the natural sight; that with these hands they could write communications, either with pen or pencil, and perform on musical instruments. They also gave proof forty years ago of their assertion. In Mr. Koon's room in Dover, Athens Co., Ohio, reliable witnesses testified to such power and its manifestations.

Their instructions were also direct and definite: First the worship and love of God, and of love to one another, and to all mankind without limitation; that salvation is the total renunciation of error and wrong, and the reception of truth, love, justice and wisdom; that the Bible is a history of the ministrations of angels who were once the inhabitants of earth. We have been looking over the communications that were published in the spiritual papers of 1853, and later. The same elevated philosophy pervades them. We quote:

"At death man drops little but the flesh, and some of its lowest principles. The soul naturally clings to some of its greatest evils, until it becomes reconciled to the change, and is inspired by the governing divinity; then it gradually emerges from the corruption, and progresses to the highest attainments."

"I declare to the inhabitants of earth that no truth is too simple for mankind to cherish, acknowledge and apply, but there are many truths too vast for the limited intellects of earth."

"Intuition belongs exclusively to the germinal essence of purity—the spirit in its most interior selfhood. Now when thou art tempted to err, pause one moment, but attempt not to reason, for the very attempt may prove fatal, because the process requires time. Instead of this suspend for a moment all intellectual action, and that very moment intuition will assume the helm, and light and salvation will flow in upon thee by virtue of the human constitution and the relation subsisting between thee and the Sun of the Universe—God the Father."

We make these extracts because they seemed one of the links in the chain of progressive thought in the past, and illustrative of the unity of purpose in the communications. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," has been the motto of these patient workers in the spiritual realm. Truth is never old or new, but always the same. Its revelation is dependent on the condition of those who receive it, and its impartation upon the power of the intellect to put into language what is revealed by intuition.

In copying our late editorial in re the lukewarmness of a certain class of professed Spiritualists who are prone to borrow rather than subscribe for the papers devoted to the Cause, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* remarks that it may be comforting, if not immediately encouraging to us, to be told that a few thousand years hence things will be different. We hope so, and also hope to be able to take a hand in promoting the so-much-desired change when that auspicious epoch arrives, if not before.

This state of things reminds us of an experience we had many years ago while on a visit to a country town in Massachusetts. We called at the periodical depot there, and inquired of the proprietor why he did not keep for sale on his counter THE BANNER, as there were quite a number of Spiritualists in the town. He replied that he was perfectly willing to do so if they would agree in advance to buy the paper when offered for sale. The consequence was that we saw one of the prominent friends of the Cause, and gave him the points above noted; prompt action was taken by himself and others, resulting in the disposing of a dozen or more BANNERS in the town for nearly a year. Upon a subsequent visit we were told by the conductor of the news depot that he had not had any orders for the paper for some time. Of course we naturally felt curious to know the reason, which we were not long in finding out. Calling soon after upon one of our yearly subscribers, who received the paper by mail, the first thing she did was to remark as follows: "Mr. Editor, you don't know how well THE BANNER is appreciated! Why, there are twelve people here who borrow my paper each week, and it is read by so many who are interested in Spiritualism, that it comes back to me nearly worn out from so much handling." The secret was out. These patrons of the old lady's paper formerly purchased copies at the periodical depot; but, learning of her great desire to advance the Cause she had so much at heart, they one after another (and unwittingly to her) obtained the use of her copy by loan—thus pecuniarily saving to their pockets its price, and leaving the printer "out in the cold."

In reference to President Harrison's message in its comments on the existing relations of the United States with Chili, President Montt makes an official reply, which he transmits to the ministers representing Chili in the United States and Europe. It treats of the assault on the American sailors who went ashore from the cruiser Baltimore at Valparaiso. He positively asserts that the Chilean authorities have at no time attempted to evade in the slightest degree any responsibility for which Chili could be justly held, but he insists that the proper and ordinary forms of Chilean procedure must be preserved. In the course of a personal interview granted by him on the subject, he said he was fully convinced that in the end American people would judge the Baltimore affair without bias. Believing, from the closing sentence of President Harrison's message, that he will await the conclusion of the investigation now being made before taking aggressive action, he has no idea that there will be any trouble between the two countries.

The new penny paper, *The Boston News*, is a sprightly daily. It deserves patronage, and is getting it. It is not insouled with creedal prejudice, and thereby shows its wisdom. It alludes to "the gay throng of pencil pushers" who were at the recent reception and dinner of the press, meaning the daily blanket reporters that take every occasion possible to speak against Modern Spiritualism, without stopping to consider whether it is true or not, thus thinking to secure the patronage of religious bigots. But the time is rapidly approaching when this thing will cease, and those—and they are millions—who believe in spirit-communion, will be fully appreciated. That is the way we look at it, as, although all things else will fail, yet the Truth will prevail. So mote it be.

A Noble Tribute.

The venerable poet Whittier reached his eighty-fourth birthday on Thursday of the present week. He was the recipient of a great many reverential and affectionate attentions from his admiring and grateful friends in all parts of the United States. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe sent him her congratulations, as did also Dr. O. W. Holmes, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Robert C. Winthrop, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Lucy Larcom, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edna Dean Proctor, Celia Thaxter, and many others in the wide field of literature.

The letter of Dr. Holmes, his fellow-poet and long-time friend, is such a complete tribute to the life and service of Mr. Whittier that we here transfer it to our columns:

MY DEAR WHITTIER: I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevasse in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellowmen and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years have not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past—happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon.

It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with your own. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years. The image which I have used before this in writing to you recurs once more to my thought. We are on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed, and the succeeding one found us in the cabin with a goodly company of comrades. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft, placed together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted, and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar, which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel.

I have just been looking over the headstones in Mr. Griswold's cemetery entitled "The Poets and Poetry of America." In that venerable receptacle just completing its half century of existence—for the date of the edition before me is 1842—I find the names of John Greenleaf Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes next each other, in their due order, as they should be. All around are the names of the dead—too often of forgotten dead. Three which I see there are still among those of the living: Mr. John Osborn Sargent, who makes Horace his own by faithful study and ours by scholarly translation; Isaac McEellan, who was writing in 1839, and whose last work is dated 1886; and Christopher P. Cranch, whose poetical gift has too rarely found expression.

Of these many dead you are the most venerated, revered and beloved survivor of these few living the most honored representative. Long may it be before you leave a world where your influence has been so beneficent, where your example has been such inspiration, where you are so truly loved, and where your presence is a perpetual benediction. Always affectionately yours, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Message on the Indians.

President Harrison says in his recent annual message that it is a startling anomaly that there should be within our borders five independent States, having none but treaty relations with the government, with no representation in the national legislature, and their people not citizens. He particularly refers to the five civilized Indian tribes now occupying the Indian Territory. He does not think their relation to the government the best calculated to promote their highest advancement. It seems to him inevitable that there shall be before long some organic changes in this relation, and that they should certainly involve the acceptance of citizenship by these Indians, and a representation in Congress. He thinks they should have an opportunity to present their claims and grievances upon the floor of that body, instead of, as now, in the lobby.

His suggestion is that a commission be appointed to visit these tribes, and confer with them in a friendly spirit on the whole subject. Even if no agreement should be developed, the discussion would naturally prepare the way for changes which must come sooner or later. The president refers to "the good work" of reducing the larger Indian reservations by allotments in severalty to the Indians, and the cession of the remaining lands to the United States for disposal under the homestead law. He reports that it has been prosecuted during the year with energy and success.

Since March 4th, 1889, about twenty-three million acres have been separated from Indian reservations and added to the public domain for the use of those desiring to secure free homes under existing laws. He observes that it is gratifying to be able to feel that this work has proceeded upon lines of justice toward the Indian, and that he may now, if he will, secure to himself the good influences of a settled habitation, the fruits of industry, and the security of citizenship.

Speaking of James Russell Lowell's expressed wish to be buried with the service of another church than his own, his friend George William Curtis, in the *Easy Chair* of the November *Harpers*, gives the following reason for Lowell's desire to have all forms of funeral speech and address dispensed with: "Like all men Lowell had seen too often the invasion of the sober propriety of burial by the cruel recklessness of well-meant but untimely words. The formal service of the English Church is very distasteful to many spiritually-minded persons, but it is at least a measured and definite form of expression for a public occasion which involves profound emotion, and in which the risks and chance of unregulated utterance are very great." Still, under the circumstances, the ceremonies would much more fitly have taken the form of a testimonial to the faith that inspired the noble utterances and deeds of the deceased poet's entire life.

The convention of representatives from the medical colleges of Ohio, called for the purpose of formulating a "medical practice act," was held at the Neil House, Columbus, Dec. 4th. We have heard nothing more save the statement of this fact. The "Regulars" and their allies on that occasion showed their would-be persecutive hand, and in it was a bill (with all the usual examining-board, diploma-bearing, independent-crushing attachments) which they hope to get through the "Buckeye" Legislature in the form of a law. Look out for them, friends of medical freedom in Ohio!

Mining explosions, with great loss of life in different parts of the world, are of too frequent occurrence. It seems to us that scientific experts should be consulted, to the end that fatal fire-damp may be avoided.

We had last week a pleasant call from Mr. Dwight R. Chapman, a Spiritualist veteran, of Peoria, Ill.

"W. M.'s" letter from New York will appear next week.

The Mediums of Bible Times.

Miss Abby A. Judson, whose book, "Why She Became a Spiritualist," is attracting special attention in all sections, addressed a large and deeply interested audience in Minneapolis, Minn., Sunday evening, Nov. 23d, on "The Mediums of the Old and New Testaments," in which, as reported by *The Tribune* of that city, she said:

"The Jews were a peculiar people, in that they were peculiarly mediumistic. The leaders were mediums, as Moses, Joshua and Samuel. Their seers were the same, as David, John and Paul. Their seers were mediums, as Elijah and Daniel. Elijah was bold, stern, truthful and self-denying. As Savonarola boldly withstood Alexander VI., so Elijah withstood Ahab, who adored idols, instead of the great tutelary god of the Jews. Secluded in the desert Elijah learned the future from spirits, and then boldly rebuked his king. Being mortal, he became fearful, and again sought solitude under a juniper tree. Powerful manifestations made him again ready to face the foe. When needed, he was a healing medium. Elijah was promised the same powers if he should be clairvoyant at Elijah's death. He became so, and saw the spirit body of Elijah ascend to the spirit-world. Nine hundred years later Elijah took control of the mediumistic couple of the Nazarene, John the Baptist, and filled him with his own characteristics. John went 'in the spirit and power of Elijah' (Luke 1:17). His control ceased when Herod killed John's physical body, but the marvelous materializing power on the summit of Mt. Tabor, both Moses and Elijah appeared in form, and were seen by the three strongest mediums among the disciples, Peter, James and John. This was his last appearance as recorded in the Jewish Bible."

The "firebug," so designated, is getting in his nefarious work at Beverly, Mass., ad infinitum. It is a sad commentary on the morals of the community in these latter days. What it means is inexplicable. Dec. 11th there was a \$1,000 blaze in that town. In this instance it is not believed to have been of incendiary origin; but this does not militate against the firebug incendiary theory, as about noon, Dec. 10th, announcement was made (showing the cool daring and pure devilry with which the firebug is possessed) through a letter to the Beverly authorities that he shall continue his depredations until the night of Dec. 26th, when the entire manufacturing district of the town will be burned—that on that night there will be a conflagration the like of which Beverly has never dreamed of; that not only the Methodist and Baptist churches will be destroyed, but private buildings will meet with a similar catastrophe. The police are on the alert, and it is to be hoped that the "bug" or "bugs" will be detected, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary during their natural lives. Our present laws in regard to burglars and incendiaries are not half severe enough, and it is hoped that our Legislature will revise them at once, and make the penalty in these cases, when the culprits are caught, as severe as possible. The safety of the community at large demands immediate action in this terrible condition of things.

Rev. J. H. Weeks, pastor of the Unitarian church at Melrose, Mass., surprised his congregation on a recent Sunday by presenting his resignation. He has been pastor of the church for the past two years. The cause of his sudden resignation was the influence on the minds of his people of a rumor that he believed in reincarnation. Though he never preached it, he did not disguise it at all in private conversation. Mr. Weeks, like many another Unitarian minister nowadays, is an evolutionist. He believes that all higher forms of life have been evolved out of lower forms, and that there is no retrogression for the human soul. One of his parishioners said he had speculated considerably about preexistence and similar problems, as almost all thinking men do. Another one said he "didn't want any minister at his deathbed who would try to console him with the doctrine that his soul might come back on earth and inhabit the body of a hippopotamus, a ring-tailed ape, or a gypsy moth." He would prefer to die in peace and let that end it.

Another of the veterans among Boston journalists passed away last week in the person of Col. William W. Clapp, for twenty-six years editor and manager of the *Boston Journal*. So they go, one by one, leaving the fast diminishing remnant almost solitary and alone. The new school that is coming on lacks many of the marked and strong characteristics of the departing ones, whatever peculiar merits and features of their own they may possess. Col. Clapp was an industrious, energetic and constant worker in his profession, if not also to be remarked for intellectual versatility. He fairly won and persistently held the high place he so long enjoyed, and was in all respects a model for younger aspirants to copy after.

In answer to a question propounded to Spirit President John Pierpont recently at our Public Free Circle, a report of which may be found on our sixth page, he replied by saying that "there is in spirit-life no arbitrary system of restraint which prevents spiritual intelligences from returning into contact with this planet, or from coming into communication with their friends who dwell on this earth," etc. We call attention to this fact, especially at this time, because many correspondents have propounded this question to us personally many times. The spirit has gone into the subject very thoroughly, as the reader will see on a careful perusal of the entire message.

We print on another page of THE BANNER a very interesting statement made in London, Eng., before the institution of Electrical Engineers, upon the subject of *Telegraphy Without Wires*, by Professor WILLIAM CROOKES. The idea is not new, however, as it was advanced in this country years ago through the instrumentality of several medical instruments. We remember that verbal messages were given at a séance in West Roxbury, and transmitted mentally to a like séance in New York, at the instance of John W. Edmonds, Esq. Subsequently, with Mrs. J. H. Conant as the medium, we experimented successfully in the same direction.

The time is ripe for war in the Old World. The big black cloud is rapidly coming to the front. There has been real fighting on the Indo-Russian frontier, the English troops having slain many tribesmen at Gilgit, the consequence of which is a probable war with Russia, the social relations of the two countries notwithstanding. It is the most serious news that has come from India for a long time.

F. A. A. Heath is open for engagements for day and evening reporting. Societies desiring his services should communicate with him at once; also, solicits auditing or examining books, stenographic writing, or any work which an expert book-keeper or stenographer can perform. Address 19 Dover street, Boston.

See what that great scholar and noble man, EDWARD EVANS, says in another column in regard to closing the World's Fair on Sunday.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Chronicle* writes that matters in Russia are drifting from bad to worse. All classes are discouraged because of the government's half-hearted measures to cope with the famine troubles. The consequences of the famine are only beginning to be realized. The merchants complain that the prohibition of grain has locked up capital, and that there is no circulation of money. The nobles cannot collect their revenues, and therefore do not pay what they owe the shopkeepers. The famine funds have been frittered away by local authorities. The grand remedial measures exist only on paper. Complaints of enormous expenditures on the army and navy are taken advantage of by those unfriendly to the government. The whole empire is described as a mass of seething discontent. The pastor of the British and American church having made the tour of the famine districts, said that the full horrors of the terrible affliction were yet to be described. The famine was caused by three successive bad harvests.

Passed to spirit-life from Central Falls, R. I., Dec. 11th, 1891, A. D. Hawkins, Esq., aged fifty-seven. Mr. Hawkins and his companion were firm Spiritualists, and he has already—we are informed—manifested to his wife the persistence of his memory and consciousness since leaving his body. The funeral exercises were conducted by Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston, and by the Knights and Ladies of Honor, of which Order the deceased was a member.

"Upward Steps of Seventy Years."—This book by G. B. Stebbins bearing the above title is one that, from an historic point of view, is of much value to all Spiritualists and progressive, liberal-minded people, as it furnishes an authentic record of notable events that have led to our present advanced position in religious and other matters of belief and practice. A partial table of contents and other particulars are given in our advertising columns.

W. J. COLVILLE lectured in Waltham, Mass., to a very appreciative audience on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 9th, and again on the 10th. His class in Spiritual Science at The Copley, 18 Huntington Avenue, severely tests the capacity of the rooms occupied by Mrs. F. J. Miller, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 p. m. An evening class is held at Room 1, 4 Berkeley street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:45.

We are glad to know that the husband of that noted trance-medium, Mrs. B. F. Smith, is convalescing after a severe illness. Mrs. Smith will now have more time to attend to her many patrons, and will resume sittings daily, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, at Vernon Cottage, Crescent Beach, Haver, Mass.

"Outside the Gates"—an excellent gift for the Holidays—is a handsomely-bound volume of over five hundred pages, descriptive of life in the spirit-world, and giving in narrative form personal experiences of intelligences in the other life. It was written by the guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley. For sale at the Banner Bookstore.

Christmas Services.—Special attention is called to the Christmas entertainment in Room 1, 4 Berkeley street, Boston, Dec. 24th, 7:45 p. m.; and to the Christmas festival service Dec. 25th, at 7:45 p. m., which will consist of an elaborate programme of Christmas music by professional talent of rare excellence, and a Christmas lecture and poem by Mr. Colville.

Rev. James K. Applebee leaves this city early in January upon a lecturing tour West, going as far as Dakota, expecting to be absent three months. We congratulate our friends in that section upon the prospect of an opportunity to meet and listen to an exceptionally able, entertaining and instructive speaker.

MR. WILLARD J. HULL will be tendered a reception under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual Temple (Berkeley Hall) at the home of Mr. Wm. Boyce, 52 Rutland Square, Boston, on Thursday evening, Dec. 17th.

"THE STAR OF ENDOR," by Bro. Eben Cobb, is a unique and interesting volume, with which Spiritualists generally should become acquainted.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

Aht let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reekons
The moment when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
However we fall in action.

Samson Land Commissioner H. C. Ide, who has just returned from those islands, reports that hostilities may break out at any moment. Mataafa is the disturbing element. Many chiefs have been declared rebels.

The *Lycium Banner* (for November) commences a new volume. The opening article, "The Baby Birds," by "Aunt Editha," indicates a good lesson for all. "A Little Hero" is the title of a short story, and Florence Morse follows it with the first of reminiscence sketches of "Some Cats I Have Known." A *Lycium Lesson* by Prof. N. S. Shaler informs the children "How to Observe Nature." We are pleased to learn from a note by the editor that the outlook for this important auxiliary for a correct education of the young is encouraging. Liverpool, Eng.: J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road.

The late Carlos Castoreza, a learned Spanish antiquarian, who, during the last years of his life, was chief of the Madrid Royal Archaeological Museum, left among his private papers the key to hieroglyphic writings which will enable scholars to unfold a wealth of ancient historical knowledge contained in the Cortez Trozo collections, and the long-neglected Spanish and Papal archives.

R. M. King, the Tennessee Adventist, who was imprisoned for working on Sunday, and was awaiting a hearing before the Supreme Court as to the rights of a State to interfere with a man's religious liberty, has passed to the beyond, where every day is a Sabbath, and every Sabbath a working day. It is to be hoped, however, for those left behind, that some means will be found to push the case through, in order to obtain a ruling from the Supreme Court on this score—to know whether man was made for the Sabbath, or the Sabbath for man.—*Better Way.*

ALL AROUND THE YEAR 1892 is a charming calendar consisting of gilt-edge cards, tastily tied with a white, silk cord, a delicate, silvered chain being attached by which to suspend it. The design on each card is appropriate, executed in sepia, tint and color, a picture of childhood with a sentiment quaintly expressed in regard to the peculiarity of the month. A pretty gift, suitable for library, office or "my lady's chamber." Lee & Shepard, Publishers.

[SENTENTIOUS, SURELY!].—A correspondent of the *New York Herald* defines Journalism as "the art of guessing where hell will break loose next, so as to have reporters on hand to tell the story." That is not the definition a school of journalism would give, but it is a pretty good one in more ways than one.—*Es.*

Modern labor-saving machinery, at home and abroad, has served to reduce the cost of two items of interior household decoration and necessity, i. e., carpets and crockery. Neither have been sold so low since the loom and the potter's wheel were discovered, and neither high tariff nor low tariff men can claim the victory.

Two new serial stories will begin in the January *St. Nicholas*, "Two Girls and a Boy," by Lieut. Robert Howe Fletcher, and "When I Was Your Age," by Laura E. Richards. Mrs. Richards is a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and her story is to be a record of her own home-life and that of her sisters.

Rev. Joseph Cook claims that spirit-photography, as attested by Mr. A. R. Wallace and Prof. Crookes, is the latest reinforcement by science of the doctrine of Christ's resurrection. What, is the despised Spiritualism to become a science? Or is it to be the rejected fact to be adopted to bolster up the doctrine of a fast-fading theology? It must surely be a stroke of adverse fate which has sent Joseph Cook into our camp.—*The Two Worlds.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, rich, and vitalizing. Sold by all druggists.

