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NO. 8.

FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

Translated for the Banner of Light, by W. N. Eayrs.

Willibald, Prince of Zator.

{From Revue Spirite.}

M. JOSEPH DE KRONHELM says to the editor of the *Revue* :
"To-day I am going to tell you a historical fact, reported by the Count Henri Rzewuski in his work, 'Opowiadanie Starca.' This fact seems to have a special application to some doctrines of Spiritualism."

In the seventeenth century, when the kingdom of Poland was flourishing, there was, not far from Cracovia, in the Carpathian Mountains, and upon the frontier of Hungary, the little principality of Zator. Willibald, the last of the princes of Zator, had an only daughter, and, wishing to preserve his independence, he betrothed his daughter to the nephew of the Emperor of Germany; for, in accordance with an ancient law, the principality was to be annexed to the kingdom of Poland, in case the Prince of Zator should have no male descendants.

Willibald was a man of very bad character—cruel, wicked, false, vindictive, believing neither in God nor in the devil.

His daughter, seventeen years of age, fell in love with a young Polish officer, who carried her off on the evening before her marriage with the German prince was to take place.

Willibald was furious with rage at the insult offered to the nephew of the Emperor. He cursed his daughter, abandoned his residence at Zator, and went to his stronghold at Samsonow, where he permitted no one to see him except the priests to whom he gave large gifts. The young princess and the Polish officer with whom she had eloped went to the bishop of Cracovia, who caused them to be married by a priest of his suite.

The bishop promised the newly-married pair to make every effort necessary to obtain Willibald's forgiveness. Accordingly he went to Samsonow, and was well received by the prince, who agreed to forgive his daughter, but only on the condition that she would come with her husband and the priest who had married them to Samsonow. The young people at once went with the bishop to the castle, and the reconciliation was apparently complete.

The good bishop, well pleased at the result of his mission, and much affected by the scene at the reconciliation of father and daughter, set out on his return to Cracovia. On the way he was attacked in a forest between Zator and Cracovia by some soldiers of Prince Willibald, and he would surely have been murdered by the orders of that prince, if a Polish nobleman who happened to pass the spot had not saved him.

Prince Willibald was excommunicated, and shortly afterward died with horrible blasphemies on his lips. As to his daughter, his son-in-law and the priest who had married them, no one knew what had become of them.

After Willibald's death the principality of Zator was annexed to the kingdom of Poland, and the stronghold of Samsonow was given by the king to the bishop of Cracovia.

A century passed. Many bishops had been in possession of the castle, which was said to be haunted, and in which no one would live; nor did any one wish to rebuild it. However, in the eighteenth century, Prince Casimir Soltyk, a bishop of Cracovia, who had large estates in Ukraine, summoned from the latter country M. Pogorzelski, an old acquaintance, a man of mature years, brave and honest, to superintend the work of rebuilding the castle of Samsonow.

After a short residence at the castle, M. Pogorzelski, who by nature was a light-hearted and cheerful man, became habitually sad and melancholy. To all inquiries that were addressed to him as to the cause of the change, he was either silent, or at most gave evasive answers.

Finaly, he went to Cracovia and asked the Bishop Soltyk to give him his discharge.

"Pray, my dear M. Pogorzelski, what is the reason why you wish to leave me?" asked the bishop.

"My lord, I am very sorry to be obliged to leave you, but I am so persecuted, that I have not a moment of rest by day or by night."

"Persecuted? By whom?" Pray, tell me, my dear friend."

"By the evil spirit," replied Pogorzelski.

"What does he say to you? Are you not perhaps ill?" asked the bishop.

"I know, my lord, that I shall pass for a fool; but since I have been living in this accursed castle of Samsonow, the devil has given me not one instant of peace."

"What does he do to you?"

"When I get up in the morning and am saying my prayers the devil says to me incessantly, 'M. Pogorzelski, you are saying your prayers, and I am in torment.' I go into the fields, the voice of the invisible one cries to me, 'M. Pogorzelski, you are going into the fields, and I, I am in torment.' In a word, everywhere and constantly, I hear the same voice of the invisible one repeating, 'M. Pogorzelski, I am in torment.'"

"Well, my dear friend, I think that you would do better to leave the castle, and live hereafter in one of the outer buildings."

"I have already changed my lodging, and am now living in the out building," replied M. Pogorzelski, "but it is of no use. And what is also very surprising, other persons have also heard the voice, crying, 'M. Pogorzelski, I am in torment.' One evening I went to bed quite early, as I had a headache, and I ordered my servant to prepare me a cup of tea. The servant brought the drink that I had asked for, but as soon as he approached the bed, and held the cup toward me, the voice called out: 'M. Pogorzelski, you wish to take a cup of tea, and I, I am in torment.' My friend, in terror I threw the teacup on the bed, and ran shrieking out of the room."

"All this is very surprising," said the bishop, "but I do not yet see the reason by which you should leave me. For since the voice of the evil spirit pursues you everywhere, it will follow you as well in Ukraine."

"I hope that our Lady of Berdyezew will rid me of this evil spirit."

"My dear friend," said the bishop, "Our Lady is just as really here in Cracovia as in Berdyezew. Go back, then, to Samsonow. I will come to the castle to-morrow, and I will say a solemn mass for the repose of suffering souls."

The next day the bishop went with all his suite to Samsonow, but as the castle was not

yet fully re-built, the bishop went to the out-building; an altar was erected in the great hall of the castle, and around it a great number of people assembled.

When the bishop entered the hall where mass was to be said, all present heard distinctly the words: 'M. Pogorzelski, you have summoned the Bishop Soltyk, and I am suffering in torment.' For a few minutes the bishop was dumb with astonishment; and then recovering his composure he made a long prayer for the dead, and said the funeral mass.

The mass ended, the bishop turned toward his companions, and said, in a loud voice: 'Omnis spiritus laudat eum,' (spirits praise him), and the attendants replied: 'And we praise him.'

Suddenly the voice of the invisible was heard coming from what direction no one could guess: 'M. Pogorzelski, you are praising him, and I am in torment.'

The astonishment and the consternation of the persons present may be imagined. Then the bishop cried out: 'I conjure you, in the name of God the Almighty, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to tell me who you are, and in what way can I aid you.' The voice replied immediately: 'Ahl I am in despair, and am suffering horribly. I am the Prince Willibald of Zator. It is I who murdered my daughter, my son-in-law and the priest who married them. I shall have no rest until the bodies of my victims shall be buried in consecrated ground.'

"But, where are these bodies?" asked the bishop.

"Walled up in this very castle. Cause your architect to come, and he will find them."

M. Bojanowski, the bishop's architect, was summoned, and by dint of minute examinations, he found a chamber, the door and window of which had been walled up. Within this room three skeletons were found. Willibald had immured his victims alive, and left them to die of starvation.

Bishop Soltyk caused them to be buried in the garden adjoining the castle, and on the same spot constructed a beautiful little chapel, which is to be seen to-day at Samsonow.

After the interment of the victims M. Pogorzelski was no longer persecuted by the spirit of the Prince of Zator.

Such is the historic fact, very curious, related by Count Henri Rzewuski.

An Experiment in Magnetism.

{From Revue Spirite.}

THE REVUE takes this account of an interesting experiment in magnetism from the *Union Bourguignonne* of Dijon. Our readers will find in it much to interest them:

"I offer to you the results of an experiment that I myself have made; the report of the phenomena is faithful to the truth."

When my subject, a modest young girl from the country, was in a profound magnetic sleep, I asked her the following questions:

"Miss A., I know that you would enjoy traveling, but your fortune does not permit you to satisfy your wishes."

"Yes, indeed. I should be very happy if I could visit a great many countries."

"Would you like for a time to leave your native land?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; since your love of travel is so great, set out at once with me for Behring's Straits."

The spirit of my subject, under the influence of the magnetic sleep, had, in fact, left her material envelope. She was really on her voyage, for, after a silence of a few seconds, she said to me, convulsively, all her limbs trembling and her face very pale:

"I am ill, I am freezing; for mercy's sake, take me out of these frightful regions."

"What do you see?"

"I see nothing but enormous mountains, of ice that look as if they were to last forever."

"Do you see nothing living upon these piles of ice?"

"No; but please let me leave at once this dreadful place. I shall freeze to death."

The whole body of the poor girl was violently shivering.

"Well, Miss A., I wish you to cross these vast mountains of ice immediately."

Some seconds passed, and the sleeping girl, whose body and face had resumed their usual appearance, said to me:

"I am happy now; I am warm under this lovely sky; I breathe freely."

"What do you see now?"

"I see a great ocean of calm, pure water."

"Do you see no land?"

"I see some of vast extent."

"Is this land productive?"

"Yes; there are broad meadows and great forests."

"Do you discover upon this peaceful land any living being?"

"No!"

"I beg you to look closely once more and tell me frankly if, upon the land where you are now, you see nothing living."

"No, I can tell you at this moment only what I have just said."

"Would you like to return to your native land?"

"Yes."

"Well, leave this place in which you find so much pleasure, and stop once more at Behring's Straits."

As quickly as the electric current passed, the spirit of my subject arrived at the Straits, and, just as on her first visit, her body and limbs became icy cold and trembled violently.

"Do you find yourself again unhappy here?"

"Yes, sir; take me from this place as quickly as possible."

"I will gratify your wish and take you south. Would you like to make a visit there?"

"Certainly."

"Well, set out at once for Africa, and go with me to Algiers."

A few seconds later she said:

"Thank you, sir; I am very well, but I am very warm."

"Are you, then, really in Algiers?"

"Yes."

"Well, now go to the Place du Gouvernement."

"I am there."

"Tell me what you see."

"She did promptly and with rigorous exactness; she told me in detail everything that

is remarkable in this Place. I have dwelt several times in Algiers, and I confess that it would be difficult for me to describe, as accurately as she did, the objects that adorn the great square of the city of Algiers."

"Would you like to leave Africa and return to Paris?"

"Yes."

"Now set out on your return and go to No. 5, rue X—, and enter the drawing-room of the first suite."

"I am already there."

"What do you see in this room?"

"A lady sitting in an easy-chair, and some young children who are pressing her hand; there is a servant who is going out of the apartment."

"Can you tell me the names of the lady, the children and the servant?"

"No, sir, I feel very tired, and I cannot tell you all that I see."

"Do you wish me to awaken you?"

"Yes, sir."

I made a few passes over her, and her spirit retook possession of its earthly dwelling. When fully awake she had no remembrance of her travels."

A Presentiment.

{From Annali dello Spiritismo.}

FROM Tarnopol, in Gallacia, is reported the following extraordinary fact:

A citizen of that place, a certain Adamo Gawrydo, murdered, without knowing it, his own son.

A few weeks ago a Jewish merchant, Salomon Barb, had bought of him a quantity of honey, paying fifty florins as earnest money to bind the bargain. When the time had come to close the transaction, the seller declared that he could not keep to his agreement. Then the two contracting parties agreed to submit their difference to the decision of the Rabbi of the locality. This man decided that, for not having kept his part of the contract, Gawrydo ought to pay, beside restoring the earnest money, Salomon Barb, ten florins as indemnity. This verdict was accepted by each of the contestants.

The merchant and the countryman left the Rabbi, and to acknowledge and seal the reconciliation, Gawrydo invited Barb to pass the night with him in his house. This invitation was accepted.

But as the night advanced M. Barb was seized with the presentiment that his host intended to take his life. This feeling became so intense that he was irresistibly impelled to make his escape. This he did, stealthily and hastily.

Now at the very time when he was leaving the house, the son of the countryman entered. He was intoxicated, and as all luck for him would have it, he came into the room just abandoned by the merchant, threw himself upon the bed and went immediately to sleep.

Barb, now a fugitive, was arrested in the street by an officer, who, not crediting his story, which appeared to him strange, obliged him to return with him to the house. Gawrydo, dumb-founded at the appearance of his intended victim at the door, accompanied by an officer, could not restrain himself, and in the impulse of terror accused himself by crying out:

"In a few minutes I should have cut your throat."

In fact, this wretched man had gone into the chamber occupied by his guest to kill him, and in the darkness had not discovered that his own son was occupying the place of his destined victim. Thus feeling about in the obscurity of the room, he had cut the throat of his son, thinking him to be his hated adversary.

Adamo Gawrydo is now in jail, and will pay the penalty of his crime.

Spiritualism in Holland.

No country in Europe has made more heroic sacrifices in the cause of freedom of conscience and of liberty of the press than Holland. There was a time, indeed, when its printing offices were the only ones in Christendom from which books were issued promulgating such advanced views in theology, philosophy, politics and science, as were rigorously discontenanced elsewhere.

It is only natural, therefore, that the greatest movement of modern times should find some of its most ardent supporters and promoters among the most enlightened classes of society in the Netherlands. We might almost go so far as to say that Spiritualism has received the adhesion of the flower of the Dutch intellect. University professors, ministers of religion, men and women of letters, high government officials, physicians, artists and prominent philanthropists have openly identified themselves with the crowning philosophy of the human race; and there are associations of Spiritualists in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Groningue, Apeldoorn, Schiedamschen, Alblassem, den Heider, and other places. Mme. Elise van Calcar, who edits a monthly periodical devoted to the Cause, is one of the foremost writers of historical and other romances, in Holland; and her "Conspirators" is said to be superior even to Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," a work which, stands in the same rank as Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth." Baron Smet tot Oldhuis, jurist, statesman, poet and archaeologist, was a convinced Spiritualist, and wrote a pamphlet on the subject. So was M. W. Bosch, chief medical officer in the Dutch East Indies. The Marchioness Ciccolini has written an admirable work entitled "Spiritism and Spiritualism, or the Harmony of the Visible and Invisible Worlds."

M. Polak, M. D., is not only the author of many philosophical works of great profundity, but has also published "Materialism, Spiritism and Severe Science," which is described as one of the classics of scientific spiritualism.

The Rev. M. P. Huet, editor of a religious review entitled *Life Eternal*, openly champions Spiritualism in its pages. The Rev. M. L. C. Mezer has done the same in his excellent "Spiritualism and Christianity." Of the Rev. F. W. Roorda van Eysinga, one of the ablest and most courageous champions of the Cause in Christendom, it is only necessary to say that his services to it have been inestimable. M. Jung Jaba, the great naturalist, whose works on Java and the Malay Archipelago have rendered

him famous, was an avowed Spiritualist. We say "was," because we do not know whether he is still living. So is M. Schimmel, a dramatist of high repute, a writer of historical romances, and a contributor to the leading Dutch review, *The Guide*. Prof. Hofstede de Groot, Prof. G. Bakker, and Drs. H. Wolters of Groningue, M. P. Hendricks, a prominent surgeon of the same place, and the Rev. Dr. Thoden van Velzen of Leyden, also embraced Spiritualism. And this list might be indefinitely extended; but enough has been said to prove the strong hold which our philosophy has taken upon the Dutch intellect.—*The Harbinger of Light*, for August, 1896.

What is Spiritualism?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"What is Spiritualism?" is a question which meets with various replies, according to the mental position of the person to whom it may be addressed. Those who have given the subject little or no consideration, and who therefore answer not from their knowledge but their ignorance, are generally ready to state that it is fraud, delusion, or a combination of both. Undoubtedly fraud and delusion are to be found among Spiritualists as among other people; but with Spiritualism itself they have absolutely no connection whatever. We can therefore only advise those who make this reply to become better acquainted with the subject before venturing an opinion. Those who have any degree of knowledge of the matter will declare it to be a science, a philosophy or a religion, according to the respective standpoints from which they view it. It is all of these, and only those who perceive it to be all of these can be said to have a right understanding of Spiritualism and of its power in the advancement of humanity.

There are many who find no more in Spiritualism than a knowledge of the continuity of human life and of the possibility, under conditions as yet but imperfectly understood, of communion with the so-called dead. This is the scientific aspect, and in strictness should be named Spiritism. It is not yet Spiritualism proper, for in itself it neither requires nor produces real spirituality. It is a question of fact alone. We frequently hear it stated that this is as far as we can go, at least in this life; that at any rate further progress must be in the direction of theorizing, and that mere theories are valueless.

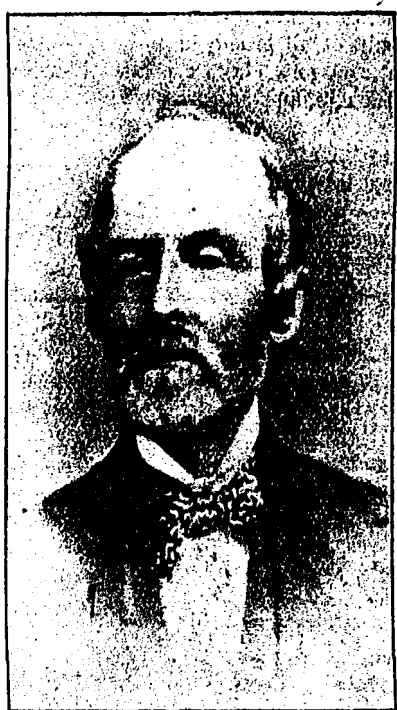
This is the standpoint of the phenomenalist. His memory is stored with tests he has received, spirit-friends he has beheld in materialized forms, slate writings that have been produced in his presence, and hosts of facts of all kinds that he has observed. He owns a splendid museum, in which he has collected many specimens of rare value. Will he become a spiritual scholar, or will he remain content with labeling and exhibiting his facts? He has laid a firm and enduring foundation. Will he erect the walls of his temple, roof it in, and dedicate it to the service of spirit? If he does he will become really a Spiritualist—that is, he will add philosophy and religion to his Spiritism, which itself is but a material science.

For many years men theorized on religious matters without any facts on which to construct their theories. Consequently they erected castles in the air, which sooner or later became enveloped in the black clouds of doubt, or were destroyed by the strong winds of reason. But almost as useless as theories without facts to support them are facts without theories concerning them. We have the facts in our spirit phenomena; the next step is to theorize concerning the nature of spirit. The theory which is consistent with all our known facts we accept at least as a working hypothesis until a better theory is discovered. This is both mental and spiritual exercise, and is a necessary part of our progression.

Spiritism teaches us by the evidence of returning spirits that we are ourselves spirits who do not die with the death of our bodies. When we commence to formulate theories concerning ourselves, as, for instance, that we are immortal beings and capable of eternal progression, we begin to build upon the foundation of our observed facts, and have entered upon the study of spiritual philosophy. We cease to be mere Spiritists, and have become Spiritualists in the proper sense of the word. Many thousands had observed apples fall to the ground before the birth of Newton. It was not the observation of the fall, but the theory thought out concerning its cause, that made him a natural philosopher. It is not a knowledge of the facts of spirit communion, but the theories we construct concerning the nature of spirit, that will make us spiritual philosophers. And our philosophy will be true or false, sound or unsound, as our theories can be proven to correspond with all known facts or otherwise.

When we have a system of philosophy built securely upon the firm foundation of Spiritism or knowledge of facts concerning spirits, in other words, spirit phenomena, we have erected the walls of our temple. It may be seen and admired both by ourselves and others. We may gather inspiration from its beauty, and when wearied with the toils and oppressed with the heat of the day of earth life we may find grateful repose under its far-spreading shade. But when the more violent tempests of material existence attack us, philosophy alone does not afford us sufficient protection. Our building must be roofed if we would find within it a shelter, and the roof must be religion. Not that Spiritualism is a religion, such as Christianity, Mahometanism or Judaism, much less such as Presbyterianism or Methodism. It is the religion which is to be found occasionally among the members of all recognized religions, and perhaps more frequently among those who profess no particular religion. It is the realization of the oneness of spirit by which the illumined know and exercise their own divinity. It is the knowledge that within us is omnipotence casting off, one by one, the limitations of matter, omniscience, adding knowledge to knowledge till the universe, and all minds therein, shall be as an open book. Love which shall overcome all human dislikes, prejudices and preferences till it shall know no distinction of persons, finding the Divine Unity in all. This is the temple of Spiritualism complete in all its parts. It rests upon the solid foundation of observed phenomena, phenomena which every Spiritualist must observe for himself, and therefore it is as enduring as it is lovely to behold. It will remain when other systems of philosophy and religion built upon the shifting sands of opinion or the passing clouds of imagination, shall have vanished like visions of the night before the bright rays of the arisen sun.

E. J. BOWTELL.



Epes Sargent.

Epes Sargent was born in Gloucester, Mass., September 27th, 1813. He was the son of Epes Sargent, a shipmaster and merchant, and Hannah D. Coffin, both of that city.

Mr. Sargent was essentially a Boston boy, although born out of the city. His family moved here while he was yet a child, and here was the scene of his activities and successes. Here he received his early education, and was five years a pupil in the Latin School, under Messrs. Gould and Leverett. While here he took at one time a vacation of six months, which he spent in Europe with his father. Visiting St. Petersburg, he attracted the attention of Baron Stieglitz, a very wealthy nobleman, who was desirous of educating him and associating him in business with his son. This flattering offer he declined, and, returning home, he finished his Latin School course and entered Harvard University. He had already shown his literary inclination by youthful contributions to some of the periodicals of the day and locality.

Mr. Sargent's career at Harvard closed with his Sophomore year, and he then studied law a few months, but soon devoted himself entirely to literature.

Subsequently he became connected with the Boston *Advertiser*, and afterward was associated with the late Richard Houghton in conducting the *Atlas*.

He left the *Atlas* a few years before the death of Richard Houghton, the original proprietor, and engaged in literary tasks of various kinds, contributing several articles for *The Token* and *Atlantic Souvenir*.

In 1839 the late Gen. William Morris invited Mr. Sargent to remove to New York and take charge of the *New York Mirror*. He accepted the invitation, first paying a visit to Cuba, and while conducting *The Mirror* published a series of short poems under the title of "Shells and Seaweed."

Mr. Sargent, while proving himself a successful journalist, poet and story-writer, found himself able also to succeed in the difficult art of dramatic composition.

In 1847 he returned to Boston, where he commenced to edit the *Transcript*. His connection with this paper ended in 1853, when he was succeeded by the late D. N. Haskell.

The *Advertiser*, speaking of his conversion to a belief in spirit-communion, says:

"During his life in New York he investigated the subject of mesmerism, and became a convert to the truth of mesmeric phenomena. His personal experiences in connection with his investigations are described in his recently published book entitled 'The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.' He afterwards became convinced of the genuineness of the Rochester knockings and of spiritualistic phenomena generally, and of late years has been recognized as one of the most prominent and able of the advocates of Spiritualism, in defence of which he has written a number of works."

Mr. Sargent's works on Spiritualism are well and appreciatively known to our readers.

The fame of our now departed friend has gone abroad to the ends of the world. Wherever the truths of Spiritualism have penetrated, felt the influence of his writings has been actively felt. His name is enrolled among the genuine benefactors of the race.

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
The Ashes, Oaks and Maples,
And those of every name;
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand;
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best.
And balanced all their partners
And gaily fluttered by—
The slant was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustle hollows
At "hide and seek" they played;
The party closed at sundown,
And every body stared.
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

—Exchange.

The secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man, and without this all other education is next to nothing.—Miss Oliphant.

For the Banner of Light.

WITH ONE ACCORD.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"Have you ever seen hell?" suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Lamphurst, who had been trained in New England puritanical orthodoxy, but had pretty nearly outgrown its depressing influence.

A sad, solemn but not despairing expression came over the serene and usually mirth-lighted features of Lydia as she gravely replied, "Yes, often, and I see it now. It is here in the atmosphere of this world, a purely human composition which neither God nor angels have anything to do with. It is a black belt encircling a great portion of this planet, but pierced through and through with flashes of radiance from the states beyond. It is constantly forming out of the emanations which go forth from all centres of greed, and especially of cruelty, for God is Love, and cruelty is the greatest crime of which man can be guilty. Hell is the state of outer darkness; it is therefore oppressive beyond the power of words to describe. It is made up of the results of all cruelly-intentioned deeds, and of the miasmatic outgoings from centres of ill-will which are cloaked in thought, and not permitted outward expression through fear of consequences. Every time an act of cruelty is wantonly inflicted upon any sentient creature hell is enlarged, but it is not added to by simply ignorant or careless acts which are not prompted by malice. People who get together to backbite their neighbors make hells all about them; and whenever I hear a spiteful word, or detect a malicious thought, I see an aura around the one who utters it or holds it, black as the ink-like fluid which the cuttlefish throws out into the water to conceal itself from its pursuers. Truly does the Gospel say of those who are in the hells, 'they love darkness, preferring it to light.'"

"Have you ever seen any who were in a hell rise out of it, and go to Paradise?" continued the questioner of the fair young prophetess.

"Often," she replied, her face now lighting up with radiant animation; "but sometimes they remain in the black circle, just where they were before, only after their illumination they shed light around them just as kind people do who enter the slums and live there for a while to help to raise the inmates. When I was about seven years old I was taken to church on a Good Friday, and one of the sermons preached was on the penitent thief, who went from his cross to Paradise. I went to sleep during that sermon, and was shown a vision, but I thought I was awake, listening to the preacher; but when I told the lady who took me to the church what I had heard and seen, she said it was quite different from what she had heard from the pulpit. I saw a glorious Man, far more beautiful than any one else who has ever appeared to me, walking in a place almost as dreadful as Dante's description of the Inferno, but he was all wrapped up in light, and shedding light everywhere, and beside him I saw a sombre, contrite-looking man, with a gleam of hope piercing through his shadowed countenance, who kept close to the radiant figure, but never spoke or lifted his eyes; and as these two walked together through the plutonic realm I saw the darker figure grow to more nearly resemble the bright one, as some who were very dark indeed touched the contrite-looking form and received something which helped them from the contact, and before the vision faded a very sweet voice said to me: 'This is always taking place; the church on earth is to-day commemorating what is supposed to have been completed in about forty hours of earthly reckoning, but the descent of Christ into Hades cannot cease until Tophet has been transformed into Paradise. Remember, dear little one, that no soul perishes, and Satan, who was once the proud ruler of Lucifer, the planet, which has been shivered into asteroids, will, with all his retinue of ambitious followers, yet be redeemed and lifted into glory.' I always pray for Satan and all who have wandered from righteousness, because all the unrighteous are in gloom, and therefore they are not happy, and God causes us all to desire happiness, that we may all find the truth, without which we must linger perpetually in sorrow. It is all so simple, if you are not blind; why do people shut their eyes and deny the spiritual universe, when we are all in it every moment, and it is so easy to understand things straight? But the crooked theories are so difficult, and oh! so contradictory."

"Perhaps, my dear," replied the reporter, who now rose to take reluctant leave of the girl who fascinated her, as she had another pressing engagement, "we cannot all help our blindness. You have such wonderfully clear sight, you are like a bird of Paradise, and some of us are only owls, at best, in comparison."

"Oh! you naughty woman, you mustn't flatter me; we can all see if we determine to," responded Lydia, who had returned to her every-day consciousness bright as a summer bird, and playful as a healthy kitten.

"When may I see you again?" inquired Mrs. Lamphurst, as she took her departure.

"Whenever you like to call for me mentally, and I answer you and appoint an interview," was all the encouragement Lydia held out for a return visit; but the reporter, who was something of a telepathist herself, was not discouraged, and bounded off to her next but far less pleasing duty of interviewing a variety actress, buoyed up with the firm conviction that she had made friends that morning who would prove true forever.

CHAPTER IX.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

CHRISTMASTIDE had come, in all its wealth of glory, to the Pacific slope, where green hills and flowering gardens are the emblems of yuletide, rather than the ice and snow so familiar in harder Northern climes.

December, 1895, was a beautiful month in San Francisco, for, though there was some rain and a few days were rather bleak, the *tout ensemble* was healthy, cheerful and invigorating.

It was the custom at Chignon House to observe the 27th day of every month as a period consecrated to silent efforts on behalf of the peace of the whole world.

For many years past, thirty minutes of the 27th day of every month have been solemnly consecrated to this noble end by millions of people in all parts of the world. This truly spiritual movement was first started in Portland, Oregon; and from that enterprising city has spread to the most distant countries of the earth.

December 27, 1895, was a very memorable day with many of the characters in this story, for, owing to a pleasant combination of favoring circumstances, the family party at Chignon House was powerfully augmented by the presence of Miss Sherrington and other members of the "777" fraternity, who were enjoying Christmas festivities with Mrs. Parrot and her household. Mrs. Colchester had returned to New York, and, with her good husband, had established a Lodge in their pleasant apartments at Harlem. Mr. Geike had taken charge of his congregation in a flourishing town not far from the border line which separates Uncle Sam's domains from Queen Victoria's territory of British Columbia.

The Buckinghams and the Leeches were at home in Portland, and all things seemed to be progressing favorably with all who were taking active part in the work of the Mystic Brotherhood.

On the 27th of every month, precisely at 12 o'clock, all the members of the Fraternity, wherever they might be, affirmed the peace of mankind in words like these:

"We do declare that peace prevails universally in thought, word and deed; all men do love each other; all nations are at rest."

Though such bold, confident affirmations may seem to some minds incompatible with the actual condition of affairs between the peoples of the earth, those who imagine incompatibility with existing situations are by no means

deeply versed in occult law, for the true occultist is one who judges not by outward appearances, which are all changeable and subject to such incessant mutation that no stability exists on the external plane of operation, but one who peers into the hidden realm of causative action and forestalls outward events by setting in motion potent influences which bring mighty things to pass through the inviolable potency of the right word fitly spoken.

Miss Sherrington, who had developed into a very successful mental healer within the past few months, was assisting Miss Leech with her absent patients, as well as acting in conjunction with her work in Portland by carrying on a similar mission in San Francisco.

On the day in question Miss Sherrington was the one selected to deliver the admonitory address which ushered in the silence at Chignon House, and as all had been invited who felt a desire to attend, the large drawing-rooms were filled to repletion when she quietly rose to address the assembly.

"Peace" was her subject. Peaceful was her appearance and peaceful her manner, as she quoted the sacred words, "Peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you."

In simple phrases, totally free from the slightest suggestion of affectation, this devoted woman dwelt upon the radical distinction, too often overlooked, between true and false peace. "We often hear," she said, "of keeping or of not breaking the peace; but alas! peace has never entered, even as a transient guest, into those homes where such pitiful language is spoken."

"Where there is real abiding inward peace there is no thought of trying to hold it, no fearfulness lest it be broken or driven away; for true peace flows like a constant river whose perpetual tide knows no abatement; it needs no watching; it goes on placidly flowing, and as it glides along it fructifies its banks, leaving its mark everywhere in beautiful flowers and verdure. When we affirm peace for the wide, wide world, we are sending out a real, strong influence which makes for peace; we are willfully including ourselves in the blessed company of those concerning whom the beatitude is spoken, 'Blessed are the peace-makers.' Oh, my friends, how encouraging and how wondrously sweet are those words, for they assure us that we are capable of making, not simply of retaining peace."

"This hour of resolution, of meditation, of aspiration, is a glorious occasion, full of supreme opportunity for doing this heavenly work. To us it does not belong to coerce a human will nor to allow ourselves to be controlled by the wishes of others; but we are all one in spirit; we are alike the happy possessors of divinity; and though on the surface of our existence it often seems as though we were victims of a relentless spirit of turbulent passion, when we look deeply enough within we can all trace out the divinity which makes us all so close of kin that, though distinct in individual form each from the other, we are vitally inseparable."

"Every human heart longs for peace; and what are nations but larger individuals? who are Kings and Presidents but men of like feelings with all of us? And even leaders of troops, military generals, those whose business is warfare, are like all the rest of us—lovers of peace at the core."

"If we think of others as desiring warfare, and then pride ourselves upon our love of peace, our hands are tied and we are unable to carry our good wishes into effect; but when in sweet and holy confidence, trusting in the goodness of our fellow-beings, we affirm, on behalf of all, that we are all united in the bond of peace, we send out unanimously a wave of expectant thought so strong that the very centres of humanity are appealed to and opened out, and we are henceforth one step nearer the universal expression of the peace that is within."

After this touching address perfect silence remained unbroken for thirty minutes; then, to the delight of all, Lydia Depew, who had been apparently asleep during the past forty-five minutes on the sofa close to the platform, suddenly rose and said:

"I have seen a vision which I feel led to describe to you, if you would all like me to do so."

A murmur of gentle applause rose simultaneously from all present. Then, gently inclining her beautiful head to the audience, the lovely seeress commenced to relate what she had seen during the address and the silence which had followed it:

"I saw, while Miss Sherrington was speaking, a gathering together of lines of light, which, proceeding from manifold centres on earth, were all blended into perfect unity ere they reached the upper sphere, where I beheld them at length converge. These lines of light, I was informed by a radiant spirit, who acted as revelator, arose from the many groups of kindred and aspiring minds who were a few minutes ago uniting with all in this room in sending out their earnest aspirations toward the sphere of universal peace and concord which hangs over this planet like a brilliant belt of light encircling the outermost ridge of astral territory pertaining exclusively to this globe."

"This sphere is the abode of the Prince of Peace and his celestial legions, from whom dart down into the states beneath scintillant beams of radiance, like unto the splendors of meridian sunshine, but more opalescent in tints than the hues of the rainbow, for above the violet and below the red rays of the spectrum are colors of indescribable beauty and delicacy, and these are exhibited in the auras of these highly advanced intelligences who constitute the sphere or circle of planetary guardians for this earth."

"It has been clearly shown to me that nothing is ever predicted in the sense in which some of you misunderstand the word. States which are already existent in spirit, but non-existent as yet in material shapes, are described as they are by those who now behold them, and their descent into material ultimates is foretold."

"It is far easier to foretell what is coming than to tell when the predicted blessing will be materialized, the reason for this being that the inhabitants of earth now incarnate have very much to do with hastening or retarding the progress of this ultimatum. You cannot, any of you, prevent the sun from shining or the wind from blowing; but you can do about as you like in the matter of shutters and window-curtains."

"This world which men and women inhabit is their own creation, and they regulate it. The higher intelligences cannot do your work for you or gain experience in your stead; therefore, while they are always ready, and indeed highly desirous of helping you in all ways at all times, they can but invite and solicit your cooperation with them, and just to the extent that you and they work together, do you hasten the time's arrival when the bright and peaceful conditions of existence prevailing in the highest circle pertaining to this globe will be expressed upon its physical surface."

"It has been shown to me that the present widespread resolution to secure arbitration in place of warfare is the embodying of an impulse from celestial states, and that all Peace Societies and allied organizations are acting consciously or unknowingly, under the direct presidency of the heaven of this earth. Between this heaven and the states which represent the political and many of the religious corporations of to-day are many intervening spheres, and all these have to be penetrated and saturated with the outgoing radiance from the celestial state before the spiritual influx, common to the multitude of those who are led by popular opinion or fashion, will be of so refined and intelligent a character that the masses of the world's people will be imbued with an understanding of the fundamental principles of righteous government."

"The framers of the Constitution of the United States were inspired and illumined men, and had they found a whole nation ready to carry into effect the sublime sentiments embodied in that document, America would long since have led the world in the establishment of an International Federation."

[To be continued.]

"Excuse me," said the fish, as he dropped back into the water, "excuse me, but, really, I do not consider your point well taken."

SUGGESTION WITHOUT HYPNOTISM:

An Account of Experiments in Preventing or Suppressing Pain.

BY C. M. BARROWS.

[Continued from last issue.]

If the psychical experiments which I have made, a small number of which are described in this paper, are indeed instances of telepathy, then it follows that a telepathic message may be received by a periclitant, and may produce within him a definite physical change without becoming matter of conscious thought at all. Again, admitting it to be telepathy, we may make free use of all that is known about that mysterious subject, to aid us in explaining this special group of phenomena. We must also encounter the unsolved problems which lie at the very threshold of investigation—problems so profound that one must think long and abandon many a plausible theory before one can appreciate their scope even on the hither side. For if telepathy be what the findings of scientific research fore show, no invention, no discovery ever made by man, is worthy to be compared with it. It implies nothing less than a revolution in our science of mind.

The paramount inquiry in this as in other forms of telepathic action is, How is it done? And this question naturally divides into two: First, Who is the agent? Second, By what means does the agent work?

I suppose it is not too much to claim that psychical investigation has made some definite progress toward answering these two baffling questions, has in some fashion reached a provisional hypothesis. But if any headway has been made, the light has always come by studying together many different groups of related phenomena, and never by studying a single group apart from the rest. Then if it be granted that these cases of psychical suggestion constitute a group of phenomena apparently unclassified, we shall gain much if we find that it properly belongs with some collection already made.

Scanning our group as a naturalist examines his specimens for the features common to them all, we find that in every one of these cases of inhibition of pain some other agent than ordinary mental power brought about the result. Assuming this fact as a basis of classification, we make the further discovery that the same thing is true of a large collection of psychical phenomena already made; that is to say, the distinguishing fact appearing in each member of this collection is that some other agent than ordinary mental power acted through a human organism to produce the results observed. I need only refer to a few cases of this kind to remind you of the whole class.

There are occasions, you are well aware, in the lives of most people, when they are surprised out of their habitual ways of thinking and doing, and act in spontaneous obedience to irresistible promptings which come to them without whence. Such experiences are memorable, because, when the actor recalls what then took place, he perceives that he thought something or did something for which he could give no reason, save that one which explains everything or nothing, as you take it: "It came to me."

Examples of this kind are not far to seek. A lady said to me the other day in explanation of my absence from home: "I was busy that morning in my usual fashion, when it suddenly came to me, I can't tell how, only it seemed like a voice that said, 'Go to your sister; she needs you.' The call was as clear and imperative as though I had received a telegram or a letter, and I knew I ought to go." At the close of the Civil War, a northern gentleman with a partner established a mercantile business in a Virginia city. After being there several months, he awoke from sleep in the middle of the night with the thought impressed upon his mind: "There is something wrong at the store, and I must go and see about it." He could not account for this vivid impression, for his sleep had been sound and undisturbed by dreams; but, obeying the summons, he called up his partner, and together they hastened to the place, just in season to prevent their money from being carried off by a burglar. Several years ago, a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., while on a visit to another city, dreamed one night that she saw a large block on the opposite side of the street from her own home burn down, and the accounts in the newspapers next morning proved her to have been dreaming of an actual event.

When Mr. Benjamin Blyth, one of the "arithmetical prodigies," was six years old, he asked his father as they were taking a morning walk, "At what hour was I born?" "At four A. M.," answered his parent. "And what o'clock is it now?" "Seven fifty," said the father. After walking on in silence for a few hundred yards, Ben turned to his father and stated just how many seconds he had lived. Mr. Blyth noted down the figures given by his son, made the calculation on reaching home, and told Ben that he was 172,800 seconds wrong. "Oh, papa," exclaimed the child, "you have left out the two extra days in the leap years 1820 and 1824," which was true.

Mr. William J. Stillman said that Mr. Lowell once told him that he wrote "The Vision of Sir Launfal" in two evenings, and never retouched the poem. An entry in Longfellow's diary, dated Dec. 30, 1833, reads: "I wrote last evening a notice of Alkton's poems, after which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the 'Ballad of the Schooner Ilesperus'; which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by luck, but by stanzas." George Eliot declared that in all she considers her best writing, there was a "not herself" which took possession of her, and that at such times she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit acted. George Inness, the painter, once told me that his best compositions came to him as visions; that then a power which did not move him at other times, drove him to work incessantly, yet with no tiresome effort, until his concept was fixed upon the canvas.

The publications of the Society for Psychical Research contain accounts of many similar experiences, and others more remarkable. You remember the series of articles on "The Subliminal Consciousness," in which Mr. Myers treats of such phenomena, and what he there says about the Daemon of Socrates, the moitory voices heard by Joan of Arc, the thirteen "Arithmetical Prodigies," and the inspirations of genius in general.

You see from these few examples to what collection I assign my group of phenomena. You know, also, those of you who are acquainted with the results of recent investigation, that the phenomena embraced in this large collection are believed to have been produced by some other agency than the ordinary process of normal cerebration.

According to the most scientific opinions now held, it was the Subliminal Self that called the lady to her sister's bedside, roused the merchant from sleep, enabled the distant dreamer to see the Brooklyn fire, whispered to little Ben. Blyth how old he was, indited the poems of the Cambridge bard, held the pen of Mr. Lewes, moved the brush of George Inness, guided Socrates, commanded the Maid of Orleans, and inspired every gifted artist whose works bear the stamp of genius. Thus do the conclusions of modern science confirm the dictum of Novalis: "The art of a well-developed genius is far different from the artfulness of the understanding, of the merely reasoning mind."

The common bond of relation between the form of suggestion of which this paper treats, and the phenomena belonging to this great psychical class, is that the source of the manifested power is the same in both. The action subliminally initiated, produced a change in living brain, and ultimately modified certain movements in living bodies; and the evidence of this mode of action is strong enough, it seems to me, to justify the following inferences: 1. This subliminal agent, which acts directly upon brain substance to produce certain recognized effects, may also be the cause of other observed effects not now ascribed to it. 2. If this subliminal agent does sensibly affect one group of brain cells (as those immediately concerned in thinking),

another group of cells may be so affected. 3. If this subliminal agent has chosen certain brains to be the immediate organs and vehicles of its power, we have no right to draw the line there, and affirm that this agent never extends that same power through these immediate organs to other living brains. 4. If this subliminal agent act through that portion of the brain assumed to be the seat of the mental faculties, then, for aught we know to the contrary, the same agent may act through other portions of the brain not concerned in thinking, to produce effects unrecognized by mind, as currents traverse the nerves which coordinate motility.

Considering, therefore, what deductions may easily be made in the premises, I incline to ask those who are wiser in such matters than I, if the kind of suggestion here treated of be not the power of this subliminal agent, exerted directly upon the proper nerve-centres to control a particular sensation?

I said a moment ago that the question of paramount interest in this connection divides itself into two. I have tried to give in a condensed form the answer of science to the first. May I presume on your patience, and offer a word of reply to the second?

By what means does this subliminal agent work? We wish to know how this subtle energy, which acts through a particular brain, can make itself felt in another brain, near or remote. By the conditions of the problem, the communication or message cannot traverse any recognized sensory channel on its way from one brain to another, but must be conveyed by telepathy. Very well. If telepathy be accepted as a fact in nature, just as the passage of light from distant stars is accepted as a fact, we want to know how the message is carried through space. Science has assumed a luminiferous ether through which "star to star vibrates light," and many persons seem content to believe that communications pass from brain to brain by means of the same material vehicle. But another theory is possible.

What if it should appear that this subliminal agent is simply one intelligent actor filling the universe with its presence as the ether fills space, the common inspirer of all mankind? By what authority is it assumed that this wizard self resident in one man is related to the selves of other men merely as, in the language of theology, one personal soul is related to the rest? Are we sure that this transcendent energy is parted into numberless distinct entities, one for each human being?

Should we plunge into a darker mystery were we to compare this subliminal agent or self to a skilled musician presiding over many pipes and keys, and playing through each what music he will? Imagine each human being one of millions of animate organs, through whose mind and body one unified, all-pervasive, immaterial self blows with the breath of energy to make the varied music we call life. If this were true, then would the subliminal self be a universal fountain of energy, and each man an outlet of the stream; each man's personal self would be contained in it, and thus made one with every other; and with a slight change, we might adapt the quotation: "In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all psychical and bodily effects find their common origin."

APPENDIX.

Appended to this article are copies of corroborative letters addressed to Dr. Richard Hodgson, the American Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, and signed by parties whose cases are described in the paper. All these communications are on file in the archives of the Society, and are signed in full by the parties who made them. But at the request of some of the writers the real name and place are withheld. From this list of testimonials, covering several pages of the "Proceedings," the following are selected and printed, as being of special interest to general readers.

LETTER FROM THE LADY WHO HAD FIVE APPOINTMENTS WITH HER DENTIST.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 21, 1895.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON: Dear Sir—At the request of Mr. C. M. Barrows of Brookline, Mass., I write you my experience under psychical treatment. Several years ago, while living in Brookline, I was in an extremely nervous, run down condition, and was obliged to have several teeth filled.

I went to Mr. Barrows for treatment before going to Boston to the dentist, and I think that Mr. Barrows also gave me another treatment while I was in the dentist's chair.

My teeth were particularly sensitive, and I was enabled to go through the ordeal with very little pain, and when I felt pain it was as if on the outside of me. I did not mind it, and after leaving the dentist I did not feel that nervous exhaustion which I had always before experienced. Three or four times I went to the dentist's, having taken treatments before going, and I felt very little pain, and did not mind it; but the fifth time I neglected to have the treatment, and suffered very much, showing me conclusively that the pain was very much lessened by psychical treatment.

If you wish to publish this statement, I would thank you not to use my name. While I am a firm believer in psychical treatment, I would prefer not to have my name appear publicly. Very truly yours,

(Signed)

LETTER FROM THE LADY WHO HAD A FIRM TOOTH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

17 HARVARD STREET, BROOKLINE, MASS.,

Nov. 11, 1895.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON: Dear Sir—In September, 1894, before going to the dentist to have a very sensitive double tooth extracted, I received suggestive treatment from Mr. C. M. Barrows for the prevention of pain.

I had been dreading the extraction and also the after-effects, which have usually been very severe in my case.

I found that I was keenly aware of the grasp of the forceps, of the force of the dentist's pull on the tooth, the tearing away; but I felt no pain during the operation or subsequently.

Although a raw, chilly, blustering day, I went at once to Boston and was exposed to the weather for some hours, but had no trouble in consequence; neither suffered at all from the pain and inflammation which usually have followed the extraction of a tooth.

Yours respectfully, (Mrs.) A. H. CHRISTENSEN.

LETTER FROM THE IRISH GIRL TREATED FOR NEURALGIA.

26 SEWALL STREET, BROOKLINE, Dec. 14, 1895.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON: Dear Sir—In the early part of January I had a bad attack of neuralgia in my left temple, which affected my eye and the side of my face. After I had been enduring the pain for several days and grew no better, a friend took me to Mr. C. M. Barrows, who treated me by psychical suggestion. All the pain stopped while I was taking the first treatment; but the next night I had a hard headache, and he gave me two more treatments, which cured it.

Mr. Barrows did not hypnotize me or do anything which I could see or feel; he sat down beside me for about fifteen minutes without speaking, and the pain was gone.

Yours respectfully, (Mrs.) AGNES LYNCH.

LETTER FROM THE WELSHMAN WHOSE EAR AND EYE WERE TREATED.

SCHOOL STREET, BROOKLINE, MASS., Nov. 15, 1895.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON: Dear Sir—I want to say that I have been having a great deal of trouble with my left ear and all that side of my head. When Mr. C. M. Barrows began to treat me, about the middle of last September, I had had a very hard pain in my ear for about two years. Almost every morning, when I first woke up, and at different times during the day, there would be sharp stabs of pain in my ear, very hard to bear. Besides the trouble I have now spoken of, my left eye also began to be sore and bloodshot about three weeks before Mr. Barrows took my case, and it ached hard almost all of the time.

Mr. Barrows did not give me medicine, but used what he called "psychical suggestion," and stopped all the pain very quickly. My eye got well first, then my ear, then my head.

I can testify to the truth of the above statement, and that, since my husband received treatment from Mr. Barrows, he has been free from pain and better in every way; he sleeps well and is not nervous.

(Mrs.) LAVINIA WOODFIN.

[To be concluded.]

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?

Written for the Lyceum and Home Department.

A LULLABY.

BY FLIZABETH FISKE.

Hush! little baby,
Mamma is near;
Nothing can harm thee,
Sleep without fear.
Safer than robin,
Out there in the dew,
Where, through the tree-tops,
The moonlight sifts through.
Hush! little baby,
Angels are near,
Guarding thy slumbers,
Blessing thee, dear.
Each gentle visitor
Some blessing brings;
Sleep, little baby,
While mother sings.
Sleep, my wee darling,
With head on my breast,
Angels and mother
Will watch o'er thy rest.

Written for Lyceum and Home Department.

The Truly Great.

BY ED. S. VARNEY.

"To be great is to be good," is what a dear old lady once wrote in my autograph album. And, boys and girls, I think she was right.

We have all of us many times heard or read about a man or a woman doing something grand or big, and we've felt like shouting "Hurrah!" And how we do like to read tip-top stories! How the characters charm us! As we follow them in their ups and downs we learn to love them. We feel badly when they "get left," but how our eyes flash and our hearts throb with joy when the hero or heroine comes out ahead!

Now, boys and girls, you can all of you lead such good lives, be so gentle and kind, so honest and obedient, that it will be better than the best story, for it will be true, while the story is made up.

And you can be great, too. Not by doing wonderful deeds, perhaps, for you may never have the chance to, but you can be great in two ways: First, by being as good as you can. Second, by taking right hold and helping somebody else in such a sweet and affectionate way that the one you help will feel ever so much better; will feel as if the sunshine of your love was shining in his heart, making it nice and warm.

Encouraging Children.

The habit among parents of saying discouraging words to their children is too general. The child forms a plan. It naturally goes to the parents for approval and help, and is too often met with, "Oh! you can't do that. It's of no use trying, for you will surely fail!"

The parent does not realize how he is undermining the character the child should form of thorough, persistent effort. It will never be known how many failures in life are due to such mistaken training.

"If I had ever had any encouragement at home, my career in life would have been very different," a bright young woman said to me. "I can see now that I had ability, and every necessary qualification for the line of work I wished to follow, but I was discouraged at home until I lost all confidence in myself."

I could sympathize with her fully, for in my own home the word "can't" was a household word, checking every aspiration until hopeless timidity was the result.

The boy in the home needs encouragement as well as the girl. He will have his failures, but "Try, try again" has helped to form many a rugged, persistent character.

The boy whose hopes and aspirations are forever being checked at home will emerge into manhood timid, irresolute, ever on the lookout for obstacles unless he be of unusual strength of character. I have in mind a young man brought up on a farm. He had a great love for oratory, an ambition to be something besides a tiller of the soil, an occupation most ungenial. His aspirations were the butt of ridicule in his family. They called him "Cicero" because they had heard him declaiming to the stones and fences as he guided the plow over the fields. Fortunately, he married a woman whose ambition was equal to his own, and intelligent enough to see its value. She was brave also, and for his sake denied herself every luxury that he might have the opportunity he craved to study law. She has had her reward in seeing him take his place among the leading lawyers of his community, and he is now filling with honor the office of judge.

We, as parents, are building houses of character for our children to live in all their lives. Let us see to it that the foundations are well laid and cemented with love and prayer.—Mrs. Howard, in *Housekeeper*.

Loyal to Mother.

"Nine o'clock. Oh, dear, how quick it does come!" And Clara White looked at the long hands of the clock with just a little shadow coming over her bright face.

"That is not very late," her cousin Effie said, who turned the leaves of the book that she held in her hands, as if to begin another chapter.

"But it is my bedtime, and I must retire at once," And Clara arose to go.

"Do you have to go so precisely at nine o'clock?" Effie asked, while she still remained in her chair.

"It is mamma's wish that I retire at nine o'clock," was the quick answer.

"But your mamma is away, and you have company. My mamma always allows me to remain up as long as I please when my friends are spending the evening with me, and—"

Effie stopped before she completed the sentence, for there was a look of surprise on Clara's face that reproved her.

"It would be wrong to disregard mamma's wishes in her absence. While she might not insist on my retiring at exactly nine o'clock, I know that she does not wish me to remain up later than this time." And the honest little girl looked straight into her cousin's face.

"Well, I will go if you say so, but this story is so nice, and it is very pleasant by the warm fire. I think that the clock is too fast, anyway," and Effie closed the book somewhat reluctantly.

"The clock is always right," was the quick reply of the little girl who would not be tempted to disregard her mamma's wishes.

In a few moments both little girls were fast asleep in their nice warm bed. Mrs. White came home from her visit at a neighbor's house at half past nine o'clock. She stepped into Clara's room before retiring, to kiss the sweet-faced little sleeper.

"Fast asleep. I knew that I should find her thus. She is so loyal to my wishes in everything that I think that she is the dearest little

girl in the whole world," and as the fond mother said this softly to herself, she kissed the happy little dreamer again.—Mrs. M. A. Holt.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

Three little words we oft-n see
Are Articles—a, an and the.
A Noun 's the name of anything.
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand;
His head, her face, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, write, laugh, sing, jump or run.
How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and woman, wind or weather.
The Preposition stands before
The noun—a, in or through the door.
The Interjection shows surprise.
As, Oh how pretty! Ah! how wise!
The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.
—New York Sun.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 11, this Lyceum held its second session for the season in B. I. Kelly Hall, with a noticeable increase of numbers; five new names were added to the roll of pupils. This is as it should be, and we hope our workers will not relinquish their missionary efforts until the hall is full of happy children every Sunday.

Answers to the question "How Can We Bring the Spirit-World Nearer to Us?" were given by Carl Leo Root, Mabel Emmison, Winnie Ireland, Johnnie Orms, Estelle Graville, Marion S. Bold, Emily Graville, Charles Hatch, George S. Lang, Edward W. Hatch, Elmer B. P. Clark, Mr. John S. Snow, Mr. J. H. Lewis and the Assistant Conductors, Dr. J. R. Root. While each answer varied from the others in some respects, the central thought of all was that to be honest and true to our lives and the spirits that come to us, kind and self-sacrificing, always considerate for the welfare of others, would bring the best and most desirable of the "spirit-world nearer to us."

The Guardian, Mrs. C. L. Hatch, interested the children and gave them a motto for drawing the spirit-world near to them, which was none other than the familiar sign on the bridge, "Keep to the right." Recitations were given by Little Maud Armstrong and Master Willie Sheldon; piano solos, Alice Ireland and Fred H. Watson.

The Lyceum Veteran, J. B. Hatch, Sr., spoke to the children on the lesson and the flag of our country.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen was introduced as another Lyceum veteran, and in her luminous way told the children of the Lyceums and schools she visited in California.

Mrs. J. S. Soper of the BANNER OF LIGHT called the Lyceum's attention to Mrs. Emma R. Tuttle's recent book, "Angels Prize Contest Recitations," expressing the thought that it would be well for the Spiritual Lyceums to organize "Bands of Mercy" among their children.

At the regular monthly meeting, Oct. 13, amendments abolishing the office of Instructor, increasing the number of Groups from eight to ten, and increasing the Entertainment Committee from three to five members, were adopted.

Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse and Mrs. Harriet Sheldon were elected leaders of the new Groups. Miss L. A. DeWitt, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, George S. Lang, Alton B. Waitt and A. C. Armstrong were chosen for Entertainment Committee.

Our efficient Recording Secretary and Leader of No. 4 Group, Mrs. Lottie M. Carr, on account of absence from the State, tendered a temporary resignation that was accepted with much regret, and A. C. Armstrong and Mr. J. H. Lewis were elected to fill the respective vacancies.

Watch for the Entertainment Committee's announcement for Thanksgiving eve. Whether you dance or not, you will want to come and enjoy the fun.

Oct. 25 will be observed as "Harvest Sunday." Appropriate decorations for the platform are solicited. An elaborate program is being arranged by the Guardian and her assistant that should be enjoyed by a full house. Come and see what you would have missed if you had not.

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

TWO ROOMS.

A beautiful room with tinted walls,
A lustre bed with a satin fold,
A lovely room all blue and gold—
And weariness.

A quaint old room, with rafters bare,
A low white bed, a rocking-chair;
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,
An open door—and all within
Peace and content.
—Anna Jane Gramis.

The Care of Spectacles.

An experienced oculist says that a great many people injure their eyesight by not keeping their glasses bright and highly polished. They allow dust and perspiration to accumulate upon them; then they are dim and semi-opaque, and the eyes are strained with trying to look through them.

It is not an easy matter to keep glasses in perfect order, especially in warm weather, and just what is best to clean them with has long been an unsettled question. One man has put himself on record as declaring that the only cleaner he found satisfactory was a bank note of large denomination. Whether the size of the note or the quality had to do with the efficacy of it did not transpire. A lady had used a Japanese paper napkin with most pleasing results, and says she buys paper napkins by the dozen, and keeps them on hand for this purpose. Another lady who is most particular about her glasses, keeps on hand bits of mosquito netting thoroughly washed and rinsed in clear water, and ironed, and pronounces them in every way better than anything else she has ever tried. The ordinary pocket handkerchief being not a practical glass cleaner, these suggestions are given for what they are worth.—*Ledger*.

The first lesson in life should be self-control and the second self-reliance. Many people go through life without learning either. When the first is neglected they are handicapped with what the world calls an undisciplined temper. This grows upon them until their usefulness to society is gone and they become a burden to themselves and a sore trial to their families. Lack of self-control is at the bottom of many crimes, and the price paid for the indulgence of unrestrained passion has often been the forfeit of life. Pity such when they are old, but teach them, oh! ye mothers or friends, while they are young, to exercise self-control; for after awhile it becomes a disease of mind, and the lack of it has led many a one to the madhouse.—*United Presbyterian*.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly, I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."

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

October Magazines.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—The Boston Park System is receiving most interesting treatment in this magazine. Three articles have already appeared, and in the current issue there is a fourth, devoted to the "Charles River Basin." It is written like the recent articles on the "Blue Hills of Milton," by William Howe Downes, the well-known art critic. It is illustrated by many views of the river and its shores in and about Boston. There is also an article upon "The Building of Minot's Ledge Light House," by Charles A. Lawrence, telling graphically the story of that remarkable achievement. Norwich, Conn., is the city taken up for treatment this month in the magazine's valuable series of articles on historic New England; it is by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, illustrated by a mass of pictures relating to the old time and the new. Other valuable papers are contributed by well-known writers, and also several short stories and poems as well. The Editor's Table is devoted to a plain and sharp discussion of the present political situation in the country. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

LADIES' HOME COMPANION.—One of the features of the current number is a paper on "Women Musicians," by Cora Stuart Wheeler, an entertaining talk about some of the American women who have achieved success as composers and players. Besides the continuation of Mrs. Spofford's serial, "An Inheritance," there is a characteristic story by Pauline Shackelford Colyar, entitled "The Major's Wooing," and, as other, no less characteristic, by Sarah Ward, called "Mrs. Barnley's Bonnet." There are familiar talks with mothers, by Mary C. Stetson, Eugenia Dunlap Potts and Gazelle Stevens Sharp; poems are contributed by Madeline S. Bridges, Ella Higginson and Ernest McGaffey. The Departments are well cared for, and the children's page is attractive with stories, illustrations and puzzles. Published by Mast, Crowell and Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.—The opening paper is "A Test for Truth," by Paul Tyner; "Development Through Reincarnation," is an interesting paper by William Burnett Tutill, M. A.; "Karma in Modern Theosophy" is contributed by Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S.; "The Spiritual Principle" (Part I.) is by A. C. Almy, Ph. D.; "Individuality in Masses and Classes" is by Barnetta Brown; "Department of Psychic Experiences" is full of startling facts; "Department of Healing Philosophy" is well worth reading; "The World of Thought with Editorial Comment," is interesting reading. The Metaphysical Publishing Co., 503 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SCHINER'S MAGAZINE for the current month has many interesting papers, notably "The Government of the Greater New York," by Francis V. Greene; "The New York Working Girl," by Mary Gay Humphreys; "From Light to Light," a cruise of the America supply-ship, by Kirk Munroe, and "The Sculpture of Olin Warner," by W. C. Brownell, illustrated from photographs of Mr. Warner's works; Chapters XXXIII to XXXV are given of "Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie; "Point of View," "The Field of Art" and "About the World" make a very readable number. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL METAPHYSICS is a new magazine devoted to the unification of scientific and spiritual thought and the new philosophy of health, edited by Horatio W. Dresser. The "Announcement" speaks well for its success in a practical way, and such writers as Henry Wood, Ethelred Merritt, E. A. Penneck, Susie C. Clark, Herbert Winthrop Halsey, will no doubt place it on a high standard. Published monthly at 19 Bladens street, Copley Square, Boston; Warren A. Rodman, business manager.

THE HUMANITARIAN.—The opening paper, "The Sins of Society," is an account of an interview with the Rev. Father Ignatius, O. S. B.; "The Degradation of Woman" is by St. George Mivart, F. R. S., Ph. D.; "Shelley as a Humanitarian" is by Mary Hartley. Other papers are contributed by F. G. Gardiner, Lucian Wetherell, I. Hooper, Clelio, G. Raleigh Vicens, M. A., and The Countess of Munster. "Notes and Comments," "Reviews" and "Open Column," are well taken care of. On sale at Brentano's, 31 Union Square, New York.

THE HYPNOTIC MAGAZINE has as an opening paper a fine dissertation on the "Science and Practice of Suggestive Therapeutics," by M. H. Lackertstein. M. D., M. R. C. S. "Report of the Chicago School of Psychology" is contributed by Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D.; "Suggestive Therapeutics in General Practice" is an interesting paper by Alvan C. Halphide, M. D.; "Hypnotism: Its Application in Surgery," is by Charles Gilbert Davis; France or America—Which Leads? is by the Editor, Sydney Flower; and with "Editorial Notes," "Inquiry Department" and Book Reviews, make a very instructive number. Psychic Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—The Rev. D. M. Ross, M. A., contributes an interesting paper on "John Watson (Ian MacLaren)," his career as a minister and as an author; Ida M. Tarbell writes of "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates"; Chester Holcomb gives personal observations and recollections of achievements of "Li Hung Chang"; "Phroso," by Anthony Hope, is brought to a conclusion. In "Recollections of a Literary Life," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes of Edward Rowland Hill—A Battle with Insomnia—The Old Maid's Paradise closed forever—the history of two collaborated Novels. Short stories are contributed by Gertrude Hall, Morgan Robertson and W. Pitt Ridge. "The Edge of the Future" is a forecast of this magazine for the coming year. The S. S. McClure Co., 141 to 155 East 21st street, New York City.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.—Under "The Strategic Chiefs of the Campaign," Murat Halstead writes of Mr. Hanna, Willis J. Abbot describes Senator J. H. Jones, of Arkansas, and Carl Snyder portrays Marion Butler. These sketches are terse and vigorous, the writer in each case being in full touch with his subject. "The Rise of the National Democracy," the Movement for the Gold Standard and the Indianapolis Convention," is by Edridge Gerry Dunnell, with many portraits. In "Editor's Progress of the World," "Current History in Caricature," and "Leading Articles of the Month" departments, the personalities, the events and the arguments of the present intensely interesting campaign are discussed, with many timely portraits. "Princeton in Her Sesquicentennial Year," is by Winthrop More Daniels, with illustrations. "Julius Simon, Scholar and Statesman," is by Baron Pierre de Courbent (with portraits). The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENE has many bright papers. "Notes Concerning Health," by the Editor, is full of good reading on practical subjects, also "Topics of the Month," by the same. Jennie Chandler writes on "Hygiene for Women." Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Editor, 46 East 21st street, New York.

For Weak Men With Nervous Debility this is Certainly the Chance of a Lifetime.

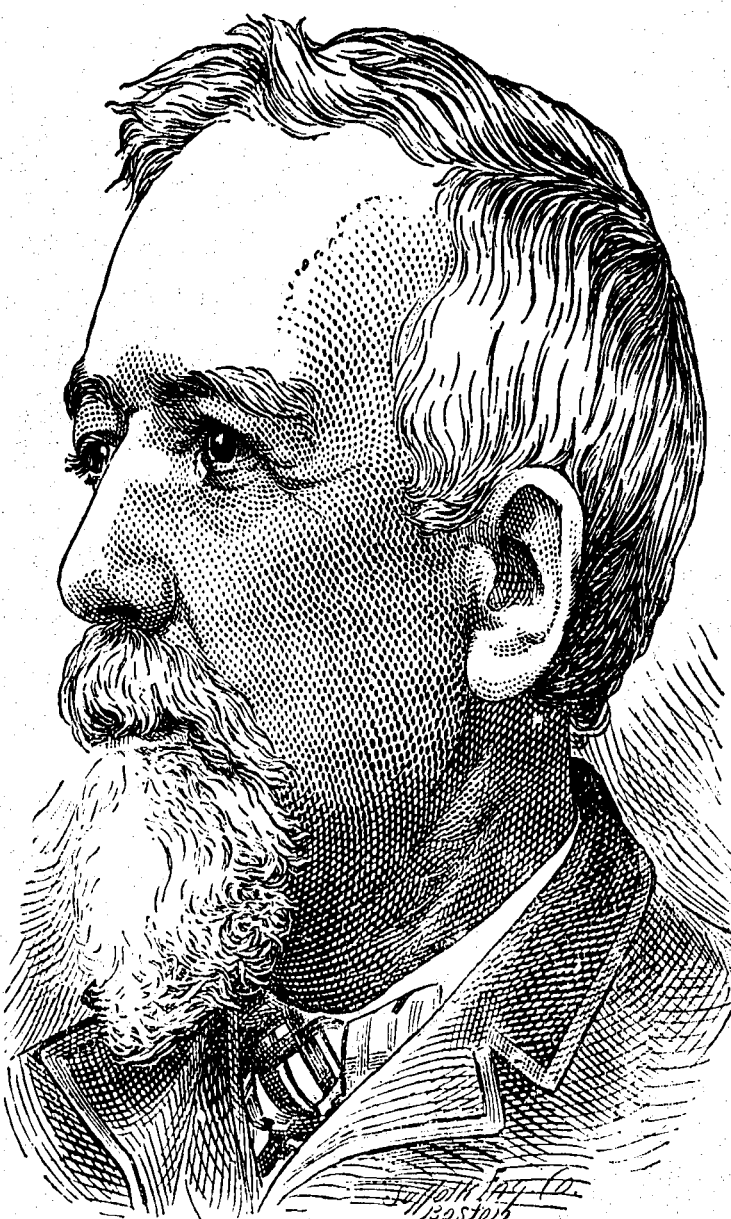
Weak men suffering from nervous debility, weakened powers and exhausted vigor, can now take new hope. Here is something which will powerfully interest them. It is a fact that until now sufferers have been debilitated from seeking a cure by the great specialists in these complaints, owing to the cost of travel to the large city, and the high fees charged by these eminent physicians.

Here, therefore, is a chance for weak men in our community which should not be lost. Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who has the largest practice in the world, and who is without doubt the most successful specialist in curing this class of diseases, offers to give free consultation by mail to all weakened, vigorous and nerve-exhausted men. You have the privilege of consulting Dr. Greene by letter, describing your complaint, and he will, after carefully considering your condition, send you a letter fully explaining the symptoms, telling you everything about your complaint so plainly that you will understand exactly what ails you. He will also give you his advice, based upon his vast experience and wonderful success in treating and curing such cases, as to just what to do to get cured. All this will cost you nothing, and you can thus have consultation with the best-known physician and acknowledged most successful specialist in the world, in the least expensive, and at no expense whatever. The Doctor is the discoverer of that greatest of medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and he has discovered many other most valuable remedies. Write to him now, for this is the chance of a lifetime to get cured which you may never have again.

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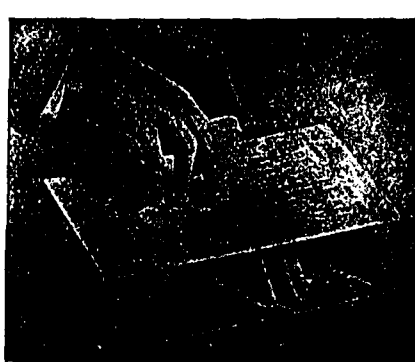
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A Lecture delivered before the First National Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, Jan. 17th, 1894.

BY DR. F. L. H. WILLIS.

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Frank T. Ripley has the following engagements: November, at Detroit, Mich.; December, Topeka, Kan. He can be engaged for January, February and March. Address for November, Detroit, Mich., General P. O. Delivery; for December, Topeka, Kan., General Delivery.

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 Consulting Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

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

JOHN W. DAY, Chairman.

SPRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held Sept. 11, 1896.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, Divine Spirit! again do we come in humble supplication, and give ourselves up entirely to thy great teachings and wisdom, hoping that thou wilt guide us and educate us. We feel and know that all things externally do pass away, but the infinite spirit remains the same through the law of progression. We feel our-elves blessed, and this morning, and we realize the blessings and privileges that are bestowed upon us. We are so contented that we cannot only have the spirit taught, but be conscious of it—and may each one feel it more than ever. We should seek more diligently, instead of asking for things that seem beyond our comprehension.

We ask this morning, especially, for our daily needs, for attention in the work we should go, for the best advantage and where the most good can be accomplished. As we come in rapport with the mortal and immortal we feel such acquaintance with the two worlds that it is hard sometimes to separate—for when we are in darkness, and the spirit is sad and downcast, it is like unto the night, it comprehendeth and seeth nothing; but when the spirit is brought so clear and so strong that it rises superior to the earth-life, it is like unto the bright morning—the sound of knowledge, penetrating the darkness and we can better comprehend and grasp the wisdom and guidance, and feel in being brought from the shadows we are more capable of approaching it. By-and-by we see in our circle this blessing—which thou seest we need.

May each one that may control this morning have still more strength and a more intuition, so as to be superior to all the criticism and all things that may put us back from the line of progress. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Capt. Israel Cotten.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. This is just a beautiful morning, and it seems as if we could come in contact with your instrument; it is sometimes hard to try these physical organs and say what you want to, and also when you commence to think how many years you have been gone from the earth-life, or from what we call activity; yet when we recognize the changes, and the many, many years being absent from the present surroundings, it seems still harder, perhaps, in making yourself distinctly known. When I was in your earth-life, I was conscious that the spirit, or God, or something (you can term it whatever you please), was guiding us over the many trials and tribulations of life; I realized many times the guidance of the still, small voice that speaks to every man, if they will only listen. I was, perhaps, not so bigoted as I should have been if it had not been for the vast experience I had while in earth life in coming in contact with all kinds of people, and meeting with almost every religion in the world. I feel that there is some good in all things, and it can often times rise within our own soul what is right, who is right. So I might say justly, Mr. President, wherein I had such a large experience. I spent most of my life on the water. I made a great many voyages, and I had a great deal to do in the East Indies and in many other places. I have been in China, and, in fact, every port that the American vessel has ever been admitted, and that is what gave me my education—as I left home and wandered into strange countries, or foreign countries. I said that I have been some years out of the body. I went away sometime in the sixties, I don't know just when, for the spirit does not reckon time as the mortal does, but somewhere in connection with the fall of '67—because I know that peace was just then being recognized, and I know that they had been passing through a great deal of excitement in our warlement. Perhaps it is the me disturbance that is now interesting me in the earth-plane-to-day. I see where there are so many eruptions in the country at large, it seems to me all is confusion.

I am not going into politics, for I am out of that thing, but am anxious to reach a boy and girl I have left in life who are trying to earn an honest living, and they oftentimes get very much discouraged. My daughter is somewhat mediumistic, also is very much interested in Spiritualism, yet is one of those who do not say much about it; I feel if I can make her interested in me through the public press, I am perhaps of more assistance to her in private. I would say to Frank that he must be prompt; he perhaps is a little selfish—looks out too much for number one; yet, look out; do not be too much so, for if you do you are not going to survive the conditions you are in now, speaking materially. I want you to take new encouragement, for you feel that you are struggling alone; but you are not.

You may also say my wife is with me in spirit, and I also have one boy in spirit. Most all my own family have gone. I would say my wife has joined me since I passed over, and she has been gone only a few years, but we are all here this morning, and I want to send forth words to all those who remember me. I feel I am not forgotten; I think I can be remembered, as I was familiar both with Boston and New York—New York especially.

This message is from Capt. Israel Cotten, and my home was in New York; but my daughter is in Boston, and my son is more in the West. I hope they will see my message, and I have taken this way to reach them, as the paper goes to a very intimate friend, where my daughter is likely to see it.

Catherine MacKenney.

I would like to send out a few words this morning to let the dear ones know I am still interested in them. I should like to say that I feel I have forsaken death and the grave. I have not been out of the body so very long, and I did not understand much about Spiritualism when I passed away. I did know something about mediums, for I used to go to mediums, and I know they helped me a good deal—but I always wanted them generally when I was depressed with matters pertaining to the earth-life, so I did not give much attention to the spiritual part of it. I do know I was assisted, and I feel now, as I have more consciousness of the life beyond, that I am glad I can return, and especially to those that I love very dearly; particularly my own family. Would say I was taken out of the body somewhat suddenly, as I was not sick but a day or two, and that is what left things so confused and so upset.

I want to say to the dear companion I left behind me, and also to the dear children, that mother is not gone—that truly her spirit can return and administer unto you; I cling to them so much, and I have been so anxious that they should become more conscious of my presence, and not miss me so. When they mourn me so, they keep me so closely to the earth-life that I cannot help them or help myself. Should say for them not to feel that it is the worst thing that ever happened, for God in his great wisdom always sees a wiser purpose when he removes a soul from earth life, and it is for the mortal to realize that there is a stronger purpose in it.

I should say to the dear loved ones that I left, I am so happy, and if I can only make you happy my life will be more complete. You may ask many, many times, am I happy in spirit-world ways, for I have met with so many of the darling ones that had gone before me. When we come together in spirit we recognize each other. I feel my happiness will not be complete until I can see the loved ones of earth life more reconciled, especially my sister Hannah, because she do not see why she should be left all alone. I say to you, Don't look on it in that light, you are not alone; if you could only perceive the host that many times surrounds you you would not feel so lonesome. I should say to her, William is here with me this morning, that is my sister's husband, and we are all together; and by and by when all things are completed in the earth-life, and work done, then we shall meet to part no more.

I want this message to go to Burlington, Vt., and I want my dear loved ones to know I have still retained my consciousness; my name is Catherine MacKenney. I should say I have friends in Boston—and in several places in Massachusetts; my home will be recognized there, as I passed from the body there.

Joshua Rogers.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. My name is Joshua Rogers, from Washington, D. C. I don't see why, when we return from the world of spirit, we cannot bring our customs and habits with us, as an evidence of our former existence—and hence it always is customary where I am to introduce myself, as above, before I inform the people of my business. I should like to say, there are many yet in earth-life I think will remember me. I have a good many relatives and friends, and we can always tell our friends more after we have gone over; for I am afraid that we are not apt, while in earth-life, to realize how many friends we really have—especially if a man is in business who shuns his friends according to their credit.

I was somewhat interested in the lumber business while I was in earth life, although years have passed since I did a great deal of work—for I did not do a great deal for some years before I passed on to spirit. I shall be recognized, I think, in Washington and Baltimore and many other places—both in Canada and in the United States. There is one thing I do admire, and that is the independent thought that we can worship God according to the dictations of our own heart, and we have to stand the consequences for our ignorance.

I suppose, Mr. President, people would have called me a Spiritualist if I had lived in the times now. I believe in natural laws; I could not see much in what was termed supernatural; but all things are not so, and if we understand the workings of life we can oftentimes accomplish more.

I want to reach a grandson especially, in whom I have an interest, for he follows his grandfather's ideas a good deal; in fact, it is amusing sometimes to hear Rebecca and Lucinda tell him how much he looks and acts like his grandfather. I should like to say to them all, I have still an interest in earth-life; and I have their welfare at heart, and I would like to send forth consolation and encouragement to those who are bordering on the life beyond. The two I have spoken of are sisters, and they will soon have to lay the mortal body down and put on the immortal body, because God has been good to them. They have lived far beyond their allotted time, and I want them to be prepared and have no fear of the change, for there are many waiting for them, and many will be glad to receive them.

I should also like to say to Jeremiah, my boy, that father is not dead nor silent; that he met his reward just as he worked for it, and he wants you all to know that the spirit of love, of honesty and justice will make a man's soul rejoice with more happiness than all the music and harps you might give him to play upon. I will not take up a great deal of your time this morning, for I realize how precious it is. When I look around me and see how many anxious souls are waiting here, it seems almost too bad to talk as long as I have. I have many on the spirit side with me. I might say I have two companions. They are both here with me, and I want to make that a statement, because if I spoke of one, they would say, why don't you speak of the other—so we are all one family in the spirit, and we have no quarrels.

Noah Moore.

As I listened to the last speaker it seemed to me that it is for my inspiration, and also to help me to take on some strength, so as to be able to try and identify myself. It seems, when we return to earth-life, that we find ourselves in the same spirit or mood, as we used to express it, that we did when we were in earth life.

We wonder what use it would be if we did return—especially when we know our friends don't believe in it. I was wondering if I identified myself through this most valuable paper; and I thought of the parable of Christ of old, who came to his own and his own received him not; I was wondering if that would be my experience; and yet I felt a desire to come in, thinking perhaps it might do some soul good if not my own, for I have been out of the body a long time, and to a certain extent seemed to have passed out of the memory of others. I see within the last few years my boy Frank; he has been interested more in progress, and I see where he oftentimes comes in contact with mediums, and he has oftentimes said to them: "Why don't my father come? why don't my father prove his identity to me?" and I see him making so many inquiries, and I have tried to demonstrate myself through various instruments that he has come in contact with. I should like to say to you: "Frank, my boy, it is not facts that you are to put faith in, it is the condition that you keep your mind in that prevents me from making it more clear to you, for while you oftentimes visit mediums and go to spiritual meetings, you don't seem to take hold of it with the reality I wish you would. You seem to let your doubts predominate so much that when I reach out to give you one little gleam of light you seem to be taking it on as though it was the person—it is what we call trying to develop through imagination. Now I should like to say I came this way for the reason that I have had the privilege of controlling this instrument independent of you, independent of your criticism, independent of your doubts, and I have been informed by higher spirits, and those further developed than myself, that if I could reach you when you was not looking for me—that if I could reach you anywhere—I could convince you that father is with you."

I should like to say that my boy is now well advanced in years, and his time for the spirit is not so very far off, for he is traveling in the last winters of life; I want him to become more conscious of what the whole world may say to him. Mother is with him, and also my dear children that have passed on. I have got two boys and three girls with me in spirit, and I have got one girl in earth-life, but it is the boy that I feel the most interested in, as he has tried to open up the way, and yet I do say, "Frank, you criticize."

You can put me down here in Boston, and my name is Noah Moore; he is always waiting for that name, as he does not think sometimes that the mediums can give it. Now I have given the whole, and I hope he will believe it; I also hope I have not intruded upon you, Mr. Chairman. Thank you very kindly. The control says I went out with paralysis.

Mary Ann Osgood.

Good-morning, Mr. Chairman. I feel as if I would like to come in a little while, and merely say that I, too, would let my friends know that I still live. I felt I could make them understand it before, because when I was in earth-life I had some knowledge of spirit-return, and it has been a great advantage to me in spirit, and I feel that I would like to encourage them, both those that do believe and also those that don't believe. Here believers need encouragement just as much as the disbelievers. I have not got a great deal of time this morning, because I am here by request. It has been asked me if it was possible to get an opportunity to come, if it was to express but three words. I will say that I am interested in both the mortal and the immortal, for I find I have work to do on both sides. I have better advantages in the spirit-life, for the reason is while I was in earth life the physical kept me back—as I never was very strong.

I want to say to Martha: "Go slow. Do not think because your health is not very strong that you will not be able to accomplish any good." I would like to say from our standpoint of life, that it is not the mediums that are out on the public rostrum and are lecturing all over the country who are doing all the work, for there is a greater deal of work accomplished by private means than in public. I say this for the benefit of so many of my friends that are seeking in private. They are seeking to develop their own faculties, they are seeking within themselves to hear for themselves. Now, only be patient. The spirit cannot give all things at once. You must grow; you must put yourself in that place where you will be able to receive and not repel. I know they don't repel intentionally, or make trouble, but sometimes they grow so impatient, and they feel that they are making no headway, and that is why I speak as I do.

I was very much interested before I passed on to spirit, and I sense the same conditions this morning, and I do not wish to exhaust the medium; so I will just merely send my love and good encouragement, and tell them to be faithful to the spirit and the spirit will be faithful to them.

My name is Mary Ann Osgood, and my home was really in this town of Boston, but my friends that are sitting and are anxious for me to manifest are in Manchester, N. H.

Frankie Osgood.

The good spirit-friends that are around me this morning are helping me to come in, because that woman said her name was Osgood, and my name is Osgood; but I am no relation of her's, because my name is Frankie Osgood. I want my mother to know that she buried the body, but she didn't bury her little boy. My home is here, but I have come a long ways from where my body was buried, because, Mr. President, that was buried in England, away across the water, before my mother came to America. I have always wanted to come and see mother, and make her feel that we are all together, and it makes no difference where she left the body, the spirit is with her. My mother is somewhat of a medium, and I know she feels me when I come. I want to say that Grandmother Kennedy (that is my mother's mother) is with me in spirit, and I want them to know that I have got papa too now on the spirit side—and that is why mamma is left all alone.

I went out of the body when I was a very little boy, about eight years old, but I have got to be a big boy now in spirit; mother always thinks of me as her little boy, and I want to encourage her, because she has not been feeling well, and has been discouraged. She wonders why the spirit do not come, and also why she do not hear more, and she takes your paper too—she looks forth to your messages so many times, and wonders why somebody do not come to her; and papa thought that because we always thought so much of her that I might do the best I could to identify myself here, and send her a message. I want to say that others are here, and they will speak to her sometime.

My home is in Lawrence, Mass.; you can say that Frankie Osgood is here, and I want to help mother, and I want her not to feel bad; the winter before her looks better than she thinks.

Warren Chase.

Well, Mr. President, just for a minute. I certainly feel that I dropped in at the eleventh hour, but I have oftentimes spoken here, and many times with you personally. I have been more than interested in the communications of this morning, and I am also well pleased at the progress that Spiritualism is making, and that the advanced thought of to-day is rising beyond all superstition. I am just looking back over the memory of the past, and drawing lines from the time I occupied your public rostrum and tried to educate the people of the world at large in the true sense of immortality.

I am glad to be with you this morning, as I have many of our old co-workers together, who wish to join with me in sending forth their blessings and glad tidings of immortality. I would like also to say to those who attended me in my declining years, and before the good angels saw fit to carry me to the home that they had prepared for me, that I was glad to have an opportunity of returning through this channel, so as to encourage them.

I should like sometime, Mr. President, to make some further advance in giving forth my experience in the spirit life—as I always like to give my personal observation and experience in earth-life, for that is our school of education—but as time is limited this morning, I merely want to say: Put me down, Mr. Day, as Warren Chase. I want to say, I will assist you and uphold you in the glorious work—one of the greatest works humanity ever was engaged in. I will make a few remarks only to day, as I wanted merely to become familiar with your medium: Sometime, when I can get better control of the instrument, I will send some encouragement to my co-workers.

Messages to be Published.

Sept. 18—Samuel H. Terry; Laura Wells; John W. Emery; Emily Day; Sarah Underwood; Caroline Brooks.
Sept. 25—Luther Brigham; Mary E. Bothwell; Ida Morton; Frank W. Plummer; Levi Brown; Mary Gurney Boice.
Oct. 2—Emily Dodge; Joseph B. Eells; Lizzie Foster; Mary A. Heyen; Philip Emerson; Amanda B. Kendall; Charles Wood.
Oct. 9—Francis Reed; Henrietta M. Jacobs; Frank Mayo; the Control, for Samuel F. Ferrol and Clara Miller; Clara A. Hank.
Oct. 18—Benjamin Harris Bates; Rebecca Perkins; Agnes Davis Hall; Harry Adams; Hazel Kirk Morgan; Hubbard E. Walden.

For the Banner of Light.

SOMETIME YOU WILL MISS ME.

BY LILLA N. CUSHMAN.

Sometime you will miss me, darling!
When the long night shadows fall,
I shall be beyond the starlight,
And I shall not hear your call.
You will wake oftentimes at midnight,
And will think of one dear head
That your bosom softly pillowed—
Resting now among the dead!

All the precious love you gave me
In the olden, happy time,
You will think of and will weave it
Dearly into heartfelt rhyme.
You will miss me—it must be so—
But perhaps our God will give
Unto me the power to cheer you,
And watch o'er you while you live.

I shall come, if He is willing,
At the lonely midnight hour,
And my presence softly round you
Shall enfold when storm-clouds lower!
Shielding you from every evil,
Though you may not see my face,
I will I ever leave you lonely—
There shall be no vacant place.

All the hopes and aspirations,
All the precious love we've known,
These shall draw our souls together,
Round the great Eternal Throne.
Do not mourn for me, my darling,
Mere the chastening rod;
Think that I am with you always—
I, who love you next to God.

Are You Low-Spirited?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Worry is worse than work—makes a man sick quicker. Worry comes largely from nervousness. Horsford's Acid Phosphate clears the brain and strengthens the nerves.

A Prophecy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have held a circle regularly for nearly two years, and the communications we have received would fill a large volume. Mostly these have been truthful and instructive, but we have had all classes of intelligences, and some have been quite difficult to get over. We ourselves have been truthful, earnest, and with honest endeavor to get the best; yet sometimes the control would be seemingly bent on giving us false information.

We had table tipping at first, and then one of our number began to feel a control in her arm, and at last was able to write. To help us along we sent for the various instruments advertised. Recently we procured a Psychograph, which we learned was a modified form of the dial employed by Prof. Robert Hare in his celebrated researches in the infant days of Spiritualism. It can be arranged so as to make whatever is received through it exceedingly conclusive tests, and it is so sensitive that its responses are given with great rapidity.

We were happy to find that it responded at our first circle. Our medium had been prepared, probably, by preceding training. The spelling of messages was at first slow, but soon became so rapid that it required a quick eye to note the letters to which the index pointed. The personal communications were deeply interesting to those who received them, though of no public concern. Some one asked: "Who will be our next President?" It replied: "It will not be Bryan." "Are you opposed to him?" "No, I cannot vote." "If you could, you would vote Republican?" "I have not said so." "What will be the Republican majority?" "We cannot tell—only, it will be large." "Do you think this government ought to interfere in the affairs of Cuba?" "It is its duty, as the Great Republic of Modern Civilization—and it will."

"Should this government, or European governments, interfere with the Grand Turk in the treatment of the Armenians?" "This government should not, unless it desires to bring on a religious war and fight the old battle for conquest over again. The Armenians, instigated by missionary teachers, are the aggressors. Were a band of Turks to attempt to carry out their religious forms in opposition to Christianity in a Christian country, they would be treated as hostiles, as are the Armenians. The combat will come, and Russia be the chief gainer."

This is the gist of the answers, and we shall wait with interest the coming of events. Our circles have been of great satisfaction to us. Some one has said they were the "prayer-meetings" of Spiritualists. They have been more than that to us.

ARTHUR D. CRABLE.

Chicago, Ill.

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.

New York.

SAUGERTIES.—Anna Sargent Turner says: "The people of Paris seem to be entirely carried away by the claims of those interested in the Pastur Institute, for the different serum remedies discovered or used there. The serum is obtained from animals (a human disease have been artificially induced) at a cost of untold agony to these innocent, defenseless creatures. Commenting on the immense success of the sero-therapy, the *London Zöphist* says: 'We might almost assume that they' (the Parisians) 'had transformed the Pasteur Institute into a sort of Olympus. Everything that emanates from this temple is accepted without discussion, not only by the mothers of families, but also by numerous medical men, who prefer making their patients happy rather than to show a feeling of skepticism which might appear to be in questionable taste. As with all religions that of the Pasteurians is supported upon terror and the fear of death; it has the advantage of promising—not felicity in another world, but happiness and health in this. "Take our serum," say the new gods, "and you shall be preserved from diphtheria, scarletina, and all other evil epidemic scourges;" neither Christ nor Mahomet promised so much.' In this connection it may be of interest to your readers to know that at present the Pasteur Institute is a regularly established trading company; and that the money derived from the sale of the various serums there produced is distributed among the share-holders."

BROOKLYN.—James Burns writes: "Having become interested in Spiritualism through reading your paper, THE BANNER, I have attended the meetings held in Amphion Theater Building, the Progressive Spiritual Association, Bedford Avenue and South 10th street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. E. Cutler of Phila., Pa., the speaker and medium, gave some wonderful tests; her descriptions of spirits and names in her few readings are due. She should be kept before the public when she can give such convincing proofs of spirit-return. As soon as I get located I want your paper. I buy it when I can get it, for I like it."

BROOKLYN.—Mrs. E. Cutler writes: "It gives me great pleasure to send a few lines to the noble BANNER, which is being read not only by the Spiritualists but many church people, in every State. May THE BANNER reach every sad heart, as it comes like a healing balm to all."

I have been in Brooklyn, N. Y., one month, and find great interest in Spiritualism. I have been speaking for the Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Theater Building, Bedford Avenue, Mrs. M. Eva is President; Mr. George Churchill, Vice President; Mrs. John C. and Mrs. Moleworth, officers, and they are good workers.

The Ball is very nice, and we have good audiences—students come every Sunday. Mrs. E. A. Cutler, an able worker and manager of a society, Gates Avenue and Nostrand street, which meets every Sunday afternoon, different mediums taking part. Mrs. E. A. Cutler is a good spiritual woman, and worker for the lifting up of humanity.

The Women's Progressive Union are all good workers, and have the best of speakers on Sunday afternoons and evenings. Friday evenings hold societies. Mr. Emerson is the speaker for this month. So I find the good work going on.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Saturday evening in Single Tax Hall, 118 Bedford Avenue. Mr. Whitney its Chairman, and Mrs. Emily B. Ruesler are doing noble and grand work.

Last Saturday Mrs. C. F. Allen spoke to a large audience, and her lecture and poem were something grand. She is a good woman, looking after the needs of humanity.

I find Brooklyn alive to Spiritualism, and THE BANNER at every society. I hope it may continue its good work.

MIDDLETOWN.—Luther R. Marsh writes: "I am so pleased with the editorial columns of the issue of THE BANNER of Oct. 10, that I hasten to enclose the subscription price for another year. The 'leader' is especially grand and true, according to my standard, by which I am obliged to graduate all spiritual utterances that come to my notice. There is in this only one thought that I should be disposed to criticize as contradictory in the spirit of the work, that all angels belong to disembodied spirits. I am taught otherwise, and that the archangels, and their legions of angels, are a distinct and original creation.

There are so many efforts to fasten upon Spiritualism such various creeds, dogmas, propositions—both in the press and on the platform—that it is refreshing to me to have a clear, compendious, and, as I think, fair and truthful presentation of what it takes to constitute a Spiritualist. I subscribe to your leader, in all its parts, save the single point to which I have alluded.

That editorial should, I think, be made to assume some form where it can reach every one who claims to belong to the Order. It is truly, as you say, 'A Compend.' It covers the ground, it compels attention and compacts the whole subject. Would that all Spiritualists would keep within its lines. Every sentence is gold. I have nowhere seen so masterly a statement, and am glad to have it from so authoritative a source. Can you not keep it going in your columns, reprinted and reproduced, that it may constantly look all eyes in the face? You can publish nothing else so good. This is what I have been waiting to see. It should be a kind of *tabula meum*, to be often read, and never departed from."

Colorado.

DENVER.—G. C. B. Ewell writes: "Since my return, arrangements have been made by the First Spiritual Church to hold a State Convention in our 'City of the Plain' Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 10, 11 and 12. We shall be glad to meet all those at that time from all portions of the State interested in our Cause.

Services will be held at the church each day at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Arrangements have been made by the Ladies' Auxiliary to serve lunches between the services to those who may desire them. The Society secures, in addition to the services of Dr. Sara L. Hare, Mrs. M. A. Gridley of New York, and Prof. G. W. Walrond of Canada.

We hope to have a strong and successful revival of enthusiastic and well-planned work. We invite all interested to come and add their mite, or more.

Our regular Sunday meetings are well attended, and deep interest manifested.

On Monday last 'Starlight' tendered a reception at her home to her honored friends, Mrs. M. A. Gridley and control 'May Queen,' and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Walrond. Many gathered to extend fraternal greetings of love and respect to 'Starlight' and her guests, and amid pleasant converse and happy messages of love and cheer from the other side of life, the hours sped far too fast.

'Starlight' was as ever the sweet, gracious hostess, dispensing that hospitality and cordial feeling that made all feel at home.

'May Queen' and 'Mike' added much to the enjoyment of the occasion, while the dignified courtesy and words of greeting from 'Dr. Duprey' were a happy effort most pleasing to all.

We have been much pleased to meet and greet in our church and home a sensitive, Mrs. Galbraith, from the western shores, and one whom we believe to be an instrument of much good to humanity in the hands of the spirit-world.

I cannot close without speaking of the splendid magnetism work accomplished through the organism of Mrs. Ewell through Spirit 'Big Feather.' He is doing a wonderful work day after day."

New Brunswick.

LEWISVILLE, MONCTON.—Mrs. M. J. Wilson writes thus: "To Professor Herman: After reading your article on Spiritual Mediumship in *Collier's Weekly*, Vol. XVII, No. 25, I felt it my duty to make some reply to it. When any one has the audacity to assail honest people as if they were rogues, it is time for the lovers of truth to wake up. You make a statement which is not true when you say there never existed a medium on this planet through whose organism we are permitted to behold, and even converse, with those who are so dear to us and who have passed from our mortal ken; and when you call their claims charlatanism you might at least have made some exceptions.

There are thousands of people to-day whose intelligence is as good as the best thinkers on any subject,

That Spot...

First size of a dime; next size of a dollar; then big as the palm of your hand. The end: entire baldness. Stop it.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
Makes Hair Grow

who are personally acquainted with honest and honorable men and women who are blest with this great and sacred gift. If you have prayerfully and carefully, with a sincere desire to know the truth, investigated the phenomena of spiritualization, I am at a loss to know how you fail to see the genuineness of it under proper conditions and with a good medium. You know, dear friend, that it is always best to have your aim to find out the truth of things, and to be sure of your audience, and to have succeeded in a wonderful manner in so doing, having always studied in that line, I presume you fail to see the beautiful reality of many things. You are busy engaged in looking for the trick, and you give us the shadows of these deep mysteries, but not the substance.

On this particular question, allow me to say, your representations are only miserable imitations. When you say that apparitions can be made to move about the room by machinery I dare say you are right; but the stubborn fact remains the same that those I speak of move, but do not move that way. The "apparition faces" as you are pleased to call it, which you say you can produce by the aid of machinery, and whatever the source of the one produced by the methods used by the Source of all Wisdom through his instruments—neither are these spectral illusions produced by your ingenious method of painting their photographs on glass, and by the aid of phosphorus and some chemical compound, making them to appear. And you say that this is the way we people of the nineteenth century allow ourselves to be imposed upon you make a great mistake, and simply show you do not know what you are talking about. A child of ten years can in one moment refute all your theories when it recognizes with joy and gladness some lost friend or little playmate, and receives with rapture the loving embrace.

The loving embrace. The sacred to be treated lightly or dismissed aside, and too true to be crushed out of existence by unfair, unjust and unkind criticisms. I am glad to hear you acknowledge that there have been a dozen or so which you could not duplicate; if you had said *imitate* it would have been better. We live in a Christian community whose foundation is laid on the Bible. What are you going to do with this book, so full of beautiful spiritual phenomena? Are you going to say it is all a mistake, or will you compromise the matter, as too many others do, by saying that these things belong to the Bible times but do not occur in these days? I submit these remarks to your candid perusal, and if you should fail in seeing the truth of Spiritualism pray do not make yourself a stumbling-block to others who may be seeking to find it.

Maryland.
BALTIMORE.—Samuel H. Congdon writes: "I enclose a communication received by me at Signora Samman's séance, Baltimore, from Belle Lawrie Whyte, whose name all readers of 'Is Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?' are familiar with: 'Many things have come to pass that I predicted when in the mortal, and so it is with all our instruments. Those who are pure and good need not fear what man may do to them, for to die is gain, and the perfect shall have reward.' (Signed) BELLE LAWRIE WHYTE. This spirit is Signora's principal control. On Sunday, after giving numerous tests, all of which were recognized, a black pencil was borrowed from the audience, and some forty communications were given with telegraphic brevity in various languages. The pencil is held by the medium, the spirits materialize and guide her hand, but furnish their own colors. After the pencil was returned Signora gave several colored writings, merely passing her fingers across the paper for materialism. This is truly a wonderful phase and demonstration of the unseen forces. As a member of the Baptist Church, and as one who is not a Spiritualist, I am glad to add my endorsement to this great and glorious truth that the soul lives on forever, and that this life is but a preparation for the life beyond. As we saw so shall we reap.' The purer our lives are, the higher the light we can attain. This is the more we progress on this path on this side, the more rapid our progression when the soul leaves this temporary tenement of clay."

Or as C. H. Spurgeon, the late eminent Baptist English minister, says in a communication also received by me through the same medium on Sunday: "That which we call the material world is but a veil; it is that which defiles a life. Truth begets love, and love begets truth. Such is the true Spiritualism, love, charity and purity. If right it must succeed, and not fail. (Signed) C. H. SPURGEON. As a weekly reader of your paper, and as great a skeptic of this kind of truth as could be found, I am glad to fall into line, and to say that the higher the light we can attain, the more we progress on this path on this side, the more rapid our progression when the soul leaves this temporary tenement of clay."

Our President, Mrs. M. A. Brown, made some very interesting remarks. Vice-President Mrs. M. J. Butler greeted the friends in her usual pleasant manner; our second Vice-President, Mrs. J. S. Spier, made remarks to the point. She was interested not only in the séance, but in all spiritual work. Marie Antoinette Cyr favored us with a fine reading, and also Jimmie Atherton spoke a fine temperance piece. Meetings will be held in Arlington Hall, corner Washington and Dover streets. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale."

Massachusetts.
BOSTON.—W. L. L. writes: "On Thursday evening, Oct. 8, the Fosters held a séance for physical manifestations in Elysian Hall. Their work differs in many ways from other physical mediums. Mr. B. Foster is the particular medium, and gives many manifestations, and although a young man, gives exceedingly creditable results. Every person present received a test, and most all received both a picture drawn on their own handkerchief in the cabinet under test conditions and a slate-writing produced in the same way. The forces were very active, and everything was produced in the full light."

FOXBOLO.—J. A. Means, Sec'y, writes: "The second meeting of the Spiritualists of Foxboro occurred Friday evening, Oct. 9, they having for their speaker Dr. George A. Fuller, of Worcester, Mass. Many of the best people of the town were present, and were highly pleased, and to say that Dr. F. made a success on his part is proven by the intention of the people here to secure his services several times more during the present season if possible."

BOSTON.—Abbie F. Thompson writes: "The Ladies' Lyceum Union held its first meeting of the season Wednesday evening, Oct. 6. It was a social meeting, and every one seemed to enjoy it."

Our President, Mrs. M. A. Brown, made some very interesting remarks. Vice-President Mrs. M. J. Butler greeted the friends in her usual pleasant manner; our second Vice-President, Mrs. J. S. Spier, made remarks to the point. She was interested not only in the séance, but in all spiritual work. Marie Antoinette Cyr favored us with a fine reading, and also Jimmie Atherton spoke a fine temperance piece. Meetings will be held in Arlington Hall, corner Washington and Dover streets. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale."

Michigan.
DETROIT.—John Eggleston writes, Oct. 12: "Last Sunday evening it was my pleasure to address in this city one of the most spiritualistic audiences I have ever seen. It is presided over in an admirable manner by two young workers in our Cause, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, lifelong residents of Detroit, and who seem to me to be remarkably qualified to do a great work in the way of denouncing the walls of error and superstition which envelope to a considerable extent the ideas of mortals to-day; and may these and all of our workers receive the encouragement and blessings from the source of all good in the noble work of spiritual reformation. It is seldom I have found a minister of the gospel of Truth whose truly spiritualistic organism permitted expression of such beautiful rays of light from the higher spheres of immortal life as are developed in the lectures of Mrs. Carpenter. She is a powerful and eloquent speaker, and her psychometric readings are marvelous."

Ohio.
CLEVELAND.—William Oehlstrom writes: "We have organized a permanent Spiritualist organization, known as the Free and Progressive Thought Society of Cleveland, with the following officers: Fred Hayes, President; H. L. Martin, Vice-President; Wm. Oehlstrom, Secretary; W. J. Frink, R. H. Bates, James Wright, Trustees; G. Ingan, Treasurer; Thomas J. Usher, Mrs. J. F. Meyer, Musical Director. Mme. Deloux, who is at present stopping in Cleveland, has kept our hall crowded by delivering some of her powerful lectures and tests, to the delight of all, and is continuing to do so."

The New Bread-Kneader a Money-Maker in Hard Times.
I have read how one of your readers made so much money selling Self-Heating Flat-Irons, but I think I have beat that. I am not very old yet, and I have not had very much experience in selling goods, but I made over \$800 in the last few weeks selling Bread-Kneaders and Hook-Spoons. The spoon sells itself at sight. All you have to do with the Bread-Kneader is to show the people how easily and quickly you can make the bread, and how the grain is after it is kneaded. They can't help but buy one, as they are so cheap. It is a big labor-saving to women. You can knead the bread in half the time you can with the hand. You can get full particulars of this new invention from Baird & Co., 514 S. Pittsburgh, Pa. I am pretty delighted with the Bread-Kneader, and I am going to make lots of money in the business. It is a wonderful seller, and any one can make money selling it, I know."

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 his published review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report, which recently appeared in THE BANNER OF LIGHT, has attracted the interest of all readers who have a demonstrated knowledge of the commission of spirits exorcise and incarnate. While it penetrates all the prejudices governing the commission, and exposes the blunders of their willful ignorance, it furnishes a lucid statement of the truths of Spiritualism and a convincing argument in its support for a great multitude of readers will feel spontaneously grateful for the complete refutation of the Commissioners by Mr. Richmond is established. New issued in new 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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REV. E. D. CONCANNON, Seances for Materialization, Clairvoyant and Trance. Sittings 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4w* REV. O. L. CONCANNON, Seances for Materialization, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays 8 P. M., Saturdays 2 P. M. 4w*

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CHALDEAN and Egyptian Astrology. Life-Readings given from the cradle to the grave. Advice given on all kinds of Business. Also Teacher of Astrology. Readings \$1.00 and upwards. 34 Bosworth Street, Boston. Oct. 3.

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Mrs. J. J. Whitney,
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CLAIRVOYANT Trance Test Medium, will be in Boston for a short time, commencing Monday, Sept. 7, at No. 14 West Concord Street, between Tremont street and Columbus Avenue. If Oct. 17.

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DEVELOPMENT of Mediumship and Treatment of Obsession a specialty.
MRS. OSGOOD F. STILES, Business sittings. Hours 9 to 5. 82 Berkeley St., Boston. Oct. 17.

55 Rutland Street.
SEANCES Sunday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2:30 P. M. Wed

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

A Modern Fairy Tale.

Mr. T. C. Crawford, in the October *Comopolitan*, has begun a story that will, from present indications, be of marked interest to those who delve into the mysterious. Yet it is written upon such a clear comprehension of human necessities that one has to be open to suggestion, or the full meaning will be lost.

This is not Mr. Crawford's first effort in this direction. "Senator Stanley's Story," and later "A Man and His Soul," are both so fully impregnated with occultism as to make them of lasting interest to any one who has predilections of this character.

The "Modern Fairy Tale," however, is to run for some months, and will doubtless cover much new ground and present many interesting incidents and valuable thought. A Mr. Barnard, a man who is at the head of the largest Trust estate, that controls the entire Food and Drink products of the world, breaks down nervously, and goes to his doctor for advice, who seems to be head and shoulders above and beyond our ordinary medical adviser, no matter how "up to date" an order he may be. The patient turns inquiringly to him, saying:

"What am I to do? What is to be done?"

"The mainspring of your existence is either broken or strained to the verge of a break. The exact truth of that we will learn in a very short time. But I tell you your only hope depends upon the possibility of your being amused. That may sound very absurd, but it is the truth."

"If my life depends upon my being amused, then I am in a very serious condition indeed. But, still, it ought to be a possible thing."

"Let me see. I know you pretty well, but I should think there might be some difficulty. Do you care for yachting?"

"I own four or five yachts now."

"Horses?"

"I own three stables. You should know that my colors have led on the principal race-tracks for the past ten years."

"I see it will be useless to go over in detail the routine amusements of life, such as the races, the founding of public institutions, or even deeds of philanthropy. I know that any project in that class would simply weary you, because they would all resemble, more or less, business, and the first thought of business is forbidden. In fact, I can suggest nothing myself which you would not consider wearisome; but I have a friend, a very wise man—not wise in medicine, as we professionals understand it—who, perhaps, might be able to suggest something."

"Who is he?"

"Doubtless his name is unknown to you. It is John Lord. He has an entirely new profession. It is a development along the lines of the needs of modern society."

"What does he do?"

"He has adopted the profession of general adviser to mankind. He calls himself a professor of common sense, but I should call him a professor of uncommon sense."

To the look of inquiry upon Mr. Barnard's face the physician made a response in the way of further explanation. "Lord is a man of unusual character. He has been everywhere and apparently had all possible experiences of life. There does not appear to be an emotion or passion unknown to him. To-day he is a man of absolutely clear vision; one of the few men who see truly, without the shadow of an illusion between himself and the object contemplated. He is the perfect embodiment of common sense, and with his wide experience, his judgment is nearly faultless. But I rank above his intellectual accomplishments the kindness of his spirit. He really loves his fellow-creatures. I have never heard him speak an unkind word of any one, and there is no outcast or outlaw, however low, who has not his sympathy. He is now about forty-five years old."

It will be seen by the above that Mr. Crawford knows what he is writing about, must have had some individual experiences, and looks upon this power of intuition as a higher sense, capable of being put to any of the uses of ordinary life. All this seemed to interest Mr. Barnard, for the next day he and the doctor drove to Mr. John Lord's apartment, and their visit is thus described:

He arose and greeted his callers, as if their visit was social instead of professional. He wore a light tweed suit, with a spray of lilies-of-the-valley in his buttonhole. A dark blue silk scarf was knotted loosely about the small collar that encircled his well-rounded throat. His head was large for his height, and covered with a short mass of closely-clipped iron gray hair, parted exactly in the middle. His forehead was very high and pale. His dark eyes were large and full of fire, and shadowed by a slight circle of fatigue. His nose was straight and above the medium in size. His full-lipped mouth was shadowed by a luxuriant, but carefully-trimmed, dark brown mustache. His blue-tinted jaws were close-shaven. He was an interesting-looking man. In his dress he suggested at every point excessive neatness and cleanliness. The quietness of his dress marked the man of the world, while the extravagance of the few jewels worn upon his hands, scarf and linen, marked an Oriental characteristic not common to the type of New England Puritan stock from which John Lord had descended.

It was his alert, business-like look that pleased Mr. Barnard. There was nothing to suggest the dreamer or charlatan about him.

Those who are familiar with the work of John William Fletcher, the noted medium, will plainly see through this thin disguise of "John Lord," and readily recognize the work of the "adviser," who both sides the Atlantic has carried Spiritualism, pure and simple, into the very highest circles. There is little of the dreamer about Mr. Fletcher; he, and the influences about him, are of the purely practical order.

John Lord turned to Mr. Barnard, saying:

"I have for years studied the difficult art of seeing correctly, the art of separating fact from illusion. Ninety per cent of the mistakes of life arise from the inability of men to see correctly, to recognize their proper qualities and consequent limitations."

"I can see how you can be useful to the average misguided citizen, but what do you do when you have invalids come who are suffering from some organic malady?"

"Those I turn over to our friend, Dr. Sandover. I always see when any of my clients need technical advice that they secure the best."

You would be astonished, however, to see how few need any advice that cannot be supplied from any ordinary field of common sense based upon experience. By the way, what is generally classed as common sense is by no means common. I do not think one per cent of my clients are ever sent by me to even the best of the lawyers, except where papers are drawn."

Then turning to his desk he continued:

"Let me read you a line from a celebrated Eastern writer, who has argued, very ingeniously, that a person with a properly educated will might live as long as he pleased. Permit me to translate."

Here he read from a manuscript on his table:

"We only die when our will ceases to be strong enough to make us live. In the majority of cases, death comes when the torture and vital exhaustion accompanying a rapid change in our physical condition become so great as to weaken, for one single instant, our clutch on life, or the tenacity of the will to exist. This explains the cases of sudden deaths from joy, fright, pain, grief, or such causes. The sense of a life-task consummated, of the worthlessness of one's existence, if sufficiently realized, is enough to kill a person as soon as poison or a rifle bullet."

The above will surely commend itself to every student of spiritual laws, and covers such a truth as the world has not yet dreamed of.

"Now," said John Lord, "does that last sentence have, for you, any special meaning? Have you not a sense of a life-task consummated? You are the head of the greatest trust in the world. You hold in the hollow of your hand the food and drink supplies of the world. You have a power beyond that of any potentate ever born. You have outgrown your every surrounding; even family ties have not been sufficient to lessen the weight of the chains that have bound you to your gorgeous chariot of business. Is it not about time you had the advice of a professor of common sense, for can you not see that you are dying from the poison of a realizing sense of the worthlessness of existence? You have lived many lives in your career, and with your endless range of experience, it will be a most difficult task to arouse your will by awakening your interest, paralyzed by a life of slavish routine. What can I suggest?"

Mr. Barnard was profoundly interested by the speaker's earnestness. He winced at the spoken thought, but recognized its truth. For a long time he had a deep-seated conviction that existence was worthless, and that life, at best, was a dreary farce. So this was the poison that was sapping his will, and thereby destroying the inner citadel of his life. The antidote was amusement; in other words, to be once more interested in life.

Lord continued: "I must go over your life carefully. Do you remember any period when you were amused?"

"No; I have always been too busy."

"Think, Barnard; go back. There must have been a time, or else there's no hope for you now."

"It is possible, when I was a small child."

"Yes, that is it, when you were a child."

"I am sure it was then."

"Oh, you are sure. Then there is a hope for you. What was it that amused you most when you were a child?"

"Yes, I remember."

"What was it?"

"Reading fairy tales."

"Ah, I have it! Fairy tales, of all things. You are saved!"

It was impossible to resist the contagion of the enthusiasm and conviction expressed in the manner of Lord. Before Mr. Barnard could open his mouth to say a word he continued: "I will make you the prince of a modern fairy tale. We will go out together in New York and seek adventures. We will hunt up different characters and give them three wishes, just as they used to do in the old fairy tales. You have more power with your millions, and your control of the destinies of nations, through the agency of your trust, than the most powerful magician of your fairy stories. I will not disgust you by any philanthropic suggestion. We are to pick out people, regardless of their merit, and to give to them their chance at three wishes, without any question of propriety, or of their well-being, otherwise the quest would be stupid."

Mr. Barnard's eyes sparkled. "That might be amusing."

"But three wishes—they may wish for the impossible."

"Never you fear. With common sense and unlimited money united, nothing is impossible. The more difficult the wishes, the more interesting the game."

"When shall we begin?"

"I like that. This night."

Here is the digest of the opening chapter of "The Modern Fairy Tale," which bids fair to be one of the most interesting and instructive contributions to occult lore. Mr. Crawford is a writer of much experience; has traveled so extensively and read so thoroughly that the development of the wishes, the amusement of the modern millionaire fairy, and the wisdom of John Lord's advice, will be watched with profound interest.

COLORADO.

Denver.—Robert Ward writes: The meetings of the Colorado Spiritual Association commenced again on Oct. 11 for the season of '96-'97, with J. M. Ricker as President pro tem.

The President made opening remarks about our vacation, and the pleasure it gave him to be present once more at the meetings. He said he felt like a wandering boy, during the vacation, who had no home, but now he felt ready for the good work for the fall and winter season.

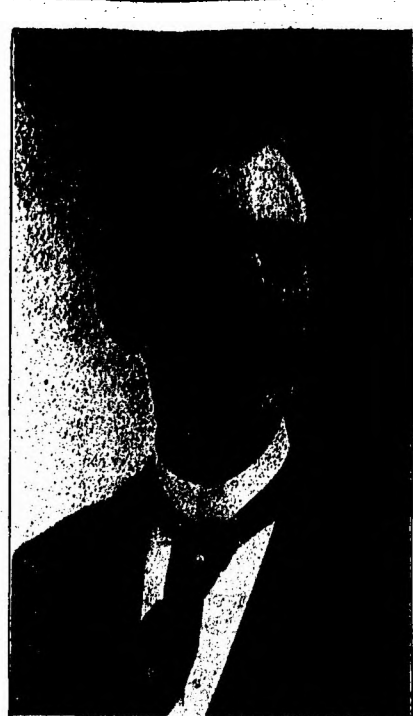
Then he had an address by the Rev. W. E. Mansfield, inspirational lecturer, on the subject of "Science and Theology," which was highly interesting to the audience, followed by tests, which were also very good. Sister Benedict addressed the meeting for ten minutes, which was also interesting. Mr. Ward addressed the meeting for fifteen minutes, telling the audience about his conversion from Methodism to Spiritualism in New York City, and the first spiritualist lecture that he ever heard was from one of the oldest and best lecturers in the field, Nellie T. Brigham. This was followed by Mr. Gilbrath, the inspirational speaker, who addressed the meeting for fifteen minutes and gave quite a number of tests, all recognized. Then we had a vocal solo by Mr. Ward. This was followed by Mrs. L. J. Bicknell, with an address and tests, all recognized.

The meeting closed with the song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," by the audience, followed with a benediction by Mrs. A. Bicknell.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: J. M. Ricker, President; Mrs. S. E. Linn, Vice President; Robert Ward, Secretary; Mrs. L. J. Bicknell, Treasurer; Trustees, Mrs. Maynard and Mr. Maynard and Miss A. Bicknell.

There are three meetings held in Denver every Sunday—Mrs. Morris in Stout street, Dr. Ewell in Weston street, and the Colorado Spiritual Association, corner Champa and Eighteenth streets.

Long live the good old BANNER OF LIGHT! It is food for the soul. I would not be without it for all Denver.



F. A. WIGGINS.

(From the Indianapolis News, Oct. 12, 1896.)

Spiritualists' New Home.

Dedication of the First Spiritualist Society's Church.

Yesterday the First Spiritualist Society of Indianapolis dedicated its church to the uses of Modern Spiritualism. It marked a new epoch, for this was the first church dedicated by the Spiritualists in Indianapolis for their exclusive use. The property is at Alabama and New York streets, and was formerly the first Lutheran church built in this city.

The first Spiritualist Society was organized in 1888, as one of the founders and workers in the Cause said: "For the purpose of promoting general intelligence, good morals and liberal sentiments, and holding it to be the duty of everyone to keep his mind at all times open to receive the truth and follow its guidance. We set up no theological condition of membership, and neither demand nor expect uniformity of opinion, availing only unity of purpose, and in seeking and accepting the right and true, according to the highest moral conception of each, and an honest effort and aim to make these the rule of life, recognizing the brotherhood of the human race and the equal rights of all."

THE SOCIETY'S FIRST MEETINGS.

The Society first met in Lorraine Hall at Capitol Avenue and Washington street, and in 1895 removed to G. A. R. Hall, at Delaware and Court streets. As it continued to grow, the members began to look around for a permanent home, and in this they were stimulated by the Rev. F. A. Wiggins, the present minister in charge. In May, 1896, the Society was reorganized, and incorporated under the church laws of Indiana, and the name changed to "The First Spiritualist Church of Indianapolis," with B. F. Schmidt, President; George Bartholomew, Vice-President; D. B. Herbine, Secretary; Thomas Barnitt, Treasurer; John P. Fingert, Charles O'Neil, Belle Kirschmeier, E. Barnitt, Grace Mayhew, J. E. Robertson, George Carter and E. H. Perkins as Directors—the last three being the Trustees.

The property was bought, and the membership is paying for it on the building association plan, shares of stock being of the par value of \$20 each. The building cost, in round numbers, \$8,000, and about \$3,000 has been paid, and the balance is being met as fast as the notes become due, without working any hardship on the membership.

There are now about two hundred members, with prospects of further growth. Since the organization, in 1888, the Society has been served by about forty of the leaders of Spiritualism, coming from all parts of the country. "Progressive" is a watchword with the members. A lecture and reading room will be added, where old and young may be taught, among other things, that there is no death, but merely a transition to a higher form of conscious existence.

THE PRESENT MINISTER.

The Rev. F. A. Wiggins, the present speaker of the First Spiritualist Church, is now in his thirty-ninth year, and has been a speaker for the Spiritualists for eight years. Prior to this time, for three years he was editor and proprietor of a daily paper published in Gloucester, Mass. In the year 1881 he was graduated from a department of Madison University, N. Y. His course of study in the university was taken by him with the full intention of entering the Baptist ministry. Consequently after leaving school he devoted some time in preaching in the Baptist churches in two large cities in New England. Modern Spiritualism, however, impressed him, but it was some time before he could make up his mind to go out into the world as its advocate. Since he began as a public advocate of Spiritualism he has been recognized as one of its most earnest and able supporters. He is known among the Spiritualists all over the United States. His work has been in the large cities, where he has always had a popular following. Mr. Wiggins has served the Society here in this city twice before, and, as at the present time, has always drawn intelligent audiences, which filled the audience-room where he has spoken. Mr. Wiggins, in his public utterances, never has any battle with the opinions of those who differ with him, but his plea is that the world may become better.

THE CHURCH REMODELED.

The new church has a seating capacity of five hundred, and the interior is a beautiful one. It has been renovated. There is new paper on the walls, new window shades, a moquette carpet in harmonizing colors, and with the opera chairs, with which it is seated, the audience-room has been made an enjoyable place. For yesterday's exercises the platform was decorated with palms and potted plants and flowers, while the pillars and walls were hung with trailing plants and ferns.

Yesterday afternoon there was a musical program, including an orchestra's numbers, a quartet, and a baritone solo by Mr. Ed. Nell. There was a short sermon by Mr. Wiggins. In the evening another musical program was given, during which Miss Laura Schneider sang a solo, which was well received, and Mr. Wiggins gave a number of tests. The congregation responded to a call for funds and \$76.70 was contributed.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence.—Benj. F. Prouty Sec'y, writes: The Providence Spiritualist Association held its regular meetings, afternoon and evening, at Columbia Hall, No. 248 Weybosset street. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Dorchester, Mass., gave two grand lectures.

Following the evening lecture, Mrs. Della Smith gave tests.

Next Sunday, Oct. 25, we shall have with us Mr. Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth.

Pawtucket Spiritual Association.—John Marrs, Sec'y, writes—held its regular meeting Sunday evening, Oct. 18, at St. George's Hall, with Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston as speaker.

Sunday, Oct. 25, Mrs. Ida E. Dowling will be with us. At 4:30 p. m.

MAINE.

Bangor.—Elta R. Colson writes: We have had during the month of October the pleasure of having with us the practical and earnest worker for our Cause, Oscar A. Edgerly.

This is Mr. Edgerly's first visit to Bangor in four years, although formerly a great favorite in this vicinity.

Our people feel that in listening to the utterances of Mr. E.'s guides they have an exemplification of the true talent of trance mediumship.

Mr. Edgerly goes from here to New York City, where he will speak for the Spiritual Temple Society during November.

Special from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Owing to pressing business which summons me to New York, I find myself compelled to leave California without a moment's delay.

Though my work on the Pacific Coast never looked more promising, I am forced to instantly discontinue it and proceed direct to New York—only stopping at Washington to attend the Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association, whither I go as delegate from the California Spiritualist Association.

During November 1 I will fill a lecture engagement at the Spiritual Temple, Boston. I am to speak there Sundays, Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; at 2:30 p. m., and on the five Mondays of the month, Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, at 4:30 p. m.

On Sundays, Nov. 8 and 23, I also speak in Brockton in the evening.

I can fill an evening engagement near Boston on Sundays, Nov. 1, 16 and 23. If any Society or reliable individual desires my services for one or all of those evenings, I request them to notify me immediately. Address Post-office, Washington, D. C.

Though sorry to be forced away from my many friends in the far west, I shall be very pleased to meet old friends, tried and true, in the east once more.

W. J. COLVILLE.

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—T. H. B. James writes: The Spiritualists held services Sunday in their hall, 33 Summer street, with a fine and intellectual audience.

At 2:30, test, healing and developing circle, with a service of songs led by Mrs. M. K. Hamill. Dr. J. M. White, of Boston, spoke on "Concentration of Spirit Power." Willis A. Estes gave reminiscences of spirit power, also recognized tests and spirit messages.

Dr. S. M. Furbush, remarks, tests and magnetic treatments. Mrs. D. E. Matson, magnetic treatments, tests and messages. Mrs. F. Isobel Hancox, tests and communications. Dr. I. A. Pierce, Alfred E. Warren, Warren A. Kimball, J. H. Bickford and others gave magnetic treatments.

At 7:30 p. m. Misses Lena and Elsie Burns rendered fine selections. Mrs. Dr. Dowland spoke. Rev. E. P. Foster, the best physical medium in the United States, gave a demonstration of spirit power, in full light—Independent slate-writing, etc. R. N. Foster, the celebrated spirit photographer, will also be present and take part.

At Mrs. Dr. Dowland's meeting Tuesday and Friday evenings, Mrs. Allen M. Lafavour gave one of her independent musical séances satisfactory to all, and Mrs. Dr. Dowland, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. Florence A. Lamphier, Mr. Willis A. Estes, and others, gave remarkable tests and spirit-messages.

Cadet Hall.—Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec'y, writes: The Lynn Spiritualist Association held services on Sunday, Oct. 18, which were very interesting; the discourses by Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck of Plymouth being very instructive, and the reading very fine.

A large number of tests and readings were given which appeared very satisfactory to those receiving them. The singing was by Mrs. Kelly and wife, as usual. This Society is very fortunate in having a President who can sing so beautifully in addition to his other gifts.

Next Sunday Miss Lizzie Harlow, inspirational speaker, will be with us.

The Social Union, connected with this Society, will hold circles every Monday evening at the residences of some of its members.

Salem, First Spiritualists' Society.—N. B. P. writes: Sunday, Oct. 18, Mrs. Eugene C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., was our speaker and medium, afternoon and evening.

She delivered a short address, and then, in giving tests, she gave them in such a nice and pleasing way that she captivated the audience, and they were well pleased.

Next Sunday, Oct. 25, we shall have with us Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, of East Somerville, lecturer and test medium.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT for sale and subscriptions taken.

The Spiritualists' Progressive Union—an auxiliary to the First Spiritualists' Society—was organized Friday evening, Oct. 16, and the following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. E. C. Hayward; Vice-President, Mrs. Frank Pearl; Secretary, Mrs. Harriet S. Gardner; Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie E. Huse; Directors, Mrs. Hannah A. Baker, Mrs. R. W. Shapleigh, Mrs. Clementine Treadwell.

Newburyport.—"F. H. F." writes: The First Spiritualist Association commenced their meetings for the season on Sunday Nov. 1, 1896, Miss Lizzie Harlow being the speaker.

Nov. 8, Mrs. Nettie H. Harding of Somerville; Nov. 15, Dr. Wm. A. Hale of Boston; Nov. 22, Wm. Walsh Reed of Newburyport; Nov. 29, Mrs. Hattie C. Webster of Haverhill; Dec. 6, Wm. W. Reed; Dec. 13, Mrs. N. H. Harding; Dec. 20, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller of Worcester; Dec. 27, A. E. Tisdale, with others to be announced.

The ladies of this Association hold a sewing circle on Wednesday afternoons in our hall, or sometimes go to the members' houses; the last meeting was with Mrs. Geo. Shute, on Liberty street, and it was a very interesting meeting.

Cambridgeport, G. A. R. Hall, 533 Massachusetts Avenue.—Sec'y writes: Mrs. L. J. Ackerman opened her morning circle Sunday at 11 a. m., with prayer.

The afternoon at 2:30 opened with an invocation, speaking and tests by Mr. Scarlett. Tests by Mrs. A. A. Smith, Mrs. M. M. Butler, followed by Mr. Clark with readings and answering mental questions, readings and tests by "Prairie Flower" and "Serita," all of which were recognized.

Evening, song by audience; invocation by Mrs. Ackerman; song and tests by Mrs. Burrill; tests by Mr. Clark, and others.

Cambridgeport Ladies' Spiritual Industrial Society.—E. S. writes—held its annual meeting in Cambridge (lower) Hall Oct. 9. The officers were elected for the ensuing year, and other business discussed.

In the evening the usual supper and sociable was enjoyed. Among the many speakers were Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon, the well-known inspirational speakers, also Mrs. N. J. Willis, while music and singing made the evening a very pleasant affair.

Members will please be on hand Oct. 23.

Lowell.—Geo. H. Hand, Sec'y, writes: Mr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence conducted the services of the First Spiritual Society in Odd Fellows Hall before the largest audiences of the season.

Mr. Roscoe is a magnetic speaker, of fine personal presence, and held the attention of his audiences from the first to the last word. We shall have him again in the very near future.

Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn next Sunday. Mrs. Webster is one of our best test mediums.

BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Worcester.—Mrs. D. M. Lowe, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Dr. Geo. A. Fuller occupied our platform Sunday afternoon and evening, giving two fine discourses that were replete with spiritual thought and instruction.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will be our speaker for October 25.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon and evening, Oct. 23, with Mrs. Hattie Hildreth, corner of Hall and Sunnyside streets.

Cambridgeport.—Mrs. Ellis, Sec'y, writes: Mrs. J. W. Kenyon held an interesting séance in Temple of Honor Hall, 591 Massachusetts Avenue, Sunday, Oct. 18, 2:30 and 7:30. The tests were very demonstrative of spirit identity. Mr. J. W. Kenyon gave a highly instructive lecture. Mrs. Burrell sang and gave tests.

Haverhill.—E. P. H. writes that Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence lectured in Haverhill last Sunday, giving inspirational and descriptive lectures to large and interested audiences, with many descriptions of tests were recognized.

Next Sunday Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Worcester, will occupy the platform at 2 and 7 p. m.

Lawrence.—John H. Fennell writes: We had, Sunday 18, on our platform Mrs. S. E. Hall of Boston. She gave us two fine lectures and many tests, which were all recognized.

Fitchburg.—"Correspondent" writes: We had with us C. L. Willis as speaker and medium, Oct. 18. There was a good attendance.

Foxboro.—L. A. Mears, Sec'y, writes: Next Friday evening we are to have as our speaker Mrs. Carrie Loring of Braintree.

Malden.—Mary E. Wellington writes: Lecture by Nettie Holt Harding, followed by many tests, readily recognized.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cananda.—B. B. Bunker writes: I apprehend that Spiritualism is the first step in the pathway of the great truth; and that to know the phenomena, to see the returned spirit, to converse with them; then Spiritualism, the next great step, is taken when we yield to the spiritualizing influences of the spirit-power of our returned loved and glorified friends.

Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The People's Progressive Spiritual Society held a fine meeting Sunday, Oct. 18, at B. T. Hall.

Dr. Wm. A. Hale of Boston spoke eloquently, and sang two beautiful solos.

Little Ollie Hunter, the child vocalist, also sang very acceptably.

Mrs. Helena Cumerford gave a great number of tests.

Our President being absent in Lowell, the Vice-President presided in acceptably. Prof. Joslyn rendered some fine solos.

Too much cannot be said in praise of these truly spiritual and interesting meetings under the leadership of Mr. F. H. Roscoe.

KAREZZA

A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, designed and controlled maternity. Union Mutual: Thousands of women have blessed Dr. Karezza for Tokology, thousands of men and women will bless her for Karezza.

Agents: Karezza is worth its weight in gold. Sample pages free. Agents Wanted. Prepaid \$1.00. ALICE S. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 MADISON ST., CHICAGO, Sept. 26, 2000w

MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at the Berkeley Lyceum, 44th street, between 8th and 9th Avenues, where the BANNER OF LIGHT can be had. Services Sundays 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Afternoon meetings for ladies at 3 o'clock.

Meetings in Fanny, N. Y.—Yonkers Spiritualist Society holds its meetings in the College of Music Hall, 14 Gettys Square, every Friday evening at 8. Alfred Andrews, President; Titus Merritt, Secretary.

The First Society.—Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Mrs. Palmer Reseque won golden opinions by her magnificent lectures morning and evening. Next Sunday evening will close her engagement; her work here will prove of lasting benefit.

At the afternoon meeting we were nobly assisted by Dr. Ewell, Mrs. Dillingham-Stors, and some of our faithful New York workers.

Next Sunday afternoon Mrs. May S. Pepper, one of our most popular mediums, will occupy our platform in giving tests.

Our music, conducted by Prof. DeLeon Myers, meets with warm approbation each session. He is ably assisted by Mrs. Stone regularly, and by other musicians occasionally.

On the first Sunday in November Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving will begin a two months' engagement with Mrs. Maggie Waite has been secured for the afternoon meetings during November.

In January we shall be privileged to listen to Mrs. A. M. Glading. In February Dr. Fred L. H. Willis will be our regular speaker morning and evening, while Mr. Edgar W. Emerson will give tests at the afternoon meetings.

The Yonkers Spiritualist Society—Titus Merritt, Sec'y, writes—has resumed its meetings, and is anticipating hearing another discourse from Mrs. Helen T. Brigham about the sixth of November