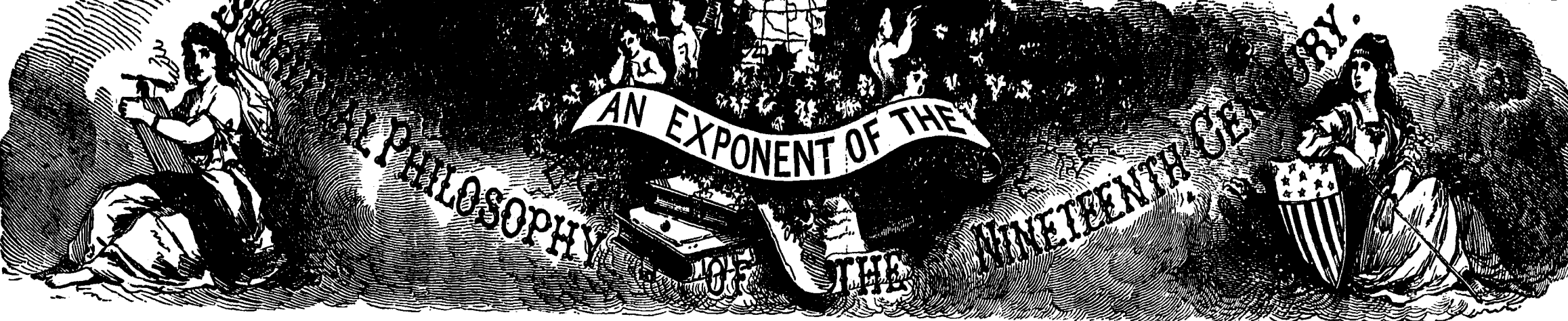


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 80. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896. NO. 5.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY MOTHER.

BY EMMA J. HOLLEY.

"I never feel alone," she said,
While o'er her loving, gentle face,
A light celestial seemed to shed
Its beauties with a matchless grace.

Through many trials though she trod,
She, uncomplaining, went her way,
And truly put her trust in God,
Still looking for a brighter day.

And now, although her mortal hands
Are folded on a pulseless breast,
Her spirit, thro' angel hands,
Has gained that day forever blest.

And often, when my heart is sad,
I feel her gentle presence near,
In old-time love and solace glad—
My faithful friend, my mother dear.

Oneida, N. Y.

(Copyrighted by Myra F. Paine.)

Easy Lessons in Spiritual Science, Especially for the Young.

BY MYRA F. PAINE.

LESSON FIFTH.

Q.—Can our spirit-friends make themselves known to everybody?

A.—No. Only to those who are sensitive to spiritual influences.

Q.—What do we call such people?

A.—Mediums.

Q.—What is the meaning of the word medium?

A.—Webster says it is a "means or instrument."

Q.—Then what would a spirit medium be?

A.—An instrument for the use of spirits.

Q.—By what other name are they sometimes called?

A.—Sensitives.

Q.—Does that exactly express the same as the first name?

A.—No. All persons are sensitive to some degree, but mediumship signifies a development of natural sensitiveness.

Q.—May a medium be sensitive to the influence of any spirit except an unfleshed one?

A.—Yes. They are many times influenced by spirits in the body.

Q.—Are they always aware of this?

A.—No. While in the early stages of development they are often deceived, and follow the will of spirits in the body instead of out. Many times it has caused a great deal of trouble.

Q.—What is one lesson this teaches us?

A.—To avoid coming in contact with people of immoral character, and thus avoid, as far as possible, the chance of being overcome by their stronger magnetic power.

Q.—Does it teach any other lesson?

A.—The broadest charity in our judgment of others.

Q.—How so?

A.—When people do as we think they ought not, we should remember that we do not know what influences have been brought to bear upon them, and before we pass judgment, if we feel called upon to do so at all, we should look for the cause and circumstances, and if possible place them in better conditions.

Q.—Need we fear mediumship on this account?

A.—No. If our own personal desire and purpose is to be good, and to do right, we can draw to us a strong spiritual force that will help us to overcome all influences which tend in the wrong direction.

Q.—Mention some things to be avoided in the matter of spirit influence?

A.—The giving up of one's individuality, and the fear of evil influences. No one should allow himself to be afraid of such.

Q.—Why?

A.—Fear makes one negative, and the mind will attract spiritual forces of a similar character to that on which it dwells.

Q.—What does fear thus become?

A.—A strong attractive force for the very thing one is trying to avoid.

Q.—Can you say anything more of fear?

A.—It is the strongest element of discord or disease. One indulging in fear of anything is creating discord within his own system, and thus making himself a good subject for the reception of the very thing he is fearing. We see what fear can do in times of epidemics.

Q.—Then if we fear evil or undeveloped spirits, what will we naturally do?

A.—Attract such to us.

Q.—What lesson do we here learn?

A.—To live on a plane that will attract pure influences, which will make us positive, and thus afraid of nothing. We must remember that evil spirits are only undeveloped spirits. We may treat them as we do when in the form. We do not associate with people here who are not developed to our plane of life, unless we can do them good thereby, or help them in some way. Yet we are not afraid to meet them; but there is an inner, unwritten law that prevents close association, and the same law holds good with spirits out of the body.

LESSON SIXTH.

Q.—Give some of the names by which this influence we have been studying about is called?

A.—Mecmerism, Psychology and Hypnotism.

Q.—Then what is the meaning of all these terms?

A.—They mean a control or influence of one mind or spirit over another.

Q.—Do they apply to spirits in the body and out alike?

A.—They do.

Q.—How can we obtain power enough to render us impregnable to undeveloped influences?

A.—By living a pure, moral life, and constantly cultivating a love for everything good and beautiful, until there is not left in our nature anything to attract undeveloped influences.

Q.—Is such a condition possible?

A.—Certainly. All things are possible.

Q.—What will it require on our part?

A.—Constant watchfulness over our thoughts as well as acts.

Q.—Is there need of this subject being better understood than it is?

A.—Great need.

Q.—Why?

A.—As a means of self-protection. Mediums fall victims to this power exerted by others, either consciously or unconsciously, and are led to do things which sometimes have a deterring influence upon every effort for good which they may make in after-life. They receive censure and are held responsible.

LESSON SEVENTH.

Q.—Why need we watch our thoughts?

A.—Because the thought always comes before the act. We should never act wrong if we did not first think wrong.

Q.—What, then, do our acts become?

A.—The shadows of our thoughts.

Q.—And if they are shadows, what does it prove?

A.—That thoughts are substance.

Q.—Is thought a substance that can be felt by others?

A.—Yes. As it is an attribute of spirit, it can be felt by spirit.

Q.—Is it of importance, then, what kind of thoughts we send out?

A.—Yes, of great importance.

Q.—What might be the effect of evil or unkind thought directed toward another?

A.—It might cause disease and even physical death.

Q.—What might be the effect of the opposite order of thought?

A.—Restoration to health and happiness.

Q.—Can you explain a little clearer the philosophy of this truth?

A.—As every attribute of spirit is for the use of spirit in its entirety, so long as these attributes work together harmoniously, for the good of all, health and happiness and prosperity must follow. But when any attribute is used for evil, instead of good, it is like a broken string in a musical instrument: discord immediately follows, and discord is disease.

Q.—In the light of this truth, I ask this question: "Am I my brother's or sister's keeper?"

A.—As there is an undoubted relationship between all individualized spirits, there is a NATURAL responsibility resting upon each one, not as a burden, but as the realization of the ONENESS OF ALL LIFE. We cannot do wrong or think wrong without affecting others, for the laws of spirit are very intricate.

[To be continued.]

An Evening with the Spirits.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Yes, an evening with the spirits—real, tangible entities, as natural and lifelike as though they had been in the flesh; nothing shadowy, nothing weird, but a meeting face to face: a social, pleasurable time; a season of hearty, gladness greetings from the mundane to the spiritual side of life, and from the spiritual to the mundane—profitable to the participants and long to be remembered. Of the two thousand sittings I have attended, none was more demonstrative, more convincing, more satisfactory or more pronounced as to the verity of the manifestations in the line of spirit-materialization.

The séance was on the evening of Feb. 25, the anniversary of the birth of Lizzie Florence Hatch, daughter of Mr. A. L. Hatch, formerly of Astoria, N. Y. Before the translation of Lizzie, Mr. Hatch had a party commemorative of her birth, also subsequent to her passing over, a medium being present to enable her to materialize.

Some twelve years ago Spirit Lizzie appeared at a séance of Mrs. William H. Allen, in Providence, probably in a measure attracted by the presence of Mr. Lauriston Towne and myself, we having become acquainted while attending séances at Mrs. C. B. Bliss's when she resided in Providence.

Some three years ago Mr. Hatch, then residing in Providence and attending Mrs. Allen's séances, suggested that there be an anniversary séance, which was held and probably will be continued, though Mr. Hatch has since joined Lizzie and her mother in the spirit-spheres. This last séance opened upon the eighth and continued till three the next morning—fifty or more spirits appearing. They all entered into the spirit of the occasion, apparently; all determined to do their full part to contribute to the pleasures of the evening. A table had been arranged in the parlor, a little in front of the cabinet, literally loaded with cake and fruits, well set off with flowers. The cake was contributed by the sitters, much of it artistically frosted, bearing the names of the spirit-friends who it was expected might come.

Soon after Mrs. Allen had entered the cabinet, the cheery voice of "Mego," her control, greeted the sitters, and promised a successful séance. Then the curtains parted, and Rev. Mr. Brown, in earth-life an Episcopal clergyman, stepped out toward the table in robe and stole, invoking a blessing, followed by a soulful invocation, far above the perfunctory utterings on similar occasions. In rapid succession the male forms came, among them Mr. Hatch, Thomas R. Hazard, and my father. Mr. Hatch thanked those present for their attendance to memorialize the birth of Lizzie. The last of the male forms was Billy Verity, the boot-black, who always gives life to a séance, combining wit and wisdom. Before retiring he gave one of his inimitable whistlings.

The first female form was Lizzie Florence Hatch. She made a short address, welcoming the friends. She was always happy to come from her spirit-home, now more attractive than

ever since she had been joined by her father. She joyously, with her mother, welcomed him when he laid down the burden of mortal life. All were interested in work in both spheres. Her mother came next, followed by a friend of mine, Mrs. Schofield. All added to the interest by their singing. So the forms continued to come till three o'clock. But space will not permit me to give the particulars; so I must deal in general.

The forms, both males and females, were apparently dressed for the occasion. The females were especially elegant in dress. Miss Hatch wore one like the last party dress she wore before her translation. Rings and diamonds were conspicuous. Some of these we know had previously been given to the forms at the cabinet, and others may have been known only to the spirit and the giver. They come with these ornaments—they wear them away. This illustrates the power of spirits, but the how is unfathomable. One notable fact sets at rest the claim sometimes made that the forms are the medium, and the dresses put on by her to simulate personalities. The fact is this: no two dresses were alike; each was distinctive. There were near forty of these dresses, a bulk which would more than twice have filled this cabinet. Then the cost is an item to be taken into the account. I venture to say that these dresses could not be duplicated at a modeste's short of many hundreds of dollars. The kind of goods, the texture, and everything connected with them, give the lie to the idea that they are the spirit-in-trade of the medium.

The spirits ate and drank with us, partaking, however, in small quantities. I should note that the Indian spirits attached to the séance band came, adorned with red, white and blue ribbons attached to their head-dresses. They partook of the feast, but said a little "fire-water" would be good. We told them fire-water was "no good," but they were reluctant to admit it. There is a curious fact in connection with "fire-water." I have seen a spirit Indian drink enough to make any man stupidly drunk, but it had no effect, neither did it react on the medium. I have seen a medium under Indian control drink liquor enough to make her dead-drunk; no effect was observable while she was under the control of the Indian, and when he retired she resumed her normal condition, not knowing that she had drunk anything. Spirit control in any of its phases is involved in mystery, from the most simple to the most complex. All are in the domain of psychic law; we, or many, do strive to solve them by physical, mundane laws, hence ever remain in the fog.

Should any of my readers cavil at the phenomenal facts of spirits partaking of material things, let them remember that spirits are human beings degenerated; temporarily rehabilitated in a mortal form they can, and to a certain extent do, resume some of the characteristics of earth-life. In doing this, they by no means abandon the plane of the spirit, or do ought which hinders their progress. I expect my friends on the spirit-side, as long as I may remain a prisoner in the flesh, will keep in touch with my sphere; and if we can unite in a social time, as on the recent occasion, will do so, as long as affection and love are the bonds which bind soul to soul.

I have good reason to believe they will grow stronger with the advance of the spirit from sphere to sphere, and this, because it is the eternal law of the spirit-spheres. The affiliating of spirits is not to be measured, or estimated by the standards of earth, for soul reaches out to soul by an attraction pure and holy, operative both in heaven and on earth.

If any of the church people cavil, let them recall the instances in holy writ where spirits have descended to earth and sat down to meat with mortals. If they will turn to Luke, xxiv: 41, 42, 43, they will find that Christ, as a spirit, did eat, or, as the record says: "He said unto them [his disciples], Have ye here any meat?" And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them. It would seem this should stop the cavilling criticisms of the believers in Christ, yet it is doubtful if it does, for bigotry has no eyes, no reason, no true conception of the life that is, nor of the life to be. Calvin is more than Christ—the creed more than the Scriptures.

A Wonderful Test in a Portrait.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Campbell Brothers, spirit artists and slate sitters, have been holding séances and private sittings at their cottage at Casadaga Camp the whole season. On the evening of July 27, at 8 o'clock, myself and husband, with some friends, attended one of the public séances given by these mediums.

My husband (Dr. Stillson), previous to coming, and unbeknown to any one but himself, wrote on a slip of paper to his uncle, "George S." who is in spirit, asking him, if he was present, to please send him some proof of spirit return.

I should here state the séances of the Campbell Brothers are held in a light sufficient to read and write by, and their manifestations of writing on tablets, and their type-written messages and independent paintings and painted portraits in oil, on slates and porcelain, are full of satisfaction and portent.

At the commencement of the séance the spirits called for a piece of porcelain, when, in the shortest space of time—possibly a minute, not more—a portrait was handed out to my husband, who instantly recognized it as the portrait of his Uncle George. He had written to it; it was exquisitely painted in oil, and looked like a miniature on ivory, it was so finely executed. At the same séance a lady received a portrait of her sister, who had recently passed over; also many other paintings, wet from the brush of the invisible artist; and at the same séance over fifty messages were received, with names signed in full on the type-writer, for their friends in the circle.

Now for the test: My husband after the séance took the medium aside and drew out from an inside pocket the message he had written to his uncle, which read: "If my uncle, Geo. S., is here, will he send me some proof of spirit return?" He then showed the medium the portrait and message he had received; the portrait was perfect, and I should here say there is no other picture of him in existence to our knowledge.

My husband the next day showed it to a friend of his, a Mr. James Galbraith, and asked him if he knew who it was; he immediately replied, "Why, yes, it is your uncle George."

Now this is only one of the many experiences that are witnessed through these mediums every day.

The Campbell Brothers expect to pass most of the winter in Boston, and the remainder of the season in Chicago—where they are so well known, and where they will be surrounded by hosts of friends. For the truth, R. H. S.

The Sacred Knife.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

BY CHARLES E. TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.G.S.

CHAPTER I.

It was handed to me by my friend, the civil engineer. He is a Dane by birth, and generally esteemed for his social qualities; besides, he has the reputation of being a level-headed, practical fellow. He knew that one of my favorite pursuits was archeology, and with a leaning in that direction himself, he had made quite a collection of Carib hatchets, chisels and spear-heads, from which, now and then, he would spare me one that had more than a common interest for me. This, which he had dug up at the time of the demolition of a portion of an old fort that had stood a landmark on "Our Island of the Sea" from the time of the early buccaneers, was of a more intricate and beautiful design than anything usually executed by the Caribs. For this reason I set it down as the production of a more peaceable and civilized race. Smoothly and deftly carved out of a dark green stone, it had the appearance of the head of an elephant, parrot or crocodile, according to the position in which you placed it. The hooked nose of one human head upon it, and the almost sphinx-severity of the other, were remarkable, and not the least striking features of this interesting curiosity.

I turned it over more than once when my friend brought it to me, and then looked at him.

"What do you think of it?" he asked inquiringly.

"I would take it to be the work of the Arrows, I replied, 'or at any rate a people of a more peaceful nature than the Carib. Were it not for the situation of the holes in it, I might even venture to say that it was used as a 'pipe of peace' in the days when the Indians ruled in the 'West Indies,' but frankly I am not sufficiently skilled in archeology to positively determine so weighty a question. One thing is certain, it is a very beautiful specimen." And then I was about to hand it back to him, when he said:

"Keep it. I have an impression that this thing has a history, and it has occurred to me that you would be able to find it out through one of your 'sensitives,' or, may be, get a peep behind the veil and throw a little light upon the people who made it."

I smiled. Here was my practical friend, who had so often questioned the use of my researches into "psychism," asking me to do something that he had often declared "uncanny," if not impossible. He knew that among my other studies I had dabbled in the so-called occult, that Animal Magnetism, Spiritualism and Theosophy had received more than a passing attention from me; in fact, for a long while I had been happy in the consciousness that so much of it had at last been adopted and recognized by the medical and scientific world, if even under names of their own coinage.

"You mean that I should place this in the hands of" (here I named one of my best "psychometrists," and through her ascertain the story of this relic?"

"Exactly," replied my friend.

"Very well, then," I said, "if you will call on me next Friday evening I will see how far I can oblige you."

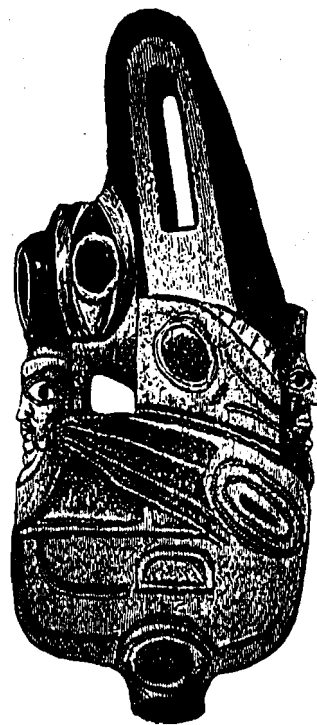
We shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER II.

I was alone in my study, which looked out on the garden attached to my residence. I am a lover of nature, and had done my utmost to make the place beautiful, believing that as we make our homes on this plane, so will they be in the better life beyond. I had planted many of the trees which grew there, the orange, shaddock, lime, bread fruit and custard apple, and many others. Flowers and creepers of the most vivid and brilliant coloring trailed here, there and everywhere in tropical profusion. Lovely walks laid out with care, and shady arbors, cool and leafy retreats from the scorching noonday sun, met you at every turn. Mosses and ferns sprung out from rocky places, and in the distance the sea glistened in the moonlight through a grove of palm trees, which stood out almost black in the foreground.

It was a calm night, and many thoughts came crowding through my mind as I gazed upon the peaceful scene which of late years had so often greeted me in my tropical home, in the little Danish island that I loved so well. My mind went back to all that I had passed through, from darkness into light, from blank materialism to the potent fact that the conscious personality lives on, progresses and becomes one at last with the Infinite Personality which overshadows all. How this had been accomplished was almost as great a wonder to me as the fact that I had lived through sneers and opposition to see many of the opinions for which I had formerly been ready to lay down my life tolerated, if not accepted, by those who had been their bitterest opponents: Anti-vaccination numbered a large and scientific following; the Spiritual Philosophy stood upon a firmer basis than ever. If it had done nothing else, it had acted as a leaven upon minds which hitherto had been bigoted and uncharitable. Its votaries were spread all over the civilized world. Animal Magnetism, under the name of hypnotism, was no longer denied by doctors, who, adopting it as their own, yet wandered in the dark in its true application to disease. Even Theosophy had been taken hold of by the public in a manner undreamed of by its early founders, one of two of whom had been my friends and most cherished correspondents. When I thought of all the changes which had been brought about during the past ten years, and, where men could speak their minds freely, dare to doubt or deny, where the press was under no restraint except by the noble band of journalists that directed it, civilization was bright, and men's lives and property most sacred, a glow of satisfaction stole over me that I, though living on a little speck in the blue Caribbean Sea, had lived to see all this, and been to some extent a participator in the noble work which had accomplished so much for humanity. And so I might have gone on thinking had not my reverie been disturbed by a gentle knock at the door, followed by the entrance of my medium.

She was a native of mixed blood. Her father, a white man, died shortly after her birth. Her mother, who accompanied her, made a respectable living as a seamstress. The girl herself had been a patient of mine. For nine years she had suffered from spastic pa-



ralysis, which, when every thing else had failed, I had cured by animal magnetism—suggestion, as my confidante termed it, and who were as fully alive as myself to its value, now that its truths had been demonstrated scientifically. She was exceedingly handsome, and her rich brunette complexion glowed with health under the light of the solar lamp which illuminated my study.

She greeted me affectionately, and her mother did the same with that ease and dignity which seems natural to most West Indian women.

I had carefully hidden away the relic, and had not even told my medium the purpose for which I wanted her. It was not the first time that she had placed at my disposal the marvelous faculty which had developed itself shortly after her recovery. I use the term marvelous advisedly. I had made hundreds of experiments in every department of psychology, above all in this special field, which had a peculiar fascination for me, for in it I beheld the most perfect demonstration of the soul's far-reaching powers and capacities, and especially in this sensitive, the most accurate that had ever come under my notice. From the moment she was placed in rapport with an object, human or non-human, she grasped every detail of its past, present and future with a clearness, a truthfulness, which, as I have said before, was marvelous, at any rate, to the uninitiated, if not to me to whom such experiments were familiar.

Shortly after her entrance came my friend, the civil engineer, who, apologizing for being late, took a seat which I offered him, near to the medium.

We did not converse much; beyond a few greetings and inquiries we had but little to say. I could see that my friend's curiosity was excited. It was the first time he had been present at a similar experiment, and he was evidently impatient to begin. So, placing the young girl in a comfortable chair, in a few moments she passed into the clairvoyant, or, as my friend, the late Sergeant Cox, terms it, the super-sensuous condition.

I then brought out the relic, which, as I have said before, I had carefully put away. Asking her if she were ready, I placed it in her hand. I would observe here that I had lowered the lamp slightly, but not so much that lights were not perfectly visible in my study.

And now occurred a thing that, experienced as I was in the many phases of mediumship, had never manifested itself to me in so striking a manner.

My medium stood up, and as she did so seemed to gain in height and proportions; from a young girl of sixteen she developed, right before our eyes, into a handsome woman of about thirty years of age. Her face took upon itself a type entirely distinct from that of the medium, a style of beauty of which we only see traces in the women of San Domingo or Cuba, who claim to be descended from the Indians who inhabited those islands in the days of the early Spaniards. Such a transformation, occurring so suddenly and so unexpectedly, had a peculiar effect on my friend, the civil engineer. He was a strong disbeliever in what he termed the vulgar manifestations of "Spiritism," but this change in the aspect of the medium seemed to completely upset him.

The mother also was very much frightened, and had it not been for the confidence she had in me would have put an end to the séance. And I must confess I was myself not a little surprised at the curious effect which the bare contact of the relic had upon the person of her daughter. Just at that moment my friend the civil engineer rubbed his hand over his eyes, as if to assure himself that he was not the victim of a delusion; but finding that the whole thing was a reality he gave a gasp of astonishment, threw himself back upon his chair and awaited further developments. And these were not long in manifesting themselves; with the alteration in form and features came a change in the garments, and in a few moments she stood before us clad in the garments of an Indian Princess—such a figure as I had seen once before in an old drawing made by one of the Jesuit Fathers who accompanied the early conquerors of these islands in the extermination of one of the most peaceable races that ever inhabited this earth.

"I am Anacana," she said gently; "would you like to hear my history? what happened to me in days long past and gone?"

So saying she seated herself, and then commenced her story of the relic.

CHAPTER III.

It was an evil day for the people of my country when, from the verdant hills of Hayti, or Highland, as we called it, we first beheld the ships which brought Columbus to our shores. We called these lumbering caravels, in our soft and easily spoken language, "birds of the ocean"; birds of ill omen had we better called them, for they brought ruin and desolation to the most fertile spot on earth, sorrow and despair to the hearths and homes of the most peaceful people that ever lived. History tells that we came originally from Florida; but those who were the depositaries of our secret knowledge, and who administered the rites of our religion, used to say that we were descendants of the children of the Sun, and that thousands upon thousands of moons before that period we were joined to the mainland, where, as you may possibly have seen, there yet are ruins of the great temples in which we worshipped the God of our belief. This relic which you have placed within my

[Continued on seventh page.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

QUOTE ADAM.

O! soul, take cheer, for every teeming seed;
Each ooze-born eld, each fin and foot and wing,
Yea, every pulseless, dull, insensate thing
Waits summoned hither to the calling need.
O! fortunate to be the happy meed—
The heir to prayer the cycles sing;
To diamond serene the cosmic ring,
And harvest praise the sower's deathless seed.

O! recompense the patient mother, Pain—
Unceasing travail since the harmonic spell
Allured the bristly atoms to its trail,
And wound to worlds the music-welded chain.
Be worth the ages' throes that didst impel
This pulsing miracle for thee to dwell.

N. N.

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER VI.

A VOICE FROM A PROPHET.

AS the history cited in the last chapter of this story was related with much greater fullness than we have given it, to the friends from San Francisco who had been led to Portland to see more clearly into the work which lay before them, and as the topic of prophecy is always a fascinating one, it was unanimously agreed that a special Lodge meeting should be convened on the first Sunday after their arrival, to receive such information as the unseen teachers might be willing to supply on this great question.

Miss Leech always held her Bible Class at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons, and as it was looked forward to all through the week by the many who found in it their chief source of instruction and refreshment, nothing ever led her to discontinue it, for in her occasional absence her brother usually conducted it on lines precisely similar to her own, and if he too were absent Miss Buckingham invariably filled the position admirably.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 20, 1895, Mrs. Colchester, Miss Sherrington, Mr. Geike, and all the Buckinghams entered the large double class-rooms in Cozwell House at ten minutes before three, where they found about fifty students already seated, and many more arriving.

As the doors closed precisely at three o'clock there were no late comers, and exactly on the stroke of the hour Miss Leech entered the room accompanied by her brother, who immediately took his seat at the organ, close to the platform from which his sister conducted the services.

At the time of opening the meeting there were exactly seventy-seven persons in the room, including those who led the exercises.

Mr. Leech, in a rich, clear baritone voice, sang "The Prophet," words by James Russell Lowell, music of his own composition. Following the song Miss Leech read the fourteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, very distinctly, but with no elocutionary pretentiousness. She offered no vocal prayer, but at the close of the reading invited all to join in silent aspiration.

During the seven minutes through which silence was observed Mr. Leech discoursed soft music on the organ, which lent a restful and uplifting charm to the quiet moments.

When the music died away in total silence Miss Leech rose, and repeated the Scientific Affirmation founded on what is generally known as the Lord's Prayer, in the following words: "Our Father and Mother, who art in all the heavens, thy name is hallowed throughout the universe; thy kingdom is established in all the expressions of thy love and wisdom; thy will is done in all the celestial spheres, and done also by reflection in all states terrestrial; thou givest all thy children day by day their daily sustenance; thou leadest us not into temptation, but deliverest us from all error; thou forgivest us our debts as we forgive our debtors; thine alone is sovereignty, dominion and glory eternally. Amen."

After this Ascription of Faith, as some of the "Scientists" termed it, was over, the Twenty-first hymn from the "Wolfheimer Psalmody" was beautifully sung by all present. The words of this hymn are an adaptation from one of Adelaide Proctor's exquisite poems, and read as follows:

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

Do not look at earthly sorrow,
Think how small each fleeting pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

E'en the hour that fleets most slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
For passing hours descend;
Nor, thy daily work forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

Immediately after the conclusion of the hymn, Miss Leech gave out the text of her discourse, "For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted." (I. Cor. xiv. 31.)

Though the meeting was called a Bible Class, it had grown long ago into a regular Sunday service, which included an address from the teacher, which was always followed by the expression of thoughts appropriate to the occasion by many of the attendants.

The address was always highly suggestive rather than dogmatic in tone and utterance; it therefore encouraged free expression of ideas subsequently, and, as the greater portion of the assemblage was always constituted of people who were studying deeply into spiritual laws and principles, many suggestions thrown out by the class on one Sunday afforded the teacher notes for her lesson on the Sunday following.

On this occasion Miss Leech seemed especially inspired. Prophecy was one of her favorite themes, and, as she truly declared, it is one of those inexhaustible fountainheads from which the living water of vital instruction can be drawn continually.

The graceful speaker, who was a deep student of the Bible and also well versed in various branches of ancient and modern literature, usually illustrated her subjects in a variety of ways, thereby adapting them to many orders of intellect.

On this occasion she commenced with the words of Moses, who, while rebuking those who were but pretenders to the prophet's office, expressed the fervent wish that all the Lord's people were prophets. Great natures, she said, were never envious; they could not be jealous of the spiritual attainments of others, and while they were earnest in their efforts to guard a sacred trust from desecration, they could not but rejoice in any good work accomplished through any agency.

Prophets were always immeasurably superior to priests in all respects, for, while the latter were easily moved to reflect the passing sentiments of the people, the former

stood boldly to the front in times of storm as well as sunshine, and were ever ready, if need be, to suffer persecution in the service of the right.

Prophecy may be regarded, continued the speaker, not only, or even chiefly, as an ability to predict the future. Though the element of prognostication does enter into the prophet's work, the chief office of the prophet is to exhort to righteousness by showing the way of truth, and rationally inducing all fair and honest hearts to tread in that blessed pathway.

Prophets, pursued the teacher, are always, or at least always have been, in a minority, for there are but few comparatively who are prepared to forego the opinions of the world, and, turning their backs upon every wrongful usage of their times, turn inward to the spirit instead of outward to the flesh for guidance.

Prophets, then, are like unto mountain-climbers—they dwell on heights while others exist in valleys. To them the boundless scene of nature is outspread in unparalleled magnificence, and, as they gaze all about them and take in an ample view of the surrounding landscape, they see what others cannot perceive and fail to become disheartened by any shadows, for they know that such can be but of very short duration, while the eternal verities of life abide in changeless glory, despite all shifting experiences of sense.

After following the general line of meditation for about half an hour, Miss Leech seemed to become suddenly illuminated. Instead of her usual calm demeanor, she spoke with fire and unwonted eloquence, and as the trooping words rushed through her inspired lips, a holy awe and sense of extreme reverence fell over all the assembly.

It was when she dwelt particularly upon the exact words of her text: "For ye may all prophesy, one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted," that she rose to the grandest height of inspirational oratory. Cold type can never repeat the burning force which accompanies a master speech, for, though the words may be transmitted faithfully, not even a phonograph can duplicate the impression made by living utterance.

It is for this reason that the Greek love of oratory has been handed down to the present day, and, whatever profession may cease in the world, that of the orator will never perish.

When the address ended there was a hush which no one seemed inclined to break, and it was not until another solo had been sung by Mr. Leech that anybody seemed wishful to offer a remark or to present a question.

At the conclusion of the song, however, Mr. Geike, at the instigation of Mr. Buckingham, propounded the following inquiry: "How is it that prophets are sometimes able to exactly foretell the future, even pointing out to individuals precisely what is to occur at a given time in a certain place? Are we, in your judgment, to refer predictions to unaccountable coincidence, or can we reasonably attach to them a much higher significance?"

"I do not presume," replied Miss Leech, "to settle off-hand a question which has long puzzled, and is puzzling still, many of the profoundest thinkers on earth; but in my opinion the best solution of the problem is contained in the thought that every event proceeds from subjective to objective, that everything that is said or done in the outer world is first performed in the unseen mental state, therefore those who are endowed with sufficient insight to penetrate the arcanæ of nature, see the seeds sprouting in the psychic state, which must in due course produce corresponding verdure in the physical domain."

"Whatever we have resolved to do we have already done, and it is only a matter of a little time or our inward resolutions, if they are fixed and intense, will be materialized."

Though the above answer covered some portion of the ground which Mr. Geike desired to hear covered, it left many unanswered questions in his mind that he could not formulate, or formulate, and while he felt grateful to the speaker for carrying him thus far along the road of his investigation, he whispered to Mr. Buckingham that he hoped, in the course of a private interview, to draw Miss Leech out much further.

Though the words were quietly whispered many feet away from the platform, its occupant heard every syllable distinctly, and took the young man greatly by surprise by quickly answering, "I do not give private lessons except on Mental Healing, and then usually in classes, but if you put your question this evening in the right place, at the right time, to the right individual, you will receive the reply of which you stand most in need."

Mrs. Goodwin, who was in the audience, then arose, and related a touching experience. She had been healed of cerebro spinal meningitis entirely through mental treatment, and felt it a privilege beyond a duty to stand up and testify. Miss Sherrington then related briefly how she had been rescued from despair through the instrumentality of Mrs. DeWolfe of New York, when she was broken alike in health and spirits, at a time when a severe blow had fallen upon her, under the crushing strain of which her reason had threatened to abdicate its throne. Mrs. Colchester, with her sweet, calm manner, declared that in her life spiritual guidance had been a demonstrated reality from early childhood, and as she told in simple, earnest, heartfelt words how she and her dear husband were never separated by land or sea, and how perfectly the mystic science of telepathy was proved in her experience, the clock struck five, and the audience separated just as she had repeated the words of her favorite motto, "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

When the service was over many of the congregation lingered lovingly in the pleasant rooms, which breathed so heavenly an air that few seemed willing to quit the sacred place a moment earlier than they felt compelled.

Miss Leech and her brother had never advertised; they made no attempt or effort of any sort even to make their meetings known; still, even in the stormiest weather the attendance always filled the two large rooms, and the audience frequently contained strangers in the city who never knew how they found their way, uninited and unattended, to an unadvertised gathering in a private residence.

Miss Leech was wont to quote from Isaiah to those who commented upon the mystery of her methods: "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord," and, while she did not presume to hold herself diviner than her fellow-beings, she did not hesitate to avow her deep conviction that if some other people trusted to the efficacy of a divine method of operating, as much as she and her brother did, to use the words of a good poet:

"Their cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me."

When evening had set in, and dinner was over at Buckingham House, Mr. and Miss Leech, accompanied as usual by Mrs. Cozwell, joined the family at their special Psychic Reunion.

On this occasion the same twelve persons were present as on the former evening of which we have made mention, only the proceedings commenced at eight instead of nine o'clock, and there were no special preliminaries or formalities.

Sunday evening is the best evening in the week for an early séance, because on that day the mental atmosphere is much quieter than on the six working days. After singing a beautiful song altogether in harmonious concert, Angelina Buckingham, who was the seeress of the party, passed very quickly into an exalted state, where she conversed understandingly with the bright intelligences who were her spiritual preceptors.

The phase of "mediumship" possessed and enjoyed by this bright, vivacious young lady differed widely from what most people conceive to be necessary for communion with the unseen spheres, and, without presuming to say that there are not many legitimate phases of mediumship, we may certainly be allowed to express the conviction that whatever may be described as normal, and in some of its aspects supernormal, is immeasurably preferable to whatever deserves to be designated by the pathologic term abnormal.

When Miss Buckingham rose into the super-conscious state she conversed as freely with the denizens of the spiritual realm as she conversed with the inhabitants of the terrestrial plane when in her ordinary state of conscious-

ness. In the superior condition she became knowing to truths which lie entirely beyond the ordinary scientific ken, and while at home on that plane of perception she seemed quite oblivious to all that was going on below.

On the Sunday evening in question she proceeded at once to describe a vision which came before her, a vision so remarkably vivid in all its details that it impressed all the listeners so strongly that they declared afterward that while she was describing it they felt themselves vibrating sympathetically with every scene of which she spoke, so that they, too, seemed to see its details likewise.

She said, "I see before me a man of venerable appearance, patriarchal in aspect; his hair and beard are white as snow, his costume is white also, and he wears a golden girdle. His face and head are particularly luminous, and from his head proceeds a radiant effluence of light, rainbow-hued in its perfect beauty."

"The seven colors revealed by the spectrum are as distinct as one ever sees them in a natural rainbow, and they appear in the same order when I look at him from before; but when I view him from the other side I discern the same seven colors, but in reverse order; so that there are fourteen colors presented in a minor sense, but only seven in the major. The seven colors which I see when he fronts me are very bright and vivid; those which I see when he turns his back to me are much softer in their radiance."

"The thought enters my spirit as I gaze upon this vision that the one set of seven are the masculine expressions, and the other set of seven the feminine expressions of the same attributes in a perfectly balanced life."

After pausing for a moment in her speech, her gaze the while riveted upon what no one but herself could see, the seeress continued: "Now there are two figures in place of one, and the other is in perfect female form; from her head and face the selfsame radiations proceed, only in her case the feminine display of colors is to the fore and the masculine behind."

"As this heavenly pair converse I see these scintillations blend so perfectly that the two appear as one. One is never lost in the other, the two are ever distinct each from each; but, though distanced in individualization one from the other, they constitute one angel. In them I behold prophet and prophetess, and from this celestial bride and bridegroom we shall now receive a message."

As the sweet, clear voice of Angelina ceased, the room seemed pervaded with the deepest peace and holiest calm; no one wished to move; yet there was no painful sense of awe or oppression over the assembled company.

Shortly there was a resumption of the speech, and now the inspired maiden seemed clothed with a new and wondrous dignity. She spoke no longer as one who sees a vision and relates it to others, but as one upon whom a divine affluence has descended, and in words of power and flame she rose to the height of prophetess and became one with the radiant angel whose presence she had just beheld.

While in such close communion with the angel who instructed her, she received word by word through a process of interior influx not only the sense of the message—but every syllable in which it was couched entered into her receptive understanding, and, while it was she who uttered the words externally, not one of them was from her own mentality, but entirely by influx from her spiritual preceptor.

In this way the higher spirits commune with earth through the agency of faithful, willing disciples, who knowingly and with intense gladness serve as channels of communion with higher states. As the words were deliberately spoken, and there was a photograph in the room so arranged as to record and reproduce every word as it fell from the lips of the speaker, the message concerning prophecy revealed that evening was preserved in the permanent archives of the Lodge, and is in part given publicly to the world in the following language: "Prophecy, that is, the predictive part of it, seems highly mysterious to most intellects, because average reason compasses no more than the very limited series of causes which are discernible to outward sense. The majority of men and women on earth are comparable to those who dwell in valleys and can see but a very short way either before or behind them, and not at all into the deep places of the earth. Such people are often thoroughly honest, and quite intelligent so far as their limited range of sight permits, but they are often unduly arrogant, for they presumptuously decide that God forbids that man should see any further than they themselves behold."

Prophecy is possible only to such as are elevated upon the hills so that they can look to the four points of the compass, and, gazing in varying directions, see what is behind, before, and on either side. The prophet also knows what internally is accomplished already, and thence he can judge of what is about to come to pass. The greatest work of the prophet does not, however, consist in prognostication of any sort, except on lines of pure and profitable instruction, for they alone are worthy to be denominated prophets who can see into the hidden depths of Nature's arcanum and describe the law whereby all events are brought to pass. When the Council at Nicæ formulated the Nicene creed, the wisest among the members of that body insisted upon the insertion of the clause concerning the Holy Spirit "who spake by the prophets"; but with the present reading the seers were not satisfied, for, had their interpretation carried the day, the present would have taken the place of the past tense of the verb; we should therefore have become accustomed to the phrase "who speaks through the prophets." As this—the second oldest creed in Christendom—now stands, we have a historic but not a perpetual tribute to prophetic ministry. Those prophets acknowledged as God's instruments at the Council of Nicæ were Hebrew, Greek, Hindu, Persian, Chaldean and many other nationalities, for the early Church never disputed the universality of inspiration and illumination. The devout men belonging to every nation spoken of as Jews in the account of the coming of the Holy Spirit, described in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, were not so designated because they were all descendants of Abraham, for many of them were no Jews in that sense, but they were all counted among the true Israelites whom Paul identifies as "Jews inwardly," meaning that they were inwardly enlightened. From the days of the prophet Moses and the priest Aaron, there were great differences in the ministries of religion among the literal Jews, and only those who attained to Mosaicism as beyond Aaronism were reliable guides of the people. Sacrificial offerings and elaborate ceremonies can never spiritualize a people—consequently the prophets cared naught for the ritual of the Levites.

The prophets were always a company apart; they were serious men and women, who possessed such insight into the concealed regions of Nature that they could heal the sick by imparting such instruction to those who came to them for succor that the diseased victims of error could learn through prophetic counsel to live new and noble lives and attain to health by conformity with the order of the universe. But it is in reference to particular predictions that many are continually inquiring. These are rendered possible by reason of absolute predestination on the part of higher intelligences in the first place, and because of thought-reading in the second. They do greatly err who mainly imagine that the earth is overruled by no celestial guardians, and they do also err who suppose that they can hide even their most carefully secreted intentions from the glance of those lynx-eyed prophets to whom the artifices of mortal concealment is but as the thinnest veil of gossamer.

The great events which are to take place on earth are all foretold by those who govern earth from heaven; and as to the little things in man's affairs which are only foreseen, these are beheld as architects' designs before the first attempt has been made to carry into outwardly substantial effect these pre-creations of man's concealed affections.

[To be continued.]

The sanitary reasons for cremation are such as appeal forcibly to most intelligent people. I am especially interested, however, in the spiritual significance of the practice of cremation. I believe that it is in accordance with true religion, especially in these two particulars: it agrees with the right idea of the resurrection of the body, and it symbolizes the supremacy of the soul.—Rev. George Hodges, Dean of Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

Abstract Philosophy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Those who clamor for the preservation of individual identity unwittingly plead for a law of restriction.

To individualize is to minimize.

The all of truth is abstract, absolutely so.

God is abstract, for he is the all.

In order to enter into an appreciation of this immutable fact, the mind itself must rise into an abstract condition; that is, it must separate from the individual self—the ephemeral ego—and stand unnumbered by intrinsic longings.

The abstract plane is the true plane for psychic students. Impersonality characterizes all occult knowledge.

In ethereal soul-realms—realms of the highest progress—I and thou are unknown terms; individuals, per se, form no part of the celestial cosmogony.

Being is a chain, beings are of no significance in the infinite purpose. A detached link in this ubiquitous chain—were such a condition conceivable—would be superlatively valueless; links are of value only as they affiliate in the efforts of their fellows, and even then it is the effort that counts, not the factor exerting it.

In the unanimity of the system lies its deific power.

Individual aggrandizement is a solecism in ethics.

The moment an individual desires to heap unto himself possessions, whatever their nature, that moment he creates discord in the cosmic harmony.

What is for all, and only in altruistic service of all can true growth be attained.

The more we concentrate individually, the more we dissipate vital energy. In proportion as we exalt self we decline from the deific standard. True enlargement comes from absorption into the whole, not in standing apart and clinging to self.

The narrowness of individualism is the rock upon which conservatism is going to pieces.

Identity, as we conceive it, wanes *pro ratio*, as we merge into ethereal existence.

A diaphanous state of being is the highest phase of cosmic life of which we are cognizant, and literally, this is abstract being.

Superior intelligences cannot approach near to us; they have lost that gross power of concentration which is necessary to enter our atmosphere. They tell us so. They are soul centered, not self-centered as mortals are. They project their influence, and sometimes images, on etheric waves, using the atmosphere as a camera.

The selfhood of Deity is the only selfhood that can be maintained under laws of progress.

Growth implies absorption into the eternal and infinite self, and consequent loss of human personality.

As minds grow away from materialism they essentially grow toward abstraction, and abstraction is the bedrock of occult Spiritualism.

It is the strength of Oriental religions; Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Islamism, Confucianism and all the venerable theories of antiquity were based upon its principles.

We can no more stand apart or hold aloof from this primary demand of omnipotent law than we can hope to build a stable philosophy upon the quicksands of error. But it were vandalism to force the truth upon minds unprepared to receive it; it is a feature of psychic development, and must be accepted as such.

The Nazarene struck the keynote of truth when he said:

"If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me."

The identity of individuality—a term implying the ostracism of distinction—must merge into the all-embracing identity of the Infinite and disclaim *in toto* all personal merit before sterling spiritual character can be attained.

We were called into being by omnipotent law, that is, we were aroused from the coma of primal inaction to assume an active, cooperative part in universal evolution. We were given creature-existence to bear a share in the consummate design of the ubiquitous Legislator of worlds; it is his purpose we serve, not our own.

Can an atom sustain essential life except it be allied to its correlative kind? Can a globe of liquid resist evaporation unless it mingle with its fellows and assume homogeneity? Can the human factor, man, prove an exception to the universality of principle involved and maintain his meagre individuality?

The entire cosmos is based upon laws of affiliation. Granite peaks, coral reefs, the planet itself, are illustrations of this fact.

To divide and subdivide in a search for the factors producing a result, in order to accredit each with its specific share in the supreme work, would be to disintegrate, to differentiate, to minimize, and the inevitable result would be the sacrifice of all stability.

But some may urge, human beings are the crowning effort of nature's fecund energy; they only possess soul, and are an exception. To this I reply: Soul possesses them; they are automatic material in the hands of eternal soul-energy, and for this supreme reason are a culminating exemplification of the cosmic law.

Human creatures begin existence as individualized entities, just as atoms in the cosmic sea begin existence. It is a primary manifestation in the scale of life. Families illustrate a fundamental ramification of the affiliative law. In the "ascent of life" this law becomes infinitely potent. Higher realms bear adequate testimony to its immutability in the banding together of the immortals for human betterment. No celestial guide ever claims absolute control of a medium. If such a claim is made on the part of an invisible, it proclaims his character as an arrogant egotist and an unprogressive soul. Beware of all such! They are never colleagues of celestial spirits. It is *prima facie* evidence of narrowness or bigotry.

The sublimated souls who minister to the growth of human intelligence, are associated in their endeavors. They fraternize in their respective grades of advancement. Status prescribes a commonwealth in which all pertaining thereto share. All interests are in plurality, and multiplicity is a synonym for strength.

This truth is subtle and far-reaching in its scope, elusive in its significance, and contains the kernel of all mystical knowledge.

But, as I said in the beginning, the mind must rise superior to self-interest and blend with the universal mind before these truths can be consistently discerned.

Only in abstraction can the vastness of occult verities be learned, and this is the initial field of the seer, the alphabetic region of the adept.

Some may ask: What is abstraction? How can it be acquired?

To the first question I answer: It is that mental state in which the physical ego is absolutely subjected to the law of spirit; to speak metaphysically, it is a condition of mental diffusion in which the untrammelled mind searches occult fields relatively free from fleshly constraint.

Mind is a divine energy, and conducts its own investigations while in the abstract state, guided by the intellect inherent in the soul.

No external guide is required; being a part of the All-thought, it mingles naturally with universal mind, and assimilates readily whatever enters within its scope.

It may be acquired by close and studious introspection based upon a resolute determination to learn Nature's operations in your own being. Introspection forces the intelligence into its own being by neutralizing the physical faculties and sterilizing brain vigor for the time being. Fleshly instincts, per se, are temporarily eliminated from consciousness, and the all searching instincts of the immortal ego dominate the mind.

Abstraction contains the key to Hindoo mysticism, and is the only method extant by which occult realms can be penetrated by human minds.

Analogy may guide reason to logical deductions in occult thought, but experience is the only practical teacher. What the abstract mind discovers is assimilated, and no argument can efface it; it becomes a part of the individual life, and is literally embodied in the intellect.

Prayer to the All is a lever which will, if honestly and reverently continued, lift your soul into celestial conditions and open the invisible arcana to your search.

The occult is simply the higher cult or teaching of Nature, and the word need not be an obstacle to investigation. It is not abstruse in its significance, as many suppose; whatever is unseen is occult. Whatever is not understood is relatively occult. We need liberation from this bondage imposed by words; it is the most dogmatic of all conservative codes, the most autocratic in its bigotry, and the most dwarfing—in an ethical sense—to intelligence.

Natural laws are impugned and natural instincts debased by a prostitution of words. The language of to-day must be lifted from the obscurity of tradition before its pure, intrinsic beauties can be fully appreciated.

In abstraction no words impress the mind; the cosmic language, or language of intuition—sometimes called the thought-language—conveys truth to the inner consciousness, and the method is inconceivably rapid.

Again, let me urge studious introspection upon those who desire a cultured psychic intellectuality untintured by the asceticism of materiality. Abstract knowledge is bland and soul-exalting, entirely impervious to censorious restrictions, and the most benignant etherializer to human sentiments.

Aspiration, integrity of motive and perseverance are the open sesame to success.

PAUL AVEREL.

If your child is puny, fretful, troubled with glandular swellings, inflamed eyes, or sores on the head, face or body, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is needed to expel the scrofulous humors from the blood. The sooner you begin to give this medicine the better.

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Banner of Light.

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The management of the **BANNER OF LIGHT** has reduced the subscription price of the paper to **Two Dollars per year** (former price \$2.50). The reduction commenced with the issue for **March 7**, which is **No. 1 of Vol. 79**.

We trust that Spiritualists all over the country will cooperate heartily with us in the step taken by **THE BANNER** in recognition of the demand of the times, which everywhere calls upon magazines, newspapers and current literature for some reduction of former prices.

Will the regular subscribers for **THE BANNER** make an effort to increase its circulation? It would be an excellent and practical plan if every one now on our subscription books would make it his or her business to obtain one new subscriber to this paper for 1896.

It is our desire to maintain the heretofore high standard of **THE BANNER**, and to add to the value of its contents and the practicality of its work, wherever opportunity shall be given us; and we hope the Spiritualists of the mundane world will work with us, to strengthen our hands for the service of that world of spirits, whose Cause this paper has so long defended.

BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The National Association.

This important assemblage of the Spiritualists of the country is to take place in Washington during the entire week beginning with October 19. On that evening, at 8 o'clock, the annual reception will take place at the Ebbitt House Red Parlor, Fourteenth and F streets, Northwest. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 20, 21 and 22, business meetings of the assembly will be held at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. each day. Every evening during the Convention grand public meetings will be held, with addresses, spirit communications, musical renderings and kindred diversions. On Friday and Saturday, October 23 and 24, personally conducted excursions to points of interest in and around the national capital will be made to the various points of interest with which Washington abounds. Those who remain over Sunday, the 25th, will have an opportunity to be instructed and entertained by listening to two grand lectures in Masonic Temple by Hon. L. V. Moulton of Grand Rapids, Mich.

The occasion is one of equally great interest and importance. The increase of the number of Spiritualists in all parts of the country has at length warranted the establishment of a regular organization, whose mass meeting at the national capital is calculated to impress the character of the body of believers on the serious thought of the country. It was time that such a demonstration was made if for no other reason. But there is a further purpose in it. It is calculated to awaken public attention to the existence of a wide popular belief in the phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism; to bring it before the public mind in a worthy manner; to excite feelings of fraternity from which rich fruit may be expected; to give a fresh impetus to the tenets held by professing Spiritualists everywhere; and to draw together in closer relations those of like sympathy and belief. As a national proceeding it is eminently proper that such a Convention should be held at the seat of the national Gov-

ernment, the centre of the thought and life of the country.

We predict an earnestly enthusiastic gathering of Spiritualists, and expanding results from the meeting.

A Public Monopoly.

In an extremely forcible article in the July *Arena*—one of a series—on the telegraph monopoly, Prof. Parsons, of Boston University, says with impressive effect that the public is plucked by private monopoly; it got along better with free competition; but the remedy is not to go backward to competition, but forward to fuller cooperation. Keep the monopoly, for it means internal economy; but make it a public monopoly instead of a private one, so that it may mean justice as well as economy. The advantages of union ought not to be monopolized by a few individuals, nor its strength become a means of extortion in their hands. The benefits of these unions should be justly distributed over the whole community, which can only be done satisfactorily and certainly by putting the ownership of the union in the community. Two laws only are strong enough to grapple with corporate monopoly—the law that forfeits the franchise for unlawful conduct, and the law that takes the franchise for public use. Those are the laws we must get enforced, for they alone can do the work with certainty and completeness. Regulation is a clumsy, costly failure. You do not get rid of the antagonism of interest between the monopoly and the public; you only give the monopoly a new motive to corrupt your officials, and add a few names to the salary list you have to pay.

Even without corruption the corporate monopoly can often evade the law. It can keep its books in such a way as to give an appearance of value to stock that is really water. Once issued, and sold in part to bona fide purchasers for value, and the courts will refuse to sustain a law that cuts off reasonable dividends from the stock, water or no water. The Interstate Commerce Act and the Anti Trust law are good examples of the fate awaiting efforts to regulate or control monopolies—dead failures both of them in respect to the main purposes of enactment—a heavy drain on the public purse, with almost no benefit except the aid the experience gives in teaching the people that regulation will not accomplish the good they desire. If the people want the telegraph run in their interest, they must own the telegraph. Charles Sumner told the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads, in 1884, that the Western Union Telegraph Company had not only suppressed inventions, but had done so systematically. Competition tends toward the lowest price that will allow capital any interest sufficient to induce it to work. Monopoly tends toward the highest price the people will pay rather than go without the monopolist's service. We have the curious spectacle of a government creating monopolies with one hand, and trying to choke them with the other. The very nature of republican government requires its power to be used for public and not for private interests and purposes; monopoly is against public interest; therefore the fundamental principles of republican government are broken every time a franchise is granted, and every moment a private monopoly is allowed to exist.

Equal rights to all, special privileges to none, is the only rule consistent with liberty and justice. It is one of the fundamental axioms of governmental philosophy. Government is a union of all for the benefit of all. It is a cooperative effort to which all classes of the people contribute, and its powers should be used impartially. Monopoly there must be; it is wrong for it to be in private hands; therefore it must be in public hands. The people must keep their franchises, or regain them if they have passed into private control. Monopoly involves the power of taxation, which can justly be exercised only by the public for the benefit of the public. Therefore monopoly must belong to the public. The monopolist is able to charge more than his service would be worth in a fair competitive market. The difference is not given in exchange for value received, but is a tribute to power, a tax levied by a privileged class—industrial kings and aristocrats—and collected from the people by compulsion of their necessities; a tax that is levied and collected by a power in which the people have no representation, and in sums so great that the tax in resistance to which the patriots of '76 took arms was but a trifle in comparison—a tax for private purposes without even the pretense of being levied for the public good. Private monopoly is a power which the Legislature cannot lawfully confer upon any man or set of men, because it does not possess any such power itself. It can tax or authorize taxation for public purposes only.

"Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself."

This subject was recently taken as the text of a Labor subject at Lynn, intended to be an arraignment of American citizens who shirk the duties of citizenship, and an appeal for justice to those who are struggling on farms and in factories to obtain a bare living. The speaker said that the majority of the American middle class, who enjoy the happy medium between poverty and wealth, have repudiated the debt which they owe to society by indifference to the struggle for life now going on among the producing masses. Our wealthy citizens, under the American theory of self-help, now become impracticable, are become the most selfish in the world. In most European countries there are public-spirited men and women who spend time and money in promoting the welfare of the city or state in which they live—but in this country such patriots are very scarce. Two years ago an attempt was made to organize a union for practical progress in Boston and other cities, but it was finally killed through the indifference and unpardonable selfishness of the ministers and wealthy church-members to whom it appealed.

Rightly, said the speaker, the clergy, as a class, will never help anything unless it promises them personal or sectarian glory. This year, in the great city of Boston, no land-owner would lend his unoccupied land to the industrious poor people who wished to raise their own potatoes; and they were compelled to pay a high price for the few acres they tilled. In New York, the capitalists who loaned the money to start the potato farms charged five per cent., and then called themselves philanthropists because they didn't foreclose and grab the entire crop. Our middle-class citizens ignore their political duties, and leave legislation to professionals who have no reputation. Not a week passes but many workmen are compelled to choose between pauperism and

suicide. The merciless monopolists are stampeding this nation into slavery. The indifference of our respectable citizens appears to be almost criminal. Those who thus ignore the public welfare are the dead-heads and moral bankrupts of the universe. They wrong both the dead and the unborn, and plunder equally the cradle and the grave. They eat the fruit of the trees their fathers planted, and then try to cut the trees down.

Without a serious purpose or worthy endeavor they idle through their empty lives, bowing and cringing to the set just above them and haughtily indifferent to the set just below them, keeping up appearances no matter what the truth is, and with no higher idea of morality than to give a superfluous dollar to a superfluous church. The public welfare is the most sacred of all things, and they who enjoy the benefits of society have heavy obligations to meet. The owners of happy homes, not blighted by either too much or too little wealth, are heirs of all the ages, and cannot begin to pay a mere money value for what they enjoy. How has this progress which results in the life of to-day been made? By the thought and skill and ideals and efforts and courage and patience and martyrdom of thousands of inventors, poets, mechanics, scientists, and glorious rebels and heretics. Were it not for such agitations as those which the wealthy ones now condemn, they would be still conservatively squatting in mud huts and caves. Consider how many good and glorious ones have suffered to make these labor meetings possible. Many a Roger Williams and Abner Kneeland have endured persecution to save us from the savagery of religious bigots. We have pious fanatics around still, but times have changed for the better since the Church crucified Christ. The lions may be savage yet, but all their teeth are pulled and we are no longer afraid of a roar.

By their own ignorant consent, the working people have been robbed of their birthright. What does it matter to them if this is the nineteenth century, if they have to drudge for a pittance like the serfs of feudalism? The liberators and discoverers of the past intended that all humanity should be their heirs, but a few capitalists have broken the will. Every living man and woman has an equal right to all the knowledge, all the liberty, all the improvements and all the wealth that have been gained or gathered by the dead. Every titled deed drops its authority at the grave. The whole nation should offer its wealth of opportunities to every child, and appropriate the finished work of every man and woman. America, like Europe, is beginning to be ruled by its graveyards, and living men must starve because some dead fools blundered. It is not wise to be selfish. Nation after nation has gone down in blood to prove it. The wisest bit of legislation ever suggested was that simple precept which has never yet been recognized as constitutional or orthodox: "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

A War or a Peace Education?

Dr. Ellen Goodell Smith addressed the Peace Convention at Mystic, Conn., last year in August, in which she took the ground that the salvation of the human soul could not be assured, and peace became possible on earth, until a higher education should be developed that will produce qualities of mind and heart whose fruits will be harmony and peace. Armies and navies exist solely because of the cultivation of the war spirit. Good and noble youth, the pride of homes and the flower of the nations, are deliberately educated to stand as targets upon battle-fields, and be scientifically murdered. The soil of the Old World is saturated with their precious blood. Annually millions of dollars are expended in teaching these youths, and supporting military institutions that are always ready for deadly work. The thinking of vile and wicked thoughts, the plotting and planning deeds of darkness, fills the mind with evil, and causes the hands to commit the deeds we educate the brain to perform. To prepare for war, and to illustrate it with the display of dress parade and drill, is to invite it. There will be no peace so long as warlike nations continue to make the elaborate and gigantic preparations for war that are now being pushed with an enthusiasm and energy unknown in past history.

The Wesley Letters.

A reprint in convenient pamphlet form of the letters of the Wesley family has been made. It is a record of enduring interest and value. The object of the publication is to rescue from oblivion a narration of experience that shall not only appeal to Wesleyans as a body, but to the members of the great family of Christendom at large, irrespective of sect or party, so that attention may be arrested and interest stimulated upon the question now asked on every side—"Is it possible for the departed to return?" The whole story was published by Rev. John Wesley over sixty years after the facts occurred. The narrative is confirmed by letters written during the time the events took place, so that there is no room to cavil at the evidence presented. The facts are contained in a narrow compass. The strange noises at the Epworth Parsonage began on the first of December, 1715-16, and continued for four months, more or less. Young Wesley may peruse these pages with profit, and inquire if there may not be other proofs even of a more convincing nature of spirit return.

Pulpit Voices.

The publication of the opinions of distinguished preachers on Spiritualism continues through the agency of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, the monographs before us containing extracts from Rev. George H. Hepworth, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. H. Elkin, Rev. Edward C. Towne on the occasion of his funeral sermon of Rev. John Pierpont, and an Easter sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage. The latter remarks that "Spiritualism makes no demand on us that we believe the supernatural. At most it is only a question of words. A spiritual world, if it exists, is as natural as the physical world. All the mightiest forces are invisible, but not therefore supernatural." Rev. Mr. Mayo says "we shall learn out of it (Spiritualism) what it means in the nineteenth century to believe in the immortality of the soul."

Every one should read the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for October. "The Modern Fairy Tale," by T. C. Crawford, is a fine story. The John Lord—the hero—is said to be suggested by the work of the noted medium, John W. Fletcher, and he is easily recognized in the clever description. We shall print excerpts next week.

The Babylon Discoveries

Wonderful discoveries have been made by the American expedition to the ancient mound of Nippur, which throw a flood of light upon the history of Babylon. The unearthing of ancient inscriptions and other records carry back written human history no less than two thousand two hundred and fifty years further than anything hitherto known. The excavations are in charge of Professor Hilprecht, in behalf of the University of Pennsylvania. He has just deciphered cuneiform records upon tablets of Babylonian history dating back at least seven thousand years before Christ, which is two thousand two hundred and fifty years earlier than any other record. And he is confident that some tablets upon which he is now working date back still another thousand years, or about ten thousand years earlier than the present day. His predecessor, Dr. Peters, had worked down to a certain floor, or platform, which was taken to be the ground level of the ancient city. It was suggested that digging should go on below this level, until either rock or virgin soil should be reached. The suggestion was followed, and the discovery was made that what was supposed to be the level of the city was only that of a comparatively modern city built upon the ruins of an older one or a succession of older ones.

The excavation hitherto had gone down through thirty-six feet of debris; now they have penetrated thirty feet below that. The excavations down to the platform covered a period of four thousand years of Babylonian history, according to the remains discovered; but below the platform to the virgin soil was found an accumulation of drains, preserved and broken pottery, and various other objects of interest. Twenty-three feet below it was found the most ancient keystone arch known, thought to be not later than five thousand years before Christ. In excavating the lower part of the wonderful wall of the city, its foundations were found to be sixteen feet below the level of the desert wall itself, which is seventeen feet high and forty-five feet wide upon the top. And this wall stands upon another one whose height is not yet known. These walls were built of bricks twenty inches square, the largest probably ever used. The inscriptions upon the broken vases, bricks and tablets are the most valuable discoveries. A continuous history may be written.

Hospital Cruelty.

In the town of Bloomfield, N. J., a young Newark boy was riding behind a spirited horse in company with an employé of a firm, when the animal ran away from fright and tore into a tract of woodland near the Erie railroad tracks. A limb of a tree tore out the boy's left eye. After being picked up a woman doctor, the nearest physician, was summoned, and, hastily bandaging the wound, took him to the Mountaineer Hospital. No physicians were there to receive him; but the doctress, who was a homeopathic physician, was ready to do all that was possible to relieve him of his misery. His suffering was intense. The rules of the hospital forbade any but an allopathic physician to practice there, and for that reason she was denied the privilege common to ordinary humanity to give the suffering lad the assistance he so much needed. And in consequence, while he lay moaning and begging for relief, and the doctress waited in another room in a state of sympathetic agony, imploring that she might aid him, the sufferer lay in that condition almost an hour before one of the regular staff physicians arrived. The boy's condition was, of course, made far worse by the cruel delay. Such is the "regular" practice of the physicians who would claim the exclusive right to the handling of our lives. Another hospital is threatened in that neighborhood.

Sacred Ground.

No priestly consecration could render more sacred the ground in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, in Concord, in which lie the remains of Emerson and Hawthorne and Louisa Alcott and her father, with those of Thoreau and Dr. Elisha Mulford. The Concord people have named the particular locality "God's Acre." At this contemplative season of the year a visit to the spot will more than repay all the pains taken to reach it. A large quartz rock is placed over Emerson's grave, with a bronze tablet let into it, bearing in raised letters the name of the philosopher, the dates of his birth and death, and a two-line legend in verse. The tablet on Hawthorne's grave bears the simple inscription "Hawthorne." A plot of wintergreen vines covers the body of the grave. The other graves are marked by the same simplicity. Nothing in Westminster Abbey is more impressive. There are no marks of vulgar vanity to be seen anywhere around. All is as simple and sweet as Nature's self. America has few places that commemorate higher worth.

A Larger Orthodox View.

A preacher in Boston a while since proclaimed that so far from the modern criticism being destructive to religion, it may mean for it a new birth and larger activity. For the most part, declared the preacher, we are but dull and stupid readers of this divine message within. There is a certain spiritual language by which alone we can see God or hear him. The best instruction in that language is found in that book which tells us that they only who have clean hands and a pure heart shall ascend the Holy Hill. And when we have learned that language completely, it may be that we shall outgrow our text-book and find the divine word everywhere in the larger volume of nature and life. This is really approaching the subject in a spiritual way. The Bible is allowed to be amenable to criticism like all other books, but the human spirit, deriving its life and support from the Divine Giver, is held to be greater than any help that any text-book can supply.

Dr. T. A. Bland, author of "How to Get Well, and How to Keep Well," has been tendered a professorship in the Illinois Health University of Chicago, and his book has been adopted as a text-book on the theory and practice of medicine by that progressive and popular institution. This is a well deserved compliment to this able medical reformer and author and to his valuable book, which **THE BANNER** has for sale.

We received, during the last week, a visit from Mr. G. E. Baxter of Andover, New Brunswick. He reported that meetings of a liberal order were held in Fort Fairfield, Me., and wished to know if any Spiritualist speakers could be secured to go there. We recommended him to address some of them and see.

The Decline of Christianity.

It is the regular pastor of the Harvard Square Unitarian Church in Cambridge that makes the allegation contained in the foregoing phrase. He preached to the people of the First Parish Church of Dorchester, Mass., affirming at the outset that there was an apparent decline of Christianity, both in this country and abroad, so far, at least, as its outward manifestation is concerned. The preacher said it is even more marked abroad than here, and especially in the Holy Land itself. There, he said, the state of things is deplorable. The old temples, many of which were made famous by great actors and grand events, are in nearly every instance, decked out in such gaudy finery and changed so materially that their old appearance is entirely lost. The most sacred spots in Jerusalem are to-day portioned out among rival Christian sects. In view of this state of things, said the preacher, if we are in search of pure Christianity we must not look for it in the place of its birth. We cannot now look for it in this country.

With the European countries armed to the teeth, and our own nation in the midst of a political battle of great magnitude, even the churches are become political rather than spiritual, and if we had only them to look forward to for our Christianity the future would be dark indeed. An honest confession is said to be good for the soul, and this preacher of a Christian Church has here made one.

A Point Worth Remembering.

The *New York Sun* has an article with the heading: "A Leaderless Party," which makes the *Harvard* (Ct.) *Times* remark that it "reminds us of a statement made by the Hon. John M. Niles many years ago, when he was supporting the spiritualistic ideas."

Mr. Niles said the most convincing evidence that the spirit does not wholly lose consciousness on leaving the body, appeared in the communication of a spirit whose body was killed on a railroad track. The locomotive struck his horse and wagon as he was riding across the track. The horse was killed, and the wagon was knocked all to pieces. He saw his horse, mangled and dead, and the pieces of the wagon lying on the side of the track. He thought he would save some of the parts of his wagon. A hub and a couple of tires were lying near the horse. He went there to pick them up, when he saw his own dead body lying near by. This was the first knowledge he had received that he was dead. The old wreck of the wagon was not reconstructed. But its owner "still lived," enjoying a better and happier existence.

The Season at Cassadaga.

The *Cassadaga* for September has the following:

"Our financial report, which we publish in this issue, shows a satisfactory receipt of funds from the thousands of visitors, and a small balance over all expenditures, which have been liberal. The management has expended much in its efforts to carry out its policy of making Cassadaga an ideal place for rest and spiritual education. Mrs. J. H. Brown, of Detroit, large measure the things for which the Camp was created, and can but congratulate ourselves upon the season's success. To have held our own even in a victory in this year of political turmoil, hard times and hostile criticism. Our friends cannot but be glad to know of this year's prosperity, and feel grateful to those whose labors have made it possible."

Mrs. Maggie Waite continues to demonstrate spirit-return at Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont street, to the satisfaction of her large audiences, as a representative of **THE BANNER** who, was present Sunday evening, Sept. 27, can testify.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y., writes us a letter endorsing the communication of NELSON POWELL in **THE BANNER** for Sept. 25, etc. The verification will appear next week.

Ladies' Lyceum Union.

A special and informal meeting of the Ladies' Lyceum Union was called by order of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Butler, President and Vice-President of the Union, to convene in Mrs. Butler's rooms, 158 Tremont street, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 23, at eight o'clock.

At the hour appointed between fifty and sixty members were present, and at Mrs. Butler's suggestion they repaired to Mrs. Wood's apartment, there being more chairs, and more room to come together in.

Mrs. Butler called the meeting to order, and spoke in part as follows: I cannot tell you how pleased I am to meet you all here. In calling this meeting I wanted to see how many were my friends. I have given up the Lyceum, but not my friends. I am sorry that the Lyceum is to be given up. But you all know I have a sick husband, and cannot longer have the responsibility of the Lyceum. We have done a good work, and through my May parties I have helped to pay the expenses. I paid the Lyceum debt of \$75 at the close of the last season. This meeting is called for the purpose of seeing how many will stand by the Lyceum.

A new Lyceum has been started; I bid them good-speed; there should be many Lyceums in Boston. Are you all willing to stand by our Wednesday evening Societies? What we earn is to go to the poor and for charity. I do not see why we should have a Spiritualist Charitable Society as well as the other denominations. We have helped many needy persons with money and clothing. I think we made a great many happy. We can meet as heretofore—one evening to be given to the young people, and one to the children, they so much enjoyed their evenings in the past. A hall has been engaged, Arlington Hall, corner of Dover and Washington streets, over S. A. D. Shepard's drug store, and I will pay the first week's rent to start with. The ladies are now invited to propose what shall be done.

Mrs. Brown then spoke at length on the Lyceum and the Union, and said many good things in regard to both. The meeting was then thrown open for suggestions. Mrs. Simmons asked how many present would join another year. All were ready to join. Mrs. Thompson made remarks well to the point at issue, and among other things proposed that no baker's food should be brought in; it was expected that only home-made contributions would be received. Many at once paid their dues for the coming year, and promised contributions for different purposes. It was then proposed and voted to make this a business meeting, after which they proceeded to elect officers for the coming year, with the following result: President, Mrs. M. A. Brown; Vice-President, Mrs. Maggie Butler; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. S. Soper; Secretary, Mrs. Thompson; Treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. M. L. Jordan; Matron for the Kitchen, Mrs. M. L. Jordan; Assistants, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. C. A. Turner, Mrs. Mackenzie; Work Committee, Mrs. Cleveland, Chairman, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. C. M. Wiegel, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. French, Mrs. Herfurth, Mrs. Higgins as Aids; Visiting Committee for the Sick, Mrs. C. A. Turner, Mrs. Jennie Brown, Mrs. C. M. Wiegel, Mrs. H. C. Pike, Mr. D. L. Murphy; Auditing Committee, Mrs. A. Simmons, Mrs. J. S. Soper, Mrs. W. S. Butler; Young People's Entertainment Committee, Stella Churchill, Chairman, Louise Horner, Grace Dudley, Nettie Dudley, Marion Thompson, Beth Thompson, Mabel Waite, Mr. Frank Hall, Mr. Yeaton, Mr. Walter, Mr. Charles, Mr. Edie, Misses Helen Higgins, Grace Seales, Violet Wanzer, Sadie Faulkner, Master Freddie Yale.

The first meeting in the new hall is to be held Wednesday, Oct. 7, at the usual hour. The meeting was brought to a close at a late hour, all feeling that they had had a very pleasant and harmonious time, and that they had secured a very presaged an auspicious future for the Union, and a favorable prospect that there would be another Lyceum in Boston before long.

C. Duval writes that Mr. John Moorey, the well known medium of the city of New York, is rapidly recovering from the effects of a surgical operation and is hoped will be able to resume his spiritual work in a few days.

The Fitchburg Railroad announces their annual popular New York excursion for Thursday, Oct. 1. Tickets only \$5.00 for the round trip, good going to Albany and the Hudson River, and returning to New York and the Fall River Line to Boston.

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Aug. 21, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Divine Spirit of Love, again we have met to open up the channel between the two worlds; again we have brought ourselves together to bring the spirit of wisdom and of knowledge closer to us as we reach out through the chords of the hungry soul. We seek for something to satisfy the craving desires; to become restful and peaceful. Discard and inharmonious influences surround the human faculty; but may we realize that it is the discord that brings us to seek harmony—hence it is through the environments we gain strength.

Let us come, this morning, in that restful and confidential way. Oh! draw near unto each one; strengthen us, that we may find nothing wanted; that we may be strengthened and equal to the work; and when the spirit of truth is scattered broadcast, like the seeds that are thrown to the winds, it bringeth forth its fruit; and as we realize our thoughts are like these seeds, teach us to be more cautious and more careful how we express ourselves, so that we may bring forth the fruit that is desired. Help us to re-entire anything that would bring discord or inharmoniousness; help us to prevail. Help the spirit as it comes in contact with the physical organism, and to assist any one that blends and interblends with the spirit and mortal.

Guide us this morning; direct us in everything thou seest best, and thy name shall ever have the praise, now and forevermore. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Agnes Remington.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. How beautiful it is here, and how lovely your flowers look. It seems as if they send forth their brilliancy of odor from each separate flower, and it seems to me that the mortal is like these flowers—we all carry our own conditions in one sense, and we are responsible in many ways for our conditions. I have been out of the body a great many years, and it seems almost incredible that I should make an effort to return after being absent from the body for such a long time. There have been many changes, both in individuals and conditions, and earth-life at large, and I have been anxious to give forth some of my ideas to those that are still connected with me by tie of blood.

My own people are pretty high all on the spirit-side, but I have got a daughter and some grandchildren that I am anxious to reach; and I should say that while I was in the body I did not understand Spiritualism. I did not take much stock, as the mortal would express it, outside of the habits and customs of religion that we are usually accustomed to coming in contact with, but what little I did believe in came under the head of Methodism. But as years rolled on, and many changes have come, I seem to be more interested in the advancement of life, and, as my daughter is not very well, she has lifted her thoughts higher and has commenced to investigate Spiritualism. I have tried to make my presence known to her, and to some degree I think I have succeeded; but I feel if I can reach her through this channel, and especially my grand-daughter and grandson, I feel that I might—with the assistance of others that have also joined me—and those previous to my coming—do something for them. I don't hardly know how to express my desire, or make it more plain to Agnes, for Agnes was my daughter's name, and it was also my own name.

I want to say to you, that if you will listen to the voice that oftentimes speaks to you, it will be of a benefit. My husband is on the spirit-side with me. I have also got Frank and William in spirit with me, and we are all together; and it will not be a great while before her work in earth-life will be over, that is, as far as relatives are concerned. I want them to open up some channel, and give us an opportunity to demonstrate the continuation of life and the progress after death.

You can put my own name down as Agnes Remington, and my home is in Burlington, Vt. (I have been gone out of the body over twenty-five years as the mortal reckons, but it seems to me as if I had been gone only a few years.) That is where I shall be remembered. My daughter is here in Boston, but I feel she will hear more through others—and it is with that desire I wanted to have the chance to express myself.

Eben Quimby.

I have got here! It seemed kind of hard work, but they always say "Where there's a will, there's a way." I feel this morning that I have been desirous to let the people of earth-life know that death does not carry the darkness and desolation that it seems to the mortal. I was somewhat interested in progress, and I was like many others while inhabiting the body. I had to do a great many things silently and quietly, on account of not hurting somebody else's feelings, because I was well aware that if I did not injure any one, and suited myself, I was all right, so far that I felt the inspiration of the spirit, and many times

through impressions was guided in many ways of life; I can look back and see wherein I was a benefit, and I would say that I am glad I am out of the body. I suffered intensely, while in the body, for almost two years; I had great trouble with my stomach, and it affected my head and brain, and that is one reason it was so hard to control this morning. I am glad that they took me out of my distress, took me out of my pain; although I feel part of it when I hold this instrument this morning, yet I am desirous for them to know I met with compensation; I met those I loved on the spirit-side. I am waiting, however, for those on the earth-side still to come over.

I want you not to put a long message in, because I only want to identify myself and say to the ones who are left in earth-life: I am satisfied, and you have nothing to regret, nothing to take back—and for that reason I am happy, but will be more so when I see those who were left in human conditions cooperate in assistance with us, and when I can encourage those in earth-life.

I can see all is well. You can put me down as Eben Quimby. My home is away off. I shall be best known in Jacksonville, Fla., also in St. Augustine, Fla. I may be remembered by some of your Boston merchants, as I was many years connected in the transfer of fruit—or what is called the fruit business. I am anxious to reach those who call me dead.

I will bid you a good-morning, and hope my letter will be accepted; and I know even if they cannot fully comprehend it at the present time, the time will come when they will see it as it is. Thank you.

Josiah Whitman.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. Well, this is a beautiful morning, and everything looks inviting. It seems that we called this a cold, dark world while we lived in it, and it may seem strange, but I think it is a fact, all the same, that we don't see the beauty in a place that we do after we leave it. While an inhabitant of your earth-life I was one who liked my own way, as most people do; hence I had a little mind of my own, and it made it very disagreeable, sometimes, for others; but, my friends, circumstances and adversities sometimes make a man blind to the things that are around him, and I think sometimes we do not enjoy all the life we might when we are in the body, although I thought I made the best of mine, and tried to do the best I could under the circumstances, and thought others would understand me; but it was hard for them. I am not very far from home. I have been hovering around this open door for quite a long while, yea, even before this instrument took the chair; and I have many times wondered how I should be received if I attempted to identify myself from this rostrum—if I would not start up a little curiosity. I have been extremely anxious to let them know, for I have got those yet close to me by nature, or by what we term relationship.

I lived to a pretty good age. We had a large family; we are a long-lived family, and it takes a good deal to knock us out. It is the young folks I feel like coming in contact with. There have been many things in earth-life that were not really up to the standard that I should have had if I was in the body; but when I look upon them, and see how every one is imbued with a disposition of their own, I find I cannot dictate much. I have also been gone so long that they may think that it is a little late now to report, but I believe the old expression is as good to-day as it ever was: "Better late than never."

I want to say that I have got a host here this morning. Sarah is here, Frank is here, and also Mary—but we always call her May. I have also got my own companion, and I might say all that have joined me on the spirit-side—but I would like to reach those in earth-life. I would like to come in contact with Nellie; I would like to come in contact with Bert and Emeline, and let them know that although they placed my body in mother Earth, and concealed it from material eyes, I want them to know that I am active, and I am interested in all things, and like advancement, and would like to benefit all; but to those who dread death, to those who seem to be afraid, they do not know what it may be. I want to say to such: "Don't fear," for it is the most beautiful thing to imagine, as it is like going asleep.

There are many of the old co-workers with me this morning, but time and space will not allow a long report.

I should say that my home was in Littleton, Mass., and I shall be recognized in several places, but especially there. You can put my name down as Josiah Whitman.

Alfred Benson.

Oh! long may this BANNER exist, and be supported and sustained in this mighty, good work. It seems to me, this morning, when I take on the conditions of the spirit and the mortal together, that it looks, oh! so little has been done, to what is needed to be done, for humanity. While in earth-life I was somewhat acquainted with spirit-return. I was also conscious of a wonderful influence that oftentimes surrounded the mortal, and helped us through the physical environments, both in destroying disease and destroying conditions. It seemed when I laid aside the body and entered that beautiful home that was all prepared for me, my first thought was: "Will I be contented?" for the body was somewhat exhausted. I gave my life unto others, but I don't wish to express it that way: I was an instrument only in the hands of the mighty power—the divine power—to benefit others. When my own body became so tired, worn out and exhausted, when I could not assist others, I found them assisting me—it would seem that I would want to rest. I want to say to the darlings that I left behind me, I found when I was separated from mortal environments that I was more anxious to work than ever. I found them on the spirit-side that needed assistance, and I also found that the mortal was in need of physical help. I have tried to report through various organisms; I tried to show my influence or scatter it broadcast for the benefit of humanity, and yet it is so hard for me to make those in earth-life thoroughly understand it. There have been many of my family joined me since I came to spirit-life, especially my companion and two daughters, and we are all together. To the ones that were left would say: Be of good cheer—although you know in your own soul that the spirit speaks to you, although you feel these friends, and are conscious of the power that works around you, yet how seldom do you give

yourself up so that we can encourage you and assist you, and give you consolation. I want to say to you, Mary, be cautious, be careful; don't think grandpa has gone, nor grand-mother—your mother—for your mother is with me here in spirit to-day. We oftentimes look and watch you, both in your reeling hours, and also in your sleeping hours; also to the other members of the family; I say to them again: "Be cautious; for the day is not far distant when you shall see and understand more thoroughly the power of the divine spirit; seek deep, and try and come up higher."

To my old co-workers, to those that are still in the hands of the spirit-world, I say to all: "Be careful of the conditions you put yourself in; there are many that do not take care of themselves; so I should say to all humanity, look well, guide your own pathway, and ask the spirit to give you wisdom, give you understanding, that you may know not only how to go unto others, but that there will be no reciprocity with others, that feel how to be no exhaustion, neither physically nor spiritually."

Mr. President, I look back from the work this BANNER has done (for I well remember when its first issue was sent broadcast to the world's shore); it looked like a feeble little bit, with very little to hold it before the criticisms of the times, but through it all it has stood the storms, and to-day it is unveiling itself in every country on your globe.

You can put me down as one in silence, for I was known by my work and not by advertisements, but my name was Alfred Benson, and my home was in Manchester, N. H.; in Bradford, people will remember me, I think; that will identify me, and I should say to you all: "May the angels bless you and sustain you, and uphold you in the valuable work that to-day you are doing and giving to humanity."

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman, and may God bless you and give you strength to enable you to hold your position: the day will come when they will say to you: "Come up higher!" and you will feel your work then completed.

Aunt Polly Perkins.

Well, I cannot talk just as that one did, but I will try and talk my own way—and if I don't do it just in my own way it would not be my own self. I cannot preach, but I can think, and I like to do good, and that is why they call me Aunt Polly. I want them to know that Aunt Polly is here, and that she is not silent. You might ask me why I want to come back, after all that I passed through in earth-life. I want to come back and tell them that I have learned something by being taken out of the body. I know I became childish before the good Father took me, but I know also I ripened my good old age, and I tried to do what I could—but, Mr. Chairman, it is a sad lot to any one to live to be so old that they can be of no use to any one, and that was my lot. I lived until I was over ninety-five years old, and I think I had all of earth-life I wanted. But I know the spirits helped me, and I know my friends helped me; I used to say to them when they would say: "Aunt Polly, when will you come back to us; when will you let us know how you find things over there?" "If I find things good at that place I don't think I want to come back." But I am back just the same, and I want them to know that I came back not in my childish ways, not in the broken down physical form, but in my natural self, and I want them to know that the first one that awakened me to a consciousness in the spirit-life was Ben; he was my husband; and I have got all the children now, and I have got the little grand-child that has just come over.

It is that that makes me come here this morning, and I want them to know all is well, and for them not to worry. Tell Fanny that I have got Charlie, and I will take good care of him until she gets here; and also say to Frank for him to be of good cheer; it is well, and William will do right, I guess.

I want you to put me down as Aunt Polly Perkins, and I shall be located, I think, down in Dover, N. H., near Great Falls. I think they call it Somersworth. I want to say that I have conquered death and the grave. I feel I am useful now, Mr. President, and I find by that I shall be recognized—for we people sometimes feel as children do: they have to be seen and not heard.

James Swift.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I am pleased to be permitted to identify myself this morning. I am more than pleased when I see how much good it does the spirit when it has been able to express itself. I know it must be a great consolation for the friends to hear from those who are gone, but I don't think that the mortal to-day is capable of comprehending the joy the spirits get when they respond with them, or, we might say, when the mortal recognizes the identity. I am pleased this morning to try and make an effort to bring the same enjoyment, the same comfort and the same consolation, for I have those I love.

I am not so very long out of the body as the spirits who have preceded me this morning. I have those who have become much interested in Spiritualism and are mediumistic. Sometimes transition makes us seek, and often we are more talented than we know of; and it is for that reason I would like to try and come in contact with those in earth-life. I think if I can reach them through this channel I can build more confidence, I can clear up some of the differences and some of the expressions, as they oftentimes used to say, for they don't seem to fully realize yet, or cannot directly depend on their own selves, though they feel there is something in it.

I knew spirits were around; I felt their presence; and yet there were other times, that there were so many things to come up, that it is hard for them to understand me; so I want to say to my daughter: "Keep out your musical instrument, and keep up your inspiration; it makes no difference who assists; let nature take its course;" to my companion I should like to say: "Don't think I have been unconscious of all you have gone through, especially connected with your money matters," because I have regretted many times at leaving things as I did. I cannot undo what has been done, but I will try and assist to right the wrong that to-day is trying to work out. I was in hopes others would be more honest and would deal with them as they did with me. I want another thing—for you not to be discouraged; you will find ultimately all will work out for good, as far as you and the children are concerned; I have five of them who are anxious to do something in life, and if you will let things work quietly and carefully, you will find all will be well.

This letter I am in hopes will reach some of my friends in the vicinity close by, especially in Everett, and also in Boston. I passed out of

the body in Colorado Springs, Col., and my name is James Swift. Thank you very kindly.

C. H. Johnson.

Mr. Chairman, I am one of this instrument's special control, and if time will admit I would like to send a few words, not to any personal friend but the world at large, as we are living in the times of great depression, and we are all turning our faces toward the western sun—seeking for spiritual advice. We have many times been conscious of the necessity for the mortal to be interested to know how to receive and also how to place themselves; we are to receive and communicate and give knowledge and instructions that are needed.

I want to speak especially of spirit communion; we will find, and they will find, that death oftentimes changes a man's or woman's years, or, in other words, we oftentimes construct our language to convey our thoughts in any clothing after we are out of the body. We do not so do when we are in the body, for this reason: that we oftentimes conceal things, and we understand so much differently; and when we are drawing the contrast of our past experiences and our present, we are apt to use the language that we are familiar with at the time we give forth our expressions. I should say to all, especially those who seek communications from their friends through the various instruments—not only my own instrument but others—that the spirit takes on more or less of the instrument that they control, and it is impossible for one brain to come in contact with another brain identically with his own.

When we go to one instrument we come in contact with certain conditions, and that spirit may express himself and give forth the knowledge as far forth as it is possible for him to do. We find the Bible like many other works; you will take it in your hand one day and there you may read a certain chapter and gain certain knowledge; and then take it up at another time, and to you the same chapter, the same words, will convey to you another meaning. Hence we say: "I never saw that before, I never thought of it before." Then so it is with communications—the mortal must receive them according to the understanding; and when the mortal becomes conscious, how hard it is for the spirit to demonstrate itself through matter, oftentimes contrary to its own attraction; it will understand the difficulty.

Mr. President, in some future time I will consider this matter more fully, but time will not allow it to-day. I wish that those who are ready to criticize, those who are ready to pull things down—they know not what they are—would educate themselves, not through mediums, not through instruments, but develop their own understanding to comprehend what governs the spirit to manifest through another organism and we shall have better conditions; mortals will have better communications, and the spirit will be better able to demonstrate and show the immortality of the soul.

I will not delay you longer, for I know others are still lingering around, but find that over-exhaustion is just as bad as not doing at all. Mr. President, I am very glad to meet with you this morning, and I hope to be able to bring things to a higher elevation.

You may put my name down if you want to, for I was never ashamed of that; but I have been out of the body so long I am only recognized as the control of the medium. It is C. H. Johnson.

Messages to be Published.

Aug. 26.—Louise Colburn; Samuel P. Sanborn; Frank Miller; Albert Stevenson; Eliza Monroe; Philip Graham.
Sept. 4.—Mayor John Lowe; Isaac Newton Finch; Emma E. Weeks; Austin Kent; Idaline H. Harding; Eliza McCluskey.
Sept. 11.—Capt. Israel Coffin; Catharine Mackenzie; Josiah Rogers; Noah Moore; Mary Ann Osgood; Frankie Osgood; Warren Chase.
Sept. 18.—Samuel H. Perry; Laura Wells; John W. Emery; Emeline Day; Sarah Underwood; Caroline Brooks.
Sept. 25.—Luther Brigham; Mary E. Bothman; Ida Morton; Frank W. Pomeroy; Levi Brown; Mary Gurney Boice.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates are filling a very acceptable engagement here. Their lectures are of a high order, teaching Spiritualism in a forcible manner. The tests by Mrs. Kates—especially under control of "Fritz"—are accurate and convincing.

Sunday, Sept. 20, Mrs. Kates at the morning service gave an intensely interesting discourse upon "Needs of the Hour," embracing means to the end of making Spiritualism more useful. She exhorted Spiritualists to arise to the needs of humanity for knowledge of immortality. At the evening service Mr. Kates showed that Nature demonstrates the positive existence of soul, and that the scientific people no longer look upon the revelations of natural truths, but find them expressed now in every form and force, demonstrated by both apt reason and inaudible matter. He showed the perfect reason for immortality and for the naturalness of spirit-life.

Genesis teaches an absolute beginning and positive creation. That is a positive surety for an ending. Spiritualism teaches evolution through all primordial time, eternal in the past—hence the positive assurance of continuity. Spiritualism is the only positive opponent of Materialism. Nature never destroys, but always builds upward and onward. Soul is the incarnation of all matter; otherwise humanity could not possess it.

The revelations by Mr. Kates and songs by Mrs. Kates add much to the interest of the meetings. Their audiences are held by an intensity of interest, and prove the power of spiritual truth when uttered by earnest exponents.

Speech Delivered by Dr. Bland at Onset Harvest Moon Festival, Sunday, Sept. 20.

Dr. Bland said in part: "The poet asks, 'What shall the harvest be?' I reply: The harvest depends upon the sowers, the seed and the soil. 'He that soweth to the flesh shall reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall reap everlasting life,' said an ancient Spiritualist.

This is true of individuals and of nations. As a nation, we have sown to the flesh, in our greed for gain, and we are harvesting a crop of corruption so large that it will reach past the seeds of justice, truth and love. We sowed to the flesh when we robbed the red man of his inheritance. We are reaping our harvest in the form of a gigantic monopoly schemes that are dispossessing us of that stolen inheritance and all its fruits, the results of our toil.

Let us cease to sow dragons' teeth of injustice and tyranny, and sow instead the seeds of justice, truth and love. Then shall we reap the golden harvest of happiness here, and in the grand hereafter the priceless treasures of immortal life and the transcendent joys of eternity."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home, 11 Auburn street, Haverhill, Mass., Mrs. JANEY C. NOYES, aged 84 years.
Mrs. Noyes was an ardent and conscientious Spiritualist and medium. She leaves a husband and two sons, both mediums, not to mourn her loss, but to hold in loving remembrance one who so tenderly loved and cared for them.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Geo. Benedict, of the Congregational church, assisted by the writer, who voiced a message from the spirit to her loved ones, and gave them the consolation that only our beautiful Truth can give.

Mrs. AMANDA A. CATE.

From Reading, Mass., ALBERT PICKERELL, aged 67 years.

He was formerly a resident of South Boston. He was born in Kittery, Me., and was a Spiritualist for thirty years. Fairbanks, Mass., Sept. 20, 1896. The funeral services were held at the Quaker Club of Boston, where his choice music was an additional service at the funeral.

The Reviewer.

The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism.

I have read with much pleasure and mental profit George A. Bacon's article in THE BANNER of Aug. 8, entitled "The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism." I read it rather superficially, Mr. Editor, as I am in the habit of doing long newspaper and fugitive articles. I was glad to receive a copy of this article in pamphlet form afterward, for it called my attention to it again, as if the author thought it worth special attention; and when I read it a second time I thought it did, and, fearing others might have read it as I did at first, I write this notice to call attention to it.

I think it the most able treatise on a most important subject that I have read for many a day; it is also a very timely article. The pamphlet is a small one, and carefully written; it deserves great attention; it is in THE BANNER of Aug. 8, and very appropriately headed "The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism," for it is a necessity and is to be the world's religion, and has been the belief in all ages. It is one of the best articles of that able writer I have ever read, for the subject and its treatment is one that Rev. M. J. Savage says is one that the world wants to know to-day more than anything else—whether death is the end, or is there a life after this fleeting one is over?

Mr. Bacon says truly: "All through the ages man's dream has been for a system of religious thought commensurate in all particulars with the highest demands of his constantly growing intelligence; that which not only responds to his augmenting scientific knowledge, but which equally supplies his every spiritual aspiration. Failing to have these prime necessities of his intellectual nature satisfied, the natural desires of his heart appeased, or the longings of his soul-nature supplied, materialism has flourished, and its disciples have increased despite all combinations of Church and despotism of the State. Antagonisms, desperate and prolonged, mark the development of all progressive theological ideas. Born amid bloodshed, toleration has had to fight for a foothold and a continued existence."

How true it is that the religious inquiry, spiritual truth, higher conception of our eternal relationship, the utterance of religious convictions, the voicing of man's deepest intuitions, should always have been opposed with the sword when conditions permitted.

The writer says truly Spiritualism came at its own appointed time, and in a manner to serve its special purpose, without man's dictation, and its progress has been made independent of his control. Its coming was not heralded by the blazes of trumpets. No "pride and pomp and circumstance" of earthly surroundings attended upon its entrance to the world. Its first announcement was neither to the church nor to the dignitaries of the land. Its advent was to the humble and the lowly. Fashion and respectability have ever decried its recognition. From its birth bigotry and prejudice have sought to destroy its life. Its truest home has ever been among the unprejudiced, the independent, liberty-loving and intelligent in all lands, while sorrowing hearts everywhere have been made to rejoice in its revelation. Proving what Emerson has said: "Mankind has been greatly debtor to lowly cradles," and every great advent in the world's history has come from the ground level; that alone should have been a pointer to the source where comes all our blessings; this last great light of Spiritualism so manifestly of a lowly origin should have made it welcome as the infancy of Jesus did to the wise men of the East.

The best and most reliable writers in all ages of the world believed in the continuity of the two worlds, and the intercourse of the spirit-world with this—leading Dr. Johnson, the highest and most scholarly man of the seventeenth century, to make the following statement: "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and all nations." There is no people, rude or learned, among whom appearances of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could render credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers may very little weaken the general evidence, and some who "deny it with their tongues, confess by their fears." As an evidence of this I will mention what Madame De Staël says: "It is not in order for intelligent people to believe in ghosts, but we are afraid of them nevertheless."

With the testimony and statement of Dr. Johnson, I need not go into the details of history and quote the opinions of ancient writers—Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, Herodotus, and others—as Johnson knew their ideas and what he was talking about, and knew when Shakespeare said: "From that bourne whence men no traveler returns," that he contradicted that sentiment when he wrote his masterpiece of "Hamlet," and made the dead king return from that bourne. There was something weird and supernatural connected with the dead, in keeping with the belief in all ages. The story in the Bible of the medium of Endor who gave Saul an interview with the dead prophet Samuel one thousand years before the birth of Christ: some may not consider that correct history, but it must have been believed as a common fact. I think it is as true as any fact recorded there, as I have had similar experiences to-day, in this age of common-sense and reason.

Since 1848, the year of the advent of what is called Modern Spiritualism, the spirit-world has been open, and it has changed the phenomena of ancient records into natural instead of weird, mystical and supernatural; all is natural instead of supernatural, and the old proves the new, and all is explained under natural law, and proves, by the recognized intercourse of ancient times, that the intercourse of the spirit-world with this is as old as man, and is of one piece, old and new, and all natural; and now in less than fifty years legions have returned from "that bourne," proving that death is not the end, and affirmatively answer the great question of the ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The laws of gravitation and the Copernican system are not better proved than the intelligence that man has survived death; and being a perfect truth must become universal, substituting, as it does, sensuous knowledge for faith and hope. People are beginning to see it in that light, and people quite beyond the limits of Spiritualism, proving that it is wanted. Prof. Eliot Coues of Washington, a very scholarly man (who I believe is not a Spiritualist), says, like Coleridge, he believes in ghosts and apparitions; has seen too many to doubt the fact.

I will close this notice with what Bacon said at the close of the statement and testimony of Johnson: Verily the intuitions of mankind favor and support the spiritual theory no less emphatically than satisfactorily.

JOHN WETHERS.

"AMICUS" in a word to Light, of London, England, of the controversy respecting the sure method of preventing the burial of the living. The best course he would advise would be to place a bottle of chloroform, with a perforated cork, within the coffin. In case there remained a spark of life, this would painlessly extinguish it, and prevent the horrors of an awakening.

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla

Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures

The Sacred Knife.

(Continued from first page.)

hand is older than our history; older than the time which our Christians allot to the age of the world in which you live.

It was once the head of a knife made of the same material, sharp and hard as the steel with which the conquering Spaniard slaughtered so many of our countrymen and women. Now it got separated from the blade is what I shall shortly tell you.

I dare say you have read how hospitably we received the men who came with him you call the Great Columbus, the immortal Discoverer; how we women, especially, looked upon them first with curiosity, then with affection, and at last, perhaps, with love. Better, perhaps, have we slain every one of them. At least for a few years longer we might have been spared their ingratitude, their lust and cruelty. But this was not to be; weak, erring, and trustful to a degree, we looked upon them men at first as Heaven-sent, as little less than gods, and, despite the warnings of the wise men of our people, we welcomed them as such; and, sooth to say, they were well behaved in the beginning, and it was not so long before we understood each other, for theirs was a soft, harmonious tongue like ours, fitted for love, which, alas! as I have said before, some of our noblest women began to feel for these intruding strangers. And you must know that women, with us, shared equally with men the honors and dignities of state. The humblest of our sex was queen in her own household, and if our lives were simplicity itself; if our homes but cabins, and our wants but few, none the less were we gentle and refined. Our men were handsome, if their skin was dark; their hair was black and fine and long; their hands and feet were small; their noses were aquiline; their eyes expressive, full of fire, intelligence—and as for the women, maybe if you look at me you will be better fit to judge than if I give you a description.

But it was an evil day when the Spaniards landed on our shores, it was first more so when some of our women, dazzled at first by their bold appearance, their warlike weapons and demeanor, came to love them. How they fell so easily a prey to these fair-skinned strangers with hairy faces, rough and uncouth manners, was then a mystery to me, though since I learnt to love one of them, I no longer wonder that the loveliest of my sex fell victims to the passion they conceived for our cold-hearted visitors.

At that time I was a maiden of scarce sixteen summers, as measured by your time. I was a princess of the royal blood. My father, the virtuous Bohemio, the wisest of our race, was looked up to by every other cacique in the island. Had every one of them listened to his counsels, our country might have held its own for years against the invader. My mother left us for the Summer-Land when I was yet a child. Her place was filled by Anacana, my aunt, whose name I bore, and who, having loved my mother passionately, transferred this love to me.

[To be concluded.]

The "Southern Cassadaga" Spiritualist Association

Will hold its Third Annual Convention on the grounds near Lake Helen, Volusia Co., Fla., Feb. 14 to March 3, 1897, inclusive.

Officers of Association—President, George P. Colby, Lake Helen, Fla.; Vice-President, G. H. Welch, Delcote Springs, Fla.; Secretary, Charles E. Parcell, Tampa, Fla.; Cor. Sec'y, Emma J. Huff, Lake Helen, Fla.; Treasurer, Frank E. Bond, Delcote, Fla.; Trustees, Abby L. Pettengill, Cleveland, O., E. A. Marsh, Oak Hill, Fla.

Northern Committee—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Palmer, Hillsborough, Mich.; H. A. Budington, Springfield, Mass.; Carrie P. Pratt, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Sarah Brigham, Pittsburg, Mass.; Dr. H. H. Brigham, Fitchburg, Mass.; William S. Kadz, Elyria, O.; Carrie E. S. Tling, Westfield, N. Y.; Sarah A. Gill, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. A. A. Wilson, Algona, Ia.; Kate R. Stiles, Boston, Mass.

Location of Lake Helen—Lake Helen is one hundred and twenty miles south of Jacksonville, situated on the A. and W. branch of the "Florida East Coast" Railroad, a line running between New Smyrna and Orange City Junction, connecting the East Coast road with the "Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West Railroad," thus giving a choice of routes from Jacksonville to the camp.

The "Southern Cassadaga" camp ground is three-quarters of a mile south of "Lake Helen" station, overlooking a chain of beautiful little lakes, prominent among them, Lake Colby.

Health.—The physical advantages have not been overlooked. These grand old lakes exhale a healthful, resinous odor which is enjoyed by all, but is especially beneficial to persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. The atmosphere is pure and invigorating, free from malaria, and the climate is a natural sanitarium, and a week's stay in the medicated atmosphere reveals its potency.

Agriculture.—No more practicable location can be found for those wishing to make winter homes in a warm climate. There are lands in the near vicinity which can be bought very cheaply, on which all kinds of semi-tropical fruits can be raised, and with the same amount of fertilizer used on Northern soil and equal effort, the table may be supplied with strawberries and garden vegetables during the months when in Northern climates nature locks her prolific resources with icy key, and defies the hand of man to release them. Poultry may be raised with profit. Fruits and garden crops may be raised in abundance in most places at the North; consequently those who wish to build cottages and locate here, can engage in remunerative labor during the winter months, while the difference in the cost of fuel, and other necessary expenses incidental to a northern climate, will pay for transportation to and from the camp.

City of Winter Homes.—It is the expectation of the management of the "Southern Cassadaga" camp ground will be a city of winter homes; in which many people will reside a number of months; doubtless numbers will locate permanently, as it is a noted fact that many residents enjoy the summers of Florida equally as well as the winters. A cooling breeze is always felt in this place in the summer after the hot blast of the north wind has blown from the Atlantic Ocean, twenty miles distant, while the atmosphere is constantly refreshed by the daily shower.

How to Obtain a Lot.—Lots are fast being taken, and cottages built by a class of people that insure permanency and success to any enterprise. The management are offering as an inducement to build prior to the opening of the next season, one-half lot extra for the first lot, and one lot extra for the second lot. The lots are leased for ninety-nine years, after the manner of Lily Dale Camp at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y. Pretty little cottages can be built that make a comfortable protection in this climate for one hundred and fifty dollars and upward.

The New Auditorium.—A new Auditorium is to be erected, and many other improvements made before the coming season; time, effort and money are only needed to make this spot one of the most prominent winter resorts of Florida, and with the right spirit dominant, a center of wondrous spiritual power and psychic understanding.

Library.—The Library and Building, instituted by Marion Stinson, and now under the management of those who feel an interest in making more complete the "Marion Library." The books may be mailed, or sent by freight or express, prepaid, to George P. Colby, Lake Helen, Fla.

The Hotel Cassadaga will open Dec. 1, 1896, and close May 1, 1897.

Furnished rooms, with first-class beds, from one to three dollars per week (heat in room extra). Good table board will be furnished at reasonable rates, and for those wishing rooms in hotel, with chance for light house-keeping, a kitchen will be provided where food can be cooked by such for themselves. It is the intention of the management to build an apartment house, where those who have kept in may be conducted.

Many cottages are to be built this coming season, with rooms for rent, where such privileges will be given. A restaurant will furnish tea, coffee, and a variety of dishes, for the low price of five cents each. A grocery and bakery will also be opened on the ground.

The Program.—The program for the coming camp season is not yet complete, but will occupy the entire camp platform are Carrie E. S. Tling of Westfield, N. Y.; Kate R. Stiles of Boston, Mass.; George P. Colby of Lake Helen; H. A. Budington of Springfield, Mass.; and others, whose names will be given in leading Spiritualist papers of later date. Some of the best and most renowned physical, trance, and healing mediums are engaged, O. L. Coranann, a remarkable medium, will occupy his cottage and give sittings. Mrs. J. D. Bartholomew, trumpet medium, will be here. Mrs. Adella Concanon, with others, will give platform tests.

Reduced Rates.—Tourist tickets can be purchased at greatly reduced rates from all leading cities, North and West, direct to Lake Helen; the detailed information will be given later in the leading Spiritualist newspapers. Special information given by the Cor. Sec'y.

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Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. M. HARLOW, Augusta, Me., says: "I regard it as one of the best remedies in all cases in which the system requires an acid and a nerve tonic. I have used it freely with most excellent results."

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It gives instant relief, and cures, permanently, the worst cases. Time-tried and thirty years tested.

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HEALING powers are being repeated over and over again through the mediumship of MRS. DR. DOBSON-BARKER, who for the past year and a half has

Successfully Treated Over One Thousand Patients. Of all diseases that flesh is heir to, and will give you proof of her powers by sending requirements, as per small advertisement in this paper, for diagnosis of your case. Here is one of her many cures:

TESTIMONIAL. April 9, 1895.

MRS. DR. A. B. DOBSON, San Jose, Cal.: Dear Madam—I have used the medicine for one month's treatment received from you, and feel so much better and stronger in every way that I cannot express my gratitude to you. I did not think there was any medicine in the world that could help me so much in so short a time. I am advising all my friends who are in need of medicine to send to you. Enclosed \$1.50 for another month's treatment. I am yours gratefully, (Miss) A. PERRIE. Sept. 29. 44* 11 Hardy street, Bremer, Me.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS,

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DEPEND on their remarkable cures not upon the old and drastic drug system, but upon the knowledge of the cases and their proper remedies—upon science and the finer psychic forces. Some of their cures, like Schaller's, are INSTANTANEOUS; in other cases months are required. Having carefully studied the therapeutic agencies in connection with their long medical experience, they use those best adapted to each case with unvarying success.

Correct Diagnosis Free. By enclosing name, age, sex, leading symptom, and stamp for reply.

Remember to address

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INCORPORATED 1893. Headquarters 400 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. All Spiritualists visiting Washington are invited to call. Officers of societies are especially invited to communicate with us respecting membership and charters under the N. S. A. Code of Constitution. Reports for '95 and '96 for sale—25 cents each; also Mrs. M. J. Bates' Occult Physician (donated to the N. S. A.) price \$2.00 each.

Wanted—address of all Mediums and their phase of mediumship, also name and location of every Society and Lyceum, with address of Presidents, Secretaries and Conductors of same. Donations solicited for the Library.

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BY MRS. A. B. REVERANCE. Character readings clear and accurate. Examinations and prescriptions for the sick and afflicted. Nature's own remedies prescribed. Health and vigor restored in every case where there is sufficient vitality to build upon. Important instructions pertaining to harmony in the marriage relation and home life. Adaptation between those intending marriage. Helpful advice and questions considered upon business, spiritual development, mental improvement, and future success.

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