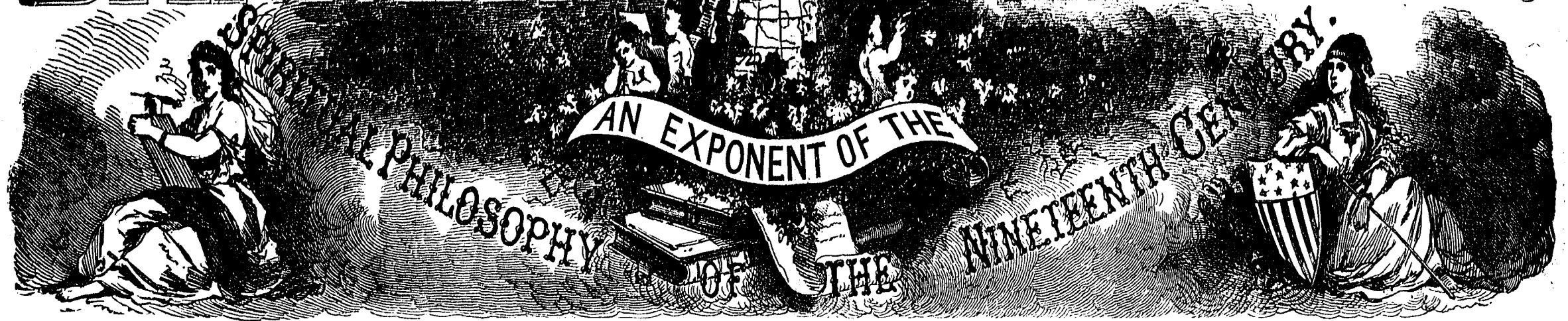


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THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY DEVOTION.

Do you deem life's burden heavy,
And rebel with loud complain,
That your sorrows are the sharpest,
And your pain the worst of pain?
Hush! Be silent, and forget not
There are thousands worse than you,
Bearing heavier burdens nobly
With a spirit brave and true.
You possess a home to live in,
Lacking neither warmth nor bread,
While your starving, shivering brethren
Know not where to lay their head.
Bear your cross with comely patience,
Think of others in your pain;
Smile your best, and speak with courage
In the kindest, happiest strain.

Of life's skies are gloomed by sorrows,
And our prayers are mixed with tears;
Of the hidden pain and anguish
Make us older than our years.
We may feel reverse of fortune,
All our former pride and wealth
Turn to poverty, while suffering
Takes the place of vigorous health;
Ah! the darkness of bereavement
May enwrap the laughing hours,
And in terrible deep silence
Hide the darlings that are ours;
We may have such dire afflictions
In a measure, more or less,
But to gain the peace of spirit
With its strength and happiness.

We must lift our cross up gently,
Holding Faith's bright lamp on high,
Breathing forth a resignation
And a hope that cannot die;
With a sun-bright, happy knowledge
That each life-design is planned,
From beginning to completion.
By the All-wise Father's hand.
He, the mover of life's forces,
He, of life-in-death the Lord,
Hath, for faith in Him, the glory
Of life's benediction stored;
And the patient, true cross-bearer,
Who beholds what is, is best,
Wins the crown, the joy, the rapture
Of the welcome perfect rest.
Sydney, New South Wales.

Tracing Coincidences.

BY MRS. V. W. OSGOOD CUBURN.

"It is dreary, this deep snow, and the wind whirling it so mercilessly about—this bitter, stinging cold, and I alone with my sick boy," thought Mrs. Addison, as she turned with an involuntary shudder away from the window where she stood contemplating the gloom without. Silently her tears fell as she approached the cot where the pale boy lay as if asleep. But he opened his eyes as she came to his side, and he understood the cause of her emotion, for he hastily brushed away the bright drops that dimmed his own eyes, as he responded to her unexpressed anxiety.

"Don't cry, mother! don't cry!" said he, as the tears fell over his white forehead. "It is beautiful to die; and you know I have no fear, only the sorrow of leaving you. But, mother, I shall not die. The angels have told me beautiful things in my dreams, and I am sure I shall get well again. Only this afternoon I saw a beautiful girl, and she held in her hand a basket of fine fruit, most temptingly arranged in the green leaves. She wore snowy blossoms in her hair, and all around the basket hung the same fair white flowers. She floated toward me, and held the basket in her fair white hands. I ate of the rare, juicy fruit, and sprang upon my feet, my cheeks rosy with the flush of health—rosy as they never were before. Then the fairy smiled upon me and floated away. Don't cry, mother; I know the angels will take care of me," and his fine eyes gleamed with the prophetic thought. But the poor mother turned away sadly, as she sighed: "My sweet boy, you were hungry; that made you dream of the tempting fruit. But I am sometimes forced to believe that the angels do talk to him in his sleep, so beautiful is his speech." She did not open her lips, but her upturned eyes seemed to say:

"Father, thou canst not take my last earthly good!"

No sound broke the stillness, but from her full heart floated up the pleading prayer. The angels comprehended the expressive silence.

"Now, mother, hold my hand, and I will sleep. I am happier when my hand is clasped in yours."

The mother seated herself by the bedside and took the wasted hand in hers, and she almost shuddered as she marked the blue veins threading the clear white skin. She did not comprehend that the life-giving current was, even then, flowing through her own hands into the suffering form of her heart's last idol. One by one the children God had given her had dropped into the grave—last of all, her husband. Then, in addition to sorrow and loneliness, came sickness to herself, and in its rear, gaunt poverty looked weirdly and remorselessly upon her.

"Mother, the scholars said to-day that Philip Addison is very sick. They do not think he will live. Is n't it too bad for him to die up there, in that old, cold house? I should n't send him as fast as I could, to see if I hurried n't send him my new blankets; my room is so snug and warm I am sure I don't need them. And, mother, won't you send him a basket of good things, such as you fix up for Aunt Milly? You know Philip saved my bird when the cat caught it, and he has hauled me to school most all winter, on his sled, too;" and Bessie Lynn, the rosy-cheeked pleader, lifted her eyes, in which the tears shone like raindrops in the hearts of violets, to her mother's face.

"It is too cold and too far for either of us to

go, Bessie; but we will send John. You may get the blankets."

Away flew Bessie, to fold up the blankets, while her mother proceeded to fill the basket with a cup of jelly, a bottle of cordial, together with other dainties which she thought might tempt the appetite of the sick boy, rightly judging that exposure and privation had reduced him to his present weak state. John soon sped away on his errand of mercy, followed by the affectionate interest of Mrs. Lynn and blue-eyed Bessie.

"There! there! mother!" Philip joyously exclaimed; "I told you the angels would send them," as Mrs. Addison held the nicely-filled basket up to his view. "I knew the angels would send them!" Oh, the holy faith of childhood!

John did not leave until he had obeyed the oft-repeated injunction of his little mistress, to prepare an adequate supply of wood, and see Philip fast asleep in the warm blankets. As the winter wore away, and the spring kissed the earth into emerald beauty, Philip regained his health, and was once more in the fields with the wild flowers which he said "sprang up in the footsteps of angels."

One day he sat beneath the bower of alders that he had twined and interlaced of the little branches, listening to the music of the little stream that ran softly and clearly almost at his feet; as he sank down upon the soft mass a drowsy, lulling sensation passed over him, excluding every outward object from his view, and there floated before his inner vision landscapes of the most glorious beauty. Lakes of silvery brightness were gleaming in the sun, bordered with snowy lilies that seemed waking in the breeze only to emit the sweetest, life-giving fragrance. Upon the buoyant waters floated beautiful barks, filled with beings more radiant and beautiful than any earthly conception. Their arms were folded around each other, lovingly and gracefully. Each heart seemed filled with the fullness of life. There seemed no strife other than to render to each other the kindest deeds and the most perfect happiness.

There were mountains blue and beautiful, whose gleaming crests seemed composed of precious stones. All around them floated heavenly aromas, which seemed to surround him, and bear him aloft into their sweet exhilarating midst. Other mountains were clothed with lofty verdure, and from the tree tops there issued the most soul-inspiring strains of music, as the bright plumaged birds sprang gaily from branch to branch. His soul was filled with joy at the sight of such happiness everywhere manifest. Everything was praising God for the joy of living. The spirits of the flowers floated around in life and beauty. Even those he had been wont to consider insignificant became important, as each spirit experienced its own significance and principle of life.

Then the desire seized him to paint—to reproduce upon canvas this divine life—to purify the hearts of the world with glimpses of the immortal. His mother's voice recalled him, and as he rubbed his still unclosed eyes, a voice whispered in his ear:

"Heed thy father's instructions!"

"I did not know I was going to sleep," said he, as he rose from his mossy seat, and answered his mother's call.

"But whence come these new desires?" he eagerly questioned, as the thought of becoming a great artist for the first time filled his soul.

"Oh! glorious art!" he cried aloud in his enthusiasm, "I consecrate myself to thee; in thy name I baptize myself;" and he scooped from the sparkling stream a handful of water, and lifting his hat he reverently sprinkled it over his high, white forehead and brown curls, while his eyes glistened with the light of high resolve and lofty enthusiasm.

This became the controlling desire of his life. He thought of many about him who were servile and degraded, and he longed to pour into their sin stained souls the pure light that was flooding his own. It seemed to his boyish hopefulness that one little touch of the potent wand of purity would reinstate them in their lost likeness of God. He had yet to learn the discouragement, and then the lofty patience of trying until seventy times seven.

In his imagination there rose home and happiness for his toil worn months. But from this high pinnacle of anticipation he dropped down to his present condition, and his heart almost sunk at the vision of the unmasked, weary length of way that stretched between him and his goal. He thought until his brain grew weary, and then he slept, and sweet voices whispered in his ear.

"Press on! thou shalt win the day, and wear the laurel. Thine is a glorious mission!" So he took heart, and although he had many trials, every struggle only served to strengthen and expand his spirit, as different exercises in a gymnasium bring out and into play all the muscles of the body.

Philip's love of books, and his remarkable precocity, together with his perfect artlessness, won the friendship of all who knew him; and he was always ready to repay them by acts of kindness, with which his heart was always filled. He remembered little Bessie's kindness to him with the liveliest gratitude, and he often carried her little bouquets of flowers, arranged with such delicacy of perception, all the shades blending so perfectly, that they formed most harmonious pictures. It was a like act of gratefulness that opened his way to Rome. He came one day with his offering of wild flowers, arranged with such exuberance of fancy that they attracted the attention of an artist who was sketching some of the fine views in the

neighborhood. He inquired whose work it was, and Mrs. Lynn replied:

"Philip Addison brought them to Bessie. And here is just the help you need; I wonder I did not think of Philip when you inquired for a guide. He knows the most accessible paths to all the good views for miles around. Philip is just the one for you."

So Philip was engaged for one day, and then another, as his quick intelligence, and ready, though unobtrusive sympathy rendered him necessary to his master, until his constant attendance became a matter of course.

The summer passed, and the autumn winds rendered further out-of-door sketching uncomfortable. The painter was preparing to return to his winter quarters in the city, and Philip's heart was swelling at the thought of separation, when his friend proposed that he should go with him to be his errand boy, and in his leisure hours he would give him instruction in his favorite art. For a moment Philip's eyes glistened with surprise and pleasure, and then as suddenly filled with tears as he turned away to hide his emotion.

"I cannot go," he faltered, "I cannot leave mother all alone. She has no one in the world but me. I cannot go!"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Bessie Lynn, clapping her hands, "can't Mrs. Addison stay here?" and Mrs. Lynn bethought her that she had long desired to visit relatives in a distant city, and Mrs. Addison would be a suitable person to oversee the household during her absence. So it was decided that Philip should accompany his friend, and his mother become an inmate of Mrs. Lynn's home. Philip's eyes danced again in the midst of tears, as they called down silent benedictions upon sweet Bessie for her suggestions. She seemed to be his good genius.

Philip went to the city, and he made rapid progress in his chosen profession, for the harmony of coloring was in his soul, and he had only to acquire a knowledge of its mechanical application. No less rapid was his advancement in the love of his patron, for when the spring came round again Philip was on his way to Rome with him.

It is not our especial province to trace him in all his trials and heartaches; we are more interested in his sunshine than in his shadows. One great grief we will mention, the death of his mother, because it had a great bearing upon the formation of his spiritual as well as moral character. Philip could not grieve that mother, whose spirit eyes he felt were always upon his soul. So he strove to put every thought of evil far away from him.

Years passed away, and the boy-painter, the poet-artist, had won a proud name, not only as a painter, but as a high-souled human being. The proudest dreams of his boyhood were realized (and here we wonder if a fixed belief in destiny does not assist in attracting to one the elements wherewith to attain it), for he painted not only external nature, but the voiceful life-principles seemed delineated there. It was common for his fellow-laborers to say that the hardest subjects were easy to Philip; for he had only to close his eyes, and the most intricate designs would float before him in all the accuracy of detail; that no matter how much in oblivion he retired to rest, he was sure to invoke order from chaos in his dreams. True it was that assistance came to Philip in this way; that when he retired at fault as to the development of his subject, it would become clear to him in his sleep, and he often arose and labored under this inspiration with a felicity and rapidity of execution that was a marvel to his friends.

It was interesting to witness his influence upon his associates. It was not from any assumption of superiority that, whenever he approached them, their conversation took, as if instinctively, a less boisterous turn. This was not from any mock sentiment of deference, nor from a feeling of restraint. It was real respect—such an influence as we some times feel in the presence of a pure and beautiful object—an influence at once elevating and subduing. Philip's was a great life because it was a true life, and this power over his friends was happily exerted by his own words: "We have all an aroma of influence which, however insensibly to ourselves, is ever operative for good or evil, as the case may be. Because it is silent and unseen, it is none the less subtle and effective."

But of late he had been silent and restive; his brushes were lying idle, his canvas untouched. What could be the matter with the indefatigable worker? What could have happened to so weigh down the buoyant spirits of sunny-hearted Philip Addison? These were questions which his companions unavailingly asked of each other. None knew, and with rare delicacy they forbore to question him, although he was aware of their observance of his changed course.

It was in a mood like this, apparently listless and unthinking, that he seated himself at his easel, and a picture grew beneath his hands—the picture of a face of the most exquisite loveliness; but it was a beauty akin to death, except that a soul looked out of the beautiful, dreamy blue eyes.

"What a strange fancy!" said his friend, who stepped into his studio just as he had put the finishing touches to the spectral face. "What a strange fancy! You have only to commence as a portrait painter to win another name, and fame equalled only by the first."

"Truth to tell, Malvern," answered Philip, "it is not a fancy. A semblance of that face has been flitting before me constantly for the last three or four days. It has turned those imploring eyes upon me from every corner, as if soliciting life at my hands. Let me turn my

attention to what I will, those same supplicating eyes meet my gaze. I have tried in vain to escape it. It will not leave me, but only looks more mournfully at me. And with it comes a memory, which I cannot define, of some one whom I have seen before. So you have the secret of my depression, upon which you have speculated so much for the past few days."

"You are in love, Addison, you have all the symptoms. This seeing faces in the dark and at all corners is a never-failing sign. You are not very dangerously affected yet, however, not so much so but a trip to the hills would be efficacious as a remedy, and would be altogether a delightful antidote. What say you to the trip, and ridding yourself of this languishing beauty?"

"I would not have given you my confidence if I had supposed you would make it a subject of badinage. I am not so given to vagaries that I need to be ridiculed because a phenomenon hangs about me which neither you nor I can explain."

"Forgive me, Addison," exclaimed Malvern earnestly, "I did not intend to wound your feelings; I had not supposed you were so serious upon the subject."

"For days before my mother died I was conscious of a like class of impressions. I knew she was suffering, and to be possessed of that knowledge and not have the power of reaching her was equivalent to dying myself. It was natural that I should be thus affected by my mother, for it seemed that we had but one soul between us. But now I have no relatives and no particular friends in the world, and I cannot conceive what soul is hovering about and clinging to me in its hour of dissolution. Then this resemblance to some one I have seen before haunts me. What wonder that it saddens me, it is all so strange! I see no way in which to solve the mystery. All these vague presentiments which run questioning and echoing through my mind must have an origin somewhere in truth. I am like one lost, with lights gleaming in every direction, yet not one pointing to a safe method of exit from the entanglements. I feel sure something will occur to change the quiet of my life; whether for good or evil I know not. I shall not remain long at Rome, Malvern; I am convinced that something will call me away from here."

"A night's rest will restore you to your wonted happiness, Addison. You are overworked, and sleep and rest will relieve your wearied brain. Good bye, my dear fellow, till morning, when I hope to find you as jovial as the merriest amongst us."

"Your last assertion is no more truthful than your first. Malvern, I am not overworked. On the contrary, I have not labored at all for some days. And do you suppose my mind is so weak that it cannot bear a little extra physical exertion without becoming frenzied? Must one always have the evidence of sight or touch before he can believe? Were I to tell you anything else you would believe me. Nay, more, you would be the enemy of any man who should tell you I had spoken an untruth. But because I have revealed something different from the every day line of life, you have recourse to the most trivial arguments to annul the veracity of what I assert."

Malvern left him, but not to sleep, as he supposed, for his mind was too much disturbed to allow him to avail himself of the gentle ministrations. He sat down at his window absorbed in thought; but the outer beauty gradually attracted his attention. With an artistic love of nature, he could not refrain from rendering homage to the stilly grandeur of the night; so he wove quaint fancies of the moonlight, that lay like a mist of silver over all the earth, and launched them in imaginary barks, and watched to see them float out in life and beauty upon the perennial waves. He was startled from his reverie by a noise close by his side calling:

"Philip! Philip! stop for me!"

"Bessie!" he exclaimed almost breathlessly, as he sprang to his feet, "How came you in Rome?"

There was no one there—nothing but that dim vision of a face, looking so pale and spectral in the moonlight. But the "haunting resemblance" was explained. It was not sweet Bessie Lynn's child-face, but Bessie, a woman, sick, perhaps dying, that had floated before him for so long a time. He did not recognize the face, but there was no mistaking the soft voice calling, just as it did when they were children going up the hill to school: "Philip! Philip! stop for me!"

While one mystery was solved, another greater awaited solution. Could Bessie, his kind little schoolmate, be dead? There was a clearing away of the obscurity of years, and he was conscious of a tenderness, of a boy-love for his little playmate; he was a boy again, hauling Bessie on his sled to school. There was a vast difference between then and now—Philip Addison is a man now, honored and beloved. But what chance and change had made of Bessie Lynn, he could only conjecture. Perhaps the angels had claimed her, and she came, guided by his mother, to visit her old schoolmate.

He made a resolve that night to visit his early home; he had long been desirous of doing so; there was a mystery to unravel now, and he would go, were it only to stand by the graves of his loved ones. So we will meet him next in the land of his birth, passing over the tedium of voyaging.

"I will walk to the village, you may leave my baggage at the hotel," said Philip to the driver, as he took his way across the fields to the bower of alder-bushes, where he had received his first impulse to become a painter. "How little change these long years have

made," he mused as he entered the path. "I wonder what lover of the beautiful frequents my old haunts and keeps my bower so clean and free from undergrowth." His curiosity became surprise when he stood by his mother's grave, and marked the carefully pruned rose bushes and pretty annuals growing there. Some one had cared very kindly for his mother's resting-place. Who could it be?

"Bessie, will you walk down the stream with me?" Bessie tied on her white sun-bonnet, and the two took their way silently toward the little brook.

"It is a long way—down this stream, Bessie," said Philip. "Does your heart falter and your feet grow weary at the prospect?"

Bessie had loved him from a child, and now that the treasure was within her grasp, she was too simple to pretend surprise or misunderstanding of the true significance of his words, so she laid her pretty white hand on his arm, and replied:

"My heart falters only with gladness," Philip, and my feet halt only to receive this new life-impetus."

So they walked quietly down the little brook, and the two currents of life flowed and blended into one. Bessie Lynn was more than beautiful then, for she walked the blessed land of fruition, and its radiant sunshine enveloped her in its folds. Subdued and humble in the midst of this great joy, her heart became a prayer upon which she bore this consecrated love, this new existence that was being incorporated into her own, up to God.

"Do you know, Philip," said Bessie, as they seated themselves within the leafy bower, "that I have come to believe that there are material forms so harmonious that they are only nicely-adjusted garments in which the soul finds ample room, and not a hindrance to its perception and development—that such souls can clasp hands over a distance, however interminable. "Even so," she added, as Philip clasped the fair hand resting in his own more closely.

"I sometimes fancy that our spirits met and conversed somewhere in space, during that severe illness of mine, for I had a half-dreamy recollection of being with you beneath different skies than these, and in the studio of a painter. Mother said I talked constantly in my delirium of being with you. Once when I fainted, and they thought I was dying, she said I called aloud, 'Philip! Philip! stop for me.' When I revived I was conscious, and she thought that I had seen you hung about me for days. It was so real that I could hardly persuade myself that it was only seeming."

"Perhaps it was not all fancy," said Philip. "But come, Bessie, the sun is setting; let us go to the house, I have some drawings that I want to show you." A few moments later and they were seated in the parlors at Lynn house; the family gathered round Philip to examine the drawings as he passed them from his portfolio.

"Why, Philip!" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, "here's a picture of our Bessie. It looks precisely as she did when she was sick. For days her eyes had just that imploring expression. I should think she sat to you for her portrait, it is so much like her."

"She did," quietly responded Philip.

They were married, Philip and Bessie, and where could an artist go but to Rome, on a bridal tour?

"Bessie," said Philip, not long after they had arrived at their destined place, "I have promised to call on my old friend Malvern, at his rooms to-night; accompany me and you will have an opportunity of seeing the studio of a painter; besides I have a great curiosity to have you go." So they strolled out into the beautiful moonlight. At first Bessie wandered on carelessly, but as they neared their friend's habitation she gazed around with surprise, as if some familiar scene had dawned upon her view in that far, strange land.

Philip watched her looks of amazement closely as they entered the studio. He did not attempt to assist her out of her dilemma; he was busy tracing coincidences.

"It is like a dream, a long-forgotten dream," said Bessie, "where can I have seen this bit of earth and sky, and this sweet glimmer of waves in the distance, and over all the full moon hanging its silvery world—where can I have seen it?" She placed her hands over her eyes as if to aid memory by an inward retrospect. She sat for a moment, then, while a visible tremor ran through her frame, she exclaimed:

"Philip! Philip! stop for me. I have it! I have it!" she added, springing to her feet. "Philip, why didn't you tell me? In that long delirium I was in Rome. But these rooms—"

"Were mine," said Philip, anticipating her, "Malvern took them when I left Rome."

"Ah!" said Malvern, who was a spectator of the clairvoyance, "this, then, is the lady of your waking dreams—the original of the painting? I remember asserting that you were in love at the time, Addison, but you denied it."

"Coming events cast their shadows before, and your assertion was only another form for prediction, which has since been very happily verified," said Addison as he carried Bessie's white hand tenderly to his lips.

"There are some very strange coincidences in life—very strange coincidences in life!" mused Malvern, as he walked thoughtfully away.

"Human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth; it does not wait for beauty—it flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it."—George E.

mitigation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Children's Spiritualism.

A PLEA

(For Spirit Return.)

I'm awfully lonesome and tried and cross;
I'm hungry and sleepy, you see,
For God took the only papa I had
From mamma and baby and me.
And since God took him away to his home,
Mamma's cried the whole long, long day,
And I did not know what to do myself,
So I thought I would run away.

Won't you please climb to the top of that spire,
And look into heaven and see
If papa is crying because he wants
My mamma and baby and me?
He used to tell me that God was so good,
He loved even very bad men;
If He is so good, perhaps He will let
My dear papa come home again.

I know my mamma would stop crying then,
And she'd sing the baby to sleep,
And then I would be just as good as gold,
And up in his lap I'd creep:
Oh! will you please call as loud as you can,
And tell God how happy I'll be
If He will just let dear papa come back
To mamma and baby and me?

MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

An Open Letter to Harold W. Nutting.

I read your interesting letter in THE BANNER of Oct. 7, with pleasure. Just a year ago to-day—Sunday, Oct. 8—I saw you in your grandpapa's home on the banks of the Carrabasset, in the wonderful and beautiful State of Maine, so noted for its immense forests, moose, and intelligent men and women. I climbed a high hill that day with your mother, grandpapa, Aunt Lucile, and Mr. and Mrs. Graftman, where I had a most beautiful view of Lake George and the surrounding country for many miles.

You may not remember me, for I am a much older boy in years than you and only saw you a short time. I love little and big boys and girls, old and young, and enter with joy into all their plays and studies, taking great pleasure in observing their conversation, habits and manners. When I was a boy I was very fond of horses, cows and sheep, as I judge you are. I had a favorite mare I called mine, though my parents owned her. Her name was Fanny. I taught her many things. One was to kneel down on the soft, green soil, so that the young girls and boys could climb on her back. She was very affectionate, gentle, (as all boys and girls should be), and tall, graceful and agile as the Maine women. I gave her sugar and sweet apples, which she loved greatly, and would often put her nose in my blouse pockets in search of them.

As I read your letter this evening down here in Southern Florida where the farmers are just done planting corn and potatoes for Christmas use, I am reminded of an attractive little girl, ten years old, that I met at Tipton, Penn., at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains in 1883. Her name was Cora Herrick, and she lived with her mother and grandparents in the hotel where I stopped every four weeks. Her father was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. She was a bright, affectionate child, and we became ardent lovers. She always looked forward to my monthly visits with glowing, anxious, anticipations, and I did the same.

When I was about to leave she would go with me to the depot, and remain till the train came carrying me away. I traveled a good deal with a horse and carriage in those days over the mountains of coal and iron, and along the pretty farming valleys similar to those where you live. I told her of my long journeys, sometimes twelve and fifteen miles over the mountains without a single house, and many incidents illustrating the tenderness and bravery and the good qualities of little boys and girls I constantly met. She repaid me by telling me what books she read, what plays she loved best, etc., etc.

One evening, in her mother's parlor, she asked me what plays or sports I loved best. I told her frankly swimming, dancing, and wandering in the woods and fields listening to the birds and the wind singing among the pines on my parents' farm.

There is a boy twelve years old and a girl nine, near neighbors to me, Gurth and Edna Clark, who can swim like ducks in the salt waters of Terre Ceia bay, that dashes against the shore near their parents' home, in a beautiful palmetto grove. I wish you could see them tumble and dive, splashing the waters into a foam. Truly your friend,
Palmetto, Fla. JAY CHAPEL

The Castle Beautiful.

I wonder if any of you children, during your vacation in the mountains or by the sea, came across the Castle Beautiful, for if you did you will have something to talk about for ever and ever so long. It may be that you have never heard of it and would not know how to get to it, unless you have already been there, for I know some grown people who have traveled a good deal and have seen the old Scottish castles and those on the Rhine, and yet they do not know much about this Castle Beautiful—surely, not so much as they ought to know.

Let me tell you that a castle is a great stone mansion where the king and queen live. It has a good many tall towers, with little barred windows that overlook the valleys and hills, and it has strong walls and a heavy gateway; and round the whole building is a broad and deep ditch filled with water. Then to make it more secure it is built on the top of a high hill, or on the edge of a steep, rocky cliff.

Now, why they make it so difficult for any one to get inside this castle, is because kings and queens have great riches, and I'm sorry to say there are bad people, sometimes, who, just for a little money or jewels, will try to climb those walls or break down the gateway. So the castle is built very strong, and there are men who keep watch all the time, and if they should see anyone coming—though a long way off—that they knew were not friends, they would hurl at them their arrows, or whatever weapon they had.

If any of you children ever saw such a building you would surely know it, for it is so wonderfully protected; and the cost—well, I could not even guess the expense, it must be so great.

Now, the very strange part of it is, that the body you live in is just such a Castle Beautiful; and you live in your castle, and I am queen in mine. I can't enter your castle, and you can't enter mine. But we have enemies that can get over this deep ditch and climb our walls and break into our windows and make us very unhappy; for I never knew a king or queen that didn't have enemies.

There are a great many good servants that will wait upon you. You (I mean your soul) and I have a long retinue of serving-maids. Love is one of them. In fact, she is the maid-of-honor; she is always the nearest and the most attached. Mercy and Goodness are two other sweet maids, and Faithfulness and Trust are very dear. When we are good there are so many sweet virtues to wait upon us I would be hard to count them.

I knew a little girl that used to get very impatient, and she would say: "I'm just tired playing this game, and I want to go again. I don't care if I don't play it perfectly." She didn't look out of those little windows in the watch-towers of her soul, and so impatience broke into that Castle Beautiful, and then, because the walls were broken, Pride got in, and a good many other bad servants, and then the little girl cried. But tears didn't amount to much after the enemy had once got in.

Now I think you understand why there are so many towers in this castle. If Johnny keeps a good lookout from one of these little windows, just as soon as he happens to feel a

little out of sorts, he can be pretty sure that some one is trying to get in and make trouble in his Castle.

Love and Kindness are such faithful and true servants, Beesie says she knows that they will never let the gates of her Castle be unprotected.

Now, some time we shall leave this Castle Beautiful, and people will say any that we have died. But that isn't really so; for there may be reasons why we can't stay, and the soul will simply leave this Castle for one still more beautiful. —Mary J. Woodward-Weatherbee in Mind.

Mrs. Emily L. Lepper.

BY LUCY L. BRYANT.

As I opened THE BANNER of Oct. 21 and saw the familiar face of my dear friend Mrs. Lepper, and read the words "In Memoriam," I was painfully shocked and cannot even now realize that when I again visit Minneapolis I will not meet the kind, cordial greeting of the beloved leader of the "Lincoln Band," of which I was proud to be a member. She was indeed a true medium, and, as a testimonial, I would like to tell THE BANNER readers of my first acquaintance with her.

The summer of 1892 I was a stranger in Minneapolis, and though I had, through deep trial, emerged from the bonds of strict Calvinistic Orthodoxy, where I had been a sincere devotee for over twenty years, I was not established in any particular faith, but was praying for more light, and had become quite interested in what I had seen and heard of Spiritualism. I accepted an invitation one evening to accompany a lady to one of Mrs. L.'s parlor lectures, given each Thursday evening free, "to all earnest seekers for truth," at her pleasant home on Washington Avenue. I was told that there would be a select few present; but we found her rooms well filled with "the common people."

"The lady with me took her place with the singers, and I found a seat by myself in an unobserved corner. The speaker, robed in pure white, which she always wore at home or abroad (as dictated by her guides), spoke from the subject, 'Jesus of Nazareth—His Life and Work as a Medium.' I was deeply impressed with the inspired utterances that fell from her lips, and thought, 'oh! if my really noble-souled father, who from education was so prejudiced against Spiritualism, was here in the flesh, he could not find fault with her words!'"

At the close Mrs. L. remarked: "I did not intend to give this evening, I am so weary with hard day's work, but the power is so strong upon me I am compelled, and first I will say while I have been speaking an old gentleman in spirit, whom I've never seen before, has stood by me intently listening." (Here she correctly described my father!) Evidently he wishes to communicate with some person in this room." I was much agitated, but had not the courage to acknowledge the description. She then passed around through the audience, laying her hand on the head of each in turn, giving true readings of their past and present, with advice for the future. To me she only said: "I find much agitation in this brain. You must come again; yes, you must come again!" I could not understand it, but a few days after I was impressed to see her again. Then I went six miles to reach her residence. I arrived early, but found five patients in waiting, while she was engaged with another in her office upstairs. Was told I must await my turn, and it was nearly noon before I could see her. Looking keenly at me (as I was a total stranger), she asked, "Do you wish a medical examination?" Upon replying that I was not ill, she interrupted me with, "Then, lady, don't come here, for I give no sittings except to the sick for diagnosis." I told her I was searching for truth, and had come in response to her words, "You must come again."

She was surprised, having no knowledge of such advice, but replied wearily, "Well, come into the office and we will try and find out what my guides mean." At once she was entranced, and "Starry Eye" (whom I afterwards learned to dearly love) controlled and guided me for not responding to the description given of my father on Thursday evening. I told her I was a stranger, and did not understand the necessity, etc. Here followed most intelligent answers to my several questions regarding the phenomena of Spiritualists, which were truly instructive. Finally "Starry Eye" said, "Well, lady, here comes your father again, and what he wants you to know is that he is so glad that you have come to my 'media,' because her father was an old friend of his in earth life, and is now often with him in spirit life." I replied, "That cannot be, for my home is a long way from here." She rejoined, "Guess I know more about that than you do. Ask my media!"

Here she came out of the trance, and asked if I got any satisfaction. I told her what "Starry Eye" had said, and asked if she was a native of Minnesota. Her reply, "No, I was born in New Vineyard, Me., was daughter of Rev. Reuben Hackett, a Baptist clergyman," surprised me as much as she in turn was surprised, when I said, "And I was daughter of Rev. Wm. E. Morse of New Portland, (an adjoining town); and I well remember of once visiting with my parents at 'Elder Hackett's' when I was about five years old, and of sleeping with a little girl about two years older than I in a trundle-bed in a large old-fashioned kitchen." And I, said Mrs. Lepper, "was that same little girl!" It is needless to add how much she was to me ever after as an invaluable teacher and helper during the few months I remained in Minnesota, and since by her sweet, faithful letters. As "Quina," through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, named her "Diamond Star," so her ardent spirit is now indeed a star of undimmed brilliancy in the galaxy of spirit workers. That the influence of that pure radiance may be often sensed by those she loved and worked for here is my sincere hope.

East Dixfield, Me.

Dr. Peebles and Returning Spirits.

BY ARTHUR B. GASTON.

J. M. Peebles says, in a recent issue of THE BANNER: "The rank and file of returning spirits are idlers, spirit-tramps, and pleasure-seekers." In another place in the same article he says: "Messages from the exalted souls that people the Elysian fields of the blest will ever be required because pure love is abiding and memory immortal."

The jewel of consistency is not very apparent to me in these contradictions. What a shame for a man of his experience and knowledge to put himself on record in such a manner in the leading periodical representing our philosophy! What a mistake in the Editor to let such gross statements slip in from any body's pen! "The rank and file"—what does that embrace?

If his statement first quoted is true—and indeed several others in the article further on—why bother Bro. Howe, or any one else, to write a history of so flat a failure? If, as Bro. Peebles says, "the major portion of so-called spiritual phenomena embraces the crudest and most heterogeneous collection of facts and fancies that the general field of science was ever confronted with," then why confront the public or any other field with a history of

it? I too "lost" (?) a brother long years ago (in 1847). He was, as Bro. Peebles says of him, "a twin soul"; but he has not been so far "lost" all this passing period but what he has met me from time to time with unmistakable messages of love and counsel, and we neither of us considered it "idly lingering in my immediate physical environment."

If Bro. Peebles can convince the rank and file of Spiritualists, as he seems to wish, that the sun of Spiritualism "already hangs low in the west" and is about to set, then we have no use for a history of it. Its twenty years' course in the heavens will not be worth recording if this impulsive statement is true.

"Too bad that such a fine old philosopher as he can be and is at times, should mix in silly and foolish expressions in so able an article. It has a depressing effect on a certain class of Spiritualists, and gives our enemies strong quotations against us, and taken from our own mouths at that. The true Spiritualist is an optimist from centre to circumference, yesterday, to-day and always; and he knows that the sun of his philosophy, his science, his RELIGION, is anything but nearing its setting. It is high noon with us, even though the head be silvered and white and the physical part be near its harvest."

Excuse me for using your valuable time with these remarks, but I could not suppress my indignation, so I work it off in the above words.

Valuable Thoughts.

BY A. A. WOOD.

As we are fast approaching the age of marvelous enlightenment and intelligence, there has come to be a new and widespread interest awakened abroad in the human mind relative to the more concise and demonstrative evidence of the soul's immortality, since the Bible, science and psychological teachings are all coordinating in the one great truth. It has eventually come to be a stupendous thought, as touching the great temperance question of to-day, namely, If a man die, shall he live again, just as he left the mortal frame? All knowledge confirms the fact that if we have an intelligent post mortem existence, retaining necessarily the memory, character, experiences, habits and appetites intact, and yet more keen and sensitive in their exercise, being free and untrammelled of the flesh; hence the intemperate and the drunkard, logically, if he be a sentient being, must retain the same thirst for indulgence as before, and in his frenzy to gratify it must and will hang around earthly drinking and other sensual places, and by a known law of psychological obsession he will in a measure be able to indulge himself in conjunction with the mortal by imbibing the more ethereal elements thereof.

I have made more converts by using the arguments contained in these facts than in any other way. For myself, I could never feel to cast these appetites from me entirely, until I was brought to see the consequences, which can be demonstrated. I then quickly imbibed the horrible dread of taking with me any sensuous infirmities to the other life.

This doctrine is what the age now upon us is developing, and it is no more than right that the drunkard should have the benefit of it while he has the chance to reform, and before he plunges into a worse condition after death.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, when I am gone,
What will this poor old world do then?
Will someone else step in my place
And move within this march of men?

Will other hands more deft than mine
Perform my work in better style?
Another face appear all wreathed
In modern time's progressive smile?

Will other feet stand in my tracks,
Or tread my path thro' life all o'er,
Or where I end begin the tread,
And journey on forevermore?

Will those upon whose shoulders fall
The burdens that I soon must leave,
Impatient writhe and scowl and fret?
Will others o'er the small things grieve?

Will my successors think their lot
"The worst of all on earth" the while?
Then from my higher life on them
In joy will I look down and smile.

Then will the silence of the spheres
Be stirred, and justly with the sound
Of all the souls; the voices there
Will echo back: "The lost is found."

All others groaned beneath the load,
And up the hollow morn went—
"My lot's the worst of all on earth"—
Against the starry firmament.

"The lost is found!" 'T is but the wall
Of futile man, a mere speck;
A microscopic thing who thinks
The world is hung about his neck.

When freed from earth with all its woe—
Or woe that seemed to be—the man
That lives within the man will know,
If aught he knows, 'tis nature's plan.

'T is nature's plan to move right on,
Though man or planet fades away,
The sun appears to follow down
And lights the torch of coming day.

The worm crawls on in silence here;
The busy ant unnumbered tells,
While none but man, king o'er the sphere,
From duty and his lot recoils.

When I am dead—I will not die—
When I am changed the world will move
In vibrant waves the same, and I
Somewhere will glide in my own groove.

DR. T. WILKINS.

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Flashing its light upon the spiritual darkness of the mediæval ages, it has thrown a flood of light upon the spiritual forces which have long been trying to lift the pall which has shrouded the religious world for centuries.

Not only in religious history has been more vitally and unsundered than in any other, and probably there are few so well able to illuminate the spiritual gloom which settled upon the world after the overthrow of the old Empire.

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Oct. 14.

Washington State Spiritual Association.

We would give notice in your paper of the Washington State Spiritual Association, and its good work, also of the convention held Oct. 4 and 5 in Seattle. Many good resolutions were adopted, and a very pleasant time was experienced by those present. Washington was represented from several points, the two societies of Seattle, the Church of the Soul and Seattle Spiritual Society uniting in entertaining the delegates and visiting members. President, Mrs. Lillian Nagle called the meeting to order at 3 p. m., Oct. 4, and gave the welcoming address. Election of officers for the coming year resulted in the reelection of Mrs. Lillian Nagle as President; Vice President, Dr. G. Castaldi; Sec'y, Mrs. Mattie Monroe; Treasurer, Mrs. M. McCall. The old Board of Trustees was re-instated. Bro. Olsen of Tacoma being elected to fill the vacancy caused by the passing out of Bro. King of Centralia.

Delegates elected to N. S. A. Convention in Chicago were Mrs. Esther Thomas and Mrs. M. McCall. As they were unable to attend, Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran was chosen proxy. The passing out of Bro. W. O. Lovejoy just at that time will be remembered as a sad feature of the convention. His body was buried Friday the 6th, from Masonic Temple, by the Spiritualists of Seattle and the Masonic Lodge, Mrs. Lillian Nagle, pastor of the Church of the Soul, officiating at the funeral.

Thus the Spiritualists come to the front and work in unison with other organizations, who must in time recognize the advancement and spread of spiritualistic work.

Mrs. MATTIE L. MONROE, Sec'y S. S. A. W.
1510 John St., Seattle, Wash.

Illinois State Camp-Meeting.

After an interval of two months we take pleasure in informing the Spiritualists and co-workers that the Association is clear of all debt and we have money enough in the treasury to make a good start next year. We can safely say that this camp, after many drawbacks, has established itself permanently, to become one of the best of the kind in the country. It has every advantage, is situated on the banks of a pretty lake in the most beautiful section of Illinois, within easy access of Chicago.

We are now desirous of forming a camp meeting syndicate to secure these grounds, and any one anxious to become a member of the organization may do so. One may become a stockholder at the small sum of \$10, entitling him or her to a piece of land large enough to build a summer home upon.

A favorable acquisition connected with the main organization as an auxiliary is the Ladies Aid and Exchange Society, which has already done much to make a good beginning for next year. The officers of this society are: Mrs. Hughes President, Mr. Robert McMenamin Vice-President, Mrs. Henry Secretary, Mrs. Guckemus Treasurer.

Many ladies are becoming interested, and during the fall and winter a series of entertainments and socials are to be given, the proceeds of which help to run the dining-room next year. The first of these socials was Wednesday evening, Oct. 11. A very large number was in attendance, and many new members added. The proceeds enlarged the funds considerably. Enough donations have already been received in lieu, dishes and silverware to furnish the dining-room complete. Ladies are now solicited to become members of the society.

The camp closed this year with no incumbrance of debt, and we fully trust that those whose interest we failed to arouse this year will become active members in the work of next year.

H. W. MILLER, Sec'y.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Rev. James Smith and wife, lecturers and test mediums, Milford, Mass.

G. W. Kates and wife lectured in Macomb, Ill., Monday, Oct. 30, en route to Minnesota, where they do the State missionary work for several months. Address them, No. 1 Highland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Edgar W. Emerson has the following engagements for November and December: Portland, Me., Nov. 5, Dec. 3; Manchester, N. H., Nov. 19 and 26, Dec. 24 and 31. Would like engagements for dates Nov. 12 and Dec. 19 and 17. Address Manchester, N. H., 136 Bridge street.



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The Harmonial Camp, held at Sycamore Grove, closed its meetings Oct. 1, with Dr. Charles A. Andrus and Mrs. Augusta Armstrong as speakers of the day. From the opening hour to the last good-bye this camp has been successful and harmonious. No one would have dreamed from the systematic and business-like manner in which the camp was conducted, that it was experimental with the "Harmonials," but they wisely placed the management in the hands of Mrs. Nettie Howell, who has proved herself equal to, and capable of rising above all the many perplexing and annoying things that so often come up in camp life. She was ably assisted by Mr. J. D. Griffith, the efficient Secretary and Treasurer of the Harmonial Society, who was ever kind and courteous to the stranger, answering with a pleasant smile the many questions asked him over and over each day.

The songs rendered by Mr. E. A. Humphrey, wife and daughter, were of the finest spiritual character, and gave inspiration to speaker and medium. The last evening of the camp, just before the final farewell, the pastor of the Harmonials received into fellowship twenty new members. And now, last but not least, let me speak of those whom we were pleased to meet three times a day, the neat, painstaking ladies in the dining-room. To them we owe special thanks for the toothsome viands placed before us.

The good accomplished at this camp has aroused a desire for a permanent Camp Association, and seven counties of Southern California that were represented at the camp have taken steps with that end in view. May success attend them. I remain in California for a time yet, lecturing before several societies and visiting a few of the many places of interest. I am booked for Santa Barbara and Sumnerland on the 15th and 21st, return to Los Angeles for a few days, then on to Santa Cruz and San Francisco.

Mrs. S. AUGUSTA ARMSTRONG.

Regular Annual Meeting of the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists

Held at Oak Cliff, Oct. 5 and 6, 1899. Meeting called to order by the President, Mr. Tom Keats, of Galveston; invocation, Allen F. Brown, of San Antonio. The President appointed the following Committee on Credentials: A. A. Kunkle of Ft. Worth, Allen F. Brown of San Antonio, J. M. Ellis of El Paso, which presented the following report:

Entitled to one vote as officers: Tom Keats, Mrs. Mary Wilson, John Ring, Mrs. L. A. Curry (proxy Mrs. Ellen Thomas), David Hinkley, Mrs. Ellen Thomas, Allen F. Brown, R. H. Kueselaw, George Lutz.

Galveston—Five votes. Mr. Tom Keats, G. A. Will son, E. Freese, J. D. Pressner, John Ring; elected. Credentials have been received for Tom Keats, John Ring. No proxy is presented for the others. Mrs. Keats present; we recommend she be seated as delegate, and we ask your instructions in regard to the other three votes.

Pioneer—No representative.
San Antonio—Four votes elected, Allen F. Brown, Mr. Allison, Mr. Rollins, W. W. Hall; proxies, Allen F. Brown, Lutz.
El Paso—Two votes elected, J. M. Ellis, M. D. Vallin; proxy, J. M. Ellis, one.
Flordia—One vote. No delegate.
Comanche—No representative.
Midlothian—Not represented.
Dallas—Two votes. Elected, Mr. Lamar, W. Lenox Fox.

Stevensville—Two votes. Miss Ellen Thomas, Fort Worth—Three votes. Elected, Mrs. Jennie H. Jackson, A. A. Kunkle. We recommend that Mrs. Dunn of Fort Worth be seated as a delegate.
Houston—Four votes. Elected, Mr. Harold, John Ring. No credentials or proxies have been received by the committee. We ask instructions.

Rosenburg—One vote. Appointed, Mrs. Keats. Votes present in Convention: Tom K. A. 2, as amended 2; Mary Wilson 1; John Ring 2; David Hinkley 1; Ellen Thomas 1; Allen F. Brown 5; Mrs. Keats 2; J. M. Ellis 2; A. A. Kunkle 1; Jennie H. Jackson 1; Mrs. Dunn 1; W. Lenox Fox 1; Mr. Lamar 1.

The motion that report of the Credential Committee be received and adopted, delegates seated as reported and committee discharged, was carried.

On motion of Allen F. Brown, Mrs. Mary Wilson was directed to cast three votes for Houston, John Ring one for Houston and two for Galveston, in addition to report.

President Keats gave a brief verbal report of the work of the year, which was received and adopted. Secretary's report was received with the following financial statement:

Indebtedness Oct. 1, '99	\$230 35
Sec'y Exp. for '99	10 00
Printing	27 00
Total indebtedness	\$267 35
Cash Rec'd. '99	\$197 97
Cash pd. out '99	193 90
Am't. indet. Oct. 7, '99	73 45
Cash in Treasury	4 07

Referred to Auditing Committee.

Committee appointed by President Keats: W. Lenox Fox, Oak Cliff; A. A. Kunkle, Fort Worth; J. M. Ellis, El Paso.

The President was directed to appoint four committees of three each, namely: Resolutions, Ways and Means, Literature, instructions to delegates to the N. S. A. Convention at Chicago.

Committees appointed as follows: On Resolutions, Lenox Fox, Ellen Thomas, Mary A. Wilson; Ways and Means, Mrs. Tom Keats, Tom Keats, David Hinkley; Instruction, Jennie H. Jackson, John Ring, A. A. Kunkle; Literature, Jennie H. Jackson, A. F. Brown, J. M. Ellis.

Adjourned until 1:30 P. M. At 1:30 meeting called. Communication from N. S. A. read.

Most Successful Physician in the World.

There are few, if any, physicians in the world who have had the vast experience and wonderful success in performing cures that Dr. Greene, of Nervura fame, the famous specialist in diseases of women, has had, and the fact that he gives his valuable advice and counsel absolutely free should cause every weak, sick, ailing and discouraged woman to immediately consult or write to Dr. Greene, 24 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., about her case.

And died. The following resolutions were read and referred to the committee:

Resolved, That the special business on Friday, Oct. 6, at 10:30, be nomination and election of officers.
Resolved, That the delegate from Texas N. S. A. be instructed to vote and use all honorable means against the adoption of any form or creed, or declaration of principles.
Resolved, That at least two conventions shall be arranged for by our officers the ensuing year, at points most desirable, with program fully arranged for the occasion.
Resolved, That the Missionary work should be a special feature of the coming year, and that methods toward that manner of presenting the truth be taken.

Resolved, That no member shall incur a debt on the Association.
Resolution number one was reported favorably by the committee, and adopted by the Convention.

Adjourned until 9 A. M. the following morning.

Meeting called to order by the President. Election of officers as follows: President, David Hinkley, Dallas; Vice-President, W. H. Wynn, El Paso; Sec'y, A. A. Kunkle, Fort Worth; Treasurer, Miss Ellen Thomas, Stevesville; Trustees, Lock McDaniel, Houston; Fannie Brown, San Antonio; Geo. Lang, Rosenberg; Jennie H. Jackson, Fort Worth; Mrs. Tom Keats, Galveston.

Moved to adjourn until 1:35 P. M., when officers be installed.

Called to order at 1:45 by President Keats, who gave the chair to David Hinkley. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered President Keats and the retiring officers for their efficient work during their year of service.

Meeting adjourned, to meet immediately after lecture by Allen F. Brown.

Called to order by President Hinkley after the lecture. Resolution Committee reported favorably on Resolution No. 2, adopted in full; reported favorably on Resolution No. 3, amended by Convention by giving the officers power to act; adopted. Resolution No. 4 reported favorably and adopted. Resolution No. 5 reported favorably, and report adopted.

Ways and Means made a brief verbal report, which was received. The Committee on Instructions to Delegates offered no report to Convention. Report of Literature Committee read, received and adopted.

Report as presented:

We recommend that the *Banner of Light* be continued as the official organ of the Texas N. S. A., and that it be requested to be as generous in price, and as liberal in space as possible; the State and its local societies, as it will be of great interest in years to come to read the history of the association.

We recommend that local secretaries be requested to keep in touch with the State Association, and to report monthly of the affairs of the societies under their jurisdiction, including: Who Lectured, Give Tests, etc., No. of Meetings, Attendance, Ceremonies, Miracles, Funerals and Christenings, by whom performed, Literature Received and Distributed, Miscellaneous remarks.

We recommend the purchase of Longley's new 11" song book by all societies, that we may have uniformity in singing.

We recommend that the speakers, secretaries and missionaries be requested to send to the State Secretary the names and addresses of all speakers in our ranks.

We recommend that reports of our work be sent to the spiritual press through the country. And we do especially urge the two publications in England whose editors have personally requested report of our State meetings.

We recommend that the officers be directed to purchase of the N. S. A. tracts for distribution, and send to the secretaries of local societies for distribution with an effort to collect of the societies at least a part of their cost.

We recommend that all State missionaries and speakers keep such tracts on hand for sale and distribution, and that the fact of their doing so be frequently announced in the spiritual press.

A special recommendation of Convention:

We recommend that the State Association purchase a full set of N. S. A. reports of annual meetings, to be kept on file. These reports are nearly gone, and a full set can be cheaply purchased, and we recommend that the Secretary be directed to compile a State Directory of Spiritualists and those interested, as far as it is possible to do so.

Signed by Committee, JENNIE H. JACKSON, ALLEN F. BROWN, J. M. ELLIS.

Report amended by striking out monthly and inserting quarterly for local Secretary reports. Report adopted as amended, and Committee discharged.

Report of Auditing Committee read, accepted and Committee discharged. Motion that John Ring still have charge of psychic class carried.

John Ring nominated as representative to the N. S. A. Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson nominated to same. Mr. Ring withdrew, and Secretary instructed to cast the entire ballot for Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson. Election declared. On motion, John Ring received a full vote alternate to the N. S. A. Election declared.

Moved that the President call the next meeting at the place receiving a majority vote of the Trustees. Carried.

Moved to adjourn to be called by President. Carried. Minutes adopted.

DAVID G. HINKLEY, Pres.
A. A. KUNKLE, Sec'y.

Ascended.

Mrs. Maria A. Swain, of Buffalo, for half a century one of the most faithful, reliable and useful mediums known to the public, left her body of flesh Oct. 18, 1899. Funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Benjamin Jones, 141 Court street, Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30 p. m. A large audience attested the love and esteem of her many friends, while the gospel she had lived for harked the hour and thrilled the hearts with the benedictions of heaven. Mrs. Swain was widely known and loved for her womanly qualities, kindness of heart, and devotion to truth. Her age was seventy-nine years. A noble woman and remarkable medium has gone from sight.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Bucksport, Me., Wednesday, Oct. 18, Mr. JOHN H. LEBLANC, aged 66 years 8 months and 12 days.

Mr. Leblanc was a true and lifelong Spiritualist. He was Treasurer of the Verona Park Camp-meeting Association, was president of the local society, and was very successful. He had a large circle of relatives and friends. About one hundred teams were assembled at the old farm residence at the time of the funeral services, which were conducted by the writer. Mr. Leblanc leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. His active and willing services will be sadly missed at Verona.

F. W. SMITH.

From his home at Warren, R. I., Dr. EDWIN Y. JOHN, aged 80 years.

Dr. Johnson was born in England, and came to this country when young, having resided in Warren over fifty years. He formerly was a manufacturer of cigars, but later was a dealer by the use of the latter, as was very successful. He became interested in Spiritualism many years ago, and was firm in his faith. He was associated with the early days of the Onset Bay Camp Meeting Association, having been the Treasurer, and many of the members of the workers will remember his genial face, always joyful and full of fun. He was a summer resident at Onset many years. His beloved wife passed away several years ago, and he had not a relative to attend his funeral. Mrs. Ruth West, who had been a member of the doctor's household since childhood, took care of him in his decline, and he was a great sufferer, but patient until the last.

The funeral was held at his home Friday, Oct. 12. Many friends were present to pay the last office of esteem to an old time President, some coming from Onset and other places. We feel that our loss is a great one, and that the remembrance of his life will be a great joy to him. May his friends have the comfort that Spiritualism brings when they are called part with friends that nothing else can give. The funeral services were conducted by the writer.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES.

From Springfield, Mass., Oct. 11, 1899, MARY F. BURNBOWS.

Stillman Whitney officiated at the funeral, assisted by H. A. Huddington. A good woman has gone to her reward.

LOTISEA A. SACKETT.

From Lake Pleasant, Mass., ANNIE E. REED, aged 70 years, wife of Mr. CHARLES REED, a retired Conductor of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

In life she always termed this place "God and the Angels' home," and often expressed the wish to depart from her mortal body here, and to be reunited with her dear ones in the spiritual world. The silent boatman came and tenderly bore her to the more beautiful home of the soul.

Twenty-five summers she has been a resident here, a respected, honored, and tenderly loved member of the Lake Pleasant Association; an ever-present helper in time of trouble, a loving minister to the sick and distressed, a true Spiritualist. Her casket was covered with autumn flowers and a most beautiful and tenderly escorted to the Lake Pleasant Association, where she was laid to rest in the presence of a large gathering of friends. Her funeral services were conducted by Mr. Harry Savage, Reuben Church, Dr. Harding, George Cleveland and F. B. Woodbury. Mrs. Russeque ably conducted the funeral services at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. B. Cook, at Hartford, Conn., Monday afternoon, Oct. 23.

F. B. WOODBURY.

From her home in Hanson, Mass., Oct. 22, Mrs. HANNAH (JOSELYN) HARRIS, aged 89 years 6 months and 8 days.

ABSENT TREATMENT

ABSENT IN BODY---PRESENT IN SPIRIT



DR. PEEBLES, one of the foremost inventors of the advanced and higher methods of Healing, as well as of Psycho Research, is curing hundreds of chronic sufferers where the regular practitioner has utterly failed. The vital weakness with the old school physician is that he is not a good diagnostician. He does not clairvoyantly grasp the diseased conditions. He guesses and prescribes. If the patient grows worse he writes another prescription.

Psychic Diagnosing. DR. PEEBLES being one of the best Psychic Diagnosticians living, is able to definitely locate the seat of the disease. The causes, conditions and effects he reads as clearly as if each organ and tissue were before him. With the exact knowledge of his patient's condition, both mental and physical, he is able to wisely apply the treatment adapted to each individual case.

Magnetized Medicines. He uses only the mildest medicines, these being preparations from roots and herbs. Drastic drugs and poisons he has totally abolished. The remedies for each patient are magnetized and vitalized by the Doctor himself before they are shipped. In this way his patients get magnetic treatment as well as medical.

Psychic Treatment. These treatments are both Magnetic and Hypnotic, combining the powers of the Magnetic healer and the hypnotist influence upon the nervous system. It is will in action--will suggestion, thought force; while mesmeric magnetism transfers a refined, invisible nervous substance to the subject or patient.

Dr. PEEBLES is an adept in the occult, Jesus "felt virtue" or magnetism "go out of him." Healing, sympathizing spirits project their health-giving magnetic auras into the sphere of psychics, constituting a magnetic battery, which affords with Divine love and love, and is propelled by the law of vibration, makes the "lame to walk," the "bed-ridden to rise," and the sick to say, "I am well." This is Psychic Healing.

Garden Plains, Kan., Sept. 20, 1899. Dear Doctor--I am improving nicely, and begin to feel quite as I used to a few years ago. The psychic treatment is doing wonders for me. MRS. A. FOLLETT.

Toledo, O., Sept. 18, 1899. Dear Doctor--It is perfectly wonderful the improvement in my health. I have great confidence in your psychic treatment, for when I come in your vibration I grow more positive and seem stronger. Yours with the kindest of thoughts. MARY M. JENNINGS.

THIS was a serious case, so the lady paid for three months in advance, thinking it would take many months to cure her. At the end of two months she was cured.

Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 21. Dear Doctor--I have received your check returning to me the money not used in the course of treatment for which I had paid. I will be one that will ever remember the great good you have done me, and am glad I can do to the remainder of my days to show my appreciation of all you have done for me. I will gladly do. Your grateful patient. SARAH P. FIERCE.

THE Doctor has hundreds of such letters, all showing the victory of advanced methods of healing over the old.

If in Doubt. As to your true condition it will not cost you a penny to obtain a Psychic Diagnosis of your case, stating your true physical condition, "Foods for the Sick and How to Prepare Them," a booklet of inestimable value to every home. Also to each lady writing him as above he will send that practical booklet, "Woman." No wife or mother should be without it. STATE AGE, SEX, FULL NAME AND LEADING SYMPTOM. Address DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Battle Creek, Michigan. Oct. 14

In the transition of Mrs. Harris the neighborhood where she has passed a useful life loses a valued neighbor and friend, and her kindness and generosity will be held in sweet remembrance by many. Her funeral took place from her late home on Thursday, Oct. 25, and was in charge of Rev. S. L. Deal, of Brooklyn. A husband and daughter survive, the latter being Treasurer of the First Spiritualist Society of Hanson. GEORGE L. ARNOLD, STETSON.

Obituary Notices not over twenty lines in length are published gratuitously. When exceeding that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the above heading.

Wanted at Belvidere Seminary an experienced cook and chambermaid. A mother and daughter preferred. Address BELLE BUSH, Belvidere, N. J.

Jubilee Deficit. Previously acknowledged, \$123.75. Alonzo Thompson, \$10; John Hutchinson, J. H. McDonald, "An Ohio Friend" \$5 each; Miss Maggie Gule, \$1. Total, \$1,309.75.

Send for our Free Catalogue of Spiritual Books--It contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world. For Sleeplessness. Take Horford's Acid Phosphate. DR. PATRICK BOOTH, Oxford, N. C., says: "It acts admirably in insomnia, especially of old people and convalescents."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. MORSE, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Fred P. Evans, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Dr. F. L. B. WILLIAMS may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 7.

PERSONALITY.

The Occult in Handwriting. GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 25c. Send at least one line of writing and a line of figures with your name. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Sept. 6.

Mary J. Wright, M. D., PROPHECY CLAIRVOYANT, No. 27 High street, New Haven, Conn. Healing the sick at a distance by absent treatments or medicines. Will visit patients in New York at their homes. Medicines prescribed for each patient, also magnetized papers for mental cure. The Doctor has been in public practice for twenty-eight years. Classes taught in Psychic Occultism and Mental Science at office and by letter. Terms--Medical examination and medicine or absent treatments, one month, \$5.00; psychic readings, \$2.00. Age sex, writing or article. Nov. 4. 4w

SERIES OF TWENTY LESSONS in pamphlet form, giving A plain, logical statement of the means by which one may develop his mental powers to the extent of making himself master of his environment. Price, 25c. INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sec. Breeze, Fla. Nov. 4. 25w

HENRY SCHARFFETTER, 300 So Collington Ave., Baltimore, Md., GENERAL AGENT FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO. OF BOSTON, MASS.

HEADQUARTERS for Spiritualists, Reformatory and Occult Literature; also subscriptions taken for BANNER OF LIGHT. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Catalogues free on application. Correspondence desired. Nov. 4. 25w

FAT FOLKS. TWO years ago I reduced my weight 4 lbs. by following the suggestions of departed friends; no gain; no starving--nothing to sell. Inclose stamp for particulars. MRS. B. L. MOLESWORTH, 116 Clynch St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Oct. 21. 4w

CONQUEST OF POVERTY. THERE is made in the title. Its teaching appeals to the reason and is practical. Poverty can be overcome. There is no need for all. Send fifty cents for a copy, and it will be sent to you. Agents wanted in every locality. Write, enclosing stamps for form and territory. INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, Sec. Breeze, Fla. 25w

Mrs. M. C. Emmons, Magnetic Treatments and Medium. 71 West Brookline St. Nov. 4. 2w

FLORIDA! for Home-seekers and investors. A handsome illustrated book which you can obtain by mailing a two-cent stamp to J. H. POSS, 11 Wabeno street, Roxbury, Mass. Jan. 4.

CURED--After repeated failures with others. I will gladly inform the addicted to MORPHINE, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, COCAINE, WHISKEY, of a never-failing, harmless home-cure. (Mrs. M. B. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 122, Chicago, Ill. 15c) Sept. 26.

Ida P. A. Whitlock, Hotel Thorndike, Boston, Fridays and Saturdays during November. 4w Oct. 28

B-I-P-A-N-S. Ten for five cents at drugists. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives life. No matter what the matter one will do you good! 25w Mar 10

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

Or. The Phenomena and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed and Explained.

SPiRiT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the BANNER OF LIGHT as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

Report of Seance held Oct. 19, S. E. 52, 1899.

Invocation.

Once again we gather around this altar of truth and ask that the message from the spirit may be so clearly defined, so sweet, so simple and yet so earnest, that all hearts may feel the influence of it. Oh, blessed Power of Truth! oh, sweet assurance of life beyond! make plain to aching, bleeding hearts the comfort that is most needed. Into darkened lives and homes, into the saddened hearts and sorrowing souls of those who are seeking for light and have not yet found it, may shine a ray from this circle sent out at this time that shall pierce through the darkness and gloom to illuminate all surrounding conditions; and may the influence of love so tender, so true and so far-reaching, lift them up to a better understanding of life and its purposes, to a knowledge of a holier motive, a better influence for life, as well as a stronger incentive in life; and whatever may come to them of good or ill, of brightness or darkness, may they feel through it all the grand purpose of unfoldment. Too long have we tarried at the fountain of pleasure and felt that naught but this could give us life and joy and beauty. Too long have we felt that nothing but peace, sweet peace, could come from joy and understanding of life's pleasures; and now with simple love and trust we stand, that whatever may come to us, pain, sorrow, loss, joy, glory, or whatever it may be, we find the golden thread of life eternal in our hands. Amen.

MESSAGES.

The following messages are given through one of Mrs. Soule's guides, Sanbeam.

Nellie Stone.

The first spirit that comes here is a little girl. She is about ten years old, with brown eyes and brown hair, a round face, and not a very large mouth. She is rather slight and delicate. It seems as though all her life she was rather weak, and when she passed to the spirit it was a great loss to her people, because she had been a constant care to them. Her name is Nellie Stone, and she says, "I do wish I could get to my auntie, for my mother is with me, and it seems almost impossible for me to reach my father; but my Aunt Lizzie was always fond of me, and I am very fond of her. We used to live in Portsmouth, and I used to sometimes walk out with her down by the ocean to watch the boats, and look at the water. We were so happy that it seemed to her, as well as to my mother, that it was an awful thing for me to die. When my mother came over to me, and found that I had really not died, but was living, it was such a pleasure to her that she has talked constantly about my coming back to Aunt Lizzie, and so I have come."

Phoebe Weston.

Here comes a woman, and her name is Phoebe. She is quite tall, rather thin, with blue eyes and gray hair. She says: "I shall be known by the name of Aunt Phoebe Weston. I came from Claremont, N. H. The people in Claremont know very little about Spiritualism, and what they do know is of a very low order. So I thought I would come and give some message that perhaps might open their eyes to the fact that there was something after all beside just living together in a loose kind of fashion, and feeling that whatever the spirit wanted to do was perfectly right. For my part, I believe in living honest lives, and in being morally good. It may be it is because I was an old maid, and I did not have very much use for that kind of life that some of the Spiritualists were living when I was here, but it does not seem to me that that is a fact. It seems more as though I had the seeds of morality in my heart, and so I desired to have everybody else keep company with me. Whatever you may say about being above the law or beneath the law, I feel that law is good for us, because it makes us orderly and kind, whether we want to be or not."

"Please say that I was not a lecturer when I was here, but my heart has been so full of this matter, and I have seen my own people turn away from the subject so many times, because they felt it was not quite decent to know anything about Spiritualism, that I do feel if I can say something in favor of it, and can tell them that I am just as firm for good morals to-day as I was when here, and yet that I believe firmly and implicitly in Spiritualism, it may help them to seek further and know more."

Clarence Atkinson.

Here is another spirit—a young man. He seems about eighteen or nineteen years old. He has dark blue eyes and dark brown hair, and a very pleasant manner. He is just as soft spoken as a girl, and it seems as though his heart is full of love for the people who are left. He says: "I have come with my uncle George, and my name is Clarence Atkinson, from Lubec, Maine. Uncle George passed out a long time before I did, and he has been very kind to me since I came over. He has been like a father and mother and all kinds of friends in one. He and I want to reach my people, who are still living in Lubec. My father is a common sort of man, but he has a good heart, and his name is Jeremiah. I want to tell them that I thank them for all they did for me before I passed away, and that since I have come over I have tried to help them, and many times I have felt perhaps they were conscious of my presence. Although they did not know really that I was there, they felt an influence that perhaps soothed and helped them. So do not feel that I want to say good-bye to them, but I shall come into the home stronger for this effort I have made."

James F. Berry.

Here comes another spirit, and this one is named James F. Berry. He is a short, stout man, with gray hair, dark eyes and dark lashes. He has a beard all around his face, and quite a heavy mustache. He comes in rather a plain, grave way, and says: "Can a man of low degree come into this circle? Does it make any difference how much education

we had or what condition our life was?" And when he was told he could come just as he was, that the only thing he had to do was to be sure he knew who he was, so there would be no trouble in placing him among his people, he said: "Well, I guess I can do that all right. Here is my card with James F. Berry on it. I want to get to my dear wife. She lives in Skowhegan, Me. So many times, when people have talked about Spiritualism to her, it seemed that she could not get any evidence that was sufficient for her. She is not a Spiritualist, but she longs to hear from me, and I long to give her the word that shall make her sure I can come. Tell her not to worry about the place. I think she will be able to get the money all right and straighten up things the way she would like to. I am sorry I had to leave her in the condition I did, but perhaps after all it has brought her to a fuller understanding of what death means, and life after death."

Amanda Jennings.

Here comes a lady, I should think about fifty years old. She is rather stout, she has dimples in her cheeks, and is real pretty. Her eyes are blue and her hair is gray, and she has such a kind, motherly way when she comes. "Will you please say my name is Amanda Jennings, that I came from Fall River, and that I hope the people in Fall River will remember me? I was much interested in everything that was of any use to the city or to the people, but I was not a public worker. You might think so from my saying I was interested in everything that was of use to the city. It was that I longed to see everything as good as could be for the people and for the place where I lived. I have found spirit life very much like a large city, where everybody, if they take hold and do what is theirs to do, can make the city beautiful and clean; but if they neglect it, and find some selfish thing to entertain themselves with, the city goes to destruction. Somehow we realize it more in spirit life; and so when I come I long to tell the people that they had better prepare for their life in spirit by taking care of their life and their opportunities here."

Leander Frinck.

Here comes a man whose name is Leander Frinck. He was of German descent. He is very tall and thin, and he has very dark eyes and side whiskers. His hair is quite long, and he runs his hand through it; it was quite dark, but there are just a few gray hairs in the front part of it. "I was a machinist when I was here, and my hands still bear the marks." They are black as he holds them out to me. "Well," he says, "perhaps I can moralize a little bit, and say that life seems to me like one ponderous machine. Everybody has to polish his part of it to keep it running. I did not really come to have much to say about what spirit-life is like, although we all get in a sort of a philosophical atmosphere when we get back. Still my heart goes out to the people I have left here. I have a daughter whose name is Carrie Frinck, and she lives in Boston. I wish I could give you more definite directions how to reach her, but it is almost impossible for me to do so. I reach her on a magnetic current that lies between her and me, so that when I come here, about all I am able to say is my name and give you hers, hoping that some way she will see this and feel that I am with her."

Dan Wheeler.

Here is another spirit now, and his name is Dan Wheeler. "I come from Madison, Wis. I have a brother there who would just about die laughing if he thought that I had pretended to come back. But if I could get hold of him and shake him up once, the way I have seen some people shake up their mediums, I guess he would think there was a power somewhere that was a little bit stronger than he is. He is so set and so sure that he knows just about how everything is run, that it is almost impossible for me to break through his conceit and get to him; but if you will please say that I am Dan Wheeler and I want to reach my brother John, that I have found my mother over here, that her name is Elizabeth, and that our father's name was David, perhaps he will believe that I came. It is a funny thing, but they seem to think that names are the only things that can convince them; but the next time I come, and I hope to come before very long, I shall tell him something about his affairs that will open his eyes."

Fred Fowler.

Here is a young man, too; he is quite light—light hair, face, blue eyes, and was delicate and sick. His name is Fred Fowler. He comes from Chicago. "Oh, dear! if I could only get to my people. They are all alive. I feel lonely over here sometimes, because so many of my own are left in earth-life. I passed out when it just seemed that I ought to stay, there was so much for me to live for, so much that I ought to have accomplished if I had only had the strength; but I am so weak when I come that it seems as though I cannot say what I want to. I thank you so much for giving me that opportunity, but how I would like to reach Edith. If I could only speak to her and tell her that I live here just as much as I ever did, and that whatever comes to her she must feel that I still remember and long to get to her. Then there is my mother, and when I think of her the tears roll down my face in spite of myself, because she is still sorrowing for me. Her name is Emma. Please give them my love, and tell them that I have come all the way here to speak to them, because I thought they would believe it better if it came from an unknown source."

Ella Collins.

Here is a girl; her name is Ella Collins, and she comes from Cambridge. She is tall, with dark eyes and hair, and very sure that she can get to her own people. She says: "I suffered some when I went out, and yet not as much as those about me thought. I have a child left, and in spirit life another. The child with me is a boy, the other is a girl. The girl's name is Marion; that is all I can say."

William Perkins.

Here is a man named William Perkins. He is as jolly and nice as can be. He has a round, full face, gray eyes and gray hair; he is about medium height; his shoulders are quite broad—he says: "Just broad enough to bear all things that were ever said about me; for someone I never minded at all what anybody said. They just rested on my shoulders lightly, and when I got ready I gave a little shrug and off they fell; so that after all life was not such a burden to me as it was to some of my friends I came from Concord, N. H., but I

like to come once in a while here and look around this place, for it used to be my way when I lived in Concord to go to Boston once in a while and see the sights and know what was going on. And do you know, I had not been over here but a little while when my sister, Mary Ann, came over. She was so surprised to find me, and yet very glad. Our mother is still living; she is quite an old woman; her first name is Sarah. If you could say to her that when she comes over to us we shall have everything ready for her, that she will not have to leave much behind, because she will step into a life where the things she has longed for will be ready and waiting for her, prepared by the loving hands of those who have stepped over the border before she did. Please tell her not to worry, not to fret over anything that she is going to leave here, or over any condition that she is afraid she will find in the spirit, for all will be well, and she can take her religion along with her if she wants to, although she will not find half as much need for it over here as she does up in Concord."

Flora Boyd.

Here is a Cleveland woman. She is not very tall; she is very delicate, and her name is Flora Boyd. She passed out with consumption. She has blue eyes and brown hair, and has hardly strength to stand here. There is not a particle of color in her face, and she looks just like a dead person, only she has her eyes open, and speaks. "For six months before I went away I was in very much this condition, could hardly breathe, so that it was quite a relief to me to go, but I had so many who were anxious to keep me, and tried every way they could to do something to help me. My father is in spirit with me. He came before I did, and his name is Charles. He says to tell my brother who is left, and who bears his name, only they call him Charlie, to be careful about investments, and about his health; that we will try to impress and lead him, and he must not strive to do two years in one. If I could speak to him personally I think I could convince him even better than I can now that I am alive." His last name is just like hers. She was not married, but he is. She died at home, and has been married since she went to spirit life.

Henry Thomas.

Here is a man named Henry Thomas. "I know you will be glad to let me in, because I come so well and so strong. Most of the spirits feel so weak when they get back that it seems an effort for them to give their message, but I passed out of life so suddenly that I did not have any sickness, and did not have any experience of weakness. I come with just that vigor and that strength to-day, and so for my part I had much rather go out that way than to lie sick a long time, and waste away. I used to say that I did not want to be sick a long time, and everybody said when I died that I died the way I wanted to. It didn't worry me much when I was going, although I knew nothing about Spiritualism, had not much in common with the church people. Still, I just thought that somehow how the Lord put me in the world he would take me out of it, and take care of me, or put me in a place where I could take care of myself, and sure enough he did. I want to say to Abbie, who was my wife, that if she could hear me laugh and talk, as she thinks she does sometimes, she would understand that change of life did not make change of heart. I often go to her, and I make her shiver and shake, and she knows that there is some influence around, but she does not know quite what it is. I came from Detroit."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY FOUR

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I heard a good story the other day. A man who was not in the habit of attending church strolled into one by chance, and heard the minister say, "For he that hath to him shall be given, but he that hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath." The visitor picked up his ears at this. Not knowing the etiquette of the place, which allows the minister to say what he chooses to the audience, but makes it very bad form for any listener to say a word in reply, the man coolly inquired who said that. The astonished preacher said he believed it was to be found in Mark. "Well, it sounds just like Hanna," remarked the man.

This remark, thrown out by Jesus in the course of his daily conversations with all sorts of inquirers, is one of those texts which has been misunderstood. Jesus did not say it as an expression of an eternal principle of right, but as something often found to be true in the various relations that men hold with each other. I well remember the indignation with which an old Spiritualist in Oshkosh, Wis., remarked when some one quoted this text to her, "Well, it aint right; it's wicked and unjust."

But in all ages of the world there have been those who have taken advantage of poverty and have forced the poor man to give of his scanty store to him who had plenty. I know a poor young man here where I live, who has a wife and several children. Sickness and other untoward circumstances forced him to borrow money to pay for the daily needs of the family. He borrowed fifty dollars of a lawyer in Newark, and had to pay twenty dollars more for the use of this money when he was in sore need. In other words, he had to pay an interest of forty per cent. A friend ascertained this hard fact, and lent the young man the money still due, with no interest at all; and when he went, money in hand, to get clear of his hard creditor, he found him most unwilling to receive it and to lose the remainder of the usury.

This money-lender is a lawyer, and no doubt knows the laws of New Jersey. The interest on borrowed money is limited to six per cent. by the laws of this State. But there are ways to evade the working of this law. One way is to make the debtor sign an acknowledgment for a far larger sum of money than he borrows. Other ways savor so much of "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of the "heathen Chinese," that I could not get them clearly into my brain.

But in this case, as in many other dealings of the rich with the poor, the needs of the poor man are so extreme that he will submit to every sort of extortion, and not report to the authorities how hardly he is dealt with, because the doctor's bills must be paid, and food and fuel must be obtained, and he can get the money in no other way. Of course such a money-lender has no bowels of compassion. What does he care for the sick wife and starving little ones! All he cares for is to get his money back, increased by forty per cent interest.

At one time this family moved to a certain town, and one child fell very ill. Strangers, they sought the best doctor, and called in an excellent one, an old man, a Presbyterian church member, a man of wealth, and carried to his patients in an elegant vehicle by two fine horses. Did this rich physician remember the needs of the poor, and charge nothing, or a trifling sum, for his visits? Not at all. For ten visits his bill was fifteen dollars—fifteen dollars to this poor struggler already in the hands of the usurious money-lender! Noticing their frantic anxiety for the life of the little one, he charged them to change their milkman to one who charges twelve cents a quart. To save the child, as they supposed, they paid this extortionate price for milk for several weeks. Now they pay six cents a quart for excellent milk, and have bought a doctors' book, and buy the medicines that seem necessary, and the children are quite as well as when under a doctor's care at a cost of a dollar and a half a visit.

I used to suppose that ecclesiastical tyranny was the worst tyranny of all. But I have of late been inclined to think that medical tyranny is quite as bad, and that there is not much to choose between a D.D. and an M.D. Heaven save me from both when my last illness comes, and Heaven save me from the embalmer and the undertaker after I have ceased to breathe. Let only those who loved me in life care for my deserted clay, wrap it in some simple garments without ostentation and parade, and convey it after the proper time has elapsed to the nearest crematory!

I supposed when I sat down to write that my subject was to be the brotherhood of man. I was going to take for a text, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men;" and from this basic fact (if it be a fact, which I really doubt), I was going to make out that just as the members of a family should be good to the crippled and half-witted ones, so should all men be as good to each other as the members of a family should be good to each other.

When I cast doubt on the statement that all human beings are blood relations, I still hold to that great statement that "One is your father," "All ye are brethren." But to say that all souls come out from the Infinite Soul, and are therefore brother and sister souls, is a very different thing, from saying that all human beings are related to one another by blood, on the ground that they all descended from one human pair. The last-named supposition is quite unlikely. It is more probable that the genesis of man took place in different ages in different quarters of the world, according to the greater or less advance in the evolution of a cranium that could be used by a human soul.

The above is my present view, but in matters like these that have to do with physical things, I am free to change my mind with the bestowal of information by those who are wiser than I. As to spiritual matters, as that Infinite Soul is the parent of all finite souls, that Infinite Soul expresses itself through an Infinite Universe, and that finite souls express themselves here and now by a fleshly and by a spiritual body, and later by a spiritual body alone, there is no possibility of changing my mind, for all these and kindred facts are basic.

As was said before, I feel to sit at the feet of those who know more than I do and learn of them. "Light," of Oct. 7, which reached me yesterday, had Number Seven of Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt's "Thoughts on Things," the subject of this number being "Nature's Proof of Man's Immortality." As I have no recollection of the previous numbers of this series, I think they must have appeared before I found that I could not "keep house" (psychically) without this London paper.

In this number Mr. Hyatt makes the following points: God's image is stamped in man's moral nature, involving introspection, the power of conscience and self-arrangement, and all this belongs to a brain-layer developed in the skull of no animal yet discovered but that of man. It is also separated by function from the contiguous brain-layer underneath it, that if it could be removed, the man would remain only an animal with no moral nature at all. He argues that Nature's proof of man's immortality lies in the existence of this upper brain. He makes the corollary from this statement that the lower animals, who have not this upper brain-layer, are not destined to immortality. He also argues that the fact that in this layer lie man's prescience and his longing for immortality, proves that he will be immortal, on the principle that every functional concept generated in any brain proves that it is the image of a real entity actual as fact or possible as prophecy.

All the above is exceedingly interesting, though I am ignorant regarding this brain layer and its functions, and the acceptance of Mr. Hyatt's premises might lead some to the conclusion that beings lower than man do not survive the change called death.

But, granting Mr. Hyatt's premises, and accepting his claim of human survival after death from the tissues and functions of this upper part of the brain, we still think that the animals we love may continue to give us pleasure in "the life that is to come" in the light of the following considerations.

In the present life, animals may not possess prescience, nor the power of self-arrangement by their conscience, and yet they live, and give us pleasure by real love and devotion. There are fields of human thought and experience into which animals cannot enter in the part now live. But the life they possess is a part of the infinite life. Though the dog soul is less than the human soul, yet it is just as truly a finite part of the infinite soul, and just as truly the offspring of it as is a human soul. The useful horse, the faithful dog, the wise elephant are alive, and life does not die; it cannot. We go on living after the fleshly body disintegrates because we are alive here. For the same reason, the animal will do the same, for life is something that cannot die.

To my mind Mr. Hyatt's acute and scientific reasons why animals do not manifest prescience and moral qualities here only shows that they are not likely to manifest them there. With all my fondness for these devoted and faithful lower creatures, I am always deeply conscious that I have realms of thought, feeling and volition that they do not and cannot enter. And as it is here, so will it be there. As we sit at the feet of great teachers in the spirit-world as our thoughts rove delightedly through the fields of immensity, and our beings thrill in response to Infinite Love, these lower attendants will not understand us—what we think and what we feel—any more than they do now. But they will keep close to us, and await the hour when the tension will relax, and we shall be ready to romp with them, and take pleasure in their affection, just as we do here.

I accept as true what Mr. Hyatt says of the brain-layers, and only plead why the lesser, humbler and subservient life will go on there just as it does here.

Near the beginning of this most interesting and suggestive article Mr. Hyatt speaks eagerly and incisive words against the vivisectionists. He does not scruple to say that immortality for the brute and annihilation for such men would be justice. For he says, "No other animal is so remorseless; no other while mangle its victim prolongs its agonies by keeping it alive. The wolf devours quickly, the lion hypnotizes before he whets his fangs. No vivisectionist, not a solitary one, among the animals. Man is the monster, and his hideous presence among the better beasts strengthens in despairing hearts the ghastly conviction that nature is without a God."

These words remind me of what Mrs. Fairchild Allen, the head and front of the "Illinois Anti-Vivisection Society," has sometimes written to me. She says she can believe nothing. She can neither praise nor pray, so wrong is she by this constantly repeated torture inflicted on countless animals stretched on vivisection tables, helpless in the hands of their tormentors. And they claim to do this for the benefit of human beings, for men and women whom they would fain maim and disembowel when living, and whom, when Nature has said that the time has come to die, they would not allow to die in peace if they could possibly help it. When I come to die let me leave comfort and happiness, and not torture, and disappear along with my footprints on the sands of time.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., Oct. 17, 1899.

Solving Problems in Sleep.

That sometimes a man solves a problem in sleep, and finds the result written down on waking, though he retains no waking realization of this process, the following truthful event may prove:

My wife's uncle, Ernst Berg, when young and employed in the Prussian Bank at Stralsund, thought a great deal about the method of improvement in the rather bad financial conditions of the Prussian banks in general. One night, when he was sleeping, another clerk who was sleeping in the same room saw him rise, dress, and proceed to write almost all night, but did not like to disturb the writer. After putting the manuscript into a secret drawer of the desk, Mr. B. went to sleep again, and his friend could scarcely wake him in the morning, as he was very sleepy.

On being asked what writing he had done in the night, Mr. B. was quite astonished and denied having written anything. The friend told him that he put the writing into a secret drawer of the desk. He would not believe this till the drawer was opened, and there they found, to their greatest astonishment, a manuscript, the contents of which gave valuable ideas and hints "how to improve the bad financial conditions of the Prussian banks."

After some time, when Mr. B. had gotten over his bewilderment, he copied this manuscript and handed it over to the Prussian government, and the result was that Mr. B. soon got into a high position and held the situation as director of said bank for many years. I had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance and learned this highly interesting fact.

He was the benefactor of the poor and the bereaved ones in secret, and no one went from his door with empty hands. He is now in spirit-life and will find his reward.

Yours truly,
R. A. KROHMANN.
Strat Kratzke 69, St. Pauli, Hamburg, Ger.

A Letter from a Subscriber.

I wish to tell you how I came to subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Some weeks ago my wife and myself were invited to attend a private seance held at the residence of a gentleman living in a neighboring town. Having never witnessed any of the workings of Spiritualism we accepted the invitation, and saw the physical demonstration with a table, and heard some messages through a visiting medium. The following day at home (more through fun) myself and wife sat before a table, as we saw the medium do the evening before, and after a little time were surprised to see the table begin to move. We enjoyed the novelty of seeing the table walk about the room for some days, and during that time, and since, my wife has developed into a writing medium.

At one of our sittings we were asking advice, and in answer to one of our questions were told that the BANNER OF LIGHT contained much truth and that we should secure it. We did not know what the BANNER OF LIGHT was, but thought it might be a spiritual paper.

I went to a local newsdealer and saw it catalogued and subscribed for it at once, receiving my first copy, printed on the 9th of Sept.

Your paper should be very successful if good spirits solicit for it.

Yours truly,
H. M. DUKES.

No Danger of a Race War.

BISHOP GAINES URGES NEGROES TO LEARN TO ENDURE HARDNESS.

Atlanta, Ga.—Bishop W. J. Gaines, who ranks with Booker T. Washington as a deep thinker among the Southern negroes, delivered a powerful sermon recently at the Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church, his topic being the problems that just now urge their presence on his race. The church was jammed with negroes and many white people.

"As negroes, we must learn to endure hardness," the preacher said. "We must learn not to be ashamed of honest service. If we must work in the menial places let us not be ashamed to work there. As I see it, it is just as honorable to lay brick for a living as it is to practice law. It is just as honorable to wash and iron for a living as it is to get upon a platform and make speeches for Woman Suffrage."

Then the preacher startled his audience with: "Perhaps if a man were charged with assault, and I had an x-ray from heaven turned on him so that I knew he was guilty, I would be willing to turn him over to the mob."

"I want to say to-day that he who apologizes for that crime or has any sympathy for the inhuman monster who commits it, be he black or white, is an enemy to God and a traitor to his race. But the danger of mob law is that sometimes innocent men are condemned and executed. And in my condemnation of lynch law it is not that I wish the guilty to escape, but that I do not wish the innocent to suffer. In this I am supported by all good men in this section."

"There is no danger of a race war; all such talk is idle and foolish. With ninety-five per cent of our race good citizens, what occasion is there for war? The good men of both races will and can get together, and peace and harmony will prevail."—Washington Times.

Written for the Banner of Light.

N. S. A. THE CHICAGO CONVENTION! And Declaration of Principles.

Oct. 10, 1899

BY CHAS. A. BROWN.

"All hail! to the work at Chicago,
The nations are waiting your voice;
Then let your grand influence afar go,
Thus making the world to rejoice!"
Right nobly the people responded
By bringing great thoughts to the test—
Truth and Love, Peace and Wisdom were banded
In this Queen of the North and the West.

All hail! to the Angel of Freedom!
As down from her eyrie of light,
Unfolding her wings for a moment,
She came to this Western Convention,
With principles grandly professed,
So putting an end to contention
And settling false queries at rest.

Sweet Angel of Liberty, soaring
So high o'er a heaven-kissed land,
Upon our o'ersha'd heads you are pouring
The blessings that all understand:
The blessings that come from right-doing,
From efforts that stand every test,
In Duty's fair pathway pursuing,
Uniting the East and the West.

See! Prejudice shrinks from your glances.
See! Cowardice hides in despair,
While Progress the vision enhances
With smiles, for the work you did there.
As onward we march to the battle,
No time now to falter or grieve,
No time now to listen to prattle
As to whether we know or believe,
For either will do for a question
Over which fatal theorists squirm.
Now Chicago has made the suggestion
That is better than both—we affirm.

Years ago in the West rose an issue
In regard to equation of Right,
Great Britain made sport of the tissue
And pointed the finger of spite.
But Time has upheld our equation
Until England the fact can't deny
That her equal and peer as a nation
Was born on that Fourth of July.

So this mighty Chicago Convention
Has taken a step in advance,
And her influence grand I will mention
Will extend to both England and France.
When the next hundred years is completed,
This Truth on our Banner will shine,
With the principles never defeated,
Of October nineteenth, ninety nine.

So to-day let our BANNER give warning,
Our glorious BANNER OF LIGHT,
That the leaders no longer are fawning
Over thoughts that turn day into night;
But onward and upward pursuing
The pathway of Progress and Truth,
They will work Superstition's undoing
By the fires of Reason and Youth.

Then hail to the work at Chicago!
Like Gideon your army was small;
But the impulse of truth will afar go
From the Old Auditorium Hall,
Until doubters and thinkers and sages
Of every creed, state and mind
Shall adopt as the platform of ages
The Principles you have defined.
And as long as the human heart reaches
To the thought realms of space and of power,
So long shall it find Nature teaches
The sentiments framed in that hour.

Charles Dawbarn at Home.

Environ and Psychical Experiences of
the California Seer.

BY ERNEST S. GREEN.

Having frequently visited Mr. Dawbarn in his quiet fruit and flower environed home near San Leandro, I thought it might be of interest to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT to know something of the private life, surroundings and psychical experiences of the man who has dared to plunge into the very arcanum of Nature to bring forth her hidden secrets. Especially does this information seem needed when I note that one of his critics—a prominent Spiritualist, too—in a recent issue of THE BANNER advises him to consult a reliable medium when in search of knowledge. The fact is, Mr. Dawbarn has witnessed, both through his own mediumship and that of others, some of the most remarkable manifestations that it has ever been the privilege of any mortal to behold or experience. Being an extensive traveler, and an alert investigator of all phases of phenomena, his investigations cover a period of over a quarter of a century, have been with some of the most potent mediums in the country, both public and private, and cover a territory from New York to California.

But the object of this article was to describe the home of the "California Philosopher." One Sunday, in response to an invitation, Dr. Max Muehlenbruch, of Oakland, and myself, in company with our wives, paid a visit to Mr. Dawbarn, and found the genial philosopher standing beside his bicycle at the station, as usual, awaiting our arrival. A five-minute's walk brought us to his beautiful country home, which is surrounded by cherry, orange, lemon, apricot and plum trees, gardens of various kinds of vegetables and a profusion of beautiful flowers.

As it was Mr. Dawbarn's lunch time, 11 A. M. (his custom being two meals a day, one at 11 A. M. and one at 4:30 P. M.), we were shortly ushered into the dining-room, where we found a sumptuous repast awaiting us.

Lunch over, we retired to the parlor, and listened to some operatic music on the Zolian organ, after which we (the "meu-folks") ascended the stairs to the philosopher's "den," as he is pleased to call it, although unlike the proverbial philosopher's "den" it is abundantly lighted, with the sun flooding it most of the day, and is neat and tidy, with the furniture tastefully arranged. And while the ladies were wandering through the orchards, sampling the fruits, Dr. Muehlenbruch and I were being entertained by listening to the philosopher's profound reply to his late critics, which he had finished copying on his typewriter that morning at 4 o'clock.

After listening to the reading, and the Doctor and I having commented upon it and discussed it with the author, the scribe relaxed into silence, while the two psychometrists exchanged wonderful narratives of their experiences in psychic and mediumistic developments, which in many respects proved to have been precisely similar; after which each gave the other a reading, including "tests," which were recognized, each discerning spirit forms around the other. And here allow me to interpolate that it does not seem to be generally known that Mr. Dawbarn was once a well-known and successful psychometrist, but gave it up for the reason that he thought it held him down upon the material plane from which he aspired to arise. Upon two of my former visits he has given me readings which fully demonstrated his powers, both as to past and future—so far as known at the present.

After dinner, at 4:30 o'clock, we paid a visit to the orchards, to the windmill which supplies the place with water, to the apparatus by which Mr. Dawbarn generates the gas to sup-

ply his house, and last, but not least, we visited the chicken yards and incubators, for Mr. D. is also a poultry raiser.
Mr. Dawbarn is the patriarch of a family of four—himself, Mr. and Mrs. Gray (a quiet, philosophical old couple), and an excellent cook, a Swedish lady.
Mr. Dawbarn devotes at least one hour every day to silent communion with the unseen intelligences, and nature's occult powers, ever aspiring for more light. And in this matter he has all that could be desired in the matter of "conditions": (1) Excellent physical health; (2) Pleasant and harmonious surroundings; and (3) Perfect freedom from worry. His plan was especially selected by him as a secluded spot, where he would have good roads for his bicycle, pleasant surroundings, and where he could enter into communion with nature for the purpose of solving her mysteries.
Oakland, Cal.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 850 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Psychograph,

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4 1890.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries and conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society.—Minnie M. Soule, Pastor, Assembly Hall, 200 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7 1/2. Discourses and Evidences through the mediumship of the pastor.

Engle Hall, 610 Washington Street.—First Spiritualist Church, M. Adeline Wilkison, Pastor. Services at 11, 12 and 7 1/2; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Temple, 21 Somerset Street, Charlestown.—Spiritualist meetings Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M.; Tuesday and Friday, 7 P.M. Mrs. Giffith, President.

Little Spiritualist Meetings, Old Ladies' Hall, 640 Tremont Street.—Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sundays at 10 1/2 A.M., 2 1/2 and 7 P.M., and Wednesdays at 7 P.M.

Spiritual Fraternity.—At First Spiritual Temple, 21 Somerset Street, Charlestown. Services at 11 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M. on Sundays and 7 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays. The continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Other meetings announced from the platform, A. H. Sherman, Secretary.

Houston Spiritual Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley Street. Every Sunday at 10 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M. Allen, President; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M. at 21 Tremont Street, near Edin Street. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albee, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.—Spiritual Sunday School meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 54 Tremont Street, at 10 1/2 A.M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street.—Mrs. Sutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A.M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P.M., and Thursday at 7 P.M.

The Helping Hand Society meets every Wednesday in Gould Hall, 3 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 6 o'clock. Supper at 6 o'clock. Entertainment at 7 1/2. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President; Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, Secretary.

Easton Spiritual Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. Brown, Sec'y, 177 Broadway, Dorchester, Mass.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

Ministry of the Divine Science of Health.—Services Sunday 10 A.M. and 7 1/2 P.M. and Wednesday 7 1/2 P.M. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at Cambridge (lower) Hall, 61 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6 30. Camie, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn Street, Cambridge, Mass.

MALDEN.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society.—Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant Street. Meetings every Sunday at 7 1/2 P.M. Wednesday 8 P.M. Mrs. M. Barber, President; Mrs. Emily M. Morse, Sec'y. A cordial welcome extended to co-workers in the cause of "Progressive Spiritualism."

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 74 Lexington Avenue.—One door above 48th Street. Services every Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 8 o'clock. Questions answered in the morning. Improvised poems after each lecture. Mrs. J. H. Tuttle sings morning and evening. All are cordially invited. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, speaker.

BROOKLYN.

The Advance Spiritual Conference meets every Sunday evening in Single Tax Hall, 101 Bedford Avenue. Good speakers and mediums always in attendance. Seats free. All welcome. Mr. G. Deleone, President; Mrs. Alice Ashby, Secretary.

The Women's Progressive Union of Brooklyn holds meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 8 o'clock, and social meetings every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at Hall 423 Classon Avenue, between Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street. Elizabeth F. Kirtin, Pres't. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the Hall.

308 Tompkins Ave., near Gates Ave.—Miss Chapin, Blind Medium. Meetings Sunday and Friday evenings. Spirit Messages and other Phenomena. Admission free. Collection taken.

Notice to Local Societies.

Hereafter all reports will be condensed in the same general style as given below. We respectfully request our correspondents to govern themselves accordingly. We shall deal fairly and impartially with all societies, hence must ask them all to conform to the same general rule. The addresses of all local societies in Boston and vicinity, as well as in cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Sunday, Oct. 29, another large audience was in attendance at Berkeley Hall to listen to an address given by that popular speaker, Mr. F. A. Wiggin. The meeting was opened by Mr. Geo. E. Schaller, with a piano solo, after which the congregation sang "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Wiggin followed with a reading and an invocation. After a musical selection by Mrs. Pearl the speaker gave an address lasting forty-five minutes, during which he spoke of the grand work done at the Chicago convention by the N. S. A. He spoke particularly of the declaration of principles adopted by the N. S. A., and accepted it as one of the best things done at the convention. He also spoke of the good judgment of the delegates in electing most of the old Board of Officers. At the close of his address he gave a séance. In the evening every seat in the hall was filled. After musical selections by Mrs. Pearl and Prof. Schaller, Mr. Wiggin gave a short address followed by a séance lasting an hour. Mr. Wiggin is doing good work and is having large audiences. In order to get a front seat you must come early. Don't forget that the BANNER OF LIGHT is always for sale at this hall, J. B. Hatch, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester.

The Helping Hand Society will hold its first meeting of the season on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1. A reception will be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wiggin at this time, and all friends of the Cause are cordially invited to be present to meet with the speaker for the Berkeley Hall Society for the past month, and we most sincerely hope the friends will be present at this reception to give him encouragement to carry on the good work. A business meeting will be held at 4 P.M. Supper will be served at 6 P.M. The members are requested to be present at 4 P.M. sharp. The reception will be open free to all. The place of meeting is at Gould Hall 3 Boylston Place, Cambridge.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union held its fourth meeting of the season Wednesday, Oct. 25, in Dwight Hall. Large attendance. It has become a feature of the Union this season to have a circle on each afternoon before the business meeting, from 4 to 5, and it has been

so well attended that Marble Hall can hardly accommodate the sitters. It is the aim of the President, Mrs. William S. Butler, to see what can be done to bring out young mediums. The circle is open to all members of the Union. The evening meeting was opened by the President, Those taking part: Messrs. Ilott, Sweet, Meddames, Nuttall, Knowles, Fannie Fisher; Misses Mattie Miliken and Della Sawyer.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nuttall, Conductor. Sunday, Oct. 29 opened with some service, led by Charles Abbott; invocation, Mrs. Nuttall; Meddames who took part throughout the day: Watts, McLean, Kitzel, Mosier, McKenna, Gilman, Millan, Fish. Invocation in the evening, Miss Irene Fisher Smith; song by Mr. Andy Stanley, and Miss Mabel Haggan; also a song by Mr. Matthews, Messrs. Nelke, Howe, Baker. We held an Indian peace council on Wednesday evening, Nov. 13.

First Spiritual Church—Mrs. Wilkinson, pastor. Services Sunday, Oct. 29. The following took part during the day: Messrs. Proctor, Fred De Bos, Newhall, Woods, B. F. Bailey, Taylor, Baker; Meddames Knowles, Ackerman, Fish, Wood, Burbeck, Monroe, Baker, Miss Sear.

Cadet Hall, Lynn Spiritualists' Association. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Boston was the speaker on Oct. 29, and gave able discourses, and very accurate messages. Mrs. George Merrill sang and presided at the piano, with W. H. Thomas cornetist. Next Sunday Mrs. Carrie E. S. T'wing will be with us. Supper will be served in the hall. Good vocal and instrumental music.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 Oct. 29 held a well-attended session. The lesson subject was "Life's Purpose." The subject for the little ones was "Honesty." The following members rendered songs and recitations: Wilhelmina Hope, Charlie Steadman, Esther Bots, Mabel Emmons, Vera Drisco, Mabel Clark, Iona Stollings, Eddie Hill, Harry Green. Remarks were made by Mrs. May Pepper, Mr. B. F. James, Mrs. Belle Roberts, Mrs. William S. Butler.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society—Mrs. C. H. Appleton President—holds regular meeting in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Thursday afternoon and evening. A fine turkey supper will be served at 6:30 P.M. and in the evening Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will deliver her lecture on "Palms," with readings. Public cordially invited.

Massachusetts.

The Onset Wigwam C-workers celebrated their Hunters' Moon Festival at the full of the moon, Oct. 19. Interesting meetings were held throughout the day in the Wigwam, with supper, entertainment and dance in the evening at the Temple. The decorations, under the artistic supervision of Mrs. Westor, President of the Wigwam C-workers, were exquisite. A pretty little birch bark wigwam, with outflowing, gorgeous autumn foliage, baskets of tempting fruit, potted plants, ferns and vegetables, composed the platform decorations, and with the waxy green of the pine for background, gave a charming effect, at once pleasing to the eye and restful to the senses. The sides of the proscenium were draped in yellow and white, the Spiritualist and Woman Suffragist colors, and from the overhead centre was suspended a birch bark canoe filled with flowers, over which was a crescent moon with "Harvest Festival" in green, and above the curtains of yellow and green, which were looped up with large red satin bows of ribbon, was printed these words, "Let the heavens rejoice; let the earth be glad."

A very bountiful supper was served from 6 to 7, at which one hundred people sat down and partook of the tempting viands, after which came the entertainment. Mrs. Weston made the opening remarks at the entertainment, thanking the people for their past patronage and their interest in this their sixth Harvest Moon Festival, and then their first song by ten young ladies in white—Sadie Parker, Sophronia Butler, Dora White, Lizzie Underwood, Carrie Taber, Flora Pierce, Lizzie LeCain, Annabel Hawes, Katie Sullivan, Rosabel Wentworth. Recitation, "A Fable," by Mrs. M. C. Weston; a Tom Thumb wedding, in which Sidney Trask was priest, Gertrude Atkins, bride, Arthur Fowler, bridegroom, Albert Valin and Mabel Leslie, best man and brides maid, Annabel Hawes, Gladys Bolles, Emma Gay and Kattie Ogier, maids of honor, Andrew Butler and Sadie Parker, father and mother of the bride, Karl Bolles, Elias Amidon, Robert Fish, Frank Butler, ushers, George King, Karl King, Harry Wilcox, Henry Bolles, Henry Ackerman, George Pierce, Harry Butler, Andrew Fish, Sadie Russell, Marjorie Bullock, Ruth Dearth, Sadie Johnson, Helen Ogler, Josephine Valin, Adeline Valin, guests; and with their trains, the elaborate coiffures, swallowtail coats, white vests and gloves, made a very imposing appearance.

Next came a song by Albert Valin, Karl King and Arthur Fowler, which was well done. The Three Graces, Sadie Parker, Carrie Taber, and Dora White, were good. Orchestra selection, Walter Baker, violin, George Nye, cornet, Edna Nye, piano. Coon song by Will LeCain and Mrs. Underwood, who are so well known they need no comment. Violin solo, Mabel Leslie. After the entertainment the water colored picture of the Columbia and Shamrock, painted by Harry Owens, was drawn by shares, John Weeks holding the lucky number. Dances followed the evening's entertainment, with Charley Weston's orchestra for music. The drilling of the little ones was under the management of Mrs. Judkins of Boston. Owing to sickness, and non-appearance of some who were to take part in the entertainment, the program was shortened, and the floor cleared for dancing at nine o'clock. A very pleasant evening and good entertainment, was the verdict to be heard on all sides as the crowd left the hall. Much credit is due Mrs. Weston, President of the Wigwam C-workers, for the success of the entertainment.

Deliberative Hall Spiritualist Meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2:30, 56 Pleasant St., Malden, conducted by Mrs. M. A. Moody and Mrs. Emma F. Whittier. Oct. 29, reading of Bible, Mrs. Moody; prayer, Mrs. Whittier; inspirational remarks, music and messages from spirit friends, Mr. Sawin, also Mrs. Taylor of Melrose and Mrs. Moody; singing by Miss Stone of Charlestown, accompanist, Miss Ackhurst of Malden; J. R. Snow discussed the "Declaration of Principles," also discussed by Mr. Morse of Reading. Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT solicited. Copies for sale at the hall.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists held their regular meeting Oct. 25, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Hartwell; First Vice President, Mrs. E. J. Smith; Second Vice President, Mrs. A. Ackers; Clerk, Mrs. E. Zwalhen; Cor. Sec'y, Miss A. M. Came; Treasurer, Mrs. Hanson.

The Psychical Research Class is growing in interest every week. We are doing what we can through spirit influence to bring out that latent force which is in every mortal. Our motto is, "Strength that which remains, that nothing be lost." We hold services every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at 71 Grant Street, Winter Hill; also Sunday at 3 o'clock, at 71 Tremont Street, Boston. W. Scott Steadman.

Mrs. Sanger of Waltham writes: We have moved into new quarters in Fraternity Hall, in the A. O. W. Building on Moody Street, and are much pleased with them. Our speaker for October has been Mrs. A. J. Pettibone. Her lectures have been helpful, and the messages given have been true in every case. The attendance has been larger than ever before, every seat being filled. She will be with us again later in the season. Our finances are in good condition, and we look forward to a successful season. Next month Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock will be with us.

Worcester, Sunday, Oct. 15, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand occupied our platform. Her discourses were interesting, her messages very accurate and convincing. The last two Sundays Mrs. N. J. Willis of Cambridgeport served as speaker. Mrs. Willis has spoken on our platform many times in the years ago, and her lectures never fail to interest, as well as instruct her hearers. The first two Sundays in November Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will be our speaker, the last two Mrs. J. W. Kenyon. The Women's Auxiliary will meet on Friday afternoon and evening of this week in Bazaar Hall, Day Building, corner of Main and Walnut streets.

First Spiritualist Church, Fall River.—On Saturday night we had a social and dance to welcome our President from the Convention, and a very agreeable time we had. Thomas Cartman, 40 Davis Street.

Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists, Haverhill, had for its speaker and medium Sunday evening, Oct. 29, Parker W. Hitchcock. His work was heartily appreciated by a large audience. Oct. 29 Mrs. Lillian B. Butler, formerly of Lawrence, now of Haverhill, gave a short discourse and many convincing communications from spirit loved ones.

Fitchburg, Sunday, Oct. 29.—Full houses greeted Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday. The two addresses were followed by many tests and spirit messages, fully recognized, proving the philosophy so ably presented by the speaker. Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham, of Boston, medium, speaks for the society next Sunday.

At Progressive Spiritualists' Association, Lynn, Providence Hall, 21 Market St., Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn addressed the people both afternoon and evening Sunday, Oct. 29. She did full justice to her subjects. Mrs. Delia Matson and Mrs. Haire gave messages, and Mrs. Quade, Warren and Padger magnetic treatments. Music, Anna Cross. Next Sunday Mrs. Julia E. Davis, Nov. 9 a Peace Council will be held at Mrs. Anna Quade's, 13 Tower Ave. Subscriptions taken for BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society, Lynn, held Sunday services at Temple's Hall Oct. 29. An appreciable audience greeted the speaker and medium, Mrs. Hattie C. Webber. In the morning, two spirit messages and communications. Next Sunday at 2:30 Mrs. N. S. Noyes, Mrs. L. F. Holden and others. At 7:30 Mrs. Wm. S. Butler of Boston and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists held a very interesting meeting at 76 Pleasant St., Board of Trade Rooms, Masonic Building, Oct. 29. Speakers present: Wm. Barber, W. Cowan, H. H. Warner; messages and inspirational music: Mr. Seymour of Boston; solo, Mrs. Jones, piano accompaniment by her husband, Prof. Jones, who kindly takes charge of the musical part of our meetings. Although the evening was very damp, we had a good audience.

First Spiritualist Society, Salem, J. E. Hammond Sec'y.—The platform was occupied Sunday by Mrs. May F. Pepper, afternoon and evening, in her usual happy and convincing way, giving some wonderful messages. At tendances very large.

First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Stoneham, held regular meeting Thursday P.M., Oct. 26. Business meeting, 4 P.M. Mrs. Emma F. Whittier, President, in the chair. At 6:30 forty people sat down to a bountiful supper prepared by the ladies of the society. Our lecturer for the evening was Mrs. Minnie M. Soule of Boston. Hope she will be with us again before the season closes. Our next lecturer will be Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridge. Mrs. E. F. Whittier.

Brookton People's Progressive Spiritual Association was served Oct. 29 by Ida P. A. Whitlock of Providence, R. I. For the four Sunday evenings in November Mrs. Mary E. Lease of New York will serve the society. Mrs. Geo. E. Morse, Cor. Sec'y, 719 Main Street.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a mass meeting Wednesday, Nov. 8, at old Old Fellows' Hall, Merrimack Street, Lowell. A fine array of talent will be present, including Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. C. F. Loring, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. H. D. Barrett, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, a fine array of home talent, and excellent music. Friends in Boston who wish to go will please meet the Secretary at the Union Station, and take the 9 A.M. train for Lowell. For any particulars, please send to the Secretary, CARRIE L. HATCH, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester, Mass. Committee of Arrangements—President G. A. Fuller, J. O. Perkins, Mrs. Cunningham of Lowell, Mrs. J. Jackson of Lowell; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

New York.

First Association of Spiritualists. Sunday, Oct. 28, despite the inclement weather, our meetings were well attended at both sessions, and Miss Gaule never did better. In the absence of our President, who is attending the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Cincinnati, Dr. C. W. Torrey acted as Chairman—the first time the platform has been occupied in this way since the transition of its late President, Henry J. Newton. Next Sunday Miss Gaule will again bring her beautiful messages to gladden sorrowing hearts.

At the Woman's Progressive Union Sunday, Oct. 29, in the afternoon Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham gave a very eloquent address on the word "Doing," ending with a beautiful improvised poem. Mr. Baxter followed with a well-rendered song, and gave many readings, all of which were promptly recognized. Singing by Mrs. Sieber, Misses Turton and Dikeman was of a high order. Our Lyceum is increasing in numbers under the very able management of Mr. and Mrs. Akin.

Spiritual and Ethical Society, 744 Lexington Avenue, New York.—Mr. J. Frank Baxter, exchanging Sunday morning with our regular speaker, Mr. H. T. Brigham, was greeted with a good audience, who appreciated fully the excellent lecture, readings and singing, followed unexpectedly by several delineations of spirits present, all of which were recognized at once. Mrs. Brigham's address of the evening was one of her very best. She will not be away from us again very soon.

E. W. Emerson served the First Spiritualist Society of Newburyport Sunday, Oct. 29. He was greeted by large audiences both afternoon and evening, and never did better work. All were anxious to have him return at no distant date. Cor.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists met at Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Massachusetts Avenue, the second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Supper served at 6:30. Ada M. Came, Cor. Sec'y, 183 Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

Other States.

The First Spiritual Society, Mystic Hall, Portland, Me., Oct. 8, Edgar W. Emerson occupied the platform. Large audiences were present at each service, and were well pleased with Mr. Emerson, both as speaker and medium. Oct. 15 Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was with

us and gave two excellent discourses. All were pleased to listen once more to this veteran speaker. Good audiences were in attendance. Oct. 22, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller delivered two interesting and instructive lectures. Many of his old-time friends were present to greet him. Oct. 29, H. D. Barrett, editor of THE BANNER, was present and delivered two of his characteristic lectures, which were listened to with great interest by the audience. Miss E. L. Coffey gave many valuable thoughts in eloquent ten minute speeches at both sessions. Next Sunday, Nov. 6, Mr. Emerson will serve the society. H. C. Berry.

Mrs. M. A. Brackett writes from Portland Me.: For the first time Mrs. Lillian Penttens of Lynn served the society in Orient Hall, Sunday, Oct. 29. We were much pleased with her work.

G. W. Kates and wife have served the Springfield, Ill., Spiritualists during the month of October, and given satisfaction. Their lectures are of great interest, and highly instructive. The spirit messages and descriptions given by Mrs. Kates have been accurate in every instance. She gave a lecture to women only October 27, on "Motherhood." The controlling spirit has a message to women, and should be heard by all of them. Mr. and Mrs. Kates have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. L. Chittig at their elegant home.

J. C. F. Grumbine just closed a successful lecture engagement with the First Spiritualist Church of Indianapolis, Ind. Crowded houses greeted the speaker as the exponent of universal religion. Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone are also here, holding successful sances in the church before large audiences. Mr. Pettibone's work is straightforward and aboveboard, while Mrs. Pettibone's clairvoyance is unchallenged. Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone expect to make a tour around the world with Mr. Grumbine in 1901, in behalf of universal religion.

Lake Helen Camp-Meeting, Florida--Second Excursion.

People have already begun to go south to attend the sixth annual convocation of the Southern Casadaga Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association, which opens Feb. 4, 1900.

The programs are out and can be obtained of Mrs. Emma J. Huff, Lake Helen, or of myself. Among the special attractions will be the address of J. Clegg Wright, Caroline E. S. T'wing, J. C. F. Grumbine and Mrs. L. Brewer. Mr. Wright and Mr. Grumbine will give special private lectures in addition to their public discourses.

Mrs. J. Clegg Wright will deliver addresses upon art and give historic readings. She will also teach painting.

Mrs. Effie Moss, well-known materializing medium, will hold sances.

J. Randall Sunderland, medium for physical manifestations and independent type-writing in the light, is expected.

Dr. Sellen of Chicago has promised to come.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler intends to be there three weeks.

The Dolan Bros. and sister, popular hotel-keepers there last year, will open the hotel Dec. 1.

My second excursion will leave New York City Nov. 25 by the Clyde steamship line.

Those intending to go on this excursion should write me early for state room, special low rates, etc. (enclosing four cents in stamps). Any one who wishes to visit any part of Florida can go on this excursion.

James D. White and wife of Lake George, N. Y., C. E. Wood and wife of Boston, Mass., and Eliza Philbrook of Boston, went down on the last excursion and are now at Lake Helen. The Hotel Webster and Healthful Rest Sanitarium at Lake Helen is about ready for winter guests. It is a fine three story building, finished in native wood, beautifully furnished, and every room to be heated by hot water radiators when needed. It has every comfort to make a pleasant home for people in delicate health. It is near the campground.

President Brigham of Fitchburg, Mass., writes that he and his wife expect to occupy their pretty cottage at camp this season.

H. A. BUDINGTON.
91 Sherman Street, Springfield, Mass.

LIST OF SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

If there are any errors in this list, we wish those most interested to inform us.

C. FANNIE ALLYN, Stoneham, Mass.
JAMES MADISON ALLEN, Springfield, Mo.
F. H. ALLEN, Boston, Mass.
DR. H. C. ANDREWS, Bridgeport, Mass.
MR. S. M. ANTHONY, East Saugus, Mass.
MR. NELLIE T. BAKER, 22 E. 23rd Street, New York
MR. E. H. BARTHELEME, Chebacco Hill, Manchester, Eng.
BISHOP A. BEALS, Sumnerland, Cal.
ADRIE L. BALLOU, 1621 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
W. H. BARRETT, 1000 Broadway, New York
CAPT. J. BALCOM, 7 Neptune Street, Lynn, Mass.
MR. S. A. BYRNES, 8 Shannock St., Dorchester, Mass.
J. FRANK BAXTER, 8 Franklin Street, Chelsea, Mass.
MR. C. E. BAXTER, 22 E. 23rd Street, New York
MR. ABY N. BURNHAM, 359 Salem Street, Malden, Mass.
MR. EMMA J. BULLENE, Denver, Col.
MISS L. BARNETT, Boston, Mass.
MR. SCOTT BRIDGES, 22 E. 23rd Street, San Francisco, Cal.
MR. J. R. BUCHANAN, San Jose, Cal.
MR. H. MORSE-BAKER, Granville, N. Y.
MR. E. W. BROWN, South Milton, Mich.
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DR. C. T. BENTON, 3105 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.
ALBERT P. BLISS, Lake Pleasant, Mass.
ALICE P. BLISS, 1000 Broadway, New York
MR. ST. OMER-BRIDGES, 128 Richmond St., Cincinnati, O.
MR. NELLIE S. BAIRD, 411 13th Street, Detroit, Mich.
MILTON BAKER, 50 Bank Street, Trenton, N. J.
E. L. BOWMAN, 1000 Broadway, New York
MR. A. CHARTER, 76 Haver Street, East Boston
DEAN CLARK, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.
MR. H. D. CLARK, 1000 Broadway, New York
GEORGE W. CARPENTER, 22 E. 23rd Street, New York
MR. MARION F. CROSS, Bradford, Mass.
MR. G. H. CLARK, 96 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
MR. G. H. CLARK, 96 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
MR. W. J. COLVILLE, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.
MR. A. C. CATE, 13 Fourth Avenue, Haverhill, Mass.
MR. CLARA F. CONANT, Lake Pleasant, Mass.
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MR. A. E. CUNNINGHAM, 12 Dartmouth Street, Boston
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MR. ARTHUR W. CHERRY, Watertown, Vt.
MR. E. CROSBY, 38 Dwight Street, Boston
LEUCIS COLLEGE, Essex Junction, Vt.
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DR. G. BROOKING EWELL, Shelton, Ct.
MISS ELIZABETH EWER, Exeter, N. H.
EDGAR W. EMERSON, 138 Bridge Street, Manchester, N. H.
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PROF. SILAS W. EMMONS, 59 Camp St., New Orleans, La.
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MR. NETTIE HARRING, 14 George St., Somerville, Mass.
ANNIE C. THORNY HAWKES, Louisville, Ky.
DR. C. E. HAY, 60 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.
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