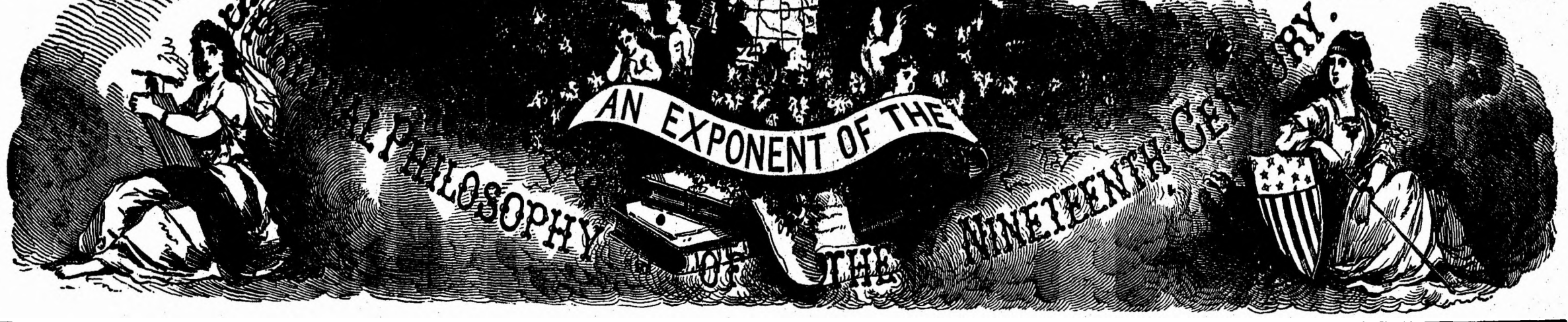


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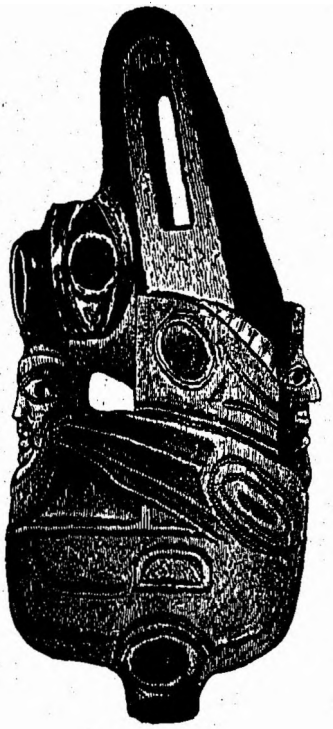
VOL. 80.

{Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

{\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.}

NO. 6.



Written for the Banner of Light.

The Sacred Knife.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

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

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

I have not time to tell you of all that passed until I blossomed into womanhood. As the daughter of a cacique of such high degree, my companions were selected from the noblest in the land—young girls, whose fathers, when necessary, had shown themselves right valiant against the people of Higuei and the man-eating Caribs, our natural enemies, who from the neighboring isles would swoop down upon us and in an unguarded moment steal our women and our children to make meat for their horrid cannibal feasts.

Our lives were happy in those days. Only those who held the reins of power feared the encroachments of the Spaniards.

Already they had gained the confidence and friendship of Guacanagari, cacique of Mariel, who had even gone so far as to assist them to build a fort upon the coast known in history as La Navidad.

We who lived in the interior, far away from Guacanagari, had not as yet been visited by the Spaniards. The pathways to our retreats were known only to our people, and had hostilities then broken out, none of them would have ever seen the sun rise in their native land again. But they approached us peacefully, pretending love for us. Bohechio, the wise, would shake his head when news was brought him of the splendor of their arms, their ships, and dexterity in the chase. My aunt, Anacaona, who was the one who truly reigned, was not so doubtful. She wished to see them. Perhaps her woman's curiosity was roused, and she longed to see if the stories told of these adventurers were true. Once she was on the point of paying a visit to Guacanagari for the purpose, but Bohechio for the first time opposed her will, and the priests of our religion would have none of it, declaring that not even the possession of the "sacred knife" would prevail against the misfortunes that would ensue if she left her mountain home.

And now I must tell you that in this "sacred knife" lay the safety of our people. It had been handed down to us intact through countless generations. No one knew its age, nor the people who made it.

The priests of our religion declared that its ownership meant peace, welfare and happiness. Should any accident occur to it, that day would be the commencement of our downfall. No limits were set to its virtues. Poets sang its praises and the wondrous deeds in which it had played a part, and how in the days when a virgin was sacrificed to the sun it had passed her soul to heaven.

Anacaona was its guardian, and she, for greater security, had placed it on the high altar of our temple, whence, once a year, she would display it to the adoring multitude. Often have I accompanied her on her visits to the enormous cavern in which were performed the rites of our religion; and now when I think of it, especially with the greater knowledge which has come to me through a positive acquaintance with that hereafter which every one has to face, and which is so feared by many, I do not think that the religion of the Spaniards, who called us heathen, was by any means as simple and as pure as that we practiced. We believed in a great Creator, sole source of light and life, who ruled this world by beings inferior to himself, and which we represented in stone cut out in different forms. We also believed in two opposing principles, those of good and evil, certain of a better life in which the good were happy, and the bad would expiate their sins by purification—not by eternal torments, as was taught by those fiends in human forms who first carried what they called the sacred banner of the cross, to exterminate a race whose virtues were as snow-like purity as compared to those of which they claimed to be the pioneers. And we, too, had our resurrection, but it was the certainty of spirit-communion. We knew that those we loved and who had gone before would, under certain conditions obtained by our wise men, return again and comfort us. Hence, though peaceable to a degree almost cowardly in the eyes of the despoilers of our country, we never feared to die, as history has informed you.

Had you ever seen my people in this temple of Nature's making—their decorous demeanor, their fervent prayers and reverence for the holy men who acted as their mediators between themselves and that Loving Presence who watches over everything existing, you would have thought the Spaniards heathen, and the faith they called the true one but a travesty of our own.

Then I could never understand why a race so inferior in moral attributes to ours was permitted to so torture and destroy us; but this is clearer to me now, just as it is clear to me why for so many years thousands of their own have yielded up their lives in a vain endeavor to retain the countries they wrested from us by fire and slaughter.

Would you believe it? Theft was not known amongst us till they came. Gold, that they prized the most, was to be picked up in every brooklet, washed down in virgin purity from the mountains. This we hammered into ear-rings, bracelets or other ornaments. No one thought of stealing things, for the payment of

which, to the artist who made them, we gave some useful product of our hands or mother earth. We had no money, that modern curse, the cause of so much crime, misery, wretchedness and woe.

And now you may well ask, What has all this to do with the piece of sculptured stone which lies within my hand? Let me tell you. I have said that theft was unknown until the Spaniards came amongst us. It was reserved for them to give us the first lesson.

They had heard of the "Sacred Knife" from Guacanagari and of the legend attached to it, that its destruction meant our downfall, and this would place in their possession the mountains of solid gold (the God they really worshiped), which lay hidden in our temples. And this is how it came about that a deputation of them set out to visit us with Guacanagari, the weak and too-confiding cacique, who so trusted them.

I well remember the day they reached our city in the mountains. Their approach had been heralded by the men we had always on the lookout since the Spaniards landed on our shores. My father, Bohechio, received them, surrounded by the noblest of our race. The fairest of our women were present, and, peerless among them all, was my aunt, whose name I bore, Anacaona. She was ablaze with ornaments made from the metal they loved so well, and so were her personal attendants, among whom I held a prominent place.

Bohechio, the noblest, the wisest of our caciques, extended to them a welcome such as only our people knew how to give, for hospitality was a sacred duty with us. He cordially embraced Guacanagari, whom he placed at his right hand, and who, having sufficient knowledge of the language of our visitors, acted as interpreter.

How shall I describe to you in the short space of time now left to me all that took place on that memorable day? how the Spaniards swore eternal friendship to us, and how Bohechio, never suspecting that he was entertaining a horde of robbers, showed them the huge piles of golden offerings stored in our great temple, and which for ages had lain there unguarded by priest or human being.

The honesty of my people was their surest safeguard.

Anacaona and her maidens went along with them, and it was not long before the eyes of these cunning men were divided between the heap of yellow metal and the lovely women, who, with bosoms aflame with excitement at the contemplation of such gallant cavaliers, returned their glances with languorous interest. Children of Nature, knowing no guile, we saw in them everything to admire, and, children-like, were frank and outspoken in our admiration. We had never seen such men before. Carefully selected by their commander for this expedition he left the island for still further discovery, they were the handsomest of them all. And they bore themselves right valiantly amongst us. There were but a dozen of them, and we could have annihilated them at a moment's notice, but there was not a trace of fear upon their faces, as they looked covetously on the gold and with smiles upon the women. How we touched their glittering armor, handled the velvet which formed their surcoats, played with the dreadful swords which were not long after to drink our hearts' blood, and screamed with fear when they let off a petronel, would take hours to tell you. Suffice it, that I, though betrothed to Guacanagari, my father's bravest warrior, fell desperately in love with Don Diego Alvarez, the commander of the troop.

That night I slept not, and for the days they stayed with us I scarcely lived out of his presence.

And, sooth, he was a gallant man, scarce thirty years of age, as the Spaniards counted time, and if I proved recalcitrant to the man whom my father had approved of, an excuse might easily have been found for me. Alvarez was the most intelligent of his comrades, had learned a few words of our language, and it was indeed amusing to hear him trying to make himself understood among the women of my father's court. But all the while he looked at me, and at last, under the influence of a subtle magnetism which I was unable to resist, he made me promise to meet him at the temple of our faith.

You will say that it did not take long to overcome my scruples. But we had none; we followed the dictates of our hearts and love; knowing nothing of deceit ourselves, we never suspected it in others. True, it looks as if I were deceiving Guacanagari, but as he had never spoken word of love to me, and our betrothal had been my father's own arrangement, I may be excused from any treachery.

In the meanwhile, the Spaniards were plotting how to obtain the "sacred knife," as a preliminary to obtaining the precious metal stored within our temples, killing our men and appropriating their women. Boldness for so few as they were, but when did a Spaniard hesitate, where gold was to be won or a woman's love to gain?

But my father kept close watch upon them. While outwardly courteous and dispensing boundless hospitality, not a movement did they make but was taken note of and reported to him. A body of our most valiant men was kept armed and ready for any act which might arise from their cursed lust for gold. Even my rendezvous with the commander was known to my father, but as he did not wish to arouse suspicion, he was content to watch our movements, awaiting the time to exercise his authority should it be necessary. Not that our women in matters of affection had any restraint put upon them; unlike the fathers of your generation, ours did not force us into hateful marriages.

None the less was I beloved by Guacanagari, whose faithful worship from afar was destined to receive so cruel a reward. But I was blind; most women are when they love, and should it be a virgin passion, not all the love of man can be compared to it, so trusting is it, so true.

Had I dreamt that the appointment which I had made with Don Diego was but a cover for him to gain access to the temple and possess himself of the "sacred knife," I should, perhaps, have hesitated; but I thought him the soul of honor, and as such how could I suspect him? Well, the night came at last, the night so hateful to myself and so fatal to the people of my race. He met me in the temple, the walls of which, illumined by the sacred fire, shimmered in its light. We did not say much, though once or twice he tenderly embraced me. I did not know the while a man was stealthily following us as we walked toward the altar, upon which, in an open case of gold, reposed the "sacred knife." For centuries it had lain there, undisturbed by hands profane; only the initiate into the mysteries of our cult being allowed to handle it.

We look at it. I, with a deep feeling of reverence, in contemplation of so holy an object; he, with a curious sneering look upon his countenance—indeed, so singular was it that I sought to lead him away. But he resisted me, and ere I could prevent him he grasped the "sacred knife," but only for a moment; the man of whom I have spoken sprang forward, seized his wrist with an iron grip and took it from him. "I am Guacanagari," he cried, "the cacique's chief of the guard. You have committed sacrilege. In the name of the Most High I arrest you."

"Arrest me!" sneered Don Diego as he drew his sword. "You must first take me ere you can do this," and without paying heed to my tears and entreaties, he made a lunge at Guacanagari, who, almost naked and unarmed, had barely time to seize the "sacred knife" and parry it.

And now ensued an awful combat, of which I remained a stupefied spectator. How Guacanagari contrived to escape that merciless blade I can scarcely now remember. It seemed as if the "sacred knife" was more than a match for twenty such swords as the Spaniard wielded. No matter how he cut or thrust, there the knife opposed him. At last Don Diego grew weary, and more than once his step began to falter. I tried to scream and beg for him, as I saw his life in danger, for now Guacanagari, with a merciless light in his eyes, began to press him closely. Had I not been spell-bound by the conflict I might have rushed between them, but I could not move from where I stood watching them. Breathing heavily, Don Diego made a faint effort to save himself from his invincible antagonist, and, raising his sword with a mighty sweep he sought to cut him down, but the agile Indian, leaping aside, rushed in upon him and stabbed him to the heart. As he did so, the blade broke short off in Don Diego's body, and with a wail of despair at this awful catastrophe which meant the destruction of our people, Guacanagari fled with the news to Bohechio.

They found me senseless on the body of my lover, and it was not till some months afterward that I recovered sufficiently to tell of my share in the events of that dreadful night.

In the interval Bohechio and his subjects had massacred every one of my lover's comrades, and proceeding to the coast, killed every Spaniard they found there, razing the fort they had erected to the ground. Of the troubles that came afterward, and how their death was cruelly avenged by their countrymen, these are matters of history, as are also my aunt's captivity and foul murder by Ovando in the city they built, and which is now called San Domingo. I did not share her fate, for I became a prisoner also, was because a cousin of my ill-fated lover, Don Diego, used his influence in my favor, and loving me most tenderly, became my cherished husband.

With the baking of the "sacred knife," as prophesied, came the downfall of our race. Whether the blade was buried with my lover I never asked. Of the other portion with which Guacanagari fled, I never heard again. This is the first time since that fatal night that I have seen it.

With these words Anacaona's niece unclosed her hand, from which I took the relic; then gradually her stature lessened, and her form and garments merged into those of the medium.

I looked around me. My friend the civil engineer had fallen asleep, so had the medium's mother. There was nothing left for me to do but to awake them.

That my friend the civil engineer should have stated afterward that all he witnessed was but the outcome of a power which I had exerted upon him as well as the medium, is what will naturally occur to any one not conversant with the genuine phenomena of Spiritualism. I might say that, in spite of having witnessed some remarkable occurrences in the bosom of his own family, he still stoutly maintains that all he saw that evening was but the fabric of a dream. For my part I give the facts as they occurred, feeling assured that the reader will agree with me that the medium could not have counterfeited, under such conditions, an Indian Princess nor invented such a story as "The Sacred Knife."

THE END.

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Easy Lessons in Spiritual Science, Especially for the Young.

BY MYRA F. PAINE.

LESSON EIGHTH.

METHODS OF COMMUNION.

Q.—Can you mention some of the methods by which disembodied spirits make themselves manifest to people in this seen world?

A.—By raps, table-tipping, moving of heavy bodies, speaking through trumpets and independent, slate-writing, automatic writing, oil portraits, drawings, photographs, clairvoyance, clairaudience, materializing, etheralizing, trance and inspirational speaking, and various other ways, which can hardly be described by words.

Q.—Have we any reason to suppose that the methods have all been exhausted?

A.—Certainly not. New methods are being developed nearly every day.

Q.—What was the first spiritual manifestation that attracted the attention of mortals in the year 1848?

A.—Raps, through the mediumship of three little girls by the name of Fox, who lived in Hydesville, New York.

Q.—From whom did the raps purport to come?

A.—From a peddler who had been murdered years before in the house in which the Fox family then lived.

Q.—How did they ascertain that there was truth in what he told them through the raps?

A.—They dug in the cellar where he told them he was buried, and found the skeleton.

Q.—What did this one experiment prove?

A.—That the man who was murdered still lived.

Q.—Anything else?

A.—That there were ways by which mortals could be assured of life after what is termed death.

Q.—What was the reasonable supposition or conclusion arrived at by the knowledge that this man lived?

A.—That if ONE man lived then ALL men lived.

Q.—Did not the world already believe this?

A.—Many people believed it, but they had no PROOF by which they could say they KNEW it.

Q.—Then did the whole world accept this proof and rejoice that knowledge could now take the place of belief and hope?

A.—No. The majority scoffed at it and only a few accepted it.

Q.—Can you account for this?

A.—Spiritual growth and unfoldment have always been slow, and any step forward in a progressive line has always been met with opposition. Any new light pertaining to spirit could only reach and be understood by those who were sufficiently unfolded in spirit. Therefore there were but few to accept this light, and it has been through great difficulties and perseverance on the part of the spirit-world that these different methods have been evolved, and, through them, they have been able to reach mortal minds in different stages of unfoldment, until to-day there are supposed to be upwards of ten millions of people who are rejoicing in the knowledge that their loved ones who have been kissed by the Angel of Death are still living, and, under proper conditions, can bring messages of love and helpfulness to them.

LESSON NINTH.

Q.—What do we find is always necessary in order to receive these messages?

A.—That proper conditions should be furnished.

Q.—Cannot spirits manifest themselves any time and anywhere?

A.—They may come NEAR, but cannot manifest themselves unless the proper conditions exist.

Q.—Whose duty is it to furnish these conditions?

A.—It is the duty of mortals.

Q.—How can mortals know what conditions are necessary?

A.—Spirits have given a great many directions in this line.

Q.—Ought we to pay attention to their directions?

A.—Certainly, if we expect the results they promise.

Q.—Why should we thus trust them?

A.—As they are entirely spirit and are dealing with spiritual things, it is reasonable to suppose they know best what conditions are necessary. They learn of spiritual laws by experimenting under instructions of spirit-teachers.

Q.—What else can you say about conditions?

A.—Nothing in this physical or external world can ever be produced without the proper conditions, and, as the spirit-world is just as natural as this, and is, in fact, only a continuation of this in greater refinement, it is reasonable to suppose that the laws governing the two conditions of life are somewhat similar. As spirit is more refined when separated from the earth, it must of necessity require more refined conditions in which to manifest itself. These conditions are being constantly explained by the spirit teachers who come to mortals through the mediums.

LESSON TENTH.

Q.—When a spirit moves out of one of these bodies into the spirit world, will he at once know all about that world?

A.—Certainly not. He will know no more than he did before.

Q.—What, then, does death do?

A.—Merely releases the spirit from the flesh, but does not change it. It is the same person, for the real person is always a spirit.

Q.—Could such a spirit give us much information regarding that world?

A.—He could not. He could assure us of his own continued life, and not much more.

Q.—How will he get his information in regard to that world?

A.—Just as we do. By instructions from those who have been there longer, who are employed as teachers, and by his own growth and unfoldment.

Q.—From whom do our highest spiritual instructions come?

A.—From those who have reached a high grade of spiritual wisdom.

Q.—How can we come in rapport with such grade of spirit?

A.—Only by earnest effort for self-unfoldment.

Q.—Why is this the case?

A.—Because like attracts like, and unless there is something in us that attracts wisdom spirits, they will not be drawn to us.

Q.—What lesson do we here learn?

A.—That if we desire the best and highest truth that the spirit-world has in store, we must first ourselves for its reception, then it will come to us through the law of attraction.

Q.—Whose law is this law of attraction?

A.—It is Nature's Law, or, as some people call it, God's Law.

Q.—What about this law?

A.—It and all other natural laws are unchangeable.

Q.—Then if we cannot change the laws to fit us, what ought we to do?

A.—Change ourselves to fit or come into harmony with the laws of Nature.

Q.—By Nature, do you mean the external world?

A.—We mean both the external and the internal—the spiritual and the physical.

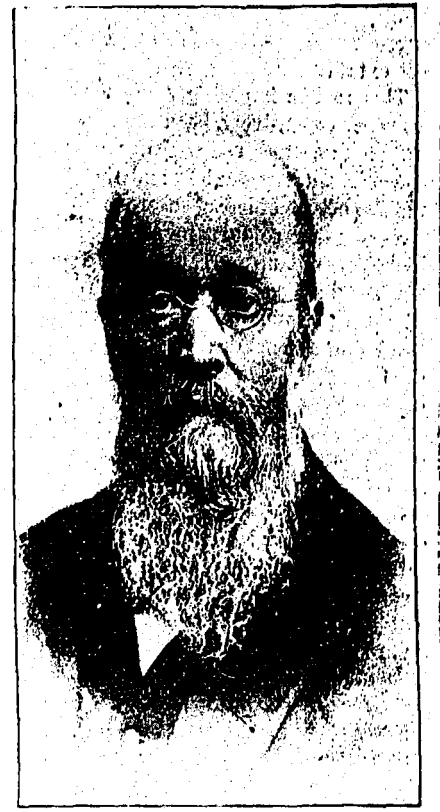
Q.—Sometimes people speak about things that pertain to the spirit being SUPERNATURAL. Is that correct?

A.—No. There is nothing supernatural, any more than there is anything mysterious. The spiritual world is just as natural as this.

Q.—Is there nothing mysterious?

A.—No. It is only ignorance that makes it mysterious. As soon as it is understood it ceases to be a mystery. So you see it is only a mystery in SEEMING, not in REALITY.

[To be concluded.]



Albert Morton.

[Biographical Sketch, Compiled by W. J. Colville.]

The subject of this sketch was born in Dixfield, Me., Sept. 17, 1832. Albert Morton is a descendant of the historic George Morton, who aided in fitting out the *Mayflower* for its adventurous voyage in 1620. George Morton, after rendering this assistance to the outgoing Pilgrims, did not accompany them on their perilous journey, but remained in London as their agent until 1623, in which year he embarked for Plymouth, Mass., where he lived one year, and then passed over to the spirit side of existence in 1624. This George Morton was the illustrious ancestor of many of his name, all prominent in some official or business station in the early history of the United States.

The present Albert Morton's grandfather married a direct descendant of Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla Mullen, whose courtship was the theme of one of Longfellow's most attractive poems:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

It is plainly evident that Albert Morton has inherited his intense love for religious liberty from those distinguished ancestors of his, who left their homes and braved the dangers of the sea in those long-departed days of valor which marked the beginning of the American Republic, rather than submit to the unjust dictation of those high in authority in their native lands who denied to their neighbors freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, which is the inalienable birthright of mankind.

Looking back through history's telescope upon those ancient days, we may well reflect upon the nobility of character which led the Pilgrims to stake all in the interest of heavenly-accorded liberty; and at the same time urge upon those who profess to honor them to day to follow in their track only in so far as they were loyal to their central convictions and accorded freely to others the self-same rights that they demanded for themselves.

But, reminiscences aside, we turn to the actual life of the hero of the present sketch.

Albert Morton, as a boy, enjoyed an average share of scholastic advantages. He was an enterprising and ambitious lad, speaking intellectually, and would have greatly appreciated a term at Bowdoin College, but was prevented from entering that famous seat of learning through insufficient health of body, although his mind was singularly vigorous. Mr. Morton's first experiences in Spiritualism date back to 1853, and these he enjoyed in the city of Boston, a place which has always been endeared to him by many and varied associations of the most interesting nature.

While residing in Wisconsin, in 1855, he became very deeply interested in the philosophy of Spiritualism, in addition to the phenomena which he had witnessed two years previously, and soon became thoroughly convinced of their truth and reasonableness. From Mr. Morton's own testimony it appears that the philosophical aspect of Spiritualism always took a deeper hold upon his reason and affections than did the phenomenal, for he declares that he was a firm believer in the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy before he had ever witnessed any physical manifestations which carried conviction with them to his understanding.

In 1862 Mr. Morton practically entered the field as a public worker in the Cause, when he took active part in the management of public meetings in Milwaukee. After conducting a very successful series in that enterprising town, he conducted meetings—and always with a large measure of success—in many other places in Wisconsin, and then elsewhere beyond the confines of that State.

Mr. Morton's managerial career in connection with the public work of Spiritualism has brought him into active and prominent business relations with more than twenty of the most widely-known platform workers in the ranks.

For several years he was actively connected with the first Children's Progressive Lyceum in Boston, and was also one of the Trustees of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists until his departure from the neighborhood.

In connection with the world-renowned geologist, William Denton, and other widely-celebrated lecturers, authors and scientists, Mr. Morton was one of the founders of the American Liberal Tract Society, and filled the position of Secretary in that body till his removal to California.

In 1871 Albert Morton was married to his present wife. After their marriage they devoted nearly a year to systematic development of mediumship. During that year Mr. Morton made several portraits of spirits, was the recipient of powerful and convincing physical as well as mental demonstrations of spirit-power, including musical and materializing evidences; he also practiced as a magnetic healer, under spiritual direction, with considerable success.

Mrs. Morton, who has always been of a quiet

[Continued on seventh page.]

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LODGE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SHORTLY after the events recorded in our last chapter some important events in connection with the ever working and radiating influence of the "777 Fraternity" took place in San Francisco. Mrs. Catherine Wolfe Parrot, who had been for the past few years in Australia and New Zealand, returned to her old home in California, and soon showed signs of activity by arranging for a series of special "Conversations in Occultism" at her residence, Chignon House, Geary Road. These "conversations" were something more than the word usually signifies, as Mrs. Parrot always gave quite a lengthy address before the conversation took place.

As Mrs. Parrot posed as a leader both on the platform and through the press, we will introduce her to our readers as a rather self-important and ambitious woman, fully aware of her own importance, and somewhat resentful toward any who would presume to degrade her dignity by presuming that her school of philosophy was not the highest extant.

This rather imposing dame never forgot that she had traveled extensively, been the honored guest of European nobility, and received with distinguished consideration by the cultured, the wealthy and the talented during the protracted course of her checkered public career.

During her sojourn in Australia and New Zealand she had gathered up a great deal of curious occult information; and as she declared herself to be in constant communion with a community of brothers and sisters (not masters) who knew a great deal of the history and inner workings of theosophy, she never condescended to refer, except critically, to the writings of Blavatsky, Kingsford, Hartmann, or any other recent author whose works are regarded by many as authoritative almost to the degree of infallibility.

It was on the evening of Monday, Nov. 25, 1895, at precisely five minutes past eight o'clock, that Mrs. Parrot, after an absence of several years' duration, resumed her "conversations," which had in former years created a perfect furore in San Francisco. Chignon House was large and roomy; its double parlors comfortably accommodated an audience of over one hundred, and still gave ample space for an improvised platform, table and piano.

Mrs. Parrot faced over ninety persons, including several well-known lawyers, physicians, and other professionals, when she smilingly bowed to her "dear friends" and commenced to dilate upon the supreme importance and knowledge of universal as distinguished from sectional theosophy to the present generation.

Dressed in rich, stiff, silk attire, and ornamented with lace and artificial flowers, Mrs. Parrot presented quite an imposing appearance as in grandiloquent strains she expatiated earnestly and with evident sincerity upon the nature and possibilities of the individual human spirit.

Dividing her subject under four heads, she treated firstly of man's consciousness of his own individuality, secondly of the desires rooted in the sense of that individuality, thirdly of the possibility of fulfilling those desires, and fourthly of the law of influx and the philosophy of spiritual mediumship.

As Mrs. Parrot was not friendly to reporters who undertook to transcribe her utterances, no attempt was made on the part of the stenographers, who were present, to transcribe the plainly-announced rule that no report should be taken; but as several people in the audience had good memories, and some had ventured to make a few notes for their own private reference, the lecture furnished ample food for the actual conversation which followed it.

Mrs. Parrot's admirers, who constituted at least nine-tenths of the attendance, contented themselves with asking questions and thanking the speaker for her gracious and elaborate replies to their interrogations; but a residuum of those present were inclined to be critical, and they were the ones who furnished the spice for the intellectual banquet.

Among the critics was an old physician, Dr. Binoculars De Greene, who had been a practitioner of medicine in the city ever since 1851, and who consequently regarded himself as a specially-privileged as well as influential personage. Though in the days of his "pioneerage," to which he constantly referred, he had been an avowed skeptic, he had for eight years past been a devoted Blavatskian Theosophist, and went nowhere without the "Key to Theosophy" wrapped in a newspaper.

When an opportunity presented itself for Dr. De Greene to air his notions on "shells," "astral bodies," etc., etc., he invariably coughed to clear his throat, blew his nose loudly with the aid of a large red, snuffy pocket handkerchief, slowly unwrapped the precious, well-worn volume, with considerable rattling of the newspaper, and then in consequential tones, as though "that settled it," proceeded to read raspingly certain sentences from "the key."

Mrs. Parrot, who did not use that particular key to Theosophy, but employed one of her own which she considered far more reliable, was not in the least impressed by the doctor's know-it-all and decide-it-all mannerism, and as she undertook to reiterate a little more forcibly than before her own decided positions on hypnotism, mental healing, and much of similar import, Dr. De Greene grew quite irritated, and addressed her in these words: "My dear madam, are you not aware that our books settle these questions finally? The oracle of the masters has spoken, and from their decision we have no appeal. I tell you from them, that you are utterly mistaken in your teachings, and, moreover, you are deluding those who believe in you. Mental healing is altogether hypnotism, and hypnotism is very wicked because it interferes with Karma; and as to alleged spiritual communications, they are all from galvanized, disintegrating astral shells, mere reliques of the departed. I tell you from them—and they know—that you are, every one of you, bitterly fooled whenever you act contrary to their teachings, who, through their appointed oracles, alone are capable of enlightening humanity."

With decided majesty of diction, and great freedom from resentment, Mrs. Parrot rather sarcastically replied, "If they of whom you speak are so absolutely wise, why do they permit ruptures in the society which they have founded? But letting that matter pass, I pity the poor Karma, which is at once a law of the universe, and also a warning that any hypnotist or mental healer can deliberately interfere with, and easily turn out of its appointed course. My good sir, you and your masters are pitifully ignorant of the real nature of the three varieties of Karma, with which all deep students of Oriental philosophies and religions are quite reasonably familiar. KARMA IS THE CHANGELESS SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WITH WHICH NEITHER MAN NOR ANGEL CAN EVER INTERFERE. As to your shells, astral bodies, and other recent concoctions of pseudo-theosophy, there is not a shred of evidence for their existence, and the phenomena which you and others of the school to which you belong persistently refer to—these mythical creations of diseased imagination—when not due to the direct spiritual source which you most unwarrantably and foundationlessly deny, are products of mental interaction which I shall undertake to explain in my next lecture. I thank you for your insolence, as the impertinence of your arrogant assumption and declamatory dogmatism has supplied me with a sense of duty to refute such false theories as you advance in the interest of genuine theosophy."

"The wretch! How dare he so presumptuously as to dispute the Master's teachings?" was the only exclamation made by the greatly angered physician, as he rudely pushed past two ladies, and waddled out into the hallway, where he remained to listen to the remainder of the conversation, and then button-hole whoever looked promising at the close of the exercises.

The exercises inside continued until nearly eleven, as Mrs. Parrot had laid herself open to controversy, and she was not at all afraid of it, nor did she in the least object to it unless it became too turbulent; and had it shown signs of becoming really offensive, she would have peremptorily closed the meeting without ceremony or apology to any one. As it was, she was pleased to beam upon her audience with that "occult smile" for which she was so celebrated, and reply with abundant graciousness to the many inquiries put to her regarding the best means for carrying forward the work of occult development in individual life, and by means of fraternal associations of earnest students.

After the regular exercises had ended a few earnest inquirers remained to speak with Mrs. Parrot privately; among these were three members of the "777 Fraternity," who recognized in her one who was intentionally in touch with the work of the Order; and as she had proposed organizing a Society for Theosophical Research in her own house along strictly independent lines, they deemed it expedient to proffer the services of one of their number as secretaries on the occasion of the inaugural meeting, which was at once decided upon for Wednesday, Nov. 27.

Whatever Mrs. Parrot proposed she executed; and as she had given her word that the new society should be organized under her roof immediately, she induced her nephew, who was residing with her, to sit up an hour later than usual and assist her in writing a number of postal cards, sending them to the addresses given by Mr. and Mrs. Monkwearmouth, who represented the "Fraternity" on that occasion.

The "777 Fraternity" did a good deal of excellent missionary work entirely outside its own appointed meetings, which were known only to its members, and as all who belonged to it were in telepathic communion, no matter where they might be physically at the time, news of great importance was constantly being flashed across unseen telegraphic wires from one to the other, so that all were linked in a continuous chain of active working sympathy, and whatever one wished another to know was soon revealed to that other.

When Wednesday evening came there was a select and highly representative audience in Mrs. Parrot's parlors, numbering exactly seventy-seven persons; not one more and not one less than that special number sought admission, and as the proceedings were very harmonious, and every one seemed in the best of humor, it appeared as though the stars in their courses distinctly favored the undertaking.

As the gathering was held in Chignon House, under Mrs. Parrot's immediate supervision, and in response to her direct call, it was unanimously agreed that she be appointed President, her sister, Mrs. Paddersleigh, Treasurer, and her nephew, Harry Gresham Paddersleigh, Secretary; Mrs. Monkwearmouth was urgently requested to serve as Vice-President, and with these four necessary officers the new Society for Theosophical Research started on its way.

After a brief straightforward avowal of the objects of the newly-constituted Association, Mrs. Parrot said: "We are not Theosophists, we are simple students of divine wisdom. The word Theosophy comes to us from four Greek terms: THEOS, God, THEOTI, Gods, SOPHIA, Wisdom, SOPHOS, Wise. We claim to be philosophers only (from PHILLOS, love, and SOPHIA, wisdom). As we are in love with wisdom, and because of our love of it, do we seek diligently to pursue it. Wisdom, my friends, is infinite, and our intellectual grasp is indeed finite. Who can measure the boundless Kosmos? who can enumerate the constellations which blaze and spin in the amplitude of unfathomed ether with which we are all perpetually surrounded? And—most pressing query of all—who can seek to define deity, and set limits to the power which is the life of the Infinite? In humble dependence upon the Infinite Spirit who sustains and guideth all, we pledge ourselves to the search for truth, to the diffusion abroad of whatever truth we may be happy enough to discover, and to the application of all discovered truth to the spread of human welfare, and the consequent diminution of pain, sorrow, sickness, crime and all distress."

Every member of the assembled company then rose, and said: "We pledge ourselves to work as best we may to discover truth, to diffuse truth, and to apply truth to the end of human elevation."

With this bond of loving, serviceable fellowship the new society started on its career amid the earnest prayers and hearty good wishes of a host far mightier on the unseen side of things than tongue can depict or pen describe.

Preliminaries necessary to organization being completed, and nine o'clock having arrived, the secess of the evening was brought forward by the Vice-President, who had played the part of a true mother to the gentle, orphan girl, by name Lydia Selina Depew, who was one of those rare sybils who are found but very occasionally in this perturbed modern world. Clad in pure Greek costume, this delicate, yet thoroughly healthy girl, seemed the true embodiment of that type of pure prophetic which ancient peoples loved to honor and revere. Though eighteen years of age, she had never been to school, and no outward attempt had ever been made to educate her. Her kind guardians, whose home had been hers nearly as long as she could remember, had never sought to train her in any way; they simply let her grow up as she would.

Her father dropped his mortal robes when she was four years of age, and her mother joined her companion in the spiritual world six months later. On the day when her mother "died" little Selina, who had been the idolized darling of both her parents, ran into the room where her mother's inanimate form was lying, and placing herself on the bed beside it, passed into a deep trance, during which her father spoke to all who were gathered, giving a graphic and detailed account of his first experiences in spirit-life, and telling how his beloved consort was gently awaking to new life with him, as peacefully as a child awakes to greet the day after a sound refreshing sleep of many hours' duration.

This little child of four and a half years spoke with the gravity and diction of a sage. In faultless sentences she described the unseen state, and spoke of it with such naturalness and deep simplicity that all who heard her were convinced that she was truly the mouthpiece of her beloved parent. She never cried for her mother, but sometimes she would drop asleep suddenly in the midst of her work or play, and when she woke up would say:

"I've had a lovely time with papa and mamma; I wish you could have been with me."

Then when her kindly adopted parents would talk to her of these visits, she would describe the spiritual world as a very real place. "Just on the other side of your eyes shut," was the only location she could ever give it. "I just shut my eyes, and then I'm there; I open them again, and now I'm here," was all she could tell concerning the geographical site of the realm where she was so much at home; but though she could not satisfy the inquirer as to its location in space, she could dilate most instructively upon its institutions, and the manner of life therein.

As she always came back full of information, and had some freshly-acquired knowledge to impart after every visit, Mr. and Mrs. Monkwearmouth felt they were neglecting no duty toward their charge by allowing her to escape the drudgery of earthly schooling, and learn instead from her spiritual preceptors.

In many respects she became brilliantly accomplished. She could sing and play upon several musical instruments with the skill of a master; and not only could she perform, but she composed and improvised on organ, piano and violin, as well as giving voice to such charming original songs as thrilled all who heard them with their graceful sentiment and exquisite melody.

She was a good mathematician, and a perfect grammarian, and she could speak and write in several languages, but of the details of external history she appeared ignorant and without desire to learn.

(To be continued.)

The last report issued by the United States Bureau of Agriculture, from Washington, put Kansas at the head of the corn-growing States for the year 1896. The State also stands away at the head in winter wheat this year.

SUGGESTION WITHOUT HYPNOTISM.

An Account of Experiments in Preventing or Suppressing Pain.

BY C. M. BARRROWS.

I have been asked to present a report of experiments made by myself in the use of suggestion without hypnotism. The work was begun about seven years ago, and in prosecuting it I have treated several hundred persons, afflicted with various maladies, including insomnia, rheumatism, neuralgia, intermittent headache, sore joints, hysteria, chorea, morbid phenomena left as the result of disease, functional disorders of the nervous system, dipsomania, stammering, stage-fright, excessive emotion, etc.; affording in one sense an attractive variety.

Out of this list, I have chosen for mention in this paper cases in which pain in some form was either prevented or suppressed under conditions of nerve and tissue that would ordinarily make it inevitable. Such cases are better suited to the present purpose than the others, because in weighing the evidence they offer, there is comparatively little danger of errors due to either of the two causes which Prof. Richet tells us it suffices to eliminate. Intentional fraud can scarcely be supposed to enter into these experiments, and even the liability to "unconscious" or "automatic" fraud is slight. Chance, too, "which often brings about amazing coincidences," can by no stretch of its big cloak be made to cover the whole group.

Take toothache, for example, the kind of pain with which I first attempted to deal. If I had tried only a few cases, or if only now and then the pain had disappeared under the treatment, common sense would insist that the ache ceased by chance. But since the record shows a large number of such treatments, with no failures among them, it seems reasonable to conclude that the suggestion stopped the pain. And yet, on the strength of these results alone, I would not dare to affirm that what occurred in even a single case was an instance of cause and effect. Fortunately I am able to cite more decisive tests of the power of the agency employed.

A lady about to have several very sensitive teeth filled, asked if suggestion would exempt her from the torture in store for her. She explained that in all her experience of dental operations, the process had been extremely painful, and the shock brought on nervous prostration. Of course, I could promise nothing as to the result, but invited her to try it. Her dentist had his office in Boston, and on the day of her first appointment with him, she appeared at my house in Brookline at nine o'clock in the morning. I explained the nature and manner of the treatment as well as I could, and made the suggestion that she should feel no pain while in the dentist's chair that day, and no nervous prostration should ensue.

The lady left me, feeling, as I judged, very little confidence in what I had done—indeed, she remarked that she could not see that I had done anything—and at eleven o'clock the operator began work on her most sensitive tooth. Finding, to his surprise as well as her own, that she did not wince under the rough touch of his instruments, he worked steadily and fast for two hours, before she was released from the chair. The next day, instead of being miserable in bed, this lady called to report to me what seemed to her a wonderful deliverance from pain. Referring to the molar on which the dentist had spent so much time, she said, "Dr. — wanted to fill it a year ago, but it hurt so I could not bear to let him touch it; but yesterday he did not hurt me a particle, although he worked fast, and did not favor me. I felt every movement, and realized all he was doing, but there was no pain at all, and I have no prostration."

This patient had four subsequent appointments to keep with her dentist; and as the days arrived for the second, third and fourth, I repeated the suggestion made in the first instance, and she passed the ordeal with a like immunity from suffering and exhaustion. Perhaps the continued successes made me over-confident; for when she called to take the fifth and last treatment, she was late, I was pressed for time, and so omitted the formal suggestion, trusting that I should be able to control her sensations when there should be need of it. But in this I reckoned without my host, and a wretched failure was the consequence. The poor victim endured severe torture, and was kept in bed for two days by the prostration. This mistake is not to be accounted an unmixed evil, however, since no one would deny that it lent an added value to the experiment.

It should be understood, of course, that in every dental case herein described, my treatment began and ended with a single suggestion. I did not accompany the patient to the office, or continue the treatment after the patient had departed. Observe also that each suggestion made was a post-suggestion; that is to say, it was not intended to take immediate effect, but to produce a specific result at a designated later hour. Like post-hypnotic suggestion, it seemed to become available at the particular time intended when it was made, and to have no influence before the appointed hour, or after it had expired. A boy who was treated to have a tooth extracted in the forenoon, finding that it had ceased to ache, postponed the operation until afternoon, and then found that the suggestion did him no good. Another case illustrating the same point is that of a young lady pianist of much talent, who during her first public performances was so overcome by stage-fright that she failed to do herself justice. One evening, when she was to play at a public entertainment, I made the suggestion that she should be perfectly at her ease, and the experiment succeeded, to her great delight. Subsequently I rendered her a like service; but owing to a change in the program, she did not take her part as expected, but did play at a repetition of the performance given a day later; but the virtue of my suggestion was gone. It is a pleasure to add that a few more treatments permanently cured this young lady of her annoying attacks of fright.

To be able to rob the dentist's chair of any part of its terrors is indeed a gratifying achievement, but it is not after all the crucial test. The crowning triumph would be to enable a person by means of suggestion alone to have firm teeth extracted without pain. I am not prepared to say to what extent this can be done, for I have tried the experiment only seven times, and in one instance it was a failure. Four of the seven trials were made on children between the ages of eight and fifteen years, each of whom had a firm molar removed. The next trial I can refer to with confidence, because it was my own teeth that were extracted. I parted with two molars, one of which was a firm one, with hooked roots, and the dentist used two different instruments before he succeeded in removing the whole. This was a case of auto-suggestion, and the operation, though prolonged, was absolutely painless. Two women took my treatment on the same day for a like purpose. One of them had four firm teeth and three loose ones taken out, and found that my suggestion did not help her at all; the other lady parted with a firm molar, and pronounced the treatment a success.

A large number of test cases would be necessary to establish the practical usefulness of this form of inhibition; but as instances of local analgesia induced without hypnotism, the six successful experiments are of peculiar interest, because the operation of extracting a firm tooth is severe while it lasts, and the snapping of live nerves is painful. It would not be easy to choose six experiments of the same kind, in which the conditions of a decisive test would be more fully met: the patients were in a normal condition at the time of treatment; each must have suffered during the operation, unless the pain had been prevented in some way; it was averted beyond a doubt; and this result could not reasonably be attributed to anything else than the psychological suggestion previously given.

In all cases of suggestion mentioned in this paper the mode of administration was essentially the same. When dealing with persons to whom it is new, I usually explain that the purpose of it is to render the nerves involved inca-

pable for the time being of producing the sensation of pain. There is no hypnotism about this form of suggestion, no mesmerism, no animal magnetism, no mind cure. The effect does not interfere in any way with the freedom of the patient; for I work no charm, and cast no spell upon him, exert no control over his will, make no change in his thinking. My wish is to accomplish one definite result, and nothing else, namely, to take away the feeling of pain from the consciousness which might otherwise suffer. If the patient is skeptical, I tell him that his doubt or faith will not alter the result, since it is not a matter of opinion, but of sensation. Confidence in the treatment is not necessary, nor will any attempt to resist vitiate the effect.

Having thus assured the patient, and put him at his ease, I ask him to seat himself in a comfortable position, be quiet a few minutes, and think of anything he pleases, while I suggest to his nerves how to behave. Sometimes I show a patient what nerves are producing the sensation of pain, and locate the centres by placing my hand on his head. Some action of this sort is often useful with children, as a tangible evidence to them that something is being done.

The popular impression (and this is not untrue) is that hypnotic suggestion is administered orally, in a language the patient understands. When the patient is asleep, and has reached a favorable stage of the trance, Dr. Liebeault or Dr. Bernheim says in a distinct tone of voice: "You will feel no pain when you awake"; or, "The lameness you complain of will be gone," or whatever utterance the case calls for. It is not claimed, I suppose, that the suggestions made in this way differ in kind from those a mother might make to her child who is hurt, when she says: "You will feel better in a moment"; or, "Mother will kiss it, and make it well." In other words, the value of hypnotic suggestions made for therapeutic purposes does not consist in anything peculiar about them, but their effectiveness is due to the heightened susceptibility of the patient during the trance. It is doubtful if this sort of treatment would have much effect upon disease and pain if the patients receiving it were not in a trance; and because my patients are not so affected, as far as I can judge, at the time of treatment, I suspect that my suggestion is a different thing from that employed by the hypnotizers; not so much in its results on patients, but as a psychological act of the operator.

Mine is a silent suggestion. I use neither voice nor other means to convey its import to the patient through sensory adits. I find it possible to affect with these unvoiced suggestions one who does not know my language, infants who have learned no language, and brute creatures. This would not be the case if communication depended on speech. More than this: I am not conscious of forming any statement of the message, even in thought, when I make the suggestion. I certainly am not then thinking about my patient, or at him. Using the term "mind" in the popular sense, it does not seem that the suggestions which I make are addressed to it at all.

My experience in sending telepathic messages to distant percipients casts some light upon this point. Whenever, acting as agent, I concentrated my thought on a formal statement of the message, the percipient failed to receive it; but when I made no thought effort—no conscious effort of any kind—the message reached its destination. Mark, this is not saying that the agent does not need to think of his message beforehand, and decide upon its content; in all except purely spontaneous communications this preliminary step must be necessary. In some recent experiments made with a reputed "mind-reader," I found that success did not depend on my own thought being kept steadily fixed on the thing he was to do. Indeed, I have much reason to believe that he did not read my thoughts at all. The conclusion seems well-nigh irresistible that therapeutic suggestion, as I use it, is not sensory but telepathic, that the communication does not require an act of thinking or willing to send it forth.

About a year ago an Irish girl of seventeen came to me to be treated for neuralgia in the left temple. She looked like an over-worked, under-fed person, grown quite nervous from pain and loss of sleep. The pain and soreness were gone after the first treatment; but there was some return of the trouble next day, and I repeated the suggestion on that and the following day, producing permanent relief.

Last September I treated a Welshman, about forty years of age, who had been suffering from neuralgia for a long while, which affected the entire left side of his head and face. His ear had not been free from pain for two years, and he had several attacks daily of what he described as sharp stabs of pain. Within three weeks of the time I first saw the man, he had been complaining of his left eye, which he said pained him constantly. The eye was much inflamed, but it seemed to be only the orbit which was attacked, and after three treatments both eye and orbit were cured. After that I was unable to see the man again until two weeks later, when I found the eye all right, but the pain in and about the ear had not abated. I then gave him three treatments, and since that time he has had no neuralgic symptoms at all.

About six years ago I treated a school teacher for neuralgia, and I think this was my first experiment with this disease. She had borne the pain for nearly two weeks, and her nerves were completely unstrung. I remember that I made the suggestion in a hesitating way, scarcely expecting the aching nerves to obey it; but the pain stopped in a few minutes, and the treatment was followed by a night of refreshing sleep. This respite was only temporary, and the next morning the lady was as bad as ever. She sent for me about the middle of the forenoon, and I gave her a second treatment, after which she suffered no more for twelve hours. Again, at ten o'clock in the evening, I was summoned to repeat the suggestion; and from that time on pain ceased, and the patient recovered.

I am often asked whether the psychological treatment which relieves pain also cures the disease or hurt which occasions the pain. Evidently it does not do so in all cases, although in every instance of rheumatism or neuralgia which I have treated, the suppression of the pain insured the disappearance of the other symptoms. As exceptions to this rule, it may be mentioned that I once suppressed the pain of a big carbuncle on the back of a man's neck for three successive nights, so that he got several hours of sleep; but the ache began again each morning—probably awoke him—the suppurative process continued, and at the proper time the surgeon applied his knife. At another time I treated a man who suffered for months with a kidney trouble, which finally proved fatal. During the progress of the disease he was subject to spasmodic attacks, with excruciating pain, and it was in one of these that I saw him, and was able to relieve his distress. In several instances of a like nature, I have suppressed pain for the time being, thus affording the patient a brief respite from suffering.

Another interesting fact in this connection is that pain may be permanently inhibited in one part of the body, and at the same time persist in another part. In October, 1894, I treated a man who had sprained his left ankle very badly about a year and a half before. Although the foot was no longer lame, and it did not hurt him to use it, there remained a constant pain just under the outer malleolus, which, when the foot became tired at night, was very severe. At the time this man came to me for help he had been enduring this steady pain for more than twelve months, and his nervous system—naturally a strong one—was breaking down under the prolonged strain. This case required a series of treatments, the record of which in my note book is as follows: Treatment began Oct. 9, and repeated on the 10th and 11th with no apparent effect. On the 13th pain ceased during treatment, but returned after two hours. On the 16th, pain ceased during treatment, but returned in one hour. On the 18th, the pain shifted during treatment to the nerve in front of the tendon of Achilles, and returned to the original spot about two hours later. On the 19th no treatment was given, but the man strained the foot badly in jumping out of a carriage. This brought on a severe pain which lasted until late in the evening, when it stopped, and he felt a like pain under the outer malleolus of his right foot, which did not subside until near midnight. The next treatment was given on the 20th, when the pain ceased, and did not return; and now, for a continuous period of more than a year, he has been wholly free from it. All the while he was under treatment this man was suffering with a painful lameness of the right arm, of which he made no mention at the time. Six months after the ankle was cured, I tried to help the arm by suggestion, but could produce no permanent effect upon it. The man has followed for more than thirty years a mechanical business which requires him to hold the right arm all day long in a cramped, unnatural position, in order to do his work, and to this fact the morbid condition is probably due.

(To be continued.)

* Read at the General Meeting of the Society held in the Westminster Town Hall, Jan. 31, 1896; also at the meetings of the American Branch, held in Boston and New York, December, 1895.

LYCEUM AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. J. S. SOPER.

SPECIAL REQUEST.

Will Conductors of Lyceums throughout the United States send to this Department an outline of their method of conducting their Lyceums, as applied to the younger Groups?

SUNDAY MUSINGS.

I sometimes wonder, as I sit
Within my church-pew low,
What makes my wayward fancies flit
Untrammelled to and fro.
I try to give attention to
The sermon and the prayer,
But, spite of all that I can do,
My thoughts will stray from there.
My little boy sits by my side—
He's sleeping, no mistake—
A full five minutes he has tried
His best to keep awake.
Anon he bobs his curly head
And tries to open his eyes,
Then into dreamland's rosy bed
He slinks with weary sighs.
Sometimes I think (Oh, wicked thought!)
That heaven's guards are near,
That, hearing all, we still shall not
Remember all we hear;
That angels to the children sent,
In sweet compassion deep,
The snares of creed to circumvent,
Just close their eyes in sleep.
Belmont, Mass. EMILE PICKHARDT.

Written for Lyceum and Home Department.

Led by a Child.

It was autumn, and as I entered a beautiful forest I beheld all nature clothed in garments of beauty, the leaves of the trees were dressed in crimson and gold, the sun shedding its radiance over all. I noticed an old man walking in a narrow path; his clothes were old; his tangled locks of hair fell down over his coat; his beard, which was of snowy whiteness, reached to his waist, and, sorrow to behold, he had a pack of heavy sticks on his back.

He was almost weighed to the ground, and I wondered why he did not stop to rest, as there were many beautiful resting-places along the way. But the old man kept on in the narrow path, with his eyes fixed on some distant spot, with such a dreamy, far away look.

Presently I noticed his strength seemed to be giving away, and I thought will he stop to rest now, or will he keep on until he falls by the wayside? I longed to relieve him, but no, I could not approach him, many barriers were between us; I could not reach him.

But while I was longing to aid him, at the very moment I longed most, I noticed a little child, with golden hair and blue eyes, which looked as though they were made of the blue of heaven's sky, appear upon the scene. He walked along until he had nearly reached the old man, and I saw he came from another direction from which the old man came, but from whence I could not tell.

He called, "Grandpa, oh! grandpa, wait a minute for little Golden Hair; he wants to talk to you."

The old man started, trembled, and finally turned his head, but did not stop walking, just kept in his narrow path.

"Grandpa, do stop," the child called again; but the old man kept on, and I became so anxious for him to wait; he was becoming weaker every moment, and I thought it would be such a pity if he would not listen to the little fellow. But again my thoughts were interrupted, for Golden Hair called again, "Grandpa, grandpa, you must wait," and then the old man sank down on the ground with his burden, but never loosed the strings which held it fast to his back.

"Grandpa!" The little one was close to the old man now, and put his little hands on the old man's wrinkled ones, and said: "Grandpa, do you want to find a broad path, where there are not so many stones to hurt your feet? I can show you a way, and it leads to home so much quicker. Do you want to know where it is?"

"Who are you, child? My little grandchild has been dead many a year. Where did you come from? and why do you call me grandpa?"

"Oh! I am your grandchild; and, grandpa, do listen! If you will only take the sticks off your back you will get on so much faster! You have carried your burden so long! Do take them off, and I will show you the broad path, where there are not so many stones to hurt your poor feet."

"Child, I do not understand you. These sticks are my living, and I have carried many home every evening all my life, and walked the stony path for many years. Why should I change now? I guess I can reach home this way."

"But, grandpa, your strength is almost gone. The sticks are too heavy and the path too rough. Do come with me."

Now I noticed the man was covered with a shining light, which made the tangled locks, the old, tattered garments and the sticks look so different from the way they looked before Golden Hair had touched him. And I noticed these words written on the sticks: "Old Creeds," "Bigotry," "Prejudice," "Darkness," "Superstition," "Deceit," "Dishonesty," and "Malice." And I thought, is it possible that one human being is trying to carry such a load?

But the conversation went on in this way: "Grandpa, you have carried this burden long enough. Some of the sticks were put in the pile and you did not know it, others you put in yourself, and others were picked up along life's journey. I am sent to pull them off one by one; I am too little to do it all at once."

Then I noticed the beautiful little Golden Hair pull the strings off, then the sticks which seemed to be fastened so tight; pulled first a string and then a stick until all were off, and the old man jumped up, looking so relieved to be rid of his awful burden.

Now, I noticed the child took him by the hand and led him over the rough road until they reached the beautiful wide path the child had told him about. I saw the old man's face looking brighter, and I caught a few more words.

The old man suddenly looked down at the little boy and said: "Why, Golden Hair, you look something like my little grandchild, after all, only so much more beautiful. Can you tell me why, my wise little friend?"

"Oh yes, grandpa, I am your spirit grandchild, sent to take you home; you will reach your journey's end before the night shadows fall on this beautiful forest. You are nearly home."

The old man's face was transfigured; he looked before him, and behold, he saw a shin-

ing host come to greet him and his little guide. The shadows have fallen; night has come; Grandpa had gone home, led by a little child, and I am here to battle with many of the sticks that others would seek to convert into a burden to tie upon my back; and some of the sticks I would place in the pack myself.

LULU BUCKLER, Baltimore, Md.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

At the officers' meeting, Sept. 8, it was voted to continue the system adopted and successfully carried out last season of announcing a subject or question, and then solicit original answers the following Sunday. The object is to encourage the children to think, and express their own ideas—especially the older ones—upon the various topics of a moral and spiritual nature selected by the officers at their regular monthly meeting.

The subject selected for Oct. 11 is: "What can we do to bring the spirit-world nearer to us?"

Judging from past experiences, we predict a large number of practical answers to this question from the bright boys and girls of the Lyceum that our older friends should not miss.

The younger groups will have a more simple subject selected for them by the leaders, who have the entire charge of this department of our Lyceum work.

This Lyceum recognizes the truth of the old adage about "All work and no play," etc., and will endeavor to encourage those of a musical or literary turn to develop their talents as well, and the impromptu program arranged each Sunday by the Guardian, Mrs. C. L. Hatch, and her able assistant, Miss L. Alberta Felton, will add much to the enjoyment of all.

Remember, the opening hour is 1 P. M., and start with the intention of getting to Berkeley Hall a little before that hour, or, what is better, attend the morning service of the "Boston Spiritual Temple," and the Lyceum will convene at its close, as soon as the hall can be arranged.

A. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG, Clerk.
17 Leroy street, Station K.

Taking Offense.

"We can make ourselves miserable to any extent with 'perhapses,'" writes Kuskin; and "perhapses" are the principal diet of the people who take offense.

"I saw your friend Miss White at the reception yesterday," one well-dressed girl said to another, "but she did not seem to remember me, so I did not speak."

"Indeed?" replied the other; "that is just what she said of you."

So two persons with mutual likings and interests were guilty of marked rudeness to each other and to their common friend.

"Did you notice how Mary Case put her parasol before her face as she passed, so she could not see me on the porch?" complained a girl to her brother, oblivious to the fact that the afternoon sun was pouring directly into her friend's near sighted eyes.

"The minister has not called here this summer. Of course he need not if he does not choose to. I can go to some other church."

Thus innocent remarks are built out into contrary meanings; absent-minded friends are harshly judged; hurt feelings and aching secrets and disguised jealousies are fondled and fostered until the poor, self-tortured soul thinks it is mightily abused, and prides itself on its own tragic susceptibility.

All for want of a little common sense—a little of that high quality of imagination which enables a person to put herself in the place of another. How quickly, then, would we exclaim: "I knew you did not dream of my presence," "I remembered you were in great sorrow," "I understood that your dinner-table was small and your social indebtedness large," "I never doubted that the report was false."—*Christian Union.*

Sit Erect.

One of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested and almost deformed person one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer had they always kept the body erect, the chest full and the shoulders thrown back.

A simple rule is that if the head is not thrown forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by the carelessness in this respect is that by compressing the lungs and preventing their full and natural action lung diseases ensue.—*Selected.*

Executive Ability.

"Uncle Tom, what is executive ability?" "It's knowing how to make other people work without doing anything yourself."

A picture of Japanese life, drawn by Prof. Morse, shows a pleasant relation existing between the human and the brute creation. Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the streets. He had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets, nibbling melon rind from his hand, as tame as calves and lambs on our farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on a limb of a tree, and the busy, jostling throng stopped. No one attempted to injure the bird, but several began sketching him.—*The Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Good deeds bear fruit, and in the fruit are seeds that in their turn bear fruit and seeds. Great thoughts are never lost, and words of kindness do not perish from the earth.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Hope never hurt any one, never yet interfered with duty; nay, always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage and clears the judgment.—*Macdonald.*

"The children of to-day are in our hands. They are to be the men and women of the future, therefore we hold to a great extent the morals of the future in our control."

Enigma.

My whole is composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 7, 9, 13, is a lock.
My 6, 10, 13, 11, is an ornament.
My 7, 6, 2, 4, 11, 5, is a fruit.
My 8, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, is a scare.
My whole is a welcome visitor.
The one who sends the first correct answer will receive a photograph of a prominent medium. Fraternally, M. W.

ANSWER to Enigma in last BANNER—Planchette.

Original Riddles or Charades from young people of all ages will be gladly received. Address this Department, BANNER OF LIGHT.

Banner Correspondence.

Our friends in every part of the country are earnestly invited to forward brief letters, items of local news, etc., for use in this department.

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—J. Staples writes: "The value of crimson clover for the purpose of a fertilizer crop is the chief subject of thought at this time by farmers in many States.

Reports received from all parts of Michigan show that crimson clover passed the winter well and a large crop of hay and seed was secured. Crimson clover is a native of Italy and other parts of Europe; is not entirely new to this country, but only recently begun to attract attention. It is an annual, and must be sown in its proper season; this extends from first of August until the last of November. The seed germinates very quickly and grows very rapidly, and makes a good fall and winter pasture. It seems to flourish in all soils, and is apparently more hardy than the common red clover and stands the drouth better.

It yields two to three tons of hay and six to ten bushels of seed to the acre. It is also a valuable bee plant; the honey is very white and of excellent quality, but its greatest value lies in its ability to store up plant food, and at the same time send down its deep feeding roots far into the subsoil, to gather and bring to the surface elements of fertility that would be otherwise lost. Early in May the flowers appear, and the field changes from a deep green to a brilliant crimson, making a sight to behold and to remember. Its great beauty surpassing anything ever seen in a field crop.

Every farmer should sow a field of crimson clover, and every lady that loves beautiful flowers should at least scatter a few seeds in her flower-garden. If any of the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT would like to test a little crimson clover seed, I will send a trial package by mail for a couple of stamps for postage. Grand Rapids, Mich., Box 503."

Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD.—B. F. Farrar writes that himself and wife are to establish a meeting in this city, commencing Oct. 18, to continue through the winter: "We think there is need of another spiritual meeting there, and think one can be supported, with of course more or less hard work; myself and good wife are going to try and see what we can do. We propose to introduce both good lecturers and the phenomena, and try to please and instruct the people in this beautiful truth of spirit-return. I would like to correspond with all good platform workers who have any open dates from Oct. 18, 1896, to June 1, 1897, with a view to helping us in this service."

ATTLEBORO.—E. Rosell writes: "Although I have been an acquaintance of Mr. Roscoe's for some time, I have never seen much of his mediumship until I visited him at his home, 151 Broadway, Providence, R. I., a few days ago, and, while there, he gave me a 'fire test,' which was marvelous, burning before my eyes the question I had written and sealed while he was absent from the room, after which he told me, word for word, what I had written, and answered it for me. He also gave me many other tests of his great mediumistic powers, which are marvelous."

Indiana.

ELKHART.—C. H. Murray writes: "The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted by the Spiritual Union Society of this place:

Whereas, Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly has officiated as the lecturer for our Spiritual Union Society for the month of September, giving us, under inspiration, some of the ablest lectures that it has been our fortune to hear, and ably treating a wide range of subjects with great ability; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we heartily recommend Mr. Edgerly as a capable and honest medium for the transmission of spirit-thought; and our kindest wishes go with him wherever he is called to promulgate the knowledge of immortality."

October Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY reaches us for the current division of time, with a spicy table of contents, which cannot fail of interest to its perusers. Its opening number is "Five American Contributions to Civilization," Charles W. Eliot; "The Political Menace of the Discontented" is a discussion of the campaign in some of its social meanings; "Marm Lisa," V. I. X. Kate Douglas Wiggin, reaches new points in the history of its principal and others; "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is the conclusion of this telling story by a firm-handed bowyer; "Tis Sixty Years Since, at Harvard"—Dr. Edward Everett Hale—is a series of stirring reminiscences by this stalwart apostle of man; "Girls in a Factory Valley," Lillie B. Chace Wymann, gives some further humble life studies; "The Fate of the Coliseum," Rudolf Lancelotti, is full of singular and renewed attraction; "The French and English Views of India" (editorial) and several other attractive papers are given in the number, to which "Men and Letters," "Comments on New Books" and "The Contributors' Club" act as a "round out" of seasonal character. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE CENTURY.—The current number contains several articles bearing upon topics that are now prominently before the public: "A Study of Mental Epidemics," by Boris Sidis, is a scientific and suggestive paper. Another article of immediate interest is on "A Presidential Candidate of 1852" (John F. Hale), by his associate on the free-soil ticket, George W. Julian; a paper "About French Children," their education, training, manners and nature, by Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blane), is profusely illustrated by Boulet de Monvel; Prof. Sloane brings his life of Napoleon to a conclusion in strikingly illustrated chapters on "The Battle of Waterloo and the Exile to St. Helena," and the Hon. John A. Kasson, in "Open Letters," places a high estimate on the character of the work; Mrs. Humphry Ward concludes her serial, "Sir George Trevelyan," and Mr. Howells's four-part story of Saratoga, "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy," is brought to an end, as is also Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's tragedy of Shetland called "Prisoners of Conscience." There are short stories of interest, and also poems, making a very attractive number. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

ST. NICHOLAS for the current month is a very full number, the table of contents containing more than thirty contributions. The frontispiece is a drawing by George Wharton Edwards, illustrating a poem "Katrinka," by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. "George O'Green and Robin Hood," by Caroline Brown, tells of a sturdy woodman who overcame most of the outlaw band at their own sports. "The Fire on the Water" is contributed by Charles G. D. Roberts, and describes the exciting scenes that followed the wrecking of an oil-boat on a Canadian railway. A true story from the Russian, "The Kind-hearted Bear," is translated by Miss Isabel F. Haggood. A number of charades by Carolyn Wells are contributed for the readers of St. Nicholas, with prizes offered to those who are successful. There are other contributions by well-known authors, making a desirable number. The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

RECEIVED: The Quiver, The Cassell Publishing Company, 31 East 17th street (Union Square), New York. Miscellaneous Notes and Queries. S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SHAFT THAT MISSED ITS MARK.

BY HELEN STUART-RICHINGS.

You saw it hurled, you say?
It did not strike, so let it lay.
You heard the unseen foot,
Who skulked and shunned the light of day?
So cowering cowards seek their prey.
His smallness saves him—let him go.

WHEATLET

Has none of the coarse, gritty taste of cracked or rolled wheat.

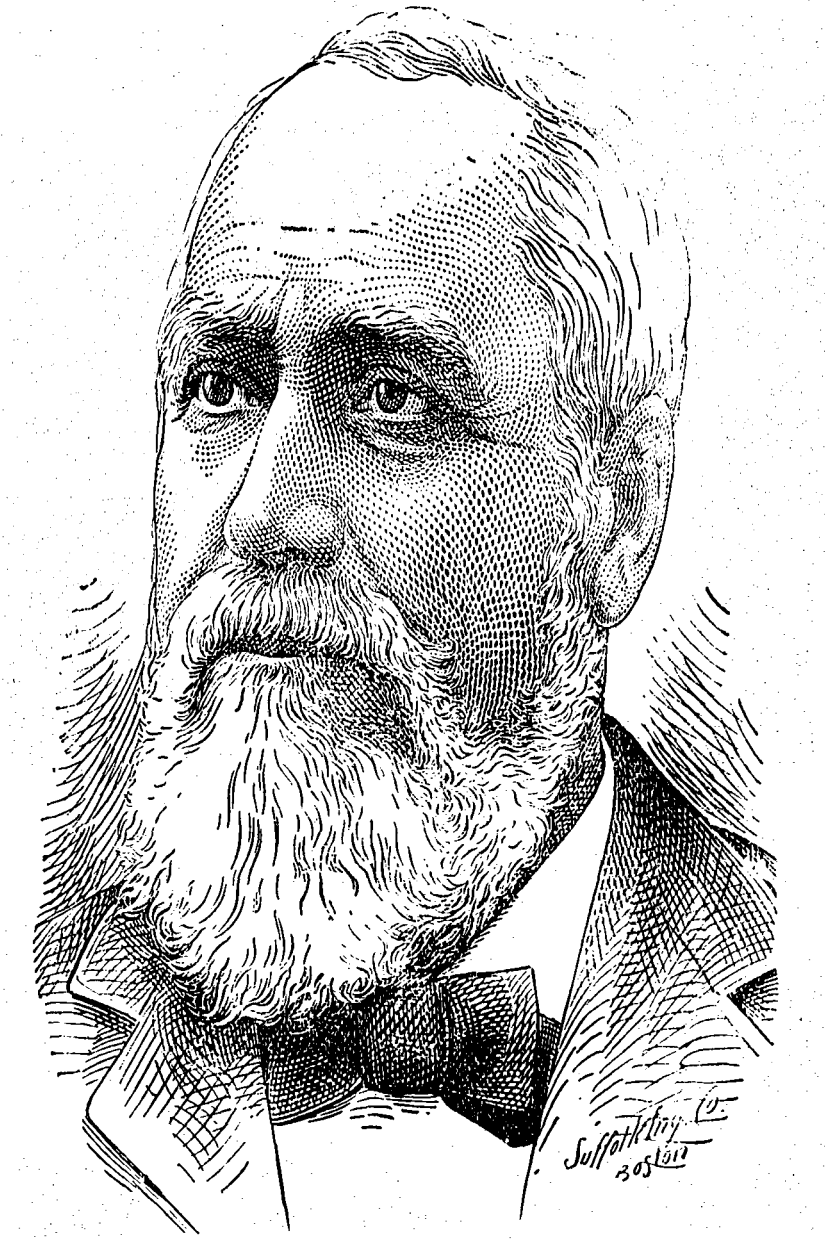
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Vermont's Eminent Judge White Advises People to Use Dr. Greene's Nervura. It Will Cure Them.



JUDGE EDWIN C. WHITE

The greatest and best-known of our people use, praise and recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Women in every walk of life enthusiastically proclaim the wonderful powers of this truly grand medicine to cure, to make the sick well, to give back health and strength to weak, tired, nervous and debilitated people.

Hon. Henry Robinson, Mayor of Concord, N. H., says, "I have found health, strength, buoyancy and courage by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura."

Senator Frank Plumley, of Northfield, Vt., says, "I used Dr. Greene's Nervura for exhaustion with entire success."

State Attorney of Vermont, W. H. Taylor, of Hardwick, Vt., says, "My wife profited by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura for neuralgia, and extreme nervous condition and sleeplessness. I have no hesitation in recommending its use."

Senator Geo. W. Randall, of Waterbury, Vt., says, "Dr. Greene's Nervura cured me. It is a good thing, yes, a grand thing, for I have found it so in my case."

Hon. Geo. W. Wing, Mayor of Montpelier, Vt., says, "I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura in my family with marked and decided benefit."

Senator Victor I. Spear, of Braintree, Vt., says, "My wife was troubled with nervous debility, bordering on nervous prostration, and had eczema. Dr. Greene's Nervura produced very satisfactory results."

Senator George A. Morse, of Morrisville, Vt., says, "I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura in my family. It has been of benefit to us in sleeplessness arising from nervousness. I recommend it to anybody."

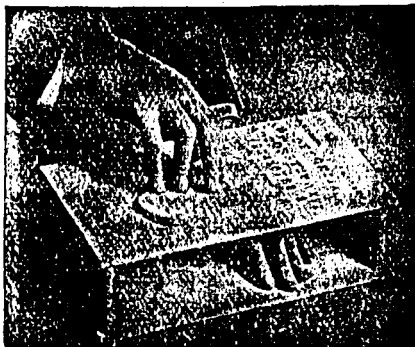
And now comes the strong testimonial of Judge Edwin C. White, of Hyde Park, Vt., who is one of Vermont's most eminent and widely known statesmen and Judge of the Probate Court. Judge White says, "I have used Dr. Greene's blood and nerve remedy in my family, and am pleased to say, with good results. My wife had been troubled with indigestion, which produced nervousness which might have been serious and at times troubled her greatly. We had tried many things for her relief, but without success."

"I saw the wonderful cures claimed for Dr. Greene's Nervura and resolved to give it a trial, and it gives me pleasure to say I am glad I did. My wife now sleeps well, and is greatly benefited from indigestion, having had only one slight return (where they had been daily) since taking the Nervura. I give permission to print this unqualified testimonial."

Can any one hesitate to use this great cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, when so many eminent statesmen, public officials and prominent men known all over our country advise you to use it because it cured them or their families? You know that the words of these great men are given only in the cause of truth and because they know Dr. Greene's Nervura cures, and they desire to see the sick made well.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is a physician's prescription, the discovery of the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., hence it is of necessity perfectly adapted to cure, and health and strength always follow its use. Dr. Greene can be consulted without charge in regard to any case, personally or by letter.

PSYCHE, The Developing Cabinet.



Every person who becomes interested in the Spiritual Philosophy is more or less interested in Mediumship and its development, and it is for the assistance of those desiring the unfoldment of their mediumistic gifts that PSYCHE, the Developing Cabinet, has been designed. It is arranged to store the vital magnetism, or energy, and adapted to develop anything from raps and table-tipping to independent slate-writing and other phases of mediumship. The Cabinet in each case acts as a storage house for the magnetic energy, and makes the attainment of the desired result more rapid and certain. The assistance of a few harmonious friends will be beneficial, but all inharmonious subjects should be dropped while engaged in the search for psychic phenomena. PSYCHE is 12x13 inches in dimension, has no metal in it, is made of wood selected for it by the Controlling Intelligence, and is THOROUGHLY MAGNETIZED. Price \$1.00. When sent by mail or express, 30 cents extra. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

RULES

TO BE OBSERVED WHEN FORMING

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The Henry Seybert Bequest, And What Has Become of It? An Open Letter to the Seybert Commissioners and the Legatees of Henry Seybert. BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND. The article of Mr. A. B. Richmond, on the published review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report, which recently appeared in THE BANNER, appeals strongly to the deep interest of all readers who have a demonstrated knowledge of the communion of spirit, exanimate and incarnate. While it penetrates all the prejudices governing the Commissioners, and exposes the blankness of their wilful ignorance, it furnishes a lucid statement of the truths of Spiritualism and a convincing argument in its support for which a great multitude of readers will feel spontaneously grateful. The complete refutation of the Commissioners by Mr. Richmond is established. Now issued in neat pamphlet form, containing twenty-eight pages. Price 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 7 copies, 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid O. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—one and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Bowditch Street, corner Province Street, (Lower Floor.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS, THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 89 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

Issued by

Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Isaac B. Rich, President.
Fred. G. Tuttle, Treasurer.
John W. Day, Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

"In things essential, UNITY; in things doubtful, LIBERTY; in all things, CHARITY."

Two Dollars Per Year.

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.

A Compend.

The leaflet on the theoretical and practical sides of Modern Spiritualism by the late A. E. Newton, published by the Boston Victorian Spiritualists' Union, is a compressed statement of a subject to whose contemplation is turned the serious thought of more people throughout the civilized world than to any other involving their present and future welfare. The definitions and summary of opinions contained in this exposition of Spiritualism were drawn up and adopted by the Fifth Annual Convention of American Spiritualists, and represent the claims generally put forth by them. In reproducing the substantial points of this lucid and impressive statement by one who has joined the invisibles and is cooperating with them for the spiritual development of the world of men and women he has left, it will be conceded that we could not perform better service for the enlightenment and instruction of the great community of Spiritualists for and with whom our risen brother cooperated during the best years of his earthly life.

In its broad sense, as a philosophical system, Spiritualism embraces whatever relates to spirit, spiritual existences and spiritual forces, especially all truths relative to the human spirit—its nature, capacities, laws of manifestation, its disembodied existence, the conditions of that existence and the modes of communication between that and the earth-life. It embraces in its ample scope all phenomena of life, motion and development; all immediate or remote causation; all existence, animal, human, and divine. The belief of Spiritualists is that disembodied human spirits sometimes manifest themselves or make known their presence and power to persons in the earthly body, and hold realized communication with them. Whoever believes this one fact, whatever else he may believe or disbelieve, is a Spiritualist, according to the modern use of the term. Hence the wide differences among Spiritualists on theological questions. The views generally prevalent among the more intelligent class of Spiritualists are that man has a spiritual as well as a corporeal nature, the spirit being the real man, having an organized form composed of sublimated material, with parts and organs corresponding to those of the corporeal body. This spirit is immortal. There is a spiritual world, or state, with its substantial realities, objective as well as subjective. Death in no way enters essentially the men-

tal constitution or the moral character of those who experience it, otherwise it would be destructive of their identity.

Happiness or suffering in the physical state depends on character, aspirations and degree of harmonization, or personal conformity to universal and divine law. Hence the present life lays the foundation on which the next begins. Growth, development, expansion, progression is the endless destiny of the human spirit. The spirit-world is near, around, or interblended with our present state of existence; hence we are constantly under the cognizance of spiritual beings. That world includes all grades of character, from the lowest to the highest. Happiness and misery depend on internal states rather than external surroundings. Each one gravitates to his own place by the natural law of affinity. Communications from the spiritual world are not necessarily infallible truth, but unavoidably partake of the imperfections of the minds from which they emanate and the channels through which they come, and are also liable to be misinterpreted by those to whom they are addressed. Hence no inspired communication in this or any other age is authoritative any further than it expresses truth to the individual consciousness, to which as the final standard all inspired or spiritual teachings must be brought for judgment. Inspiration, or influx of ideas and promptings from the spiritual realm, is a perpetual fact, not a miracle of the far past—the ceaseless method of the divine economy for human elevation.

All angelic and all demonic beings which have manifested themselves or interposed in human affairs in the past, were simply disembodied spirits in various grades of advancement. All so-called miracles in the past have been produced in harmony with universal laws, and may therefore be repeated under suitable conditions at any time. The causes of all phenomena are to be sought for in the spiritual realm, not in the external or material. The chain of causation leads inevitably to a creative spirit, who must be not only a fount of life but a forming principle—Life and Wisdom—father and mother to all finite intelligence, which causes all to be brethren. As the offspring of this Infinite Parent, every human being is a germ of divinity, an incorruptible offshoot of the Divine Essence, which is ever prompting to good and right, and in time will free itself from all imperfections incident to a rudimentary or earthly condition, and will finally triumph over evil. All evil is greater or less disharmony with this divine principle, and hence whatever prompts or aids man to bring his external nature into subjection to and harmony with the divine in him is a means of salvation from evil. It makes no difference in what religious system or formula this divine life in him may be embodied.

The hearty and intelligent conviction of these truths enkindles lofty desires and spiritual aspirations, the effect of which is the opposite to that of the grovelling materialism which limits existence to the present life. It delivers, too, from painful fears of death, dread of consequent imaginary evils, and inordinate sorrow and mourning for deceased friends. It gives a rational and inviting conception of the after-life to those who use the present worthily. It stimulates to the highest and worthiest possible employment of the present life, in view of its momentous relations to the future. It energizes the soul in all that is good and elevating, and restrains the passions from all that is evil and impure—a result that cannot but follow, according to the laws of moral influence, from a knowledge of the constant presence or cognizance of the loved and pure.

It prompts our earnest endeavors, by purity of life, by unselfishness, and by loftiness of aspiration, to live constantly in rapport with the highest conditions of spirit-life and thought. It stimulates to the largest investigation and freest thought on all subjects, that the mind may be qualified to judge for itself what is right and true. It emancipates from all bondage to authority, cultivates self-reliance and careful investigation, and quickens philanthropic impulses, stimulating to enlightened and unselfish labors for universal human good, under the encouraging assurance that the redeemed and exalted spirits of our race are encompassing us about as a great cloud of witnesses—inspiring us to the work, and aiding it forward to a certain and glorious issue.

Back to the Elements.

An English lady was cremated after her death last June, and her friend and minister, Rev. John Page Hopps, addressed the assembled friends in the little chapel at Woking, saying that he felt impelled to offer a justification for what they were about to do, for the reason that it would give distress to some whom we would rather shield than pain. He lamented that we were so utterly the creatures of habit. He felt persuaded that if custom had used us to the liberation of the body by the purifying fire, it would have caused a shock to propose to put a body in the grave to have it slowly rot. Our flowers and our memorial stones have made us the victims of a strangely thin illusion concerning the grave. We say the dear ones are sweetly sleeping and peacefully resting beneath, and we cover the dreadful reality with our little veil of turf or flowers, and never really face the truth; for all the while that is happening beneath, which, if seen in all its horror, might drive us mad.

We are told that respect for the dead urges to burial rather than cremation, but many are now keenly feeling the reverse of this. They can bring the mind to bear the liberation of the body by one swift act of disintegration and purifying, but cannot overcome the shrinking from subjecting it to the foul and lingering processes of the grave—or perchance to the horror of recovering consciousness in the grave. Respect for the living, too, is an urgent motive. Air and water that we breathe and drink are often contaminated by the emanations of graves. It cannot, for example, be right that London, with its other inevitable impurities, should add to its foulness that of trying to live in company with thousands upon thousands of decaying bodies in its very midst. Respect for the beautiful earth, too, is another motive. So far as possible the pure rivers and the whole soil should be kept free from pollution. That is a sacred duty which it is both dangerous and wicked to neglect. There would be no question about the result if reason only guided.

We are only misled by habit and associations. Burial is defilement; fire is purification. Burial is the degradation of the body; fire is its sublimation. Burial cannot be followed out in imagination; it is too dreadful. The disposal of the body by cremation is lovelier the further we follow it, and the longer we think of it. It is but a few moments of pure and blessed

searching, and then all is beautiful. For what can be more beautiful than that the poor dead body, purified, should be disintegrated into the light and sunshine? And beautiful and fitting it is beyond all things that what remains of the sweet singer—referring to one lying dead before them—should be sent, not into the defiling grave, but into the bright summer air, to the blue sky and the birds, itself presently as uncontaminated as they.

At present people cling to the visible grave. They love the fond delusion that the beloved one is there. They inscribe on memorial stones such loving untruths as that they here "rest," or "sleep in peace." Let us deal tenderly with all that; but let us tell the truth about it, and the truth is that it is earthly, sensuous, and not a little heathenish. The dead body is no more the person than the clothing that will be wanted no more. The speaker declared that he would tenderly but firmly discourage the nursing of sorrow at the grave, and the prolonged association of a decaying body with the being we love. Let the dust go, let it go. Both in life and in death it is too much responsible for these earthly clings. In the very surrender of the body for complete and perfect disposal, we shall find the blessing in being driven to the unseen to find the spirits present and only home.

Much of the shrinking from the cremation of the body proceeds from our associating pain with fire. But that will not bear a moment's consideration. To the body the bath of heat is as painless as would be a bath of the fragrance of summer roses. Any one who will sit down and steadily think the matter out will see on what a sheer delusion this shrinking depends. The air and the sunshine claim the body; God and his angels will care for the spirit. We look for no resurrection day far off in the dim future. Our resurrection day is now. The dead are too far advanced to need the body any more.

Rev. Talmage's Spirit Vision.

Coming back to his church in Washington and preaching his first sermon, Dr. Talmage indulged in the observation that there is a class of phenomena that made him think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. He confessed that he was "no Spiritualist," but he could not help saying that every intelligent man has noticed that "there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture," and that, after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment.

He said we call it magnetism, mesmerism, electricity, for want of some term to cover up our ignorance. He confessed he did not know what it was. He had never heard an audible voice from the other world. But he was nevertheless persuaded of this, that the veil that separated this world from the next was becoming thinner and thinner, and that perhaps, after a while, "at the call of God, some of the old Scripture warriors, some of the spirits of other days, mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness."

Oh, how I would like to see them here! he exclaimed—him of the Red Sea, him of the Valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill! He told a story out of English history, of a lot of old cavalry horses, turned out to a rich pasture to spend the rest of their days as compensation for what they had done. One day they mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and wheeled into line, no riders on their backs, all ready for the fray. And he doubted whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, "the old Scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones." He thought they would spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet and palm-branch for weapon, "and come down out of the King's galleries into the arena, crying, 'Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon!'" He thought it would be the old war-horses mingling in the fight. What does Talmage think of the fight with nothing louder than the "still, small voice"?

Transparent and Opaque.

The above two terms will go far to explain the reason why spirits communicate readily with some inquirers, and through the same channel refuse utterly to communicate with others. It is all a question of personality. It is the difference between transparent and opaque glass. It must be true that the most subtle and complicated laws, resting on the most ethereal conditions and states, rule the spirit-spheres. We are told that if the precise note of a metal bridge could be ascertained, it could be made to vibrate by a violin that should play the same note. The laws of electricity are known to be subtle. The affinities and repulsions of chemistry are no less so.

In the same way the laws that operate on the planes of spirit-life are subtle beyond our comprehension. They are deeper laws, too, than the others. The power to communicate or be communicated with must depend upon conditions that pass our understanding and comprehension. This should account for a great many difficulties and much confusion and disappointment. It is by no means inconceivable that earth-bound spirits may communicate from that side far more easily than spirits that are speeding on their heavenly way.

Again, why should not those who in the mortal state doubt the desirability of this intercourse between the unseen and the seen, when they become disembodied carry their doubts over with them, and should even strengthen and confirm them by seeing the dangers of misrepresentation and impersonation. But if those who complain that the spirits do not come are assured that they do come, only choosing their own methods of manifestation, coming in their own way, and always doing what is best for us—the chances are that they know us better than we know ourselves, see what we need and what we can bear, smiling at many of our anxieties, helping in mercy to prevent the answering of some of our prayers, smoothing our way and trying to turn its roughnesses into means of grace, hiding themselves from us in order better to influence the mind and touch the heart, and, best of all, that they wait for us, knowing the time is short, preparing our path for us, and making all things ready for the blissful reunion.

Dr. E. F. Butterfield—who has an advertisement on our seventh page—announces that he will be in New York Thursday, Oct. 15.

Mr. Gladstone's Latest Appeal.

The unusual spectacle of a public man of the age of Gladstone addressing a monster meeting like the one in Liverpool, speaking for an hour and a quarter with the unflagging energy and resonant voice of former years, is calculated to excite the astonishment of all men. He did not appear to be the retired chieftain, but rather the Nestor of the nation offering his advice at a critical juncture of affairs. He betrayed none of the feebleness of advanced years as he earnestly exhorted the people to display courage in proffering aid to a race they had solemnly bound themselves to protect. His voice rang as clear as it did a score of years ago. He sought to infuse courage into the ruling statesmen of his country who stand cowering and speechless before the threats of a European war if they ventured to cross the path of the Turk by siding the Armenians.

His demand was that Great Britain shall no longer be dragged like a slave at the chariot-wheels of the European powers. He declared that it would be an impossibility for any Christian government to raise its hand against them for honestly undertaking the simple duty of arresting the unspeakable crimes against a helpless people.

He sought to reassure the men in power by telling them there is no danger of plunging Europe into a war if they enforce respect for the common laws of humanity in Turkey. He reminded his countrymen that he had witnessed the liberation of fifteen or twenty millions of people from Turkish dominion. The liberation of Greece and Bulgaria was not effected by the concert of Europe, and he wanted to know what price should be paid to secure that concert. England, he said, had a just right to coerce Turkey, and the first step taken should be the recall of the British Ambassador from Constantinople and the consequent dismissal of the Turkish Ambassador from London.

But what good will that do? asks a Government journal; what would be gained by public demonstrations that ended in a confession of impotence? Mr. Gladstone seems to think, says another journal of the widest influence, that the maintenance of diplomatic relations with the Sultan constitutes a kind of condonation of the crimes of the Porte.

Decease of Abbot Walker, Esq.

G. L. Walker writes us that Abbot Walker, formerly of Salem, passed to spirit-life Sept. 28. Funeral services were held at Forest Hills Chapel, Friday, Oct. 2, at 2 P. M. The remarks of Friend Fletcher, on our eighth page, are an eloquent offering in memory of this fatherly disciple of the truth, to whose early labors in Boston THE BANNER has in the past borne hearty witness.

Our friend, Prof. J. J. Morse, who has been engaged in San Francisco for the past year by the Psychological Research Society, has about finished his labors there, and intends to visit Los Angeles and San Diego in November, and then to return to England early in December. His many friends there will be glad to welcome him home after such a long absence. We are sorry that he could not be induced to remain longer in America, and fill engagements which are offered to him in all sections of the continent.—*The Philosophical Journal.*

A dispatch from New Brunswick, Oct. 3, says that Abraham Netherwood some time ago had both arms amputated. For the past few days Netherwood has been of the opinion that the arms were not lying straight in the box in which they were buried, and in order to satisfy him the box was disinterred. Netherwood looked at the arms, and then said that the pain which he was experiencing previously had left him.

We received a call on Saturday last from Mr. Concannon of 145 West Newton street, Boston. He appeared healthful, and ready for the series of sittings, etc., in which himself and wife (who is with him) propose to be engaged for some time to come. Those who visit Mr. Ayer's Temple Sabbath mornings and evenings will be privileged to see the evidence presented by these mediums.

Mr. H. A. Vaillancourt and Dr. W. L. Jack made us a call on Monday morning, Oct. 5. The first named gentleman (Dr. Jack informs us) has lately been developed by the spirit agencies for magnetic healing—his labors being full of success. Dr. Jack's work in the field of treatment has been of a high order. Both gentlemen are residents of Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney and her husband have taken up their abode at 144 West Canton street, Boston, Mass., to which place many investigators have already passed, to learn of this lady's remarkable medial gifts. She proposes to remain in Boston all winter, and will be seen repeatedly at the Berkeley Hall Spiritualist meetings. Give her a call.

We give our readers in the present issue the first instalment of an important paper by Mr. C. M. Barrows, entitled "Suggestion Without Hypnotism: An Account of Experiments in Preventing or Suppressing Pain." It is reprinted from Part XXX., Vol. XII., of the "Proceedings of the Incorporated Society for Psychical Research."

"The Ultimates of Spiritualism," a lecture delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, at Berkeley Lyceum, Oct. 4, by Mrs. Palmer-Resegue, was listened to with profound attention, and reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT. It will appear hereafter.

J. Jay Watson and his accomplished daughter will give a concert at Masonic Temple, Washington, D. C., Sunday afternoon, Oct. 18, 1896, at three o'clock. They will also be in attendance at the National Spiritualists' Association Convention.

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz will speak on "Waste of Human Forces and their Wise Direction," on Thursday, Oct. 15, at 3 P. M., in the Ladies' Physiological Institute, Wesleyan Hall, No. 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

Dr. Buchanan's announcement of the issue of his book, "PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY," at San Jose, Cal., (not San Francisco, as before stated) will be found in another part of THE BANNER.

F. A. Wiggin called at our office on Wednesday, Sept. 30. He was on his way to Indianapolis, Ind., where he is to be for three months—commencing Sunday, Oct. 4.

The British mint coins half a ton of pennies, half-pennies and farthings weekly.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

A PROPHET HEARON.
Great-grandma said (and she's always right),
"A proper child must be polite."
And teacher said (for I wrote it down),
"Katharine is a proper noun."
That's another grammar—so, you see,
If I'm not as polite as I can be,
Katharine's not the name for me,
—*Youth's Companion.*

Estimating the population of the United States at 71,945,000, a treasury circular gives the per capita circulation of all kinds of money as \$21.48. This is a decrease of about one dollar per head as compared with Sept. 1, 1895. The total circulation now is \$1,539,169,634.

Demetrius Callais Bey, the Greek who married the widow of P. T. Barnum in 1895, has just died in Constantinople.

The Ozar and Ozarina will remain in France five days, from the 3d to the 8th of October. On the 7th the Ozar will lay the foundation-stone of the great bridge, which will be the chief monument of the Exhibition of 1900, and will be named after his Majesty.

According to a San Francisco telegram, a terrible fire, followed by floods, earthquakes and storms, took place at Kobe, Japan, on Aug. 26 last. Two thousand five hundred persons are said to have perished.

They call it "Injun summer"—can't see the reason why.
When the river in a whisper goes stealthy—stealthy' by;
When the lonesome leaves air listenin' for the win' that's lost away,
An' the clouds air drifin' lazy in the blue seas of the day.

Aln't a Injun in it—
Nary—nary one!
Or he'd take a tomahawk,
Scalp things, an' be done!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

The following is a good plan, says a Frenchman, to avoid tipping a waiter at a restaurant: "When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him, 'I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did.' During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant, you escape."—*The Hotel World.*

It is said that of Fremont's band of pioneers who, in 1845, followed the path of Dr. Marcus Whitman, only one, Thomas E. Breckinridge, seventy-one years old, is alive.

One of the most important of the many announcements which the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* make for the fall and winter of 1896-97, is a series of End-of-the-Century Papers. Following Mr. John Fiske's article in a recent number on "A Century of Science" will be similar papers, summing up, in a philosophical way, the advance made during the nineteenth century, such as, A Century of Exploration, A Century of Social Betterment. These papers are to be by writers who are authorities upon the various subjects treated.

A little energy and money expended in judicious advertising brings big business in return. Properly used, advertising pays.

New York will soon have the tallest office building in the world. It is going up in Park Row, and will be 386 feet high.

Jack listened with great delight to the soft purring of his kitten, and then exclaimed: "Dear little thing! just hear her bubble!"—*Toronto Globe.*

Here is a copy of an announcement said to have been found posted on a Lawrence county church: "There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, Sunday, and there will be preaching whether or not on the Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,' precisely half-past three o'clock in the afternoon."—*Hot Springs News.*

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Mother—"Tommy, how are you coming on at school?" Tommy—"First rate, ma." "Mention the names of some of the domestic animals." "The horse, the dog, the pig." "What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?" "Four-legged animal." "What animal do not let people sleep?" "Yes," Tommy (triumphantly)—"Piano."—*Golden Days.*

An article comes to us this morning in the *New York Tribune*, condemning in the strongest terms the effect of tight check-reins. The article states that for years the car and omnibus horses in New York City, although hard worked, had not lost their pavements, rarely became stiff forward because their heads are free, while country livery horses, though traveling on soft roads with tight check-reins, are almost sure to become stiff.—*Dumb Animals.*

Light be the turf of thy tomb;
May its verdure like emeralds be.
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
New flowers and an evergreen tree
Shall spring from the spot of thy rest;
But no cypress nor yew let us see,
For why should we mourn for the blest?

The latest sanitary statistics in the Havana papers give 10,000 as the number of soldiers in the hospitals on the island; 2,000 suffering from yellow fever. There are over 300 physicians in the hospitals. Yellow fever and smallpox were both said to be spreading.

The present age might appropriately be called the lying age. The military will not tolerate a minister who dares to speak the truth; the daily press will not tolerate an editor who dares to write the truth; the millionaire-endowed colleges will not tolerate professors who dare to teach the truth.—*Coöperative Age.*

The BANNER OF LIGHT says: "The marble bust of Thomas Paine, which was rejected twenty years ago, and since that time has remained in the office of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, Philadelphia, Pa., will, some time during the coming autumn, be brought before the mayor and council with the hope that time has brought a change in the city feeling, and that the offering will now find acceptance."—*The (N. Y.) Truth Seeker.*

Believing not in God, yet, day by day,
He traveled in God's way.
Let them condemn not, who, believing God,
In their own paths have trod.
—*Kent Knottin, in Godley's Magazine.*

A pretty story comes to the "Listener" about a little boy whose elder sister is much interested in photography, and who gives the family the benefit of many observations about her work. The little boy was taken to the court-house to see the end of a certain trial. He came home, and told his mother about it. "The judge made a speech to the jury," he said, "and then he said, 'I'll let a little dark room to develop.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

An Irish judge tells the following story of one of the juries in the south of Ireland, where he was trying a case. The usher of the court proclaimed, with due solemnity, the usual formula: "Gentlemen of the jury, take your seats in the court; and the jury, whereupon seven of them instinctively walked into the dock,

Jack—"What's humor, Sue?" Sue—"Being able to enjoy other people's bad temper." Jack—"And what's philosophy?" Sue—"Oh! that's being able to enjoy your own bad temper." Jack—"And why is it when you do not enjoy anybody?" Sue—"What I do not know, Jack—unless, perhaps, that's religion."—*Truth.*

With all our varied beliefs, opinions, convictions or faiths, we can afford to be tolerant to the views of others. Convince people if in error by reasoning together calmly, but we cannot enforce opinions by declarations, edicts, arrests or penalties, and we must while claiming immunity for the free expression of our own opinions, concede the same right to others, no matter how widely they may differ from us, if they do not molest us in the exercise of our free-born rights. Let toleration prevail in fact as well as in theory, and let the world be reformed by the earnest advocacy of justice and the proper placing of the truth, that it may yet prevail over error and intolerance.—*Searchlight.*

The king, a king self-crowned, is he
Who from desire and fear is free.
Who would the power of courtiers share
May mount ambition's slippery stair;
To live by all the world forgot
In ease and quietude he'll lot.
And as my needless days glide past
To rest unnoted to the last.
Well may the man his end besoon
Who dies to others too well known,
A stranger to himself alone.

According to a recent government report there are in the United States 122,000 male teachers, and 260,000 female teachers.

"Come into the garden, Ma!" but Ma was much too wise. Said she, "Oh! no; the corn has ears, and the potatoes eyes."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Australia, which was nearly cremated with heat last January, is now struggling with snows that have broken down all the telegraph lines.—*The Saigwick (Kansas) Pantagraph.*

Magnetism or Medicine?—Which?

It was said of old—"thy faith hath made thee whole." But considering present human conditions and organizations, faith is not a universal panacea—neither is "belief," nor "will power." Tinctures of roots and herbs, wisely selected, and properly magnetized medicines, are at times required to restore the sick. And spirit power often (very often with Dr. Peebles) cures at once, removing pain instantaneously.

[We have seen and inspected the letters to Dr. Peebles from which the following extracts are made.—*Thomas G. Newman, editor of Philosophical Journal*]

For instance, Mrs. S. A. Jewett, Pittsburg, Pa. (Care J. J. Shipley, B. & O. depot), wrote us yesterday: "I had suffered great pains a long time from a prolonged sickness; but when I was sitting Thursday evening for your psychic treatment the pains all left me at once and I was instantly cured. Although there is some little soreness, I've had no pain since."

A letter from Mrs. R. Irvine, 65 Corden street, Bradford, Pa., received the same evening of Mrs. Jewett's, says: "My foot was very, very painful; and when your letter came I took and bound it on to my foot, and it was perfectly easy right off, and it has not troubled me any since. It is remarkable, and I feel very happy over it."

G. W. Ackery, 60 Herkimer place, Brooklyn, New York, writes: "At my first sitting for your psychic treatment, Doctor, my hand, by some invisible impulse, was lifted to my head, which was very sore and painful, and, believe me, before the half-hour was up I could press hard as possible on my head, and there was no soreness, no pain; all had left. It was wonderful."

Certainly Dr. Peebles is doing "wonderful" things and making astounding cures, taking many, by his psychic power and attending Spirit Healers, from their sick-beds almost instantaneously, thus literally making "the lame to walk, the blind to see, and casting out demons" (obsessing spirits). Others, in fact the majority of invalids, require not poisonous drugs, but some magnetized, vitalized medicines.

The Doctor also treats the tobacco habit and drunkenness with marked success.

Those sitting for psychic treatment should put the left hand upon the signature of one of his letters and place the mind calmly upon spirit and spiritual things—upon health, harmony, happiness and heaven.

Those wishing a free diagnosis should send the name, age, sex, leading symptom, and stamp for reply.

Address DR. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS, P. O. Box 177, Indianapolis, Ind.

Partial List

Of talent which will attend next Convention National Spiritualists' Association Oct. 20, 21, 22, 1896:

Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Hon. L. V. Moulton, Hon. Samuel Putnam, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, W. J. Colville, Mrs. M. H. Cadwallader, Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Miss Maggie Gaule, E. W. Sprague, Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Mrs. Anna Jaquess, Chas. W. Stanglen, E. W. Bond, Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Charles W. Sullivan, Clara Field Conant, Dr. O. G. W. Adams, Mrs. Mattie Chamberlain, Col. Jas. Freeman, John Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Storrs, W. H. Bach, Frank Walker, Mrs. Wheeler Brown, Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, Mrs. Rachel Walcott, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Mrs. Maud Prietag, J. B. Hatch, Jr., F. A. Wiggins, Theo. F. Price, Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, Dr. G. C. B. Ewell, Capt. E. W. Gould, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Herman Altemus, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Maggie Waite, Dr. Schlesinger, Mrs. Adeline M. Glading, Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall, Mr. Thos. Newman, Chas. Schirm, Esq., John Eggleston, and many others.

Up to present time indications are that the Convention for 1896 will be the largest on record.

So much talent has reported that how to utilize it all is going to be a great question.

Come to the great Convention.

F. B. WOODBURY, Sec'y.

The Massachusetts State Association

Will hold its Quarterly Convention at Springfield, Mass., on Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896.

Meetings will be held morning, afternoon and evening. Among the speakers already engaged are Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. H. G. Holcomb, Miss Lizzie Harlow and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw.

The music for the day will be furnished by the singers of the Springfield Society.

The Ladies' Aid Society has secured the use of Odd Fellows Hall, and has tendered it to the State Association free of charge. The ladies will furnish dinner and supper at the hall.

Committee of Arrangements—Dr. Geo. A. Fuller (Chairman), Mrs. H. G. Holcomb, Mr. T. M. Holcomb, Mrs. Haskins, J. Browne Hatch, Jr.

Primitive Christianity.

This work, containing the only authentic Gospel of St. John, and the lost lives of Jesus Christ and the Apostles, will be issued in December from San José, Cal., and sent by mail for \$2.00.

A remittance of \$1.50 prior to December will be accepted as payment; but the offer of copies for \$1.00 promptly sent will cease on the 10th of October.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

The Food Fair and Home Congress opened very auspiciously in Mechanics' Building, Monday, Oct. 4. Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather the immense building was crowded, fifty thousand people passing through the gates. About five hundred persons were present at the opening of the Home Congress in Cotton Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated with palms, potted plants and cut flowers.

Bunting and the American flag graced the platform and walls. Mrs. Richardson opened the Congress by a few words of welcome, and outlined the purpose of the Congress, after which she, in her charming way, introduced Mr. Frank A. Hill, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, as presiding officer. William T. Harris, L. D., United States Commissioner of Education, Mr. S. T. Dutton, Superintendent of Brookline Schools, Mary A. Livermore, and Prof. O. T. Atwater were the speakers of the evening. A reception was held later in the evening, when presentations were made by the social committee. Want of space forbids a more lengthy report this week.

Dr. G. W. Fowler and wife, of Lynn, Mass., are still lingering at their beautiful cottage at Queen City Park, where, the doctor writes us, they have obtained marvelous development. They will return to their home early in October, and, after their visit to the National Convention at Washington, the doctor will have an office in Boston two or three days in each week, where he will exercise his mediumship as a medical and business clairvoyant—particulars of which will appear hereafter in these columns.

Wm. H. Banks, Clerk. C. C. Shaw, President.

Confusion as to the choice of a blood purifier is unnecessary. There is but one best Sarsaparilla, and that is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being the only blood-purifier admitted to be placed on exhibition.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Eastern Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speaker for Oct. 9, J. Frank Baxter, Jr., 111 Lewis, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 111 Lewis, Station 10, Boston, Mass. **Golden Temple** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 1 P. M. All are welcome. Bond the children. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 111 Lewis, Station 10, Boston, Mass.

First Spiritual Temple, Exeter and Newbury street—1st—Spiritual Fraternity Society. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. for full-time materialization, etc., through the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Conannon, 111 Lewis, Station 10, Boston, Mass. **Golden Temple** meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 1 P. M. All are welcome. Bond the children. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk, 111 Lewis, Station 10, Boston, Mass.

Rathbone Hall, 604 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland—Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture (Ethical Spiritualists). Meetings Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesdays at 3 o'clock. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

Allerton Hall, 1234 Washington Street—The United Spiritualists of America (Incorporated) hold meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesdays at 3 o'clock. Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, President.

Bayshore Hall, 1031 Washington Street—Sunday, 11 A. M., developing circle; 2 P. M. and 7 P. M., lecture and tests. Wednesday, 7 P. M., healing, developing and tests. Good music, vocal and instrumental. W. H. Bach, Conductor.

Elysian Hall, 820 Washington Street—Meetings are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesday at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Thursday at 7 P. M. and Saturday 7 P. M. W. L. Lathrop, Conductor.

Engle Hall, 616 Washington Street—Meetings at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesday at 7 P. M. Thursday at 7 P. M. and Saturday 7 P. M. Thomas Jackson, Conductor.

Hand of Harmony—Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street, Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday 2 P. M. Mrs. E. B. Parrell, President.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street—Sunday, developing circle, 11 A. M.; tests and speaking, 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Wednesday, 7 P. M., tests and development. Mrs. A. K. Gilliland, Conductor.

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening—supper at 8 P. M.—at 241 Tremont street. Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney street, Dorchester.

Hawthorne Hall, 241 Tremont Street—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society—Minnie M. Soule, Pastor—will hold services Sundays at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Thursdays 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Saturdays 2 P. M. and 7 P. M., conference meeting (seats free in the evening).

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Kneeland—Meetings every Thursday, 7 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Friendship Hall, 12 Kneeland Street—Meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. N. P. Smith, Chairman.

Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street—Mrs. Maggie Waite, tests, on Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock.

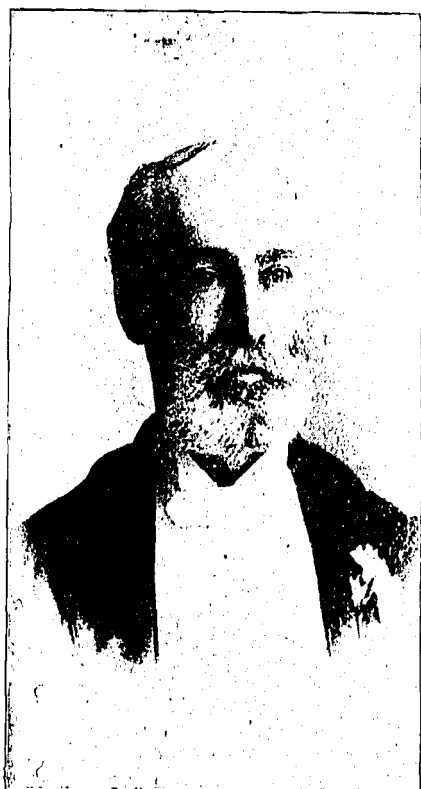
Facts Meetings, 74 Washington street, every Monday, at 8 P. M. Supper at 8 P. M.

Chelsea—Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 7 P. M. at 206 Broadway. Charles H. Weaver, Chairman.

Grand Army Hall, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridgeport—Sundays, 11 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. L. A. Kerman and Miss Wheeler, Conductors.

Owing to the great increase of meetings in Boston, THE BANNER—in defense of the rights of its readers outside of Massachusetts—is reluctantly compelled to announce that reports of services held on Sunday only can be noticed in these columns hereafter—though an exception will be made in the case of Societies which hold only week-evening meetings.

Our directory of Boston meetings will, however, be continued as heretofore. The reports of any services in Boston that fall to reach this office on Monday will not appear in THE BANNER of that week.



J. FRANK BAXTER, JR.

Who speaks for the Boston Spiritual Temple, at Berkeley Hall, during the month of October.

The Boston Spiritual Temple—J. B. Hatch, Jr., Sec'y, writes: The meetings of this society opened on the morning of Oct. 4 for the season of '96 and '97. J. Clegg Wright, our speaker for the month of October, being ill, we were fortunate in securing the services of J. Frank Baxter, who during his engagement of the month will be our speaker test medium and singer. It being his only engagement here this season, the Spiritualists of New England should avail themselves of this opportunity.

The opening of these meetings was the introduction of a new President for the Boston Spiritual Temple—a new President, but not a stranger to a Boston audience—for Mr. J. H. Lewis has been connected with Spiritualist meetings for many years.

The past President, Wm. H. Banks, has a great many friends in Boston, and his presence was greatly missed this morning, but we hope to see him and his good wife later on.

The regular meeting opened with a piano solo by Mr. Fred Watson.

President Lewis then welcomed the audience to the Temple. He then presented Mr. Baxter, who prefaced his address with a song, and then took for his subject: "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow; or, The Spiritual Revelation of the Age."

The speaker deprecated the disposition of a certain class who so frequently exalted the past at the expense of the present—sighing for the good old Bible days. "The young are full of energy and vitality, and the present, to them, is rich in possibilities; and as they have no clinging memories of the past they are apt to ignore what is done for them, and in instances make the past and the aged the butt of their ridicule. But as age comes on it becomes easy to attribute present dissatisfaction to a retrograde movement of the world, which does not exist, but rather to a falling off of personal energy, which is the case."

He would not excuse or encourage evil, neither would he dishonor our age and times. "I love the good old past," said he, "allowing me to emphasize the word good, but an error hoary with age is an error still."

Orders, leagues, unions, societies, associations and brotherhoods for assuring justice mark the day. We are learning that constitutions, institutions, theories and laws are valuable only just so far as they subserve the common welfare.

Mr. Baxter paid great respect and honor to those of the past who have dared, who have acted and suffered in accordance with their conscience rather than to the present status quo.

He reviewed the history of Modern Spiritualism through its thorny ways, alluding passingly to its good advocates and abused adherents, showing how the "fittest had survived." He grandly showed that a powerful factor was Spiritualism in eliminating error and establishing truth—in righting wrongs and leveling down the proud.

The audience was large, and the applause often. In the audience were noted many of the Directors of the Veteran Spiritualist Union, also a great many young people. This is a good omen.

In the evening another large audience was in attendance. The exercises opened with a piano solo by Mr. Watson. President Lewis then introduced Mr. Baxter, who read a poem, and was followed by Miss Grace E. Warren, who had for her selection "The Lost Chord." Mr. Baxter then delivered the address of the evening, a summary of which we shall publish next week.—Ed.

At the close of Mr. Baxter's lecture, President Lewis introduced Mrs. Locke, who sang the beautiful "Rainbow After Showers." A good effect.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney was then introduced, and said: "Mr. President and Friends: I am a stranger in Boston and to this audience, and to-night, in coming here, I want each one of you to ask your spirit-friends to come and give their names. I am entranced, and cannot see the audience." Mr. Sturby, the spirit, then came and at this time, tells me that he passed out in 1893.

The spirit must give the name, and it is for you, you must ask a question mentally. I never knew of such a paper as THE BANNER OF LIGHT. I belonged to a family that knew nothing about Spiritualism. Now I would not give up what I know of Spiritualism for anything in this world."

Mrs. Whitney then went into a trance, and gave the names of many spirits, which were recognized. She held a reception at the close of the meeting.

The organ used at the meeting this month is from the Estey Organ Co. The flowers are from Cohen, the florist, Bowdoin street.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT is always for sale at this hall. Take one home and read the news from all parts of the country.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society—Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, writes—met as usual, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, President, in the chair. This was our opening day, and we were glad to see so many familiar faces present to greet us.

In the evening Mr. Alice Waterhouse opened the meeting, and welcomed all to tests. The Ladies' Aid Society, she spoke very feelingly of the members who had passed to a higher life during the summer vacation. Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Stone and Mr. Frank Jones.

Mrs. Bach discoursed music during the evening. Mrs. Shackley, one of our good mediums, gave satisfactory demonstrations.

Mrs. M. A. Chaudier spoke briefly. She also gave a very interesting and instructive address. Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Sr., made interesting remarks concerning the welfare of this society, and proposed a plan whereby the gentlemen could assist the ladies financially.

Mrs. Davis then gave demonstrations of spirit return, and Mr. Tuttle made brief remarks.

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Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mr. F. B. Hawkins, Morris Heights, New York, will be assisted by Master Willie Cheater, the wonderfully inspired boy pianist. Program includes short, practical story-lecture on Spiritualism, psychometric and hypnotic demonstrations, and free magnetic healing. Master Cheater plays piano and organ under test conditions. Also mental and other tests. Address as above for open dates.

Societies in want of a medium for platform work can try Mr. J. B. Scarlett. Address him, 105 Green street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

C. L. Willis, inspirational lecturer and test medium, spoke in Lowell Sept. 27; will speak at Fitchburg Oct. 11, and probably the entire month; at Lowell, Nov. 22, and Jan. 31 '97; would be pleased to hear from societies desiring a speaker and test medium. Address for month of October, 66 Lumburg street, Fitchburg, Mass., or 10 Bond street, Boston, Mass., permanent address.

W. J. Colville, who is still actively engaged in San Francisco and Oakland, is daily addressing large audiences in one or both of those enterprising cities. The interest in all psychic matters in that locality is greater than ever, and the present season has opened with rare promise for the winter.

Prof. J. F. Hartmann, lecturer, and Lizzie Kelly Hartmann, platform test medium and psychometrist, Master Cheater plays piano and organ under test conditions. Address 226 Washington street, Providence, R. I.

G. W. Kates and wife would like to arrange a few stops South en route to Texas in January, and for succeeding months in the South and West. Last of October would accept week-night calls near Philadelphia. Address them 3224 Monument street, Philadelphia, Pa.

William A. Hale, M. D., lecturer and platform speaker, has a limited number of open dates for the season of '96 and '97. Would be pleased to correspond with societies for those dates, also week-day evenings within easy reach of Boston, Mass.

Low Rates to the White Mountains. A surprisingly large number of people are taking advantage of the low rates which the Boston & Maine Railroad is giving to Mountain resorts, and many are the delights which surround these trips, for not only are there numerous points—including Fabryans, Intervale, Lancaster, Profile House, the Summit, the Flume, the Notch—which the tourist may visit, but the mountain foliage is fast reaching that condition of beauty which is most pleasing to the eye.

These reduced rates on excursion tickets are on sale at all of the principal stations on the System, and the limits placed upon them permit of the privilege of prolonging the mountain visit until Oct. 10, and a stop-over is granted at stations north of Plymouth or North Conway.

Inquire at ticket offices, or at the Boston City Ticket Office, 322 Washington street, for information regarding these trips.

Fourth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States of America and Canada, Masonic Temple, Corner Ninth and F Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 21, 22, 1896.

Important business of interest to every Spiritualist will be presented for action before these gatherings. At 7:30 each evening Grand Public Meetings, with addresses, spirit communications, music, etc.

A large number of the most gifted lecturers and mediums will be present and participate in these exercises.

Reduced rates on railroads from large cities. Ask for Certificate Tickets to National Spiritualists' Association. These tickets must be endorsed by the Secretary at the Convention to entitle you to one-third fare for return trip. Notice will be given in papers at what stations these tickets can be secured.

All delegates—credentials should be forwarded to headquarters by October 1, 1896.

All societies not chartered are invited to do so at once, that they may have a voting representative at the Convention.

Delegates' headquarters will be at the Ebbitt House, 14th and V streets, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

All delegates are requested to report at Red Parlor, Ebbitt House, October 19, at 8 P. M.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Secretary.

The Bemis Sanitarium. In Glens Falls, N. Y., the above well-known and equally reliable institution is magnificently located, where hundreds have been and are now being treated for diseased eyes and failing eyesight. The marked success attending this institution testifies that blindness can be prevented and cured. The Sanitarium is located in one of the healthiest spots in the State of New York, which is indeed a great aid to the patient. We would recommend to our readers that those who are sadly in need of a sanitarium to which to go, make a trial of the above, and we are sure satisfaction will be the result. See the advertisement on page five of this issue and write for pamphlet, which will be cheerfully given.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 4.

John Wm. Fletcher, No. 1554 Broadway, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

World's Food Fair AND Home Congress, MECHANICS' BUILDING, BOSTON.

MONDAY, Oct. 5, to Saturday, Nov. 7. Daily, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Two hundred dealers in food products will distribute samples to the people. Most distinguished men and women in the land to participate in Home Congress (three sessions daily). Mrs. Sarah Tyson Horer, of Philadelphia, lectures every morning on "Therapeutics Diet." Season tickets at special rates. Five "Centur

SPRIT 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 expressions 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.

SPRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Aug. 28, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, Divine Spirit! Again have we mingled in our circle and brought ourselves together, so as to be unfolded and given wisdom. We seek for enlightenment this morning, and the penetration that lifts us out of darkness and brings comfort to the soul.

Oh, Father!—thou knowest as we speak of the Divine Spirit, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, we bring ourselves now, not in direct brotherhood, but in that quiet, reciprocal condition, that we may feel we are children of the Divine. Hear us while we have mingled here this morning, because we recognize the efforts that always come with us, and the anxieties of the mortals while struggling with the adversities of life. Hear us, thou great angel of light, this morning; draw closer to us, and may each one be strengthened, because we have made an effort to comfort one another.

Hear us while we are together; guide us, each one according to his or her own necessity in the work that might be produced by them; and we know the glory and the progress of the condition of life bringeth good to all will be victory by and by. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Louise Coburn.

Good-morning, Mr. President. It seems strange to me this morning to come back through the instrument, as the spirit calls it, and send a message to the dear, loved ones that are still in earth-life—for I have been wanting to for a long time. I seem to feel this morning so pleased because the good chairman said that I might be the first to come in and say what I could.

I don't know much about this side of the country, because my home was some ways off, but I have been, oh! so oftentimes waited here by the open door, as it is called in spirit-life, where the spirits can send a message of love and give a little encouragement to those who, perhaps, are not as happy as we are. While I am a stranger to Boston, I am not a stranger to the Spiritual Philosophy. I knew something about it before I left the body, because I did know and was conscious that my mother assisted me. Mother is with me in spirit this morning, and I have yet dear, loved ones in earth-life; because I, too, was a mother, and I have left two darling boys and a companion yet in earth-life, and I am so anxious that they will understand still more about the spirit return. They seem to have faith that the spirit lives beyond the earth-life, and it is a life of continuation. I want them to know how many times I am around them, and would like to assist them if I could only make them thoroughly understand. I think Frank understands me best—that was my baby boy, although he is a young man now—I seem to draw nearer to him, because he is very sensitive. I know he oftentimes says: "Oh! that seems like mother," and it is by that way we try to approach our friends—because those that even believe do not always understand.

I want to send good encouragement to the companion that walked by my side for so many years, and who is now bordering on the bright land of life; he will soon join me in the spirit, and I want them all to know: "Fear not," because it is the happiest sensation. I can give no expression of what it is, for when the spirit is separated from the body it seems a good deal like going to bed at night so tired and worn out that it could hardly go to sleep, and waking up in the morning feeling thoroughly rested; that was my experience in passing from earth to spirit-land. I see him so many times mentally wandering after all, because my husband has been a man of study, and what we might call a natural student, and he oftentimes talks of this theory and that theory—this one believes that and that one believes this—and yet out of the whole he wonders if there is not a possibility of being mistaken after all. I am trying to send him some encouragement this morning, and I want them to know that I am only waiting and watching for the time when we will all be together, not with the circumstances and struggles of life and trying to satisfy each other, for we will meet each other, we will know each other, we will understand each other, we will be so much happier, that we will thank God for the change.

I cannot send a long communication this morning; there is so much I want to say that I cannot say here, but I will try and assist them—if they will give me an opportunity to come nearer to them.

They want to believe in Spiritualism, yet somehow or other they don't get the knowledge—they don't get the evidence they need to make them sure. I will thank you for giving me this privilege. My name is Louise Coburn, and my home was in Orange Park, Fla. I shall be recognized also in Jacksonville, Fla. I might say I have been out of the body a long time.

Samuel P. Sanborn.

It may seem strange that we come such a long distance, after we arrive safely in that great harbor that we call spirit-life, to give a message; and the mortal oftentimes questions whether we arrive safely or not, as few comparatively speak to the many others left behind. I think one reason is, it has been so natural for us, through our former education, to believe that when we confine the body to mother earth, we leave it there; we are apt to carry it no farther than the grave; for it is many times expressed, that after we have passed over the road there is no return over it. I thank God that the road is not blocked, neither is it a plank; many can return over if they desire to. They need not come if they do not wish to; but it seems so strange, and yet a natural thing, after all, that we do not send our friends a communication—or a letter, as it would be termed in earth-life—unless we are at a pretty good distance from them. I suppose when I stepped out of the mortal a good many in our place thought I was a strange, peculiar person. I rather guess, although they never directly said it to me, they expected to find me in a much worse place than I found. When in earth-life I believed in the great Spirit of Truth; the spirit that gives justice and equality to all. I did not believe in "the blood," and I did not feel that any one died directly for me. That great Messiah that all talked; so much about was a capable man—such he might have been—but I know that through my own experience and common sense of natural laws, especially when I read and studied the laws of evolution, I knew that there was a great power that held all things in life, and I knew it would hold it in death; hence I was ridiculed because I expressed myself, that the spirit did not die. Blood was not that saved us; it was our own thoughts, our own works, that made us happy; and so I want to send forth a few words of encouragement, and say to many of my old co-operators and workers in material life, that I am satisfied with the change I met with which is called death. I found the world more in reality than the one I left. I also left behind a companion and three children, all pretty well now developed; I want them to know that father has still an interest in them, and I would like them to make good use of their opportunities in seeking and studying the mystic laws that years ago one was not supposed to believe. The more knowledge you gain, the more wisdom, you have—your knowledge is of more use to you.

I want Henry and Albert both to understand what I have said I mean! I see where you are oftentimes disturbed, especially when some one has been called home very suddenly, as to the uncertainties of life, and the many environments and disappointments that surround earth-life. Say to Susy, my girl, not to take the great weight she does upon her through her anxiousness for others; they will all work out their own salvation, and the results will be beneficial. And to the companion I left, say to her: "Thou hast done thy work well; I am satisfied with what has been done—perhaps more so than if I had been in the mortal form, because death, as a rule, is usually a great educator, and oftentimes makes us more cautious and we understand each other better. When we all meet again in that bright morning, when we shall be judged as we are—how happy we will be when we shall know our own and understand all things better." My home was in Fort Worth, Texas, and my name is Samuel P. Sanborn. I thank you very kindly for this privilege and opportunity; hoping that it will do some good is the reason I voice my sentiments this morning.

Frank Miller.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I cannot just agree with the spirit that preceded me in feeling that it is necessary for us to be a long distance from home to have our letters received with gratitude and pleasure; for it always seemed to me, when I received a letter from a friend, especially if it was one of whom I was very fond, if it does not travel miles I appreciate it; and it is with that same spirit I approach this instrument this morning. I have oftentimes lingered around this meeting-house, as I call it—as I do not understand the proper term, for when I was in the body I did not understand much about Spiritualism, and, in fact, to tell the truth, do not know much about it now. I am trying to learn all that I can, and I am anxious to lift the shadows of darkness and loneliness from those I love.

I have not been out of the mortal form very many years—I should not think over three or four years—although there has been a lapse of time in spirit, and they say that they do not reckon it as they do in earth-life. I want to come in contact with my own family. My home was right around this city, but not in the city; it will be well known in Boston—although my home was in Winchester, Mass.

I am anxious to make those left feel that death is not that disagreeable thing that we have all looked upon; that it is when we return and find our friends in earth-life in darkness and sorrow that it makes us feel badly, and I have so many times tried to bring a good influence around them, so that they may know the spirit is conscious of their suffering.

I would like Emma to feel and know that I have not left them; neither have I forsaken them. I am glad things have gone on as they have, although I know there are many not satisfied with what has been done. They sometimes feel I am needed, but I am not. I want this to go broadcast, for I know it will do them good, and I feel certain it may bring a little encouragement to the weak ones.

I never was much of a talker, and consequently cannot express myself very well this morning; but if they will only seek me in private, I think I can make them understand what I mean. You can just put me down as Frank Miller, Winchester, Mass.

Albert Stevenson.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. It seems hard for me to take control, for I suffered intensely while in the body, especially with rheumatism in my hands and arms—and it may seem strange, for I have been out of the body some little time; yet as I come en rapport with this medium, I find earth-conditions to a certain extent affect me, and I would like to be able to overcome them; for it is one reason I have not reached my friends as often as I should like to. I seem to realize that every time I come in contact with the mortal, or conditions in mortal, I commence to feel the old familiar conditions. I should like also to say that this is one reason I seem to be conscious of throwing these conditions on others, and I do not wish to do it; that is why the good friends around us have wanted me to manifest here this morning,

for they think they will be able to give me strength enough so that I will not take on those past influences or conditions; so I want them in earth-life to know I am well and do not suffer any now unless I come close to earth-life; and I find it was the physical that was diseased, and the spirit was not. You might ask me—after I laid the body aside, and the spirit was free—why it is I feel so much of the physical effects, and I should like to say to them, that has been my inquiry since I have passed out of the body.

I want to speak of that, for I have heard others criticize it. I want this message to be understood, for I have heard Mary say so many, many times she would rather I would not come if I had to suffer as I did before I passed away.

I want my boy to know there are so many things I should like to say, but cannot now, as I feel I grow excited trying to hold this instrument. I would like them to come more closely and sit oftener, so that I could come stronger; and in doing that you will help me and I will help you.

I was somewhat familiar, Mr. Chairman, with your philosophy while in earth-life, and I had a good deal of healing power, but I don't think I understood the law that governed it very well.

I want to send to them a communication this morning, as this has been a request by those I am closely attached to, and they have requested me to try and manifest at THE BANNER Circle-Room. I am very glad I had this opportunity, and I will not try to hold the instrument any longer, on account of the conditions that are thrown upon her.

You can put me down as Albert Stevenson, and my home, or where this message was requested from, is in Athol, Mass. I shall also, I think, be remembered in Fitchburg, Mass.

Elisha Monroe.

Oh! I am so happy this morning, and I am so pleased that I have got an opportunity to come in here and talk, because I have been listening so many, many times, and I have heard what others have to say. Oh! I thought it would be so pleasant for my friends to get a letter from me, even if it does come through a public circle. I am so pleased that this BANNER seems to convey the idea that whether we believe or not we are welcome. We are not asked when we come in here what we believe or what we are going to say, but those present in spirit are always willing to help us all they can. To me it is such a glorious Christian work that words fail to express my thoughts. Mortals ought to have more sympathy for those that are trying to demonstrate one of the most beautiful philosophies that is in nature—the beauty of knowing there is no separation. Because one dear soul has left the home and one empty chair is there, yet it brings us nearer to the living God. Oh! if I could only imprint on this paper the words, the earnest desires that I wish to express to those in earth-life, especially to those I am the most interested in. I have not many of my own people in earth-life now, for we are most all on the spirit-side, but I have got those I love by the tie of acquaintance, by the tie of marriage, etc. I would like them to know how happy and contented we are, especially when we see those that we had an interest in doing the same. Oh! heaven, dear friends, is your home.

If you can only bring yourself to contentment, be satisfied, and take advantage of the circumstances, and try and make yourself happy by making others happy; try and help others, and you will help yourself. Oh! what a work can be done, especially if we work in harmony; work seriously, and the angels will help you, will assist you and sustain you in every bit of trouble; they will lead you out of the darkness and place you more on the mountain of hope.

I want Panny—although the physical is weak, although you don't seem to have the strength—to not worry or fret, but to feel that all things will work together for good to them that trust in God, and to know that Spiritualism is just as much a religion as Methodism; it is only how you apply it and how you look at it—that has been my experience in the spirit-life. Oh! Mr. President, it seems to me I am like one of old, for I come back and take on the body. I would like to warn my fellow-men of the pathways many of them are treading; yet I presume they all must grow and gain their own height by their own experience. Just say I am satisfied with all I have found. I have so many on the spirit side with me this morning, and I would like to have them voice their sentiments, but time will not allow. Merely put me down as Elisha Monroe, and my home you will locate in Burlington, Vt. My wife is with me in spirit, and her name was Seabury Monroe.

Philip Graham.

It seems to me this morning, as I take control of this brain, that it is like a very usual matter, as everything seems to be so passive and in harmony, and all the laws seem to work as we generally desire them. Yet I seem to feel that it is not so easy to operate as is our own organism. We do not care quite so much if we can make others happy and do a little good in the world.

Do you not realize how everything seems to be depressed? Business and everything seems to be under a political or religious depression; and that is one reason why I wish to return this morning. Our friends don't need us quite so much when things are going on well as when they are against them. When they are troubled in spirit and in body, when the mind is disturbed, they seek for consolation through other sources. I have not come back this morning to convey anything personal, for I do not think it is needed. I sometimes feel that when the spirit comes and brings forth curiosity, we can work more completely and accomplish a greater amount of work than when we are trying to interest our friends in our position and happiness, etc. I was somewhat interested while in earth-life in business circles. I also had an interest in the political circle; I had an interest in the country at large. I was also interested in the Grand Army, for I fought for liberty, and I love my country and my flag. I love it to-day; but it sometimes makes me feel bad, as an individual might express it, to see how things are controlled, and how many, many times selfishness prevails. I want to say to the boys that I have still an interest in them, but the first thing I desire them to do is to be honest with themselves—work out their own education; study the law themselves; study what is best for them. Use the faculties that God has given you; we shall throw our influence upon you where you can receive and reason better. That is one reason I do not want to dictate, neither

do I wish to advise; but if you will use your own minds and follow your own impressions we will give you the strength and the influence of the spirit to make you feel sure of your decision. I seem to sense also, while I am talking, or, in other words, can bring a sort of conception of what you will say when you see this communication. I want to say to William, my son, you are right; keep on; they criticize you, but as the spirit leads you follow it.

My son William is somewhat mediumistic, and has made some investigation, and so has Fanny; I want others to know that each one must understand for themselves; and if they will do so you will find that by-and-by the whole change of things will come, and then those in mortal life will recognize the power of the unseen forces to bring about the right and justice of equalism, and not so much selfishness as we see prevailing to-day.

Mr. President, you can put me down as Philip Graham, and my home you will locate in Concord, N. H. I will be well known in Boston and many of the surrounding towns, where I was prominent in business.

I think this is glorious work you are in, and I seem to feel, like many others, that it is not sustained and appreciated as much as it ought to be; but we all know that it changes many things, and you will be satisfied with the outcome of the work, for I have learned one lesson in the spirit—that compensation comes to all men.

Messages to be Published.

Sept. 4.—Major John Lowe; Isaac Newton Finch; Emma E. Weeks; Austin Kent; Idaline H. Harding; Eliza McCluskey.
Sept. 11.—Capt. Israel Cotten; Catharine Mackenney; Joseph Rogers; Noah Moor; Mary Ann Osgood; Frankie Osgood; Warren Chase.
Sept. 18.—Samuel H. Terry; Laura Wells; John W. Emery; Eugene Day; Sarah Underwood; Caroline Brooks.
Sept. 25.—Luther Brigham; Mary E. Bodman; Ida Morton; Frank W. Plummer; Levi Brown; Mary Gurney Boice.
Oct. 2.—Emily Dodge; Joseph B. Beals; Lizzie Foster; Charles A. Heyden; Philip Emerson; Amanda B. Kendall; Marys Wood.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARION.

In life's cross purposes we met,
Where Pride with Love sarcastic stood,
And could not any nearer get,
Nor, haply, would not if we could.

There wait a reason and a time
For every step our journey hath;
But Reason pauses at my rhyme,
While Sorrow lingers near my path.

Yet doth the perfect picture gain
An added glow that contrasts give;
And who escapes the snare and pain
Hath but a rapid life to live.

So must I wander in the shade
For store of darkness to bestow
The path of beauty thou hast made,
And bring some shadows to thy view.

And nothing more and nothing less
Than love for one so good and kind
Could break my spirit's lone duress,
And leave the deeper shades behind.

Thy recompense may be to spurn
The sheer imprudence of my pen;
And mine may be to still return,
And wander in the shade again.

But when I reach the happy land
Where truth is free from sordid care,
My spirit, with extended hand,
Shall wait and watch thy coming there.

No pride, no envy, can molest
That realm where kindred spirits rove;
Nor age bring scorn to youthful zest,
For all are young where all is love.

We may not rightly know the spheres,
That soon shall greet our word-rung sight;
For me what more of grief and tears,
For these what raptures of delight.

Yet is a messenger of peace
Persistent, whispering to me
That when the wars and trouble cease
The glory shall be shared with thee.

SADIE BEULAH

Letter from Dr. Dake.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We were highly pleased to see the communication in this week's BANNER from our old friend, MR. NELSON POWELL, and it gives me pleasure not only to verify the message, but to corroborate the truthfulness of his statement, i. e., "I was a Spiritualist, and proud of it. I feel like protecting our mediums and our instruments just as much as I did in the body."

I knew him personally, treated him and his good wife, and I shall never forget our astonishment and gratitude on his landing me one hundred dollars, saying that he would take it out in treatments.

The following is from the Rochester, N. Y., Daily Democrat and Chronicle, 1878: "Mr. Nelson Powell, one of the candid and solid men of this country, called on Dr. Dumont C. Dake a few days since with the request for the doctor to try and see if he could locate the disease of an absent friend, who was some twelve miles distant. Dr. Dake not only located the disease, but informed Mr. Powell that his friend was at death's door, and could not be cured. The truthfulness of the statement was made apparent by the death of his friend a few days thereafter. When we take into consideration that the doctor was an entire stranger, and knew nothing of either party, and gave this diagnosis and prognosis without asking a question and without any collusion, it there fore borders on the marvelous. We now see more clearly how it is that Dr. Dake has met with such wonderful success these several years past. One of our city editors, who has just returned from the West, says: 'Dr. Dake is highly spoken of as a physician of great skill and merit. One case among thousands might be mentioned to prove his operations, viz.: A lady afflicted for years with a hard scirrhus tumor, and whose case had baffled the skill of the medical faculty, who failed in the diagnosis (the tumor being internal and concealed), was promptly located and speedily cured by Dr. Dake.'"

Mr. Editor, the above comes to light by and through the message in THE BANNER. May we have many more such convincing testimonies of spirit identity.

Yours for truth and humanity,
DR. DUMONT C. DAKE

After a Day's Hard Work Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a delicious drink, and relieves fatigue and depression. A grateful tonic.

Napoleon's Opinion of an Ideal Woman.

In response to a question asked by a lady, the great Napoleon replied:

"My ideal woman is not the beautiful-faceted society belle, whose physician tries vainly to keep her in repair, nor the fragile butterfly of fashion, who yields the tortures of disease with a forced smile.

"No! My ideal is a woman who has accepted her being as a sacred trust, and who obeys the laws of nature for the preservation of her body and soul.

"Do you know my knee involuntarily bends in homage when I meet the matron who reaches middle age in complete preservation? That woman is rendered beautiful by perfect health, and the stalwart children by her side are her reward. That's my ideal woman."

A NEW RELIGION.

A Lecture delivered Wednesday P. M., Aug. 19, at Queen City Park (Camp Vermont),
BY DR. GEORGE A. FULLER.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Forty-eight years ago a new religion was born. Then angel hands rolled the stone away from the sepulchre, and revealed spirit as immortal. I would not have you think that the world was devoid of spirit manifestations previous to that time, for history is replete with wonders and marvels only to be explained by spirit intervention. Yet these manifestations at the best were but imperfectly understood, and the curtain between the two worlds only trembled on the rise.

Every age has had its own spiritual manifestations; and these have been adapted to the intellectual and spiritual conditions of man. As man pushes his researches farther and farther into the realm of science, and by use cultivates his spiritual faculties, he feels that the old-time inspirations fail to satisfy the requirements of his soul, and he looks to heaven for a fresh supply of that manna which will feed his hungry soul. The inspiration of the past becomes a stepping-stone upon which he stands when reaching out for higher truths. As he learns that present necessities are not supplied by past inspirations, he casts away all antiquated pretensions, but holds tenaciously to every grain of spiritual truth that nourishes the soul.

For light and guidance he learns to look within. As Schiller says:

"The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Nor ordinances, nor mould-rotted papers."

Spiritualism reveals that oracle within every one, and would seek to educate every member of the human family in order that ignorance and superstition may take their departure from the world. While many religions have aimed to keep man in ignorance, Spiritualism would enlighten him upon all subjects pertaining to his growth and future happiness. When it came, the sulphurous clouds of a fabled hell obtruded between his vision and the glories of Paradise; the nefarious dogma of total depravity smothered all his noble instincts, and he was taught to believe that he was a progressive being, but instead, a fallen one. But with the birth of Spiritualism a new light shone upon the world; clouds began to disintegrate, cherished idols were overthrown, and the voices of modern prophets were heard in the midst of theological wildernesses—like John of old—denouncing wrong and oppression, and upholding freedom, virtue, truth and purity.

The early advocates of Spiritualism unwaveringly performed their duties when assailed from every quarter, and were fully sustained by angelic hosts in hours of sorest need. The events of the past forty-eight years have passed into history, and it is not necessary for me to recount them now. Suffice it to say that, commencing among the humblest of earth's children, reviled and persecuted by the churches, it has moved steadily onward, until to-day it finds lodgment in the palaces of emperors, kings and queens, as well as in the huts of peasants, and embraces within its folds many of the most noted scientists, philosophers, poets, musicians, novelists and statesmen of the civilized world. Born in the laud of the setting sun, it has traveled both eastward and westward, completing the circuit of the world, tenderly holding in its loving arms millions of earth's tired children of every race and every clime, and unto all it has proven a gospel of glad tidings, inasmuch as it has demonstrated beyond all controversy the fact of immortality and the intercommunion between the two worlds.

Without any outside assistance it has worked its way into all the literature of the world. It has also entered all the churches of our country, and modified, in a great measure, their theological teachings. In fact, it has taught us to live lovingly and charitably with all mankind; to breathe out toward all words of kindness and good cheer; to plant a rose in a heart where there was a thorn; to approach cautiously but firmly all our religious opponents; to open the eyes of the mentally and spiritually blind; and to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

Spiritualism stands for the unfolding of all the latent powers and possibilities of the individual on the material side of life. It likewise stands for the unity of purpose in humanity, and for the ultimate union of all the different sects into one grand communion of thought and action. It is for all reforms that lead toward the elevation of humanity. It stands both for free thought and free speech.

The central thought of Spiritualism, never under any circumstances to be lost sight of, is that of spirit-communication. All that has ever been presented by the church in opposition to this thought is but the feeble and dying groan of old theology. Over forty-eight years of scientific and critical investigation has only added to the glory of Spiritualism. It has simply added to our faith the knowledge of immortality. The cold and barren utterances of materialism shrivel into nothingness before the blazing light of its sun of truth.

Spiritualism is forward-looking, and not backward. The religions of the East point toward the past, and continually speak of its glories, and the truths "the old-time had." But Spiritualism points toward the future, speaks of the growing intelligence of the masses, and indicates that the coming religion shall be one that is founded upon knowledge and a continued inspiration. While I would not depreciate the worth of the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, I sometimes fear we have placed too high a value upon it. Have we not cried out too much for outward wonders and signs, when instead we should have sought for the higher manifestation of instructing spirit that would shape all our lives for human good?

This thought let me impress upon you, viz.: That Spiritualism as a distinctive phase of religious thought, in the highest conception of that term, utterly devoid of all semblance of the older theological speculations, must ever stand before the world in its original purity, and cannot be warped so as to suit the demands of any little sect.

It is for all humanity, and therefore cannot be turned from its legitimate channel. It is that which gives life to all religions, and without it they all become like "tinkling brass and sounding cymbals."

Let Spiritualism mean to those whom it may reach—after they have struggled through the various denominations of Christianity—not license to do as they please, and follow after the riotous life of the pleasure-seeking world, but instead a broader freedom that is only found in obeying the highest laws of man's spiritual being.

Then, oh! ye weary, heavy-laden ones of earth, seek ye for rest in that activity born of true spiritual unfoldment that brings peace and love to all humanity. Let the perfumed breezes of a better day fan the fevered brow of earth's toiling millions, banishing all the dark doubts that have hung so thick as to shut out the light of heaven; and Spiritualism will continue to live, blessing all humanity so long as hope burns upon the altar of the soul, and love fans its fires with the fragrant breezes of heaven. It is as eternal as God, as fruitful in its blessings as nature itself, and will remain when all creeds are forgotten.

Pousse Pâté...

And why not a pie-pusher as well as a coffee-pusher? It's far more necessary. Do you suffer with dyspepsia? Ayer's Cathartic Pills will cure you. Take a

PILL AFTER PIE.

Albert Morton.
(Continued from first page.)

and retiring disposition, has nevertheless been one of the most useful instruments of the spirit-world for twenty five years or longer. Concerning this gentle, cultured lady's phenomenal spiritual gifts, many celebrated men and women have borne abundant and unqualified eulogistic testimony. Selden J. Finney (at that time one of the brightest lights in a brilliant galaxy of spiritual workers) said of Mrs. Morton, after a sitting with her: "I feel I have had a feast from the spirit land. There is need of many more workers like yourself. I fully appreciate your beautiful powers." The above was dated Nov. 20, 1873. Thomas Gales Forster, one of the most highly gifted and inspired orators with which the modern platform has been graced, said in a lecture delivered Jan. 16, 1881, in San Francisco: "I have recently had interviews with the controlling spirits of Mrs. Albert Morton of this city, during which they discouraged grandly and eloquently upon many subjects. I found her one of the most truly cultured mediums I have ever known."

Charles Bright, of the Melbourne Argus, a man of world wide celebration, bore testimony as follows to Mrs. Morton and her gifts: "The influences which surround this lady are of the highest and purest order; my séances with her were complete spirit-baptisms. In such communion we reach the heart of religion."

Mr. and Mrs. Morton are by this time old Californians, as they took up their residence in San Francisco in 1872. From that date until 1875 Mr. Morton (whom every one knew as Dr. Morton) practiced very successfully as a magnetic physician. From that time on he divided his time between assisting his noble wife in the exercise of her mediumship (taking all possible care off her hands) and acting as Pacific Coast Agent for Colby & Rich. For a number of years Mr. Morton conducted a bookstore, and circulated spiritual literature far and wide up and down the widely-extended Pacific coast.

In March, 1883, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond visited San Francisco, and conducted a long series of meetings under Mr. Morton's able management in Metropolitan Temple—a splendid hall, with a magnificent organ, and seating accommodation for fifteen hundred people. After Mrs. Richmond's return to Chicago Mrs. E. L. Watson occupied the platform for a long time, and occasionally Gerald Massey spoke there. These great gatherings convened regularly every Sunday morning and evening for three years, and though the expenses were necessarily very heavy, Mr. Morton so conducted the business that no deficit ever occurred. On my arrival in San Francisco in June, 1886, Mr. Morton was one of the first to give me greeting, and immediately on the expiration of my contract with the Camp-Meeting Association at Oakland, which extended only through one month, I took advantage of Mr. Morton's liberal and attractive offer, and spoke under his auspices three times every Sunday during July, August and September, 1886, in two of the largest halls in which I have ever spoken—Metropolitan Temple and Odd Fellows' Hall, San Francisco.

Those great gatherings I shall never forget; and though I have had colossal audiences and brilliant receptions time and time again in the course of my nearly twenty years' platform experience, those meetings in the summer of 1886 stand out upon my memory tablets with a distinctness and a halo neither time nor subsequent events have been able to becloud.

During those three months Mr. Morton worked indefatigably, and his efforts were certainly crowned with marvelous success. The generosity extended to me personally by this whole-souled gentleman I can never forget; and, as I said in one of my letters (BANNER OF LIGHT Aug. 22, 1896), though my engagement was at the rate of \$25 per Sunday, I was forced to accept \$10.

But not only as a manager of public meetings have Mr. Morton's talents been called into exercise; his literary and journalistic career has also been eventful. In 1870 he officiated as reporter of Chamber of Commerce proceedings for a commercial paper in Milwaukee; but as his life interest was soon devoted to the Cause of Spiritualism, he has since used his facile pen far more extensively in the field of psychic than of business journalism. As an editorial contributor to the Golden Gate and Carrier Dove of San Francisco, Mr. Morton displayed singular tact and ability combined, as his not infrequent contributions to the BANNER OF LIGHT have also abundantly proved.

Perhaps the best summary of his views on spiritual and cognate themes is to be found in his highly instructive volume entitled "Psychic Studies," the latest edition of which is in cheap, popular form, admirably adapted for work of a missionary character.

As editor of *Summerland*, a weekly paper published in the beautiful little town of that name, five miles south of Santa Barbara, Cal., Mr. Morton boldly championed the cause of outspoken Spiritualism, and at the same time did a great deal in the direction of making known and building up the many attractive features of that paradise by the Western Sea, where the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Morton is now most beautifully and salubriously situated.

Luther Colby and Albert Morton were fast friends for many a year; an almost ideal friendship existed between them; and since the passing of the former to the spirit-state, many characteristic communications from that faithful, translated worker, who will always be loved by millions of Spiritualists the world over, have been received through Mrs. Morton's mediumship.

Always the friend of organic effort, so far as it can be carried out in accordance with individual liberty of thought and action, Mr. Morton is at present a true supporter of the National Spiritualists' Association, from whose Secretary, F. B. Woodbury, he recently received the following kindly words of appreciative sympathy: "May angels bless you in your advancing years. Your work for the cause of truth can never be overestimated."

Though many pages of THE BANNER might be profitably filled with eulogiums from the eventful lives of two of the most faithful and efficient workers in the cause of Modern Spiritualism—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morton—knowing that the demands upon your valuable space are always excessive, I must regretfully allow the foregoing meagre outline of the work of these loyal friends of truth and progress to suffice, at least for the immediate present.

New Publications.

"BENEATH OLD ROOFTREES." By Abram English Brown. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

This book, "BENEATH OLD ROOFTREES," is a most delightful view of the opening of the Revolution. It is an old story in a new garb—an old gem in a new setting.

Healthy and entertaining reading for old and young, glistering with facts, and so interestingly portrayed as to cause one to exclaim with the "juvenile" in the frontispiece of the book: "Tell it again, grandpa!"

"CIVILIZED MONEY," by Charles Howell, is a review of America's financial questions which are being so widely discussed to-day by old and young; very few know just what they are talking about, or can give any definite answer as to why this is "thus and so."

This work is a very clear and concise statement of facts on the money question, which all intelligent persons should be familiar with, particularly at this crisis in the affairs of our nation. Published by Grand Rapids Cash Pub. Co., Mich.

KAREZZA, by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., is a work destined to prove the veritable "Magna Carta" of a new life. It should be in the hands of every person before marriage, as well as afterward.

It stamps true dignity upon the marriage relation, and if its teachings were widely known and fully lived up to, the life would be given forever to the miserable fallacy that "marriage is a failure."

Published by Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, Ill.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

IN GOUTY DYSPEPSIA.
DR. J. S. WELLS, Professor of Diseases of Women and Children Medical College of Virginia. "I Gouty Dyspepsia I know of no mineral water when I consider at all equal to that of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, Spring No. 2."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker,
As a Spiritual Healer, Has No Equal.
Rejoice and Be Glad!

Herald forth the Tidings of Good Health!

DR. A. B. DOBSON'S
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, 1885.
Mrs. Dr. A. B. Dobson, San José, Cal.:
Dear Madam: I have used your 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 in my case. I feel better. I am advising all my friends who are in need of medicine to send to you. I enclose \$1.15 for another month's treatment. I am yours gratefully, (Miss) A. PRITZ, Sept. 23, 1885. 11 Hardy street, Brewer, Me.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS,
Specialists in all Chronic Diseases,

DEPEND on their remarkable cures not upon the old drastic drug system, but upon the knowledge of diseases and their proper remedies—upon science and the inner psychic forces, some of whose cures, like Schenck's, are INSTANTANEOUS; in other cases months are required. Having carefully studied all 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
DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS,
P. O. Box 177, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Sept. 12.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field.

FIELD & FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's 'Farm Love'." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Hand-drawn and illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$5.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$5.00. The book is being sold for the Child's Post Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

KNICKERBOCKER.
No more round shoulders. Shoulder Braces and Suspender combined. Easily adjusted. Worn with comfort. Suits for men, women, boys and girls. Sold by druggists, appliance stores, general stores, etc. By mail \$1.00 per pair. 50 cents. Knickerbocker Brace Co., Camden, Penn., U. S. A. Mar. 14. eow261

ONSET BAY, MASS.

The Association Headquarters Bookstore, With a full line of Spiritualistic Literature, and Bureau of Information, is in charge of Mr. H. E. GIFFORD. Outfitters, Rooms and Board. **SOUVENIR OF ONSET**, containing 16 half-tone views of Onset, by mail, 10 cents. Address H. E. GIFFORD, Onset, Mass. If May 22.

Melted Pebble Spectacles

RESTORE LOST VISION. Write for illustrated circular showing styles and prices, and photograph of Spirit Yarnia, who developed this clairvoyant power in me. I can adjust my Melted Pebble Spectacles as perfectly to your eyes as you can to the system; and as a BLOOD Purifier can testify. Send stamp for photo. Oct. 3. 2m B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Clinton Co., Iowa.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and Medical Medium. Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents stamp. Whole Life-Reading \$1.00. Magnetic Remedies prepared by spirit-direction. Address No. 40 Union street, Lovington, Me. eow

ASTROLOGY.—Send time of birth, sex, and age, for brief reading, prospectus and circular. PROF. HENRY SALON, Mass. (P. O. Box 19.) If time 7.

MISS EMMA RUDER will give private lessons through medium and clairvoyant. 663 West 4th Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. 5w Oct. 1.

MRS. M. J. CRILLY, Test Medium for both private and platform work, has located at No. 100 Main street, Allegheny, Penn. 4w Oct. 2.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS,

With Music and Chorus.

BY C. P. LONGLEY.
We will Meet You in the Morning. Little Birdie's Song to Rest. Open the Gates, Beautiful World. Echoes from Beyond the Veil, with Gate obligato. Sweet Summer-Land Ripples. Gentle Words and Loving Hearts. Your Darling Is Not Sleeping. Vacant Stands Her Little Chair. Back from the Silent Land. What Shall Be My Name? Home? That We're Living Here To-day. Ever'll Remember These Love's Golden Chain, rearranged. All are Waiting Over There. Open Those Pearls Gates of Light. They'll Welcome Us Home Tomorrow. Mother's Love Purest and Best. There are Homes Over There. On the Mountains of Light The Angel Kissed Me. I Love to Think of Old Times We'll All Be Gathered Home. Only a Thin Veil Between Us. When the Dawn Comes. Sister Mary's Home? My Beautiful Dreams. Child of the Golden Sunshine. Beautiful Home of the Soul. Come in thy Beauty, Angel of Light. I am going to My Home. In Heaven I'll Know how to Love. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Above. Sister's Coming. Sister Mary's Home? My Beautiful Dreams. Child of the Golden Sunshine. Beautiful Home of the Soul. Come in thy Beauty, Angel of Light. I am going to My Home. In Heaven I'll Know how to Love. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Above. Sister's Coming. Sister Mary's Home? My Beautiful Dreams. Child of the Golden Sunshine. Beautiful Home of the Soul. Come in thy Beauty, Angel of Light. I am going to My Home. In Heaven I'll Know how to Love. The City Just Over the Hill. The Golden Gates are Left Ajar. Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land. Our Beautiful Home Above. Sister's Coming. Sister Mary's Home? My Beautiful Dreams. Child of the Golden Sunshine. Beautiful Home of the Soul. 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