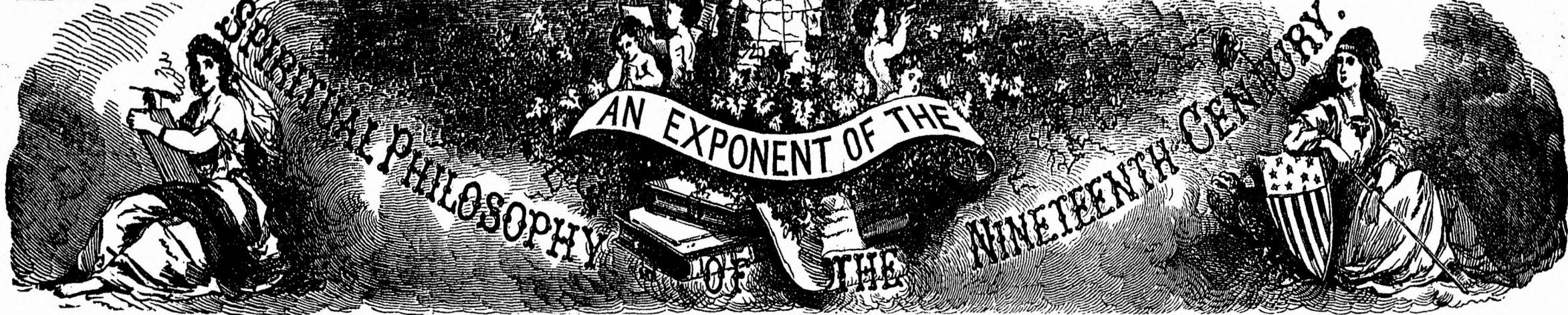


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THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Oh! dear departed saints of highest song,
Behold the screen of time your love lay hid,
Its fair unfoldment was in life forbid—
As doing such divine affection wrong.
But now we read with interest deep and strong,
And lift from off the magic jar the lid,
And lo! your spirit stands the clouds amid,
And speaks to us in some superior tongue!
Devotion such as yours is heavenly-wise,
And yet the possible of earth ye show;
Ye dwellers in the blue of summer skies,
Through you a finer love of love we know;
It is as if the angels moved with men,
And key of paradise were found again!

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

The Nation's Shame.

Discourse Given Through Mrs. Cora L. V.
Richmond, Chicago, Sept. 24, 1899.

"He that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Unto such as only know the right of might there cometh at last the might that is stronger than they, and they also shall feel its power."

There are two lines of human history: One written by the historian for human eyes, the other written by the recording angel for human souls. The one written for human eyes abounds in falsehoods; abounds also in praising that which is weak, exalting that which is ill, and oftentimes refusing to give any record of that which is greatest and highest in human life.

The real history of nations must be written when the nation's highest excellence through their various paths of experience is gained, and when, instead of emphasizing the errors which they have to overcome, the great pulsations of freedom, the heart-throbs of fraternity will be celebrated and commemorated.

Up to a few years ago, there were but few men whose bodies were interred in Westminster Abbey except those who had borne arms against other nations, or had worn kingly crowns, or had possessed human titles. The "poet's corner" was most obscure; few could find the celebrated poets resting there. Lately there have been a few others added. If you go to Rome, in an obscure corner you will find the graves of the poets Keats and Shelley; but prominently you will find, whether beneath the dome of Saint Peter's, or in other cloisters sacred and blessed, the names of those who have slaughtered their kind, who have tyrannized over their fellowmen. It is true that, since Garibaldi and Mazzini, Italy has seemed less oppressed than formerly; but it bears the weight of long years of oppression, an oppression that has been engendered and borne in upon the human spirit until it seems almost as though the nation cannot rise above it. If you go to Russia you will find the nation very busy, not with the result of the "Peace Congress," called together last May for the consideration of the nations of the earth of the proposition of disarmament for war, but very busy seeking how to checkmate Great Britain and the nations of Europe in the endeavor to open that sure and certain pathway to the East; how to inveigle China into her schemes, how to gain possession of the "Eye of the Orient" for the purposes of commerce.

The Czar lends one ear to the proposition of peace, and leads his mind and heart to preparations for war. If you visit the court in Vienna, you will not find preparations for peace, but you will find a steady increase of armament in preparation for whatever danger may come through the aims of the other nations of Europe and that feverish dynasty that reigns. If you visit Berlin, the Capital of the great German Empire, you will not find preparations for peace, but such delightful contemplation of insubordination, possibly in the army, of a Republican outbreak, of opposition to imperial rule in the Senate, of all things that relate to the preservation by force of arms of the great German Empire. If you visit Great Britain, you will hear the sounds of war and the preparations for war; nominally of concessions to the Boers in South Africa, really of the intention of the establishment of the Empire. If you visit France, you will find nominally a Republic, but really a military despotism whose latest act of cowardice was to "pardon" a man who was not guilty, in order to allow the spirit of militarism to prevail. If you visit any of the so-called "enlightened" nations—because Christian nations claim to be more than civilized, they claim to be enlightened—any nation whose sovereign in ethics is the "Prince of Peace," any nation that claims as the ruler of its army the God of peace and love, and you will find among such nations at the present hour greater activity in the building of ships of war, greater preparations for strengthening the arm, greater preparations for the possible invasion of other nations, and greater preparations for conquering them than ever before.

If this be "enlightenment," then the "Sermon on the Mount" is barbarism; if this be "civilization," then the Golden Rule is savagery. We have to choose between the two. It is not alone in France—in connection with the soldier who has risen into prominence as a hero or a martyr by the mere incident of a court-martial—it is not alone in that country that partisanship consecrated to an ancient injustice can publicly prevail; England bears the stamp of many dozens of such cases; an American woman is now imprisoned in England charged with the murder of her husband, yet all the evidence against her has been set aside, and there is no real condemnation for her, yet England, in her government, "never makes a mistake," therefore there can be no

revision. Every American woman should feel the same kind of indignation concerning the imprisonment of Mrs. Maybrick that the Jews have felt concerning the injustice of the trial of Dreyfus. Every American citizen should feel that it is his case. But very few do; it is not worth while to stir up our Anglo-Saxon friends, they are good to us now, they are so kind, they have such fraternal feeling toward this nation, and the Anglo-American alliance is such a brilliant prospect. They want you to help fight their war in the Transvaal; they want to have you attend to some of their Eastern battles for them. Of course, there is nothing like the same kind of success to win the respect of a nation whose heritage of imperialism is one distinct record of shame, from the beginning of the formation of the East India Company until the present day. You refer to India as "restored and civilized" by Great Britain, yet those who have learned to speak the English language without Great Britain's conquest rise up to claim the former inheritance of India's scholarship, enlightenment and her heritage of peace that descended from Buddha, primarily from Brahma.

You speak of all this as "Christian enlightenment" that is going forward in the world to-day, as the manifestation of the "destiny of the race." So did they speak of it in the days when England bought and sold slaves; when she only ceased to buy and sell slaves because it became inconvenient and dangerous and too expensive. When the "Reform Parliament" decided on the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, it was humanity; but the exchequer in England was to grow, and what was made before in the traffic of slavery in the Indies, was transferred to the buying and selling of African slaves to the United States when America was raising her cotton for her. But she bore the brunt of the buying and selling of slaves.

The inheritance of slavery by the colonies of America was another of those evidences of civilization that have been borne forward under the name of freedom, and which was only wiped out, not by England, but by the terrible sacrifice of your own sons. That which had enslaved four millions of human beings finally came to destroy the flower of your own land, and the price of that slavery and its continuance was this terrible sacrifice of human lives.

For years and years Cuba has been crying out for freedom, and the United States knew just as well thirty years ago what her duty was as she did a little over one year ago. "Cuba Libre" was then the motto, as it has later become the motto. We have said, if there was ever an occasion when a strong nation could go to war in the defense of a weak people, that occasion was when America unfurled her banner to assist in freeing Cuba. Under that impetus the American people became generous, became liberators, became those who succored the weak, became those who pronounced against the tyranny of Church and State that had been established for centuries; a tyranny that had at one time fastened itself upon this continent, all over the land; that had preceded the advent of free government; that had laid its foundations of religious tyranny, which had sapped the growing vitality of the republics of South and Central America long before you were a people, that was the occasion.

When the hero of the next few days shall have come to you, if come he does, remember it was under that impetus of the spirit to cripple Spain that he made the conquest of those distant islands; it was under that impetus that he was a hero. But he comes to a nation of shame; he comes back to a nation that has not yet fulfilled its promise, and that has no more right to wage a war of aggression against a helpless people than we have to smite the babe that is in your household.

Time, conditions and positions have changed. Conquered Spain has only one thing to do—go back to her own country and remain there, leaving the islands of the sea free to govern themselves. Would that we could say at this hour, leaving them under the strong protection of the one nation beneath the sun that seeks no aggrandizement. But we cannot say it. One year ago we rejoiced with those who rejoiced that Spain was driven away from the West Indies, and might never again hold them in her clutch, nor even those beautiful, distant Philippine Islands. To-day, could you see the spirit of this Republic bowing her head in shame, her eyes suffused with tears of sympathy for the struggling, her heart sad that the promise of that which has been inculcated in the minds and hearts of the American people has not been realized, you would also see her turn away and weep.

We are not blaming the American soldier; the American soldier followed the great tide of the impetus to aid the weaker nation against the stronger one, the great American spirit of the love of liberty; and the American soldier, to his credit be it said, reluctantly remained in the service of conquering the weak Filipinos. We praise and honor those who go out with hearts full of love, not only the love of their country, but the greater love of humanity, and, if needs must, use the sword for them and be their champion in a sacred, holy cause.

We do not wonder that the army is sickened, that it is difficult to find recruits to fight a people who have never wronged this nation and whose only plea is that they wish self-government. It is a specious, insignificant, hypocritical plea, that those people are not capable of governing themselves. Let them try. It remains to be seen whether even this great republic is capable of governing itself;

since you have parted one by one with the great principles upon which it was founded, you have allowed, one by one, those ideals to escape from you; you have trampled beneath your feet the one essential proposition of the right of a sister republic to exist and to be perpetuated beneath your protection; you have clasped hands with the Anglo-Saxon invasionism and imperialism; you have summoned up those ancient ties of consanguinity which you were once anxious to be rid of by the ties of Mammon, and to-day London and New York have pulse-beats in common because of the finances of the world; the centre is in London, and New York is its echo. Do you not suppose that they know it? Do you suppose that this which you are doing will exalt the nation?

The best minds of this country, free from any partisanship, free from politics; the best minds of England or Great Britain; the best minds of Europe deplore it. It is what Mr. Gladstone protested against for England; he saw in those wars of aggression and invasion, brought about by selfishness and tyranny, ultimately humility for Great Britain, which is also seen by your greatest minds for this country.

You, too, have your heritage of injustice, your record of shame, your list of innocent victims. But one week ago there were taught sentiments in this city—well applauded and praised because true—for which you hung men only a few years ago. You are drawing near to the great harvest of reminiscence and retribution; the nation is drawing near the reaping of the harvest.

We honor Dewey who was fighting against ancient Spain, the oppressor of men. We do not honor the government that maintained one soldier or one warship, except for protection, in the Philippines the moment that Spain withdrew her forces. We honor the soldiers who have given their lives, whether in Havana harbor, or on the battlefields of Cuba, or in those distant islands of the sea, conscientiously for their country's sake. But we do not honor any general who would remain one moment, without resigning his position, after Spain was conquered, in carrying forward an aggressive war against the innocent natives of any land.

This is our position. But let no one who has fought the battles of the nation under the stimulus of the great war of the rebellion or under the impetus of the freedom of Cuba ever suppose that we undervalue his services; but let no one suppose that we honor the war department or the administration that can for one moment mistake acquisition and aggrandizement, or even "benevolent assimilation" for the spirit of the American Republic that bends above you at this hour. It is the religious service for freedom that demands that every nation that wishes to try the experiment of self-government shall have the opportunity of doing so.

We demand that every people shall be aided, so far as it is in the power of this nation, to that end. We demand that every true citizen shall make it a portion of his religion to live his life—his life of justice, his life of real freedom for others, his life of philanthropy—and we demand that when the sword and the armaments of war, and the war ships that are being built to destroy the nations' commerce shall be cast aside, it shall be in the name of that justice that bringeth peace, and not in an unholy alliance for mere conquest, more oppression and greater wars.

If, as many say, it is the "manifest destiny" of this nation to follow in the wake of Rome, of Egypt, of Europe, and all the dynasties that have perished, then it is the manifest destiny also of this nation to perish.

Egypt by her power ruled the world, but it was a power based upon corruption, which brought its own destruction. Rome for many centuries was the empress of the world, but it was by the power of the sword and the manifest destruction of all that stood in her way. The different nations of Europe have accepted the same imperial destiny. You know what became of the "Man of Destiny," the "great" Napoleon. He was the one emperor to defy the Pope. He had all of Europe at his feet, and was looking for "more worlds to conquer." He found Waterloo and St. Helena. Russia is following on in her imperial destiny to the same fate. Great Britain has ruled the seas, and she, by imperial greed, avarice and power, is bringing her own destiny upon herself. Will you share it? Will you be one of those nations to send your forces and power to gain colonies and conquer other nations at the point of the sword? Will you assist imperial governments, establish a military despotism, increase your standing army, and be thoroughly "up" in the great rule of military power and commerce? Or will you speak here and now, undoing, as far as is possible, the wrong that has been done, retaining true to those true principles founded by the Fathers of this republic?

Ah! perhaps it is too late; it is possible that the balance has already turned, and that, committed to an act of wrong, you have not the courage to turn to the right. There are a great many human lives like that; a great many people who pledge themselves to a certain course then find themselves in the wrong, but, rather than admit it or retract one step or one word, plunge madly forward to destruction. If the nation's flag has been placed somewhere that it does not belong, it is greater honor to take it down than to keep it there. It is less a stain to take it down and say: I raise this with the white flag of peace to protect you now that your enemy has gone. Oh! if Washington or Lincoln had been in yonder White House, that would have been the course.

Now, dear friends, let us return to this ap-

plication of "peace instead of war"; the conquering of injustice by justice and the bringing of the true heritage unto the people of earth must be by such as understand the truth. To "let your light shine, that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven" is not a vain command. It is that this spirit of true spirituality, this triumph of true peace, this that sees the rights of others and can respect them, this that understands that each soul that has a just and rightful inheritance in the kingdom of earth and the kingdom of heaven shall be upheld and sustained by each one of you, that just so soon as even well-meant kindness or well-meant mercy or well-meant justice becomes unkindness and injustice, you shall see it and turn aside.

Let every heart be attuned to the loftiest spirit of the Golden Rule, to the height of the principles of the "Sermon on the Mount," to the true light of the soul teachings and stand firm for that freedom which is not only for you, but for all mankind. Be true to that light that is not only for you but for all souls. Then no other history will be written, the heritage will no longer be traced in human blood and the sacrifice of innocent victims, but there will be the glorious heritage of honor traced in such lives as have lived their highest ideals, as have dared to meet the world, even though facing either the guillotine, the scaffold or the burning flame; for it is better thus than to wear the crowns of kings that have, instead of jewels, drops from the heart-blood of the victims of slaughter freed in the name of peace.

FREEDOM, OUR DEAD SOLDIERS, WHAT IS LIBERTY.
(Impromptu poem: the subjects being given by members of the audience.)

They are not dead; those who went away
From the mother's heart, from the joys of home,
Taking for freedom's sake that shadowed way,
And who in human form can never come.

Some in the battle field breathed out their lives,
Some fell against the fortress and the tower,
Some imprisoned where baneful fevers serve
High court in death's most dismal dower.

But all still live; the mother's joy and pride,
The father's strength of his declining years,
Come from the battlemented towers to your side,
And wipe away the floods of bitter tears.

For they have been promoted by that Death
Unto the higher life of heavenly love,
And rank and file they herald freedom's breath,
The shield and sword of warfare for great love.

Throned in the thought of Freedom's very self
Weareth the garb all beautiful of peace,
Hers no blind seeking here for human pelf,
Hers no plighting of the terrible oed
Of warfare and of human strife and shame;
Aye! Peace and Freedom they are one in name.

For who can wear the crown of Liberty,
The true spirit of Freedom and its part
Bear well in human life unless one is free
From all selfishness in mind and heart.

Selfishness is warfare on the earth,
And often bears the name of Freedom here,
And often wears the garb of sacred birth
Of religion in the human sphere—
Of religion in the human sphere—
And Christ on Calvary were slain to-day
If he stood in greed and Avarice's way.

But Liberty is where lives wrought in love,
Respecting that humanity by your side,
Bending near in actions of the soul to prove
The noble purpose, whether pain or joy betide,
To press forward in kindly deed and word
Until the air with peaceful wings is stirred.

Oh! wings of peace. Oh! messengers of love,
Oh! soldiers from the camp fires of heaven band,
Touch the blest land of the blest light to move,
And all around this human life attend
Until in the armies of Truth's coming Lord
All shall be true to Freedom's perfect word.

Spiritualism and Religion.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

The orthodox Christian, with unconscious inconsistency, prays to the "God of Battles," and sings the praise of the "Prince of Peace." He dreads the anger of a vengeful God, and petitions the favor of a God of Love. He takes his name, the name of his religion, from the meek Teacher of Nazareth, and claims that his is the only true doctrine; he trusts in vicarious atonement for his chances of eternal felicity.

And he denounces Spiritualists as foes of religion; and judicial minds, influenced by Christian intolerance, decree that Spiritualism is not a religion.

Let us hear both sides, listen to the pleadings, and sift searchingly, but impartially, the evidences.

There are many divisions and sub-divisions in the Christian church; they disagree on many points, but agree in claiming Jesus, the Christ, as the founder of their religion, and they are a unit in their opposition to Modern Spiritualism. Other creeds do not rouse their ire and jealousy to the same extent. Why is this? May it not be because Spiritualism, with no formulated creed, no church organization, stirs the masses by proclaiming anew truths which the Christian church seems to have forgotten or repudiated, and revealing new truths before whose light superstition and error quail?

Had the churches conformed their actions to the doctrine of Jesus, did they do so now, Spiritualism, the modern revelation, would have *raison d'être*, there would have been no demand from suffering humanity for more consoling proofs concerning the future, for more hopeful views of present evils. But it is not our purpose to discuss in this paper the short-comings of our Christian brethren—for brothers we are, since Jesus himself taught

the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood Man, and—Thou shalt not say *raca* to thy brother.

One point, however, we shall consider as being paramount to all others: It is the existence and present status of the soul. There is nothing in the Old Testament to show that the ancient Jews believed in a future life, and, consequently in an immortal soul. All the rewards and punishments dispensed by the terrible Jehovah—or Javeh, as was his original name, borrowed from the Phœnicians—were of a temporal or material nature. Jesus it was who revealed the fact that after the death of the body, man, an immortal soul, would be received in one of the "many mansions" in the house of the Father—that God who "is spirit, must be worshiped in spirit."

Our Christian friends seem to have a misty idea of the soul's immortality. They believe in the resurrection of the body on the day of judgment, but that day, often expected and as often put off, may be long coming; what is the condition of the soul meanwhile? Two alternatives are presented: One is that the multitude of souls will be plunged into a cataleptic sleep until Gabriel's horn wakes them up; the other that the soul is sent immediately to heaven, to hell, or to purgatory, according to its deserts, but will reënter its reconstructed body when the last trump is sounded, when final disposition will be made of it.

The first theory has something incongruous; those poor souls coming out of the grave where they have slept off centuries in company with their festering bodies, picture to the mind a multitude of ghastly Rip Van Winkles marveling at the changes wrought by time while they slept. Then, it is to be hoped their sleep was without dreams, for dreams under such circumstances could only be terrifying nightmares.

The other theory is as unjust as it is illogical. After spending ages in heaven the souls of the blest will find it a sore trial to gather and put together the scattered ashes of their old material bodies, leave the ethereal forms to which they have become accustomed, and don that worn garment of flesh, even if it be only for a day or an hour, especially if, during that day or that hour, they feel as did their old selves, and remember all that then made life pleasant or sad. The damned having been serving their awful sentence so long, it would be the refinement of cruelty to make them put on their old garment, be sentenced anew, and sent back to the devil and his imps, to be tortured in the flesh as they were in the spirit. Dreyfus spent five years in that earthly hell, the Devil's Island; then he was called back, tried anew and (unjustly) found guilty; but the prejudiced military court did not have the hardness of heart to consign him again to his island hell, they sentenced him to ten years imprisonment, and the President of the French republic pardoned him. Is man less cruel than God?

Those poor fellows in purgatory are the only ones that have a chance of promotion; there they may be "prayed out" before they have served their full term, just as our prisoners get their time reduced for good behavior.

Now we Spiritualists do not believe in a local hell or purgatory. The idea of eternal punishment does not harmonize with the idea of a God of love. Purgatory comes nearer our conception of suffering in the spirit. But we know not of such a place. Resurrection and judgment come every day, for every day people die. We have absolute proof of the survival of the soul; sufficient circumstantial evidence of its immortality, abundant testimony as to its fate.

If, therefore, we did not have within us an intuitive knowledge that that something which makes us superior to the beasts of the fields, namely a soul, survives the dissolution of the body, Spiritualism would have brought us irresistible proof thereof. This knowledge leads naturally to the belief in God. We see everything, man included, decay, die, disintegrate and become "dust of the earth," and the atheist, whose vision does not go further than the material form, rather than consider the postulates of soul and God, is willing to accept the theory—revived from Epicurus and Lucretius—of the chance-moved atom. If he be a pseudo-scientist he goes a step further, and tells you of the intelligent atoms within us, directing our every emotion and action. Thus, rather than acknowledging one God and a God-given soul, he admits that he is the automatic toy of a million Lilliputian gods or souls, who dwell in his brain, his heart and other organs. Lucretius was less absurd, though an atheist disgusted with the gods of Olympus; he recognized a power—nature—as directing the inert atoms.

But those who feel the "God within them"—and even savage nations have felt it—reason differently. The simplest intellect realizes that there is no effect without a cause, and from the importance of the effect, the greatness of the cause may safely be inferred. Whatever be the trend of speculation concerning the origin of matter, the idea of an imperishable soul or spirit must infallibly lead to that of an immortal cause from which it derived its being. The God idea is found among all ancient nations, even those who had no conception of an immortal soul (such were rare) and—fact worthy of note—a Supreme Being, the only God, was believed in by nations who publicly worshiped a multitude of inferior gods or spirits. An idea innate in all ancient peoples, entertained, more or less confusedly by the most ignorant tribes, must be accepted as a demonstrated fact. God is everywhere.

But we do not found our idea of God on
(Continued on Fifth Page.)

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

BY JULIETTE SCHOLLEY.

Beautiful thoughts, how you nestle,
And seek for a home in my breast,
With all that would rattle you wrestle,
And strive to give comfort and rest;
I know that around me are hovering
Bright angels in heavenly array,
To seek to spread o'er me a covering
Of love, which shall shield me alway.

And unto my heart when 'tis troubled
With cares, and dark shadows of fate,
Come thoughts which seem to have bubbled
From springs near the heavenly gate;
And o'er me deep peace I find stealing
In spite of the cloudlets so dark,
To my heart comes again the glad feeling
That of hope there remains yet a spark.

O! Beautiful Thoughts, could I give thee
In thy true and original guise,
Could I shed thy bright influence around me,
Could I give thee as tender and wise
As the angels who come in their glory,
And breathe thee so sweetly to me,
All hearts would awake to the story
Of the joys of the ransomed and free.

In the joys of the future forthcoming,
Their hearts would with rapture abound,
And glad anthems of peace they'd be humming
As their senses drank in the glad sound.
Thou father of angels and mortals,
Thou hast given me the light to proclaim
That unto the heavenly portals
We all may yet come in thy name.

O! give me the power to deliver
To the world the thoughts tender and true
Which the angels with pure intent
Strive ever to keep in my view.
O! beautiful thoughts, how you hover,
And nestle about in my brain,
Striving to me the true source to discover,
Of rest, and the success from pain.

What Do We Know?

How Do We Know?

Address delivered by J. Marion Gale at the Washington State Spiritual Convention Oct. 4.

B. F. Underwood, one of our best modern thinkers, tersely remarks:

"We know things as appearing to the sight, as resisting or as giving a sensation of extension to the touch, as causing certain atomic or molecular irritations in the organs of taste or smell. In hearing, we are conscious of certain auditory sensations which we call sound, but of their origin we can know nothing without considerable mental effort, for not only the vibrating medium, but also the vibrating bodies themselves, are usually invisible.

"We would be surprised, if we gave the matter close consideration, to find what a small part of our knowledge has been derived immediately from the operation of the senses. Physical science is based on observation, but it is doubtful whether, without hypothetical inferences or mathematical calculations, it would in any of its branches have attained to a great degree of certainty. It is still in dispute whether the atoms which are essential to modern chemical science have any real existence.

"Although heat in the popular sense is a product of chemical combustion, and can be felt, yet radiant heat is very different, and can be detected only by experiment, and not through the senses. In many particulars it resembles electricity, the actual nature of which is still a mystery, as it is known only through its operations."

After giving our sense-limit, through various phases of science, the writer adds:

"Psychical phenomena belong entirely to the supersensuous world, whatever may be their physiological associations, and more especially would that be the case if, as is sometimes asserted, they were simply physiological phenomena under a special aspect. For, as they do not belong to matter under its grosser form, they must be referred ultimately to that something, which we can neither see nor feel and which we can only know as a series of vibrations.

Man himself may thus be said to belong on his physical side to the super-sensuous world, his sense organs enabling him to obtain a knowledge of the material world to which he is related by the grosser elements of his bodily organism. When these are dissolved the supersensuous element may still remain as a denizen of the supersensuous world with which we are surrounded on every hand, although invisible to us, owing to the material conditions of our present existence."

I fully endorse these statements and will give you a brief glance at the correlations of the sensuous and supersensuous avenues of knowledge; which I shall term physical and psychic science.

Thus we may see that what we term knowledge must not only accord with reason, but it must largely depend on the act of reasoning for its possession by us. Our ordinary five senses can only grasp and assimilate knowledge, in any great degree of perfection, which pertains to material things.

The psychic or soul senses only can discern and comprehend spiritual things.

I here use the words material and spiritual in their ordinary scientific acceptance, yet there is a fine materiality, even in all things spiritual; which is abundantly proven by what we term psychical science.

The world is accustomed to stare and wonder at the revelations of psychic science; which it fails to see as being the convenient word humbug. And it is but justice to the world to say that when spirits and spirit scenes *per se* are offered for your inspection by ordinary vision, the cry of humbug is very appropriate.

There is nothing at all wonderful about it when understood. It is not more wonderful, or less true than the eye of flesh cannot behold a spirit or scene in spirit life, than it is that it cannot behold a gas or an odor. A fact which strikes us as a wonder, and which we are not able to classify, loses all its wonderment when we become familiar with it. When we learn the difference between a thought creation and a living entity; between a picture and the thing pictured, we will be prepared to take a sober and reasonable view of all true or simulated spiritual phenomena. Nor will we seek it as a variety show is sought by the idle throng.

The exercise of the psychic senses, supplementing the more material senses in the comprehension of spiritual things, is in perfect accord with reason and truth, and becomes a legitimate field of observation and reception of knowledge as the strictly material plane. In fact, the two planes so often interblend that it requires care and acquaintance of the subject under consideration to discriminate between them.

The conscious clairvoyant loses none of the sense of ordinary vision by being able to discern things spiritually, as did the Apostle Paul. This is proven by the fact that both the exterior and interior vision are active at the same moment. Often and again, while the inner eye has beheld a spirit form at the same moment the outer eye has also beheld material things beyond the spirit form, as though looking through a transparency; which, indeed, was the case.

Though the psychic senses are generally observed by the active rattle and noise of mundane life, they do still manifest at times in sensitive natures, even amidst all the hurry and confusion of this life. This gives us the reasonable inference that under all circumstances, if we are able to sense it, there is perfect harmony between the outer and the inner life, between the earth-plane and the spirit world; in short, there is divine harmony between Mother Nature and Father God always and under all circumstances, whether we perceive it or not.

Now I hold that clairvoyance, which is spiritual discernment, and clairaudience or telepathy, which is the reception of knowledge through the inner or spiritual ear, are both scientifically established. To dispute this would be to betray a want of up-to-date re-

search hardly pardonable at the dawn of the twentieth century of our chronology.

If, then, these two psychic senses are established with us, and they are, may we not hope for further and greater revelations from the supersensuous world by and through these inner soul senses?

It may be optimistic in this hope, in this belief of a greater flow of knowledge coming to bless the earth through the psychic senses. If I am I thank the angels for that hope and belief—for I know they have given it to me.

Far be it from me to depreciate the noble work of the patient toilers in physical science. I have always admired them, and worked with them to the extent of my ability and opportunities; but to-day I see the crowning of their work. In my mind's eye, at least, I see the fields of physical and psychic science blending into one perfect plane of knowledge. In the enthusiasm of my soul I say that psychic science is to physical science as the flower to the green shrub—yea, it is as the ripe fruit to the flower!

I conclude that we obtain knowledge not only through the ordinary senses, but also through a finer set of senses, the senses of the soul.

While the principal facts of knowledge which the finite mind can comprehend must mostly be limited to finite things, I have a hope that through the psychic senses we shall gradually be inducted into the very realm of infinity itself. Then may we take up the study of problems that are as yet wholly beyond our comprehension. Then may we hope to know something of the law of cause and effect; something definitely of the law of life and of the Great Fountain of life which gives us existence.

From what my mind has been able to assimilate through all the avenues of knowledge open to me, I have formulated this as my present

LIFE CODE.

I accept, as a self-evident proposition, that all life must spring from an all-embracing fountain of life; which people in Christian lands generally call God, which those of other countries and religions recognize in their own phraseology.

I accept, as a proposition clearly proven, that our life is immortal; beginning its individual expression in the physical form and continuing it in the spirit form; wherein the soul or immortal life, always manifests to its surroundings, wherever it may be after its personal organization from the great life fountain.

I accept, as a corollary of the above, and also as a proven fact, the immancence of a realm of spirit in all space, peopled by spirits developed from the worlds of primary or physical life organization.

I accept, as a demonstrated truth, the communication between spirits incarnate and spirits decedate.

I accept the ethics of the world's philosophy which are proven good by ages of experience; and I recognize, in the divine philosophy of Spiritualism, all that, and much more which is worthy of acceptance; embracing wise rules for progress on right lines of action, now and forever.

I believe that to become good and wise, a true egoist and altruist, to learn to always act rightly, is the grand purpose of finite life; that happiness will follow this as day follows night.

Quilena, Wash.

Due Nov. 14, 12:50 P.M.

Besides the respectable old planets which swing around the sun in orbits but slightly eccentric, "forever singing as they shine," according to Mr. Addison, astronomers have proved that there is a long string of bits of sand or gravel belonging to our system, which moves in a very flat ellipse, the outer curve of which is beyond the path of the planet Uranus, and the inner turn comparatively near the sun.

This celestial gravel train crosses the path of the earth at the point which our planet reaches in November, and consequently we run through it yearly. We strike this string of dust at a great velocity, and as the particles which comprise it, most of which weigh but a few ounces each, are also drifting along at the rate of a million of miles, more or less, an hour, the impact on our atmosphere generates by friction so high a heat that they are reduced to incandescent vapor, giving rise to the well-known phenomenon of shooting stars. But as this string of particles is much thicker in one part than in others, it happens that once in thirty-three years we run into that portion where the dust cloud is densest and an especially brilliant display of shooting stars is afforded us. The Novembers of 1833 and 1866 were peculiarly favored in this regard, and it is anticipated that 1899 will be no less so. The late Professor Newton of Yale, who made an especial study of the meteoric swarms, calculated that the number that reach the earth during the regular November collisions must reach fifteen or twenty millions. In the periodic years the number is many times as great.

These bits of matter, as far as is known, are composed largely of iron, and are strictly obedient to the law of matter. In particular, they are as subservient to the mysterious law of gravitation as is every pebble on the beach; in passing the planets or the asteroids they bend slightly from their direct course, even if the deflection is but a hair's breadth. The stream is like a long, thin cloud, which sways before a slight current in the air. The advent of the main body may therefore be retarded or hastened slightly, but probably not more than twenty-four hours. The larger bodies of our systems are therefore slowly gathering them in, even our moon receives its share, and in time will clean out the interplanetary spaces. The cosmic dust will all be gathered into the larger aggregations of matter, and the sky will be swept clear of meteors. But there are enough for many millions of years to come.

One of the first things that strikes us is that our earth is evidently growing slowly. Though the meteors are burnt hundreds of miles above the surface, the gas that is formed settles slowly as dust on land and sea. It was once suggested—rather fancifully—that these minute arrivals might have brought the first germs of life to our planet after it cooled down sufficiently to allow living organisms to exist. But that is obviously impossible, since on striking the air they are at once raised to a high temperature. As Prof. Clifford said:

"A simple protoplasmic shape
Could come down in a fire escape."

If it were not for our elastic atmosphere, it would be dangerous to be on earth during the coming November bombardment. Pieces of iron as large as a walnut, moving at the rate of from eighteen to forty miles a second would go through the roofs of our houses with little retardation, and would set everything combustible on fire. But only the larger ones, and they are extremely rare, ever reach the surface of the earth. There are but two instances recorded in history of men having been killed by meteoric stones—one in Italy in the thirteenth century, and one in our country in the early part of the present century. Our air is not only indispensable for respiration, but it protects us from being stoned to death by the cosmic gravel.

It is of course idle to speculate on the origin of this interplanetary matter, to question whether it was once created out of nothing, or whether it forms itself out of ether, which pervades all space. The life history of one of those particles of matter, which makes a streak of light on our autumn sky, and then dies out, is apparently forever—is as mysterious as the life history of our own globe. Browning said of the weed on the wall:

"Little flower on the wall,
I know you, root and all,
I should know what God and man is."

Dead matter—dead as we call it—is as unknown to us in its origin, reality and substance as life is. But the laws of its action are the same in every storm and on the most distant star. Are not the laws of organic life, and of the higher spiritual life, too, equally universal and equally mysterious?—Harold Times.

(Copyrighted Oct., 1899, by Carlyle Petersilea.)

MARION GOLDBORO;

OR,
WHAT ONE WOMAN ACCOMPLISHED.

WRITTEN BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "The Discovers Country," "Oceanland," a Picaresque Novel, "Mary Ann Carey," "Philip Carlyle," a Romance, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HUNCHBACK'S DREAM.

Mr. Englehart owned vast estates in Europe, and the old Lord, his father, who had but lately died, had purchased some thousands of acres of Western land in America; and to look after these lands was a part of the mission which had brought the present Lord across the water; he also owned large mining interests, and the present Lord Englehart was prudent and calculating as his father had been; at the same time he had visions and philanthropic schemes running through his head at all times, but had never yet carried them into execution, not quite making up his mind which way would be best and most practical; but here before him stood a woman who, he was beginning to think, could point the way; she warmly expressed the very thoughts that had long been taking shape within his own mind.

"The old lord had not been dead but a short time, not long enough for his son to have accomplished anything as yet. Mr. Englehart, continuing the conversation with Marion, said:

"You say, Miss Goldboro, that you almost abhor a nobleman. Do you think that your feelings in this respect are quite just? Can one be born into this world to suit oneself? Is there a titled gentleman here this evening, or in fact anywhere in the world, that could have avoided being born a titled nobleman?"

Marion smiled.

"I suppose not," she said, "any more than I could have avoided being born wealthy. That which I really do abhor, of course, is the fact that many of these titled gentlemen are simply seeking an American wife for her money, having, most of them, squandered their patrimony."

"Then it is not the titles which you abhor, but the acts of those who bear them?"

"Precisely," she replied.

Mr. Englehart gave a sigh of relief: Then she would not despise him when she discovered that he was a nobleman. The more he conversed with Marion, the more he loved her; and he determined to win her for his wife if possible; but he would try and win her as Miss Goldboro.

"Speaking of birth," she said: "The child who is born in the depths of poverty, vice and degradation, cannot help its birth; and yet such children are commonly treated as though they were wholly responsible for it."

"True," he replied. "How many times my own mind has turned in this direction. You can no more help being Miss Marion Goldboro, daughter of a millionaire, than I can help being just who I am; neither could we have chosen whether we should be male or female, or the day or year of our birth, or the country in which we were born; nor as we stand here this moment, talking to each other, can we help anything that has already taken place in our lives. We cannot now recall a single act or thought of our past. How important that we should so live each moment as if that, which we may not wish we had acted or thought differently."

"Yes," said Marion, "how often my mind has run in this same channel."

"Miss Silver, over there," he continued, "could hardly help being other than she is. Look at her general make-up. She could scarcely be noble minded if she tried. Observe her narrow, retreating forehead, her weak chin, her pale, inexpressive eyes, her thin, angular form. What she lacks in wisdom she naturally tries to make up in outward appearance, and as she has no nobility of mind or heart, she desires to draw to herself a semblance of those virtues, for titles were at first conferred only on the deserving—those who had really performed some noble or heroic deed, or perhaps those who were exceedingly gifted in music or the fine arts; but she will find that a title amounts to very little."

As soon as she becomes accustomed to the title of "My Lady," it will have very little more meaning than Miss or Mrs. A bird on the wing is very beautiful and greatly sought after; but when once it is within one's grasp, limp and lifeless, it is thrown to the ground in disgust. Miss Silver will be the same person. To be called "My Lady," will not change her in the least; and if you, Miss Goldboro, were to lose all the wealth which is yours at present, you would still be Miss Marion Goldboro. Nothing can change these eternal truths. Wealth and titles are after all, but phantoms; and only the soul abideth forever."

When the company broke up, and Marion was alone in her own private apartment, she threw herself into a large easy chair before the glowing grate with a dreamy smile. Mr. Englehart's words were an echo to her own thoughts. His grave and noble countenance and manly form floated before her mind's eye. He, certainly interested her more than any other gentleman she had ever met; but at length, putting his image out of her thoughts, she arose and went into the inner chamber occupied by the little crippled girl. The face lying there on its white-clothed pillow was the face of an angel.

Marion knelt by the bedside and pressed a kiss on the sweet lips. Oh! how glad she was to make other's happy. What an angel of beauty and goodness this poor little deformed girl had proved to be.

Mary opened her eyes, and seeing Marion threw her arms about her neck.

"I have been dreaming about you, Miss Goldboro," she said.

"Do not call me Miss Goldboro," said Marion. "But sister—sister Marion. We are sisters, dear, and should speak to each other as such; but tell me of your dream."

"I dreamed that you were a titled lady; that you were married to a great lord, whose wealth could not be counted, and I thought that you and this grand nobleman, your husband, traveled over all the world, making heaven everywhere, and that while you were at home you lived in a great castle, you and the nobleman, your husband, and that I dwelt there also, but that you took me away with you sometimes, and once, when I went across the sea with you, we came to a great plain, and in the distance were mountains; that in the midst of this plain stood a mansion, and this, too, was our home. Then I seemed to be looking from an upper window out over the plain. I saw hundreds of people, and they appeared to be the halt, the lame and the blind. All had been poverty-stricken and miserable, many vile and wicked. Oh! such a motley throng. They were all looking toward the mansion in which we were, and as I watched with surprise these wretched people, and looked over the vast barren plain, I wondered if they would not all die of want. Just as I thought this, the nobleman and you, my sweet Marion, rode forth, each on a large and beautiful white horse. Then my dream changed, and I saw the plain covered with neat, pretty, pearl-colored cottages, and around every house was a garden blooming like the rose, and the barren plain had become fields of waving grain. There were groves and trees where before there had been none. There were sheep and horses, and the people were all happy, good, and neatly clothed. All were busy and industrious. There were school-houses, and all the children went to school. Oh! Marion, when I looked at you in this dream, you were a lady of middle age, and a number of beautiful children called you mother, and to them I was Aunt Mary. The grand gentleman, your husband, rode forth every day to direct and help the people."

Then I looked up into the sky, and a great company of angels hovered over the plain, and they were singing, and rejoicing, and crying: 'Behold! these are of the blood of the Lamb!'

"I awoke in the midst of this dream, and I asked one of the true meaning of such words, and she answered me, saying: 'These have been re-

deemed from poverty, vice and crime, and have become as harmless and innocent as lambs.'

"But why 'washed in the blood of the Lamb'? I asked.

"It is merely a symbolical expression," she replied. "When contentment and innocence enter into the soul and expel or wash out misery and guilt, it is compared to blood, for the blood coursing through any creature is the life thereof; and just then, Marion dear, I felt your kiss on my lips and I awoke."

Marion sighed.

"If I thought," she said, "that I could accomplish such a grand and noble work, it might reconcile me to the title of 'my lady.'"

But as she said this a slight pain shot through her heart. Mr. Englehart was only a gentleman of moderate means, and not a rich and titled nobleman. She smoothed Mary's beautiful hair, softly kissed her eyelids down, saying: "Go to sleep now, little darling. It was a beautiful dream, but only a dream, for I am very sure I shall never marry a nobleman."

"I hope the man you do marry will be very noble, though," whispered Mary, as Marion bade her good-night.

Marion soon retired, but Mary's dream haunted her, and in her own dreams Mr. Englehart and the nobleman of Mary's dream seemed to merge into one and the same person.

The following morning dawned bright and clear, but very cold. Marion was somewhat wearied. She invariably felt wearied after being up late, especially after entertaining company; therefore she had her breakfast served in her own apartments. She was glad of this excuse, for it would be pleasant to breakfast with Mary and Jennie. Not that Marion did not love the members of her own family better than any other persons in the world, but her love for the world and humanity at large was very great. She was a natural-born philanthropist, and like Jesus of Nazareth, felt that she could die to save the world, if need be. Her heart was so large that it held all humanity—the whole world dwelt within it.

The fire within her little parlor had been burning brightly for an hour or more. The room was filled with luxurious warmth and comfort. She found Mary already there waiting her. Soon breakfast for three was served, and the little cripple sat nestled close to the elbow of her benefactress. The dainty little face was all aglow with happiness and love. Marion pressed the child in her arms, kissing the large white brow over and over again. Jennie took her seat also, looking as contented as possible.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARY'S THREE WISHES GRANTED BY A FAIRY.

"Miss Marion," said Jennie, "I have something to show you."

Mary rushed, raised her little thin finger and shook it warningly.

"Oh! do not trouble sister Marion with such nonsense, she said."

"Nonsense?" repeated Jennie. "I do not think she will so consider it."

She arose, and going to a portfolio which was lying on a little table not far distant, she opened and put it into Marion's hands. Five or six drawings were lying there which Marion had never seen before. One was a fine and delicate portrait of herself; the others were beautiful landscapes, enlivened by birds, animals and flowers. One or two of them contained a little cottage or more; rivers and small lakes were represented, and the last picture she took up surprised her very much, for it was weird and sublime: A ruinous old castle by the sea, surrounded by tall trees, standing near the verge of a cliff; a violent storm was raging, the waves were running mountains high, the trees were bending before the gale, frightened birds were scurrying about and the face of the cliff was half concealed by the froth and foam of the sea. These drawings were evidently the work of an amateur, but showed great natural talent, that with cultivation might become wonderful indeed.

"Where did you get these, Jennie?" asked Marion. "They look like the work of some fairy. Really, this portrait of myself is altogether too flattering."

"And they are the work of a fairy," said Jennie, warmly. "The only thing she has asked for since coming here has been drawing paper, and I took the liberty, Miss Marion, to give her a few sheets from your portfolio, for I was certain you would like her to have them, and she has drawn those lovely pictures upon them."

Mary looked the surprise she felt.

"You are not offended, Sister Marion?" asked Mary, her voice quivering slightly.

"Offended? Certainly not; but I am greatly astonished. Who taught you to draw so beautifully?"

Mary laughed.

"A fairy," she answered.

"A fairy? Why there are no fairies. Fairies are simply imaginary beings."

"Well, this was a fairy who came to me only when I was asleep and dreaming, and she taught me how to draw pictures. You know, sister Marion, that I am a poor little cripple, and I could do no work to help poor mother; but I wanted to help her very much, and every night when I went to sleep I prayed that some good fairy would come and touch me with her wand, and bestow upon me a gift that I might help my mother, and my little brothers and sisters."

"I used to pray that a fairy might make my father a good and noble gentleman. This was a long time ago, and I believed in fairies at that time. My mother had often told me stories about fairies, when my back used to hurt me so badly, to keep me from crying with the pain. She had told me of Cinderella, and many others who had been helped by fairies, and so whenever my back hurt me very much I would let my mind on the fairies, until at last I could not think of much else."

"For a long time I did not think my prayers would be answered, but at last one night, after I had suffered great pain, and had fallen asleep one came to me in my dream; but, sister Marion, she was not very small. Although she looked like one of the most beautiful of fairies, she was fully as tall as yourself; yet she was a gauzy creature, as transparent as a silvery moonbeam. She carried a wand in her hand, and something which glittered like a star was upon her forehead. She waved the wand over me three times, and then spoke."

"I have come to grant you three wishes," she said. "Now tell me, dear child, the three things you most desire, and I promise you they shall be fulfilled; perhaps not all at once, but as soon as it can be brought about."

"Then I said to the fairy: Let me have three days to think what I want most, and on the third night from this I will tell you; so she disappeared and I woke up. I decided that my greatest wish was that my father would leave off drinking and become a good man. My next greatest desire was that my mother should have a nice little home, away in the country, where there were birds and flowers. My last wish was that I might in some way be able to earn money, for with money I could make other's happy—I could help the poor."

"On the third night the fairy came, and I told her of my three wishes."

"Your wishes are granted," she said, 'but it will take time, and you must try to be patient until they can be fulfilled. Your father shall reform and become a good man. Your mother shall have a nice little home in the country; but your last wish. What about that? What can a poor little helpless cripple like you do to earn money? I am afraid your last wish will be hard to grant. She put her hand to her head as though puzzled. Then the star in her forehead glittered more brightly, and she said:

"I have it. How would you like to become an artist?"

"I did not know what the word meant."

"To paint pictures," she said.

"Oh! I would like that above all other things," I answered. Oh! I should want to make such beautiful ones, and in looking at them forget this miserable room, with mother sweating at the wash-tub, and father lying drunk on the bed, and my little brothers and sisters all in filth and rags. Yet how was I to earn money? No one would buy my pictures."

"Have patience," said the fairy. "All will come in good time. You shall be a little artist. You shall paint and draw pictures, and sometime men and women will buy them, and you shall thus earn money. Be patient and watch how I will bring it all about."

"The next day I could think of nothing else but to draw pictures. I had no paper or pencil, but one of my brothers had given me some little pieces of colored crayon pencils. He said a boy had given them to him for some marbles and swindled him thereby right smartly. I might have the worthless little bits if I wanted them. They were only fit for girls, anyhow. Then mother gave me pieces of brown wrapping-paper—all she could spare from kindling the fire—and I commenced to draw. I did not care to draw the things about me; they were not beautiful enough; yet I could very soon draw the cat, then the dogs that ran past the window, then the horses; and when the baby's face was washed very clean, and her little curls combed out, I would draw her face. I would draw my father as I thought he would look when he became a good man. At last I imagined the nice little cottage where I would like my mother to live; and so day by day I could draw better and better. After a while my crayons were all gone, and I did not know how to get more. My brother said he would take my pictures and sell them. The boy who gave him the crayons liked pictures and made them himself, for he was being taught how to make them on the sidewalk. The boy took all my pictures. He said he wanted them for samples, and gave my brother in return a dozen sheets of drawing paper, some bits of drawing pencils and many ends of crayons, and I have been making pictures from that time to this. My brother often tried to sell them and sometimes sold a few to ladies and children. This delighted me, for I thought the words of the fairy were surely coming true."

"And the words of the fairy shall come true," said Marion with great vehemence. "Why, Mary, you never told me of this before, and your mother did not mention it."

"No; mother always thought it all child's play, and often kindled the fire with my pictures; but I could make more, and when I could not get drawing paper I used common wrapping-paper, together with all kinds of waste paper that I could find. I was only happy in my pictures. I lived in them, and the more beautiful I could draw them the happier I became."

Tears were standing in Marion's eyes, and Jennie's were falling fast.

"You shall have all the materials that any artist can desire," said Marion, "and the best teacher that can be procured. I will call on some of the most noted to-day, and after I have engaged the best, you shall go each day with me in the carriage to take your lessons, while I visit the poor and unfortunate. My life shall be given to redeem the erring and their victims."

It was not long thereafter, before the young lady was on her way to the wretched tenement house. She found Mrs. Duffries very much better—so much so that Elvora had dressed her, and she was sitting in an easy chair that the devoted daughter had rented for the occasion, not deeming it prudent to purchase one, as she knew that their stay here would be short.

Elvora herself had improved so much that one would scarcely have recognized the pale little trembling beggar but a few days before in this now delicately-blooming young lady. Good food, warmth, cleanliness, rest and hope had changed her wonderfully; and the same comforts had eased the mother's couch, put a little color into the formerly death-white face, and softened the cruel glitter of the hopeless, anxious eyes. Marion kissed both mother and daughter, embracing them warmly. Do not curl your proud lip, my fashionable young lady, my society belle, because a millionaire's daughter embraced a couple of beggars. These beggars were, probably, far better women than you or those of your set will ever be, and if you had happened to have been born a beggar instead of a millionaire's daughter, could you have helped it? Can you help it that you are a millionaire's daughter? And it is possible that you may some day be a beggar, lower even, perhaps, than Mrs. Duffries and her daughter Elvora.

"I thank," said Marion, "that you will be able to leave here within a few days. I know of a nice little flat, containing four rooms, neatly, and even quite elegantly furnished, not far from my own home; these I shall secure for you on my way back. I shall also see that Elvora is supplied with fine sewing and embroidery, for which she will receive a just recompense, and now, good-bye for to-day. I am going down to see Mrs. Fry, and her wretched husband, also Jennie's father."

The blessings of both mother and daughter followed the young lady as she descended the rickety stairs. She rapped on the door of the apartment in which the drunkard and his wife and children lived. The unhappy man himself opened the door. His eyes were blood-shot and fierce; his face bloated and inflamed, and a number of bruises indicated that he had been fighting with some of his drunken associates. A wild beast in its lair could not have presented a more frightful appearance.

"What der yer want here?" he growled.

"Fev yer cum ter kidnap sum more o' me childer?"

Mrs. Fry here presented herself, a dirty bandage round her head, half concealing a very much discolored eye, and the same side of her face was considerably bruised, her lip was also cut and swollen.

"Let the dear young lady come in," she said. "The sight of her even is good for you as well as me."

But the man stood squarely in the doorway, his bleared eyes glaring fiercely at Marion. "She shall not come in," he roared. "A man's home is his castle. Aye, no matter if it is no more'n a room. What does the holy-toity Miss want here? Git out o' the way, wean,

Children's Spiritualism.

SLEEP-FAIRY.

BY ANNIE E. TYMAN.

"Helghe, my precious!" sings the little brown Mary,
"Baby is sleeping, and Mary is too!"
She shut the white eyelids, and hark for Sleep-Fairy;
She'll come with her dream-words to sister and you,
Hear her soft mantle among the high grasses!
Tear the sweet twang as she touches her strings!
All the wilds pause when her fairy hair passes,
And all the birds hush when Sleep-Fairy sings.

"Helghe, my primrose, the daylight is sleeping!
Draw the white curtains across your blue eyes,
Shut out the shadows that round you come creeping;
For night never darkens in Sleep-Fairy's skies.
See how the daisies nod as they listen!
All the brown bunnies lie warm in their nests.
Deep in the brook-bed the still fishes glisten—
Sleep-Fairy slugs while the busy world rests."

St. Nicholas.

Little Things.

Dear Banner Children: I am glad to again write to you. You have heard about Sunbeam's party, and I am going to tell you what I thought the very best thing that was done at the medium's home. It was the cake made for "Dick," with his name and little candles on it. It was in the centre of one table. Dick was a poor little paper boy when in earth-life, and I don't believe he ever had a cake made for him, and that is why I thought it so very nice for him to have one at the party.

Sunbeam asked me to write the story I told the children that night, but I do not think I will ever try it, as I do not find it as easy to write as I do to talk. But I will try to tell you of a little girl I read about. It was in a BANNER OF LIGHT quite a while ago, and in poetry, but I will tell you of her in my own way.

This girl one day thought she wanted to do a lot of good in the world, and so was looking for a chance to do some grand thing. When she went to school she saw a very little boy fall down, and he cried ever so hard, but she went on and did not help him or speak to him. She did not want to stop, as she was going to try to do something grand if she had the chance. She went to the school room, and a younger scholar asked her to help him with the lesson in arithmetic. She said she could not stop, and all day long she looked for some big thing to do, but did not stop to help in the little things when she had a chance.

That night she was very unhappy when she went to bed, and said it was no use to try to be good, or do anything that would help the world. After quite a long time she went to sleep, and had a dream. I do not believe she ever forgot that dream.

She heard soft music, and saw a very lovely lady stand by her bed. This lovely spirit showed her a long ladder, it reached from the earth to the sky, and the beautiful one told her that she could climb one round at a time by doing all the very little things to help other people. She told her that life was made more sweet by each one trying to help every one else, and that it was better to do all the little things that came to our notice every day, than to wait for the chance to do some great things. Only a few people do what is thought to be grand, but each one can do many very little things for people every day.

When the girl awoke the sun was looking into her room, and she was very happy, for she believed that the spirit-friend had told her in that dream, and she began that very day to see how many little kind things she could do for each one she met.

Now, dear children, you can be very happy if you always do as the angel told this child. Remember, it is just as nice and much wished for by your spirit-friends, to be kind to a little dog or kitty as to be good and kind to a child. Always be kind to all your little pets, and they will love you and will not run away from you.

Now good-bye for this time, with much love from Gertrude, through her medium,

MRS. SADIE L. HAND.

68 East Newton street, Boston.

The Kind Expressman and the Pigeons.

Walking some time since, says a correspondent of the Boston Herald, I noticed an expressman throwing oats to the pigeons which descended from a building to feed upon his bounty. One perched upon his wrist to peck oats from his open hand. I told him that I had seen something like that in Venice, where I believe some one left money for the purpose. He had heard of it through some of his lady patrons.

A few days later I met him, when he told me that on going home one evening he found a young pigeon apparently dying on his doorstep. He took the little bird in, fed and warmed it, and in a few days it left by the open door entirely well. Going home at evening he found the same pigeon at his door. It entered, remained all night, and flew off again in the morning. This it continued to do some days, and is doing now. It seems to me, said my bird-loving friend, that pigeons have minds, for it remembered my house. It certainly had heart, for it was grateful for my tenderness, which cannot be said always of beings higher up in the scale.

A Smart Donkey.

A farmer had several horses and one donkey. The donkey was always the ringleader in any piece of mischief. Once the farmer fastened the horses in a field next to one where there was a fine crop of oats. The horses looked over into the next field, and wished they had some oats; but, as they could not jump over the fence the oats were safe.

But soon the farmer saw the horses galloping about, and trampling down his oats. He could not imagine how they had gotten in. He supposed some mischievous boy had been playing a trick on him. He drove them out, and shut the gate. But the same thing happened three times. Then he decided to catch the tricky person, whoever he might be. So early one morning he went out and watched. Imagine his surprise when he saw the donkey walk up to the gate, and pull out the pin, while the horses stood looking on, ready to trot in as soon as the gate swung open.

"Well," said the farmer, "I always thought donkeys were stupid; but I don't see anything stupid about that little fellow."—*Humane Alliance.*

A Chicken With a Wooden Leg.

Little Stella found a little chicken with its leg badly broken. She carried it to Adam, the gardener. The leg was so badly crushed that it could never be of any use, and Adam cut it off. Then he carefully bound up the stump. After a while it healed, and he made, as well as he could, a wooden leg, which he bound on to the stump. The chicken thrived, and seemed to take kindly to its wooden leg. Sometimes it forgot, and used to scratch with it, but it would not work. It had a peculiar walk—a sort of hop—from which the children christened it "Hoppy." At night they put it up in a box made on purpose for it, fastened up inside the hen-house. Hoppy lived to a good old age.—*Exchange.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR SOLDIER BOY.

BY CHARLOTTE A. E. GREENE.

Amid the bustle of battle's loud din
Quietly slumbers our dear soldier boy,
Now neither shot nor shell disturbeth him,
Or the tattoo sound with alluring joy.
We fancy the light in the distance dim,
Comrades bivouac, and all night they stay,
But in the dark portal alone so grim
Lies the dear boy of our heart far away.

Concord Junction, Mass., 1890.

Literary Department.

SOME LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS.

Only eighteen per cent. of all the families in America employ domestic help, leaving eighty-two per cent. without even one servant. If all the dressmakers known to exist in America worked twenty-four hours of each day for a whole year, without stopping for sleep or meals, they would still be able to make only one dress apiece for less than seven-eighths of the women of America.

Not six per cent. of all the women in America spend as much money as fifty dollars per year on their clothes.

Out of twelve million American families the income of four million of these families is less than \$400 each per year, and the incomes of nearly eighty per cent. of the entire number are less than \$1,000 each per year.

There are scores of places in this country where only one mail comes every fourteen days.

Ask the average person where the central point of area is in the United States, and he will fix it somewhere in Illinois. Tell him it is nearer San Francisco, and he will be incredulous until he remembers that Alaska is within the boundaries of Uncle Sam.—*Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE ART OF LIVING.

—All conscious beings are spontaneously or voluntarily seeking for the freest opportunity for the normal exercise of their various faculties. This it is which constitutes happiness, "our being's end and aim." At first, however, we seek it ignorantly and selfishly. We expect to derive it from the immediate gratification of those primitive instincts which are essential to the sustenance and perpetuation of life, rather than from devotion to remote social ends. We do not comprehend the full significance of the fact that we are social beings, and that, in the language of Mr. Spencer, "No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy." We do not understand that events are linked together in an endless chain of cause and effect, and that selfish gratification at the expense of another's happiness and equal opportunity is sure to react, and smile from our own hands the cup of joy which we are raising to our lips.

The first step toward the higher life is taken when we recognize the universal dominion of law, in the world of morals, as well as in the physical universe; that every wrong act brings its penalty, and that this penalty can never be escaped. The strong impulse of duty impels us to regard the rights and happiness of others as well as of ourselves. The secondary motives become strengthened; we think twice before we act, and try to act in accordance with the moral law. In our personal habits, the laws of hygiene and physiology are more clearly recognized. We lay down certain rules of right living, and try to live up to them. We endeavor to make the most and best of all our faculties, seeing that only in this way can the most of satisfaction be derived from life.

Right habit is thus first initiated under the stress of compulsion: either the compulsion of external circumstances, of competition for the means of sustenance, of human law, or of moral motive. Nature in this way sharpens our observing faculties, quickens our movements, promotes discovery, invention, all the manifold processes of the utilitarian arts, and so shows us the way in which our efforts must be directed to make the most and best of life. The very obstacles which we meet thus become the means of our advancement. Physical effort develops strength of limb and muscles. Moral effort develops conscience and moral purpose. The stress of life is an essential condition, both of high personal character and of an enduring civilization. Those primitive peoples who are isolated from the world, in climates where little effort is required to obtain the means of sustenance, always remain undeveloped in character, grown-up babes, whose very virtues are weaknesses, and whose contributions to the world's progress are exceedingly small.

But the highest ideals of life are not yet attained, while the stress of compulsion remains the dominant motive governing our actions. Even in the domain of human law, it is only those who are tempted to disobey that are conscious of the law and its penalties. For him who has no inclination to steal or do murder, the laws against these crimes do not exist. The same principle holds good in the higher realm of morals—in every department of life, indeed, toward which our activities are directed. No action is pursued from the highest motive until it becomes spontaneous and joyful. The noblest morality is not that which impels us to do right under stress of duty, but that in which right action becomes as natural and spontaneous as the blossoming of flowers or the silent operation of the law of gravity. When right action becomes the natural way of living, when love and not law is the controlling motive in all our acts, then and then only have we learned the art of life.—*Lewis G. Jones, M.A., in The Phenological Magazine.*

STEVENSON'S LETTER TO BARRIE

ABOUT "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

Your description of your dealings with Lord Rintoul are frightfully unconvincing. You should never write about anybody until you persuade yourself at least for the moment that you love him; above all anybody on whom your plot revolves. It will always make a hole in the book; and if he has anything to do with the mechanism, prove a stick in your machinery. But you know all this better than I do, and it is one of your most promising traits that you do not take your powers too seriously. The Little Minister ought to have ended badly; we all know it did; and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you. As you had conceived and written the earlier parts, the truth about the end, though indisputably true to fact, would have been a lie, or, what is worse, a discord in art. If you are going to make a book end badly, it must end badly from the beginning. Now your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with, and fondle, and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that, your honor was committed—at the cost of truth to life you were bound to save them. It is the blot on *Richard Feverel*, for instance, that it begins to end well and then tricks you and ends ill. But in that case there is worse behind, for the ill ending does not inherently issue from the plot—the story had, in fact, ended well and the great last interview between Richard and Lucy—and the blind, illogical bullet which smashes all has no more to do between the boards than a fly has to do with the room into whose open window it comes buzzing. It might as well have happened; it needed not; and, unless needs must, we have no right to praise our readers.—*From "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," in the November Scribner's.*

THE RELATION OF THOUGHT TO THE

PURITY, HEALTH AND BEAUTY OF

THE CHILD.—Silent power of thought is a

creative factor in child-training, for these so

selected thoughts constantly held and repeated

become a permanent mental force for good.

Much of the arousing of the intuitive nature

of the child we have done by the silent, crea-

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to cure you, why not write about your case to this

specialist? It will cost you nothing to get

his advice and counsel, for he gives consultation

absolutely free.

live thought force. The thoughts we think of the child do produce a mental atmosphere for or against or hinder its development, for others as well as the child will receive the same thoughts from us and multiply creative force to help or obstruct its development, and the kind and quality of thought that stimulates its mind daily, oblige it outwardly for the future.

From my experience the power of thought over the body can not be too early taught to child life to cause it to be a responsive, self-governing, healthy individual.

Why so much talk of critical, fault-finding children, or as a mother complained of her boy being such a pessimist, when they can be trained otherwise by means of their own force within?

It is the misuse and direction of this life within seeking activity in creation of some form, and if trained to build a beautiful structure by the right selection of beautiful material, or thoughts, as the mind stimuli, we would not see so many ugly, peevish, little faces in our schoolrooms, for beauty is evolution from within. As Emerson says: "Every spirit makes its house, and we can give a shrewd guess from the house to the inhabitant."

There are faces that radiate from within, "faces so fluid with expression, so flushed and rippled by the play of thought, that we can hardly find what the mere features are." This is to me the divinity of beauty; the beauty of soul, and this is the beauty that we should teach every child to unfold from within. This is the beauty of health, for it is the fruitage of harmony. Let the child early learn that it is the true architect of its own beauty, and that it is wrong to be really ugly, because soul-love, beauty and health is so much of God in outward expression.

Yes, these thoughts have life, and they will fly and leave their impress by-and-by, like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath breathes into homes its fevered breath.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair; They have a vital part and share in shaping words and moulding fate—God's system is so intricate.

—Anna M. Pennock, in *Ozma*.

LITERARY MERIT.

By constant and intelligent communion with the master spirit of English letters, and then, if possible, with those of foreign literature, the reader comes to recognize intuitively and with perfect ease the distinction and charm of manner which make literature. He learns, too, that the manner itself may vary almost as often as the men who speak; that Addison and Carlyle both write literature, yet are at the antipodes of style; that the glory of Walt Whitman is one, and the glory of Tennyson is another. Yet will he discover that all have somewhat in common, though with infinite variations and manifold divergencies; that all possess a common gift and a common distinction which lead us to declare them makers of literature and masters of the mighty art of letters.

Coming back, then, to our starting-point, literary merit lies in the manner of saying things. Original thought, noble conception, poetic imagining, these are precious; but unless they be poured into the transmitting mould of expression they are not of themselves enough to constitute literature. And the way to gain the power of knowing this great gift of expression is for the reader to acquaint himself or herself with the books pronounced by the calm sure judgment of the centuries to be the best and most worthy to live—books that possess what Austin Dobson has called "time's great and wisest style." And in the case of the writer, this same reading should be supplemented by a steady, unwearying use of the pen since only thus will it gradually acquire a power mightier than the sword, even as persuasion is mightier than violence, and the shaping of souls more than the mutilation of the body.—*Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.*

WANTED ONE MORE WAR.

"The Philippine situation," said a well-known political orator to your correspondent this morning, "reminds me of an incident in my speechmaking experience. A number of other talkers had been invited, with myself, to a big dinner down in St. Louis while General Sherman was making his home in that city. Sherman was invited, too, as a matter of course, for Sherman was invited to everything. We were all notified that we should be called upon to respond to toasts at the dinner. Among the other guests were the then Governors of Arizona and New Mexico, both of whom had charged themselves full to the brim with facts and figures about their respective Territories, as the basis for most energetic pleas for the admission of both to Statehood. Sherman was not uncommon, mislaid his memorandum of the place and hour, and got in just at the close of the speech of the second of the Governors. The company had been well stirred up by the appeals for the admission of the two Territories, and gave the orator a loud round of applause as he sat down with some such clause as this: 'And there, gentlemen, stand Arizona and New Mexico still, just as they stood when Mexico ceded them to the United States. What will you do with them?'

This was all that Sherman heard of the speech, and as his place in the program had already passed, the toastmaster called him up at once to respond to the sentiment, 'The blessings of peace; may they ever outshine the glories of war!' Sherman paused a moment after the applause of his welcome had subsided, and then apologized for his lateness, and expressed his regret at having missed the speeches of the gentlemen who had preceded him. 'All I have heard of to-day's speechmaking,' he added, 'was the question of the orator who has just sat down, as to what we are going to do with Arizona and New Mexico. I am expected in my speech to extol the blessings of peace, but the gentleman's question impels me to say that I hope, before we settle down to an endless reign of peace, that we shall have one more war. I want to see this country lay hold of Mexico again, and thrash her till she promises to take those two Territories back.'

The roar that followed this lasted so long as to save the general the necessity of making any more speech. The beauty of it was that Sherman, who was the most kindly of men, was perfectly innocent of any intent to throw cold water on the speeches which had preceded his. He was ignorant even of the identity of the orator who had last spoken, but his own suggestion came out just as the idea welled from his heart. It is possible that some of the orators who are supporting the administration's policy in the Philippines begin to feel toward Spain as Sherman felt toward Mexico, if they only felt at liberty to speak their minds.—*Boston Transcript.*

UNDER OTIS IN THE PHILIPPINES, OR

A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE TROPICS.

The remarkable success of the first three volumes of the "Old Glory Series," by Edward Stratemeyer, has led to a fourth, "Under Otis in the Philippines; or, a Young Officer in the Tropics." This young officer is none other than our old friend, Ben Russell, who, upon re-enlisting for service in the Philippines is given the same position, that of second lieutenant, to which he had been promoted for gallantry while "A Young Volunteer in Cuba." His brother Larry sails for Manila on the same transport to rejoin the *Olympia*, and the description of the voyage through the Strait of Gibraltar and Suez Canal is replete with information and in Mr. Stratemeyer's best style. A thrilling adventure of Larry's during the day on shore at Malta keeps up the eager interest of the reader. After reaching the Philippines the principal character is Ben, who continues the modest, reliable hero we have known, and supplements his previous service against the Filipinos by unexpectedly finding the defaulting bank cashier who has lost part of their inheritance as a part of his ill-gotten gains. The story closes with the fall of Malolos, but another is promised.

The books of this series continue to improve, inasmuch as greater opportunity is given to pick up former threads and thereby to increase the interest. All descriptive points continue to be verified with greatest care, and this fourth volume is admirably calculated to keep the "Old Glory Series" in their leading position. Price, \$1.25.

PAINT TALKS—XXII.

The Real Paint Argument.

In some recent paint advertisements doubtless many readers have run across the argument that since sand does not improve sugar, zinc, barytes, etc., cannot serve any good purpose in paint. The argument is ingenious, but entirely misleading, since the first proposition has no possible relation to the statement deduced from it. Quite as reasonably might one assert that sand has no place in sugar, nails are useless in wood, lime in mortar, juice in oranges, or fillings in teeth; whereas the fact is that while sugar is not improved but ruined by the addition of sand, nails are useful when wood is to be joined to wood, oranges would be very poor fruit without juice, mortar would not hold without lime, and decayed teeth are saved by filling.

But all such argument proves nothing as regards paint. The only sure test of the value of any paint, or any component of paint, is the test of service. Now the test of service—the experience of centuries—has shown that pure white lead makes a very poor and very expensive paint, in that it perishes very rapidly, requiring constant renewal, that it becomes porous and absorbent of moisture even before it really begins to powder off, and that it is very subject to attack by atmosphere and other influences.

On the other hand experience shows that zinc white and the so-called inert pigments (barytes, gypsum, etc.), are not subject to deterioration.

Of the pigments just mentioned, zinc white is the only one which is, properly speaking, a paint pigment—the others serve merely to dilute the lead and thus retard its deterioration. Zinc white, however, not only dilutes but protects the lead, and it is a fact universally recognized among paint manufacturers that no durable white or light tint can be made without zinc white.

Every village in the land possesses practical illustrations of this truism: on the one hand, houses painted with pure lead, lustreless, discolored, and in a short time paintless; on the other hand, houses painted with good combination based on zinc white on which lustre, color and material are good long after the lead and the poorer ready mixed emulsion paints have outlived both beauty and usefulness.

The paint user, after all, is the one most interested in good paint. It will be money in his pocket to remember that pure oil and zinc white are his essentials. One beautiful, durable job of painting is worth, as an argument, a thousand "sand and sugar" perversions.

STANTON DUDLEY.

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A CASE OF

Partial Dematerialization

OF THE

Body of a Medium.

INVESTIGATION AND DISCUSSION

BY COUNT ALEXANDER AKSAKOF,
Scientist, Philosopher, and Literateur, Ex
Prime Minister of Russia.

Translated from the French by TRACY
GOULD, LL. B., Counselor at Law,
Member of the New York Bar.

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Oct. 14.

(Continued from first page.)

the Jehovah of the Bible, although the mind, it is alleged, cannot conceive an idea without giving it form, we cannot lend a recognizable form to electricity, to magnetism, to the air we breathe, yet we believe in the air, in magnetism and electricity, intangible fluids, undeniable forces. For the same reason we believe in the soul; we believe in God. The action of the soul is more constantly impressed on us than that of electricity and magnetism; in these invisible forces, in the economy of the visible universe and its admirable order, we feel a directing Intelligence of which our finite mind can form no demonstrable idea. Fontenelle aptly said that God should not be called the Infinite, but the INDEFINITE—one who cannot be defined.

If we turn to the ancients, we find a grander idea of the Supreme Intelligence than we can ever get from the study of that history of an obscure wandering people, which is the basis of the Christian religion, though it is entirely at variance with the teachings of the martyred Jesus. Because he was a Jew the old Jewish legends were foisted upon his pure doctrine, and the loving Father to whom he appealed is confounded with the terrible, bloodthirsty Jehovah. This is the reason why Christianity, the religion of love, has caused more slaughter than the ambition of political schemers and the quarrels of kings.

The Chinese, who have no theocracy, adhere to this simple precept: "Adore God and be just." Ancient Egypt believed in the unity of God. The following formula of praise, preserved by Apuleius, was taught in the Egyptian temples: "The celestial powers serve Thee, the hades are submitted to Thee, the universe revolves under Thy hand, Thy feet tread on Tartarus, the stars reply to Thy voice, the seasons return as Thou orderest, the elements obey Thee." Stars were considered secondary deities, inferior to God, superior to man. This belief was widely spread throughout the Orient.

We might quote indefinitely from the religious history of the so-called heathen. Shall we admit that with all the progress the race has made man has retrogressed spiritually, and either disbelieves or holds to a narrow conception of BEING, forced upon him by centuries of hard pounding, and against which his reason would revolt if the exercise of reason was not a sin against Faith according to his mental training? A sin? There was a time when to differ, be it so little, with the orthodox teaching was a crime punishable with death. Vanini was convicted of atheism, and burned at the stake, together with his books; yet in one of those books we find this definition of the God idea: "God is his own principle and term, without end and without beginning, having need of neither, and father of all beginning and all end; he is always, but in no time; for him the past was not, and there will be no future; he reigns everywhere, without being in any particular place, immovable without stopping, rapid without motion; he is all, and out of all; he is in all, but without being confined; out of all, but without being excluded from anything; good, but without quality; whole, but without parts; immutable, while varying the whole universe; his will is his power; simple, there is nothing purely possible in him, all is real; he is the first, the mean, the last act; finally, being ALL, he is above all beings, without and within them, beyond them, forever before and after them." But this did not tally with the description of the God who walked in the garden of Eden, and made clothes for our guilty first parents. Vanini was burned. It was but the other day a pulpit orator denounced Thomas Paine as an atheist and infidel!

Man has not attained sufficient mental development to grasp, in all its extent, the awe-inspiring notion of BEING; but he turns to it as the moth to the light. The desire to know and comprehend develops the noblest aspiration in the human heart, and, later, rid of matter, gravitating toward perfection, man's spirit will form a loftier idea of the Supreme Spirit which he senses now, and will know at some future day. The God we believe in is the infinite grandeur, the infinite power, the infinite goodness, the creative initiator, the immeasurable force, the universal harmony, source of all life, well-spring of eternal love.

True, we have no dogmas, no ironclad creed; we are not an organized religious body—and in this lies our weakness as a factor in the "religious" world—but, when through Spiritualism we are brought nearer to God, individually, and we learn that his laws are immutable and just, that in our conformity to these laws lies our future happiness as responsible agents, we

have no feeling of dread, but a feeling of loving gratitude. Spiritualism binds us to God, which is the true meaning of RELIGION.

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"I would like THE BANNER much better if it had more decided opinions upon the great political questions of the day. My Spiritualism is broad enough to include politics, and I want a Spiritualist paper that has a mind of its own in that respect."

"I like the dear old BANNER very much, and I hate to part with it, but I must do so because it says too much about fraud. There may be frauds in our ranks, as there are in other denominations, but Spiritualists should not say anything about them. Let the outsiders do the exposing, and then the Spiritualist press can defend the mediums when attacked. I shall have to stop THE BANNER if it continues to expose fraud, and take The Light of Truth."

"I would like THE BANNER much better if it would take a more decided stand on the fraud question. 'Expose all frauds' is my motto, and I don't believe in attacking a few of them and letting the worst ones go free. If THE BANNER will show them all up as they should be, I shall be pleased, and will say, go ahead!"

"I admire THE BANNER's position on the majority of questions, but I feel that it has too much to say upon the so-called reform issues of the times. Keep to Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, and let secular questions alone, or I shall have to drop THE BANNER."

"I wish THE BANNER would say something in favor of temperance and other great reforms. My Spiritualism means the reformation of the race, and if THE BANNER can't help on in that work, then I shall not want it any longer."

We have taken the above criticisms from the written and spoken words we have recently received with respect to THE BANNER's course. One man does not want anything said about politics, while his neighbor complains because he doesn't find politics enough to suit him, and so on to the end of the chapter. What shall we do? Why, we shall go right on, interpreting Spiritualism according to the light that is given unto us, by telling the literal truth as we see it.

THE BANNER is in no sense a political paper. It believes in free speech and free discussion of all questions, hence its columns are open to those who believe in political reforms, as well as in other humanitarian movements. We believe in the sublime maxim of "Equal and exact justice to all mankind," hence hold to the conviction that fraud and chicanery in politics, sociology and religion are absolutely unwarranted, and particularly so with respect to the phenomena of Spiritualism. It seems strange to find Spiritualists who are unwilling to read opinions other than their own. It is difficult for us to believe that any Spiritualist could wish to compel his friend and neighbor to think, speak and act as he does.

All questions should be carefully studied by Spiritualists, and an absolute reason in fact found for every position assumed. We have reasons for the convictions that are ours; or have those who differ from us in opinion, and from a frank comparison of views both parties can glean wisdom. Because of differences in views upon any question, it by no means follows that friends should quarrel. There is no reason for the existence of bigotry and prejudice in the mind of any true blue Spiritualist. He should be above them. Intolerance belongs to the age of barbarism that has almost wholly passed away. To find it in Spiritualism is too great an anomaly to be described in words.

"The fraud question!" Well, what does that include? It includes fraud in the mercantile, social, economic and religious worlds. It also includes fraud in psychical phenomena. We are unalterably opposed to fraud of all kinds. We can not condone it, we will not equivocate, we will not retract, we can not do otherwise than denounce it. If other people believe in it, if other papers defend it, if some Spiritualists love it, it is their privilege and their misfortune to do so. But they should not complain if others, equally sincere as are they, refuse to cover it up, and earnestly seek to remove it. We have taken our stand upon this question, and shall maintain our position to the best of our ability. We feel that truth is of more value than error, hence we have no apologies to offer for seeking it. Therefore, we shall do as we have in the past—defend the right as we perceive it, and uphold the standard of pure and undefiled Spiritualism.

National Lyceum.

Report of the Secretary read at Chicago Convention.

Dear Friends and Esteemed Co Workers:

It becomes my duty at this time, as Secretary of the National Spiritualist Lyceum Association to render a report of stewardship during the past twelve months respecting my work in connection with the organization under whose auspices we are convened.

Twelve months ago the National Spiritualist Lyceum Association was born. We who welcomed this child of our worthy National Spiritualist Association, knew it was feeble, and would require the most careful nursing, and the most faithful diligence to keep it alive. It was a welcome child, because it was conceived in the great love for humanity, and brought forth with thankfulness and great hopes for the future.

This child of the N. S. L. A. is now one year old, and although it has had a struggle to hold its own, we believe it is so much alive to-day, that those who are the most interested in its welfare, may have reason to hope that some of the predictions concerning its future may yet be realized.

There was never a greater demand for progressive lyceum work than at present. It is easy to note the great effort on the part of our orthodox friends to make the popular Sunday schools as attractive as possible, and we know the children of Spiritualists are urged to attend them; we also know another thing: The majority of Spiritualist fathers and mothers in our country encourage all such efforts by sending their children to these schools—schools, where as a general thing, if the matter of Spiritualism is introduced, it is condemned.

The National Spiritualist Lyceum Association was organized for the purpose of arousing an interest in the work of education along the lines of Spiritualism; to assist auxiliary associations of like character, and to introduce a uniformity of work.

It may seem to many that the N. S. L. A. has proven nearly a failure; that its birth was premature; but let us consider a few things in connection with the circumstances under which it was born, and review in a general way the outcome thus far of the young organization.

First, there were comparatively few who took any interest in the Lyceum movement. After paying the expenses last season incidental to the convention there were less than a dozen dollars in the treasury.

There were by-laws to be issued, charters to be obtained, certificates to be printed, a seal to be procured, and other incidentals to be paid for. As stated before, many lyceum workers had little or no interest in the new movement; there were some sympathizers who extended good-will and assured us they believed in the utility of such an organization, but could render no material aid as they were doing all it was in their power to keep up their local work.

Notwithstanding the many discouragements we have had to meet, a beginning has been made, and if you, as Spiritualists, would do one-thousandth part as much for our Cause in this direction as the churches do for their Sunday schools, the Progressive Lyceum would become a tower of strength to the cause of Spiritualism.

There is no reason why a Spiritualist lyceum or Sunday school, may not be established in any community where there is a half dozen families of Spiritualists. They do not need to wait until they can hire a hall and procure paraphernalia. They can open their parlors, if they have no parlors, their "living rooms," invite all who will come, especially urge the children and the young men and women; talk to them, read to them, aim to make them happy; at the same time instruct them; make them happy by presenting happy thoughts; interest them by reaching out to the world in which they live, and after once interested (this can be done by drawing from their fund of knowledge), then aim to formulate some plan of regular instruction embodying the truths you and I so sacredly cherish. After their work is established, let them announce to the world what they are doing; the world is more ready than many suppose for this work; if the work is systematically arranged and carried on harmoniously, my word for it, they will find more who will sympathize with them than openly oppose them.

The failure to accomplish all that the N. S. L. A. had hoped the past year has not been due to a lack of interest on the part of its officers. I believe every member of the Board has the Cause of the Lyceum close at heart. Some of them have been actively engaged in local work, others have been somewhat isolated, and, owing to these circumstances, unable to accomplish what otherwise might have been done.

Your Secretary has presented the claims of the N. S. L. A. on all suitable occasions; the fact that she has not succeeded in the cooperation of a larger number of lyceums is not owing altogether to indifference, nor because there is a prejudice on the part of local organizations to the National Lyceum Association. Some of the lyceums are working under charters, and do not feel financially able to procure another. The general report from all lyceums as far as heard from has been a stringency of funds. Without an exception the report has been "We have hard work to meet our obligations and cannot entertain more." This situation of affairs ought to stimulate the Spiritualists throughout the country to aid the National Spiritualist Lyceum, in order that this Association may carry out its mission, that is to aid the auxiliaries. There has never been a lack of interest among the children in the lyceum work when there has been conscientious interest and labor among the older ones.

The efforts of the N. S. L. A. have not been entirely in vain in the way of banding the lyceums of the country as the following statement shows. Nine charters have been granted applicants as follows:

George W. Kites, Rochester, N. Y.; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Mattie Irwin, Barlow, Ore.; Mattie E. Hull, Buffalo, N. Y.; Arthur Prentice, Norwich, Conn.; Charles Yeaton, Boston, Mass.; William J. Wightman, Springfield, Mass.; C. M. E. Ridge, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Mary J. Stephens, Washington, D. C. Charters were promptly sent as soon as obtained, together with copies of the Constitution and By-laws.

The charters were ready Dec. 10. There was delay in forwarding certificates that were called for soon after the first annual meeting, on account of waiting for the official seal.

Your Secretary deems it but just to mention here that George W. Kites, one of our worthy trustees, is the designer of our beautiful charter. She would state that he rendered efficient service in the procuring of charters and certificates.

The following will show something of the interest (or lack of interest) on the part of the Spiritualists respecting the work of the N. S. L. A. the past year. Whole number of fifty-cent certificates issued, thirty-one; twenty-five cent, or children's certificates, twenty-five. There have been six renewals of contributing memberships the present month, including the National conductor and secretary. In addition to these, five twenty-five cent certificates have been mailed on application of the National conductor on behalf of members of the Berkeley Hall Lyceum. These applications were received within a few days, and the former statement respecting children's certificates was overlooked, hence, total twenty-five cent certificates, ten.

Donations have fallen short of pledges made the N. S. L. A. the past year. In all the amount is eight dollars and fifteen cents. One dollar and fifteen cents has been received from G. W. Kites as the result of a collection from the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lyceum; five dollars per J. B. Hatch, Jr., from Berkeley Hall Lyceum, Boston, Mass.; two dollars from Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, for Mrs. Susan Clark, Cambridge, Mass.

Your Secretary would report that she wrote special letters to the secretaries of the chartered lyceums as far as she could obtain their names, and sent a marked copy of the Constitution and By-laws urging that if possible a delegate should be appointed to represent the respective lyceums, and if unable to do so that a letter be written giving a report of the average attendance of the lyceums and of the work in a general way. It is to be regretted that

ABSENT TREATMENT

ABSENT IN BODY---PRESENT IN SPIRIT



DR. PEEBLES, one of the foremost investigators of the advanced and higher methods of Healing, as well as of Psychical 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, on 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.

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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 affire with Divine life 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. JENKINS.

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. 24. 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 anything I can do to the furtherance of my days to show my appreciation of all you have done for me I will gladly do. Your grateful patient. SARAH P. PIERCE.

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 Psycho 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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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.

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The Occult in Handwriting. GRAPHIC delineation of characteristics, etc., for 25c. Send at least one line of writing and one of figure. Your signature. Address "READER," care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Sept. 9.

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Ida P. A. Whitlock, Nov. 11. Thordike, Boston. Fridays and Saturdays during November. 4w Oct. 23

MRS. M. E. GILLILAND, D. V. - - - - - and Test Medium. Office 21 So. 1st street, Charleston, S. C. Hours 10 to 4, except Monday and Saturday, by appointment will hold office. Nov. 11.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MISS. 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 telegraphically 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 Séance held Oct. 26, S. E. 52, 1899.

Invocation.

With joy, with thanksgiving and love, we open our hearts this hour that the light of truth may shine freely in upon us. We come from that bright land to speak simply and honestly to those still walking in darkness. From the heights of truth where peace reigns we send this beautiful anthem of peace and good-will to all men. May the lonely sorrowing ones be lifted to the perfect understanding of life, its duties and realities. May they find in this joining of forces, in this opening of doors for love and life, that they have been made stronger, better and purer men and women. May no thought of evil, no doubt, no distrust, mar our complete union at this moment. Gladly we give and receive, gladly we send the message of hope and cheer, and may it be as gently and as hopefully received. What ever may come to you or to us of growth, of upliftment, may we fully understand that we cannot walk alone—that some soul, either above or below, is waiting and watching and is loving us. Amen.

MESSAGES.

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

Abijah Locke.

The first spirit that comes is a man. He is quite tall, has very dark eyes; his hair is pushed back a little bit from the forehead, but it has some gray in it. I think he is about fifty-five years old. He comes quietly and in a dignified manner, and yet seems so anxious to get back. He says: "Oh! how much I want to reach Eliza. It seems as though her heart is breaking since I went away from her, and if you could only tell her that it is not as bad as she thinks, that everything has not grown black just because I am out of her sight, but that I am looking forward to the time when I shall be able to help her and give her more strength than I can now; and that sometimes when I see how depressed she is, it seems to me I must overcome every obstacle and speak to her; perhaps she will then fully understand that there is somebody who loves her and who is interested in her welfare. My name is Abijah Locke, and I came from Kennebunk, Me."

Nellie Brooks.

Now, here comes a girl; I should think she was sixteen years old, and the first thing she says is: "My name is Nellie Brooks of Rutland, Vt." She has blue eyes; her hair is brown, and she is not very stout; her hair is down her back, though she looks about sixteen. She is quite girlish in her way, and she says: "I brought my Aunt Addie with me. She passed out some time before I did, and since I have been over she has been taking care of me and teaching me. Now I can sing so well, so much better than I could when I was in earth-life I go to my people sometimes, and find them in church, and when they are singing the old-fashioned hymns and psalm tunes, I just long to break in with some of the spiritual melody that I have learned; for I have been gone long enough to understand that many of the strains of music that are in our life can be brought back into your life, and I would like very much to get to my grandmother. She is still alive, and her name is like my aunt's, Adelaide. She is still living in Rutland, and has the same last name that I have, Adelaide Brooks. She is not so very old. Her eyes are older than her spirit; but when she comes to me she will find that she will grow young again with me, and we will have so many nice times together that she will forget she has left people in the earth-life."

George DeMar.

Here comes George DeMar from Ontario. He has dark blue eyes, very dark lashes, and curly hair, just as curly as can be, and a dark brown mustache. He has a sharp, quick way, and as he looks at me he says: "Hurry, because I have not much strength to stand here. Although I passed to the spirit suddenly, it gives me some pain to return. It was as though I had been shot from one condition into another, and the shock of it was more than I could bear. It took me some little time to recover. Some of these people who are always wishing to have a speedy death, because they do not want the torture of lingering, may feel good when I tell them it is a little easier to go when you are prepared than it is to be sent out in such an unceremonious fashion. Say, too, that when one is sent off like that it makes him feel as though he would like to get back and finish for himself. It is like getting your dinner half eaten, and being pulled away from the table before you get to the dessert; and for my part I do not like it much. Helen will know who I am, and she will like to know that I have come, although she will understand it was the last thing in the world that she would have expected me to do. I was neither religious nor spiritual, and yet I had to feel when I came that I was myself, and that if I could get back perhaps I could explain the truth of this continued knowledge. People call it continued life; I call it continued knowledge, because I do not feel as though I am living at all; I feel as though I had slipped away from my moorings, that I was adrift on an open sea, and that I would like to connect somewhere so I would have courage to steer away into some port."

Charlie Stevens.

This is a boy—Charlie Stevens. He is about eight or nine years old; he has rather pretty blue eyes and light brown hair, and a little bit of a pug nose. He has such a smiling little face. He puts his hands up to his throat as though it was throat trouble that caused him to pass away. I think it was croup, it seems to me something that acts rather quickly. He says: "Please, if I could only get to mamma. I came from Pawtucket. She does not know anything about this, but I would like to get back and give her some of the lovely flowers I have seen over there, be-

cause she loves flowers, and so do I. She would know that if I brought her flowers I would be her same Charlie boy."

Mrs. Ora Nye.

Here comes a woman. She says: "Please do not bother me; I am in such a great hurry!" She is quite tall and quite light, has light brown hair with a few streaks of gray in it, and it is combed rather plainly. She wears glasses, and talks just as fast as she can: "I am Mrs. Ora Nye, and I came from Cleveland. Please put that down, and say that if it is possible I would like to get to my own people, for they feel that if there was anything in this I would be sure to come to them because of my own independence. Whenever I did want to accomplish anything, I generally did it. So I have this time, but I have to thank everybody here for being patient with me, when I have asked and asked to come; and yet from time to time when I came I seemed to be so excited, and in such a hurry that I could not give a clear message; and now I have been helped."

Bennie Clark.

Here comes one whose name is Bennie Clark. He is a man thirty-five years old, blue eyes, dark hair and sandy mustache. He is not quite up to the medium height, rather square shoulders and dressed nicely. It seems as though he was rather proud about his clothes, but did not think more of his clothes than what was in them. He puts his hands in his pockets as though he expected to pay his way wherever he went—"But," he says, "what was my surprise to find when I came over here that I could not do so. Nothing was to be had except what I had earned, and so I just thought I had better set about and right some of the wrongs I had done. I do not mean that I wronged people so very much, but I was rather selfishly inclined, and so, if you will believe me, the first thing I had to do was to see if I could not do something for somebody else. In doing that I found life growing broader for me. I want to reach a man by the name of Henry, who will know me very well. I came from Swampscott. Henry's last name is just like mine."

Bernice Allen.

Here is a little girl named Bernice Allen. I should think she was about four years old. Her hair is light and wavy, and her eyes are blue. She is ever so cunning. She passed into spirit-life with scarlet fever, because I see her face is as red as can be with the fever. She lived in Concord, N. H., and she wants to get to somebody by the name of Carrie Allen. She says: "Oh! it is so pretty where I used to live. Everything was fixed up so nice, and it was such a shame that I had to go away. But I go real often and look at the things, and think what a nice place it is for me to go and find those who are thinking about me."

Jim Ryan.

"Jim" Ryan is here; he came from Canton, Ohio. He says: "I have a brother, John Ryan, who lives there. We were quite respectable kind of people, although we do not belong to the upper ones; still, we always tried to do what we thought was right." They were in some kind of business there; it seems like a store. "I have sometimes thought that with the knowledge I have of the conditions that are going on around him, I might be able to help him if I could get to him. If you will please tell him for me to keep up his grit, and not feel that anybody is going to get the best of him, or that the hard times are going to throw him down, and that I, his brother, am glad to help him, perhaps it will do some good."

Christopher Shumway.

Here is another man. He comes from Washington. The name is Christopher, and the last name seems like Shumway. He is dressed in a long black coat; his color is very high, and he seems to belong to some very strict religious denomination, because he comes as prim and as cleanly shaven, and his hair is brushed down plainly over the sides of his forehead. He sort of hems and haws, and says: "Please say that Mr. Christopher Shumway is here, and that if it is possible for him to reach his wife Jennie he will be unceasingly obliged; that he cannot do it of himself, and cannot do it through his church connections, and so he comes to this much-despised body of life givers, and asks them humbly and earnestly to help him to find his own. I had known something about this Spiritualism, but what I knew was not in its favor, and I am afraid I was too bigoted—too much afraid that the Lord's people would get something of the devil's work among their fold to give any message any credence, or sanction any of its works. To-day I find the same spirit in my old church associates, but I would to God that I could break down the barrier and give them the truth as I see it. Sometimes from the simplest channels comes a clear stream that sweetens life."

Grace Daniels.

Here is a little young woman about thirty years old. Her name is Grace Daniels and she is very pretty. She has such a sweet, ladylike way, and looks around as though she is sorry even to take time from some of the others, but seems so anxious to come. She says: "My mother is with me to-day, and we would like to reach my father. He is so lonely and needs us both so much, that we felt if perhaps we could send a word that would cheer him it would make life brighter and better for him. I came from Ogdensburg, N. Y., and I feel that if a movement of this kind could be started there, if something could be done, it would help the people so much. You have no idea how many households are made brighter by some little word from the spirit, and the mission is not ended then, because there is always something that needs to be done, some word that needs to be spoken to help those who are wandering along through life's pathway. My father's name is William Daniels, Ogdensburg, N. Y."

Jennie Neale.

Jennie Neale would like to get to Henry Neale. She says he is in the tinware business, but he lives in Boston. "There are some things that I see very differently from what I did when I was in earth life in regard to him. I did not always get along with him as well as I wanted to. Why, when I hear the spirits over here telling how they never had a bad or cross word with any of their people in earth-life, I think they are just as apt to tell lies on this side as they are on the earth side of life. It seems as if the minute separation comes people appear to think they were a good deal better

off than they thought they were when they were close together. I wonder if it always takes separation to make people appreciate their blessings. Anyway, that is the way with me. I am sure I was not half as grateful for the things done for me as I might have been, and I just want to say I am sorry about it, and I wish I had done more to make life brighter; and now that I have said I am sorry, I think I shall feel better myself."

Fred Long.

Here is a spirit with the cross face! It is all wrinkled up, as though he does not know what in the world to do now he has got here. He is about forty-five years old, and he is quite dark—dark hair, eyes and complexion. He is a little above the medium height, and his hands are long and thin. He was slow a long time before he went to the spirit. He comes from Revere, and he says his name is Fred Long. "But it is quite a long time since I went away," he says. "O, dear! I did suffer so much that when I came back into earth conditions it seems as though I live it all over again, and although I am happy when I am away, when I come here I am as I was before. If you tell Sarah that I know how hard she is striving to get along and that I would like to help her if I could, but am almost unable to do it, I shall feel better."

George Turner.

George Turner, Paris, Me. He is tall, thin, blue eyes, black hair, black lashes and brows, and a very dark mustache. "It was a horse that caused my death. He was so wilful and headstrong that I could not hold him in, and so I went to my death. That is what everybody thought, and I am sure that is what I call it. I used to have a friend named Sam Furber, and I told him if I could come back in time I would; so I have come to tell him that here I am, and if he does not do a little better toward helping me than he has done in the past I won't come again because I shan't be able." And then he laughs. I see the horse; it was a brown mare, and she was a stuffy little mare.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER NINETY-FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many have been much interested in the writings of Flammarion, and in the disappointment he has lately experienced regarding the value of certain communications that were presented to him about some of the planets. I have not taken very great interest in his writings, and in those of Allan Kardec, partly because like other French enquirers into the occult they seem to care for Spiritualism rather than for Spiritualism, and partly because they incline or positively teach the materialistic doctrine of re-incarnation.

Galileo has been personated by spirits who have come to both these men, as well as to several mediums in America, and it is probably true that in each instance "The messages" (quoting from Kardec's *La Genèse*) were but the reflection of what was known to the members of the circle, at that time, with relation to the planets and the starry universe. If the circle thought a planet mentioned had a certain number of moons, the spirit gave that number, though more were later discovered by the telescope. To Sardou, Jupiter was depicted as a hell; to Flammarion it was presented as a paradise with eternal spring. Kardec says that astronomers now believe Jupiter is uninhabitable.

When I first came in contact with a medium who claimed Galileo as a control, I asked him some question with much interest. Unfortunately this spirit became angry, and in his answer showed he did not know as much of astronomy as my poor self. I was sorry, for I am greatly interested in the real Galileo, and was happy while in Florence to climb to the top of the little tower where he placed his spy-glass, to see the moons of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn with that primitive little instrument. Its power was so small that when he first saw the rings which presented their wider side to his view he did not suppose they were rings, and recorded his observation in these words, "I have seen a triple planet." Later, when the change in the relative position of the rings presented only their narrow edge to an observer on the earth, the little spy-glass did not reveal the rings at all, and the astronomer was greatly puzzled by the fact that his "triple planet" seemed triple no longer.

"M. T.", in London *Light*, presents the thought that the material universe cannot be directly cognized by a disincarnate spirit, and that we cannot expect such a one to give as correct information on such a point as the number of moons as an astronomer still on the mortal plane. His suggestion has great value, though to our mind the fact that every finite soul has always some sort of a body, more or less material, must enable him to sense his own grade of material expression in every planetary object. And it is impossible for us, hampered at present by the grossest material form that can enfold a soul in the spirit-world of the earth, to be able, inexperienced as we are, to lay out the boundaries between this and that phase of the expression of a progressing spirit.

In addition to this pregnant suggestion by "M. T.", some thoughts were hinted to me last Sunday while I was addressing the Ethical Society of Spiritualists in New York City. I will endeavor to reproduce them.

Many times I have heard of a medium's making a visit to some other planet. Some claim they have been to Mars, some to Jupiter, and some even beyond the solar system itself, to planets revolving about some fixed star. Sometimes it is the medium's control who has been there, and, having been *in propria persona* on the spot, can tell us all about it. One medium makes the claim that she is a Martian, and that she is now sent to our planet by exalted spirits in Mars to instruct the children of earth. I have never taken the slightest stock in any such statements nor any such claims. When Flammarion and Kardec claimed to be able to tell all about Jupiter and its inhabitants, I have known deep down in my inner soul that it could not be. And further, the fact that speakers, mediums or writers made such erroneous claims only made me doubtful regarding all the rest that came from them, on the principle, "From one, estimate all."

Far be it from me to intimate that such mediums are intentional deceivers. They are honest themselves, but they have been beguiled by ignorant or deceiving personating spirits. Why this is so we will proceed to explain.

The Infinite Soul has the Infinite Universe by possession, by inherent right, from the very

nature of things. This does not need explanation, is not a "contention," it is simply so. *Per contra*, no finite soul has the infinite universe in actuality, however it may be in eternal progression. Infinite Soul can go anywhere, or, to speak more accurately, is everywhere. An old philosopher said, "God is a being whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere." A finite being, on the contrary, cannot be everywhere, and can go only where he has become fitted to go.

A finite soul puts on form, takes expression, on the mortal plane of earth. To the comprehension of spirits on this plane he has a fleshly form, by means of which he expresses himself to other souls on the same plane. He also has an inner, or less material form, which links him with his next stage of advancement. If he be somewhat developed spiritually, he can express himself through this finer form to other souls on the mortal plane who are also spiritually advanced, and he can also express himself and receive thoughts from incarnate souls. That they can communicate with him at all, disincarnate as they are, proves his present possession of a spiritual body. He can also go in this finer form a little way, a very little way, into what we call the spirit realm. He cannot stay there too long, for if he does, the cord breaks and his spiritual form cannot again unite with the fleshly one. Then blinded mortals say of him that he is dead.

Sometimes he thinks he has been a very long distance in spiritual realms, has traversed many higher states, has been where Jesus or Buddha has developed so far as to dwell, or even fancies that he has been through all the tiers of the spirit world of the earth, and has then gone to the mortal plane of some other planet. In cases like these, some powerful spirit has psychologized him into thinking that he has made these excursions. He has not really been there, but he is perfectly honest and firmly believes that he has been there.

Perhaps the spirit who psychologized him has very pronounced, positive opinions regarding the inhabitants of Jupiter and the mode of life there. He impresses this on the spiritual sensorium of the sensitive mortal, who received the impression so vividly that he actually believes that he has been to Jupiter. This could not possibly be, from the following considerations.

To accomplish this result, he would on passing through the nearly countless grades of the spirit world of his mother planet, be forced to experience what we call death in dropping the ethereal form appropriate to each of these nearly countless grades of spirit existence, until, almost denuded of all form he finds himself fitted to pass through the fine ether that occupies the vast spaces between the spirit worlds of the different planets. So far, he is supposed to have gone through what it will probably take us individual spirits millions of years to accomplish in our development.

But this is not all. If it were Jupiter that he were really going to visit, of course it could not take long for his extremely etherialized form to pass through the some four hundred and fifty million miles between the two sister spirit worlds. But, arrived at the extreme confines of the spirit world of Jupiter, our earth mortal's task is but half done. He must now reverse what he did on passing through his own spirit world. He must, in going through its successive grades, take on more and more materiality, until with fully materialized fleshly form he is in condition to actually sense the physical appearance of the Jovian inhabitants and their mode of life on the planet itself. When this is done, he has to go through the process again, in inverse order, before he can again enter his mortal form on his own planet.

What has been described accords with the constitution and course of nature itself, and it is these natural truths and conditions that force us to discredit the statement that a mortal man or woman has been on a visit to Jupiter.

Some will object to the above by saying that thought is so powerful that when we think of a place we have actually been there. According to this theory, when I think of that little tower on the outskirts of Florence, where Galileo had his spy-glass, I have just been there. Or, if I think of the Pyramid of Cheops, which I never saw, then I have actually been there. Thinking of a place is not going there. There are in the mind, stored by the power of memory, millions of concepts. They may be concepts of what we have experienced, what we have heard or read of, or what we have imagined. When we think of a place—it may be Newark, N. J., Rome, or the Milky Way—we recall the concepts of these places which lie stored in the mind. This is not going to these places at all.

In our view, it will take a finite soul perhaps millions of years to exhaust all the possibilities of existence in the spirit-world of his own planet. And, just as life on the mortal plane is exceedingly interesting in its experiences and its developments while here, if we improve our opportunities, and live aright, so will it be with us in the next stage, and the next hereafter. We shall always have enough to interest us, and as eternity turns over the leaves of her wonderful book, giving us "better yet," and better thence again, in infinite progression, we shall evermore "with rising powers new wonders sing."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.

Arlington, N. J., Oct. 26, 1899.

What are Dreams, and Where Do We Travel in Sleep?

BY M. M. L.

About twenty years ago last December I was in a position to prove occult power, and under a strange, mysterious influence fully realized that even while confined to material conditions, one can move outside of the body, and travel in other worlds. Now at that time I knew little or nothing about Spiritualism, and did not understand what such an experience meant. Since then, however, there have been opportunities for investigating these phenomena, which convinced me, if no other, that all worlds and intelligent beings are closely related under one Supreme Intelligence, guiding, controlling and forever holding power and purpose in fulfillment of the promise, that each and all worlds should receive promotion and acceptance through regeneration and absolute freedom from sin.

Having been more or less skeptical in spiritual direction from childhood, the wonder to me was, that I of all persons should become an object of attention from outside minds, apparently attracted to earth by certain manifestations then taking place. The evening referred to was spent with

friends and enjoyed very much. It was late when I retired, nevertheless before doing so I began to feel strange, and could not tell what was the matter with me. After lying down I became unconscious for a moment, then at once recognized a strange sensation, as if moving out of my body. Indeed, moving out of the room came right along with the feeling of motion, and before I could speak to my husband, saying "good bye," was far above earth. All the while there seemed to be such a pulling at the top of my head, as though a cord was holding me to it, and in answering a question asked, what it was, the spirit holding electrical connection informed me that this was the current of life existing between mind and body, which was severed at death, peculiar as a power, sustaining the spiritual position always co-existent with God.

This clear December night, bright with its millions of stars and silver moonbeams, gave me a feeling of exhilaration and joy as I moved along—first westerly, then, as I arose higher and higher, veering away toward the extreme south until all that remained of earth was an atmosphere, and that too was passed by as though I had been floating for hours.

Going along, I saw beings who like myself were travelers; but somehow they did not seem to realize that I had not passed the Rubicon, save in appearance best known to myself.

The first thought I now remember, after getting into line for this journey, was where am I going and how can I get home again? There was no fear or anxiety, indeed my very soul rejoiced in being so favored, and the real idea given then and now was that I should see dear ones long in another life. Between earth and stellar heavens, there appears to be a resting-place for the quick and the dead. I see dimly where the Roman church receives its idea of purgatory; yet in that, as other things, superstition figures more against than for its real true bearings upon spiritual affairs relating to the hereafter.

As I continued to travel along—alone at first, after awhile with some one as guide—there was a desire upon my part to see more and more of the worlds outside. Of course in five or more hours I could not visit many; in fact, did not go to but one and that was Mars, which, being near earth, I found it to be in all respects as nearly the same as though one hemisphere bounded coast and circumference, leaving out some of our crude, coarser materiality, not at all unpleasant to miss.

When I began to approach this planet I seemed to understand somehow that in all respects a great change was taking place. Mountains were high, covered with verdure, in coloring the most beautiful I could imagine, while the surrounding country resembled some foreign land, read about but never seen.

The only landmarks that I have written down in memory for to-day's reviewing may seem somewhat exaggerated; nevertheless are as true as anything ever seen in my journeyings about this world. About the ninth hour of the day, before starting out for the journey I am describing, someone called at my home and wished me to go out with her; in fact I did go out and spend the afternoon, working for a friend very much afflicted by having a sick husband and three little children on her hands to support. I mention this to show there was nothing in natural ways superinducing this strange vision, or real traveling outside of the body. Psychic force is a conceded fact in this century of knowledge and research, hence I was persuaded to write, as I am doing, a story, which I trust my readers will not criticize unkindly.

The guide conducted me along for awhile in silence, and as we were about to enter a city of many inhabitants, he turned my thought toward a large structure resembling a palace, of pure white marble. The approach to this palace was made very beautiful by its paved broad entrance, being in all respects similar to one in England built hundreds of years ago, and yet never seen by myself, since I have never visited in that country.

As we came to the great door opening into a large reception hall, I was conscious of warmth and beauty; so inviting it seemed I could not wait to enter in and rest. Standing before a huge window with reflected lights from electric chandeliers hanging high above in the room, were three beautiful bouquets of roses. Remember, I was out in a cold winter's night, and imagination could not color this picture as a midsummer's idyl.

Passing through the first room, we entered a second of dimensions resembling in appearance a luxurious drawing-room, the like of which I had never seen before, and in its furnishings there was nothing familiar, and certainly could not give a single thought of the world in which I am living. Going forward to the third room I was wonder struck over its size and manner of its appearance. My guide seemed to read my thought, and said, "Our libraries are not made and put in, but built with the room," and indeed I should think so, for this one looked as though it could hold the books of nations. Across the west side of the room, and nearly across the south side of the room were many shelves behind closed doors, concealing rare things of value and beauty.

The spirit having the library in her charge opened the doors allowing me to just look in, showing to my wondering eyes much that I cannot describe if I should try.

The outside of the immense doors was black and polished as a plate mirror; the inside was lined with crimson silk, and so perfect in finishing one desired to keep on looking until the whole room became familiar as something seen at home.

I would like to describe the spirit I saw in this room and another in the one adjoining, for they figure more or less in my memory as important as they are near in kinship, but yet are only half way to spirit life. There are spheres in our worlds outside of truth and beauty, forcing recognition for their intrinsic value and worth to the being freed from materiality. The only passport is mental, moral and spiritual goodness, with a desire for promotion, in a sense corrective and not experimental, always provident as power, teaching each to know right and wrong, and this character building, the spirit's claim for its inheritance above.

The being I noticed in particular in the grand library was of medium height, with dark glossy hair, and fine features. Her manner seemed quiet, but not in any way obtrusive, although I was her sister, whom she had not seen for years, as she passed away from earth-life at thirteen years of age, and a dear brother went out with her on the same day, both dying with cholera. While I did not hold communion with her at first, we did not call ourselves strangers.

A feeling of good will was manifest all the while. The garments she wore seemed like a dark brown merino, in appearance, made in a fashion differing decidedly from my own, hence even in Mars the people seem to have their own ideas about dress and follow their own fashion.

Going into a smaller room, after seeing what I could in those passed through, I noticed, standing near a couch, a tall girl—this is as she then looked to me, dressed in a pale blue flowing robe; her long, fair golden hair was unconfined and went rippling down her back. Turning toward me as I went into the room, she came quite near and laid her hand upon my arm, saying, "Allow me to touch you, please." Immediately, however, upon doing so, she appeared like one dying, which so disturbed me, I closed my eyes and wished myself far away. Then and now, death is to me cruel.

I found as the sweet spirit I came to see assumed her natural condition, that her real anxiety for putting her hand upon me was to see if I were indeed a spirit; she being a foster sister, of course recognized our relationship much sooner than I did.

The guide now reminded me that, our time being limited, we must go on our journey, and so, taking a due northerly course, our tracings were not up, but down; we were then coming back to the home planet, earth. I did not quite like that, and grumbled about it; but the guide said, "You cannot remain away from your body any longer and ever get back to it. Do you wish to die?"

This urged me forward without demur, and just before reaching earth she conducted me through a small village to a place of refuge, as I found out afterwards, showing me where repentant sinners are forced to wait for forgiveness and redemption are going to their homes above.

After entering this village, moving along, we approached a large building, not at all pleasing in its appearance, and I noticed the dreary, unfinished condition of things around it, wondering why it was so.

Going to an open doorway, we passed through a long hall; upon each side were doors, numbered and apparently locked, as the guide was handed a key when we started out. The very last door at the end of the hall she unlocked with this key, and we entered a fair-sized room, and sitting around in this room, poverty-stricken and desolate, were five spirits, young and old, as I noticed one with snow white hair and face like a girl's among the rest. All in the room had been outcasts, and still followed earth's inhabitants for evil purposes, which explains why they were deprived of their liberty.

My journey lasted over five hours, and gave me a pretty clear understanding what immortality means for us. It is far more real than time, and teaches that death does not change personality or a single emotion experienced by us as human beings. All that I recognized as important for my experience was the manner in which spirits move about, so free and at liberty to go wherever the mind dictates, apparently independent of conditions.

I reached home and found myself again able to speak to my husband. I related all written with added testimony, far more interesting than anything now stated. Over twenty years have passed away since I traveled through space and realized that death was not death, only a change for the better, which all must understand sooner or later.

The Barrett Portrait Fund.

Report of the Treasurer, with List of the Contributors.

In June last a number of friends and admirers of Harrison D. Barrett, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who was then serving on his sixth term as President of the National Spiritualists' Association, started a movement to raise a fund to pay for a life-size oil portrait of our esteemed brother, the painting to be presented to the National Association, and to be hung in the permanent headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Arrangements were made with John N. Parks, one of Boston's best known artists, to paint the picture. The work to be done was extremely difficult, as Mr. Barrett could not be asked for a sitting, the artist being compelled to rely on catching his expression during such occasional times as he could meet him in the BANNER office for a few minutes' conversation, and relying on his inspiration and the direction of his guides for the rest. But Mr. Parks succeeded splendidly, and has produced a most life-like portrait, which will be admired by thousands in the years to come.

The plan of raising the money by popular subscription was adopted, instead of calling on a few well-to-do Spiritualists for large sums, as was first proposed. Circular letters were sent to several thousand Spiritualists, inviting them to contribute.

Seven hundred and twenty-one persons responded to the call, with sums varying from ten cents to ten dollars. A total of \$2372 was contributed, which sum was paid Mr. Parks, this being only about one-third what he would charge for similar work under ordinary circumstances. The committee feel that Mr. Parks is entitled to their hearty thanks for his courtesy and liberality in the matter.

The expenses of postage, printing, clerical labor and traveling expenses, aggregating over \$100 have been assumed by one of the committee as his contribution.

From the very nature of the movement it was almost impossible to make it widely known. The papers could not be used to carry the appeal to thousands who would have been only too glad to have added their names to the testimonial, and every additional circular letter sent out increased the chances that Mr. Barrett would accidentally discover the project. To all those who would have contributed had they been aware of the matter, I would heartily suggest that they avail themselves of the opportunity to help secure a permanent home for the National Association, by promptly sending in their dollars for the Mayer Fund.

E. E. BURLINGAME, Treas.

Boston, Nov. 4, 1899.

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South Dakota (3), Mrs. Martha Wade, Mrs. Annie Nuttal, Mrs. Beatrice Sipher.
Tennessee (6), Paul R. Albert, Jerry Robinson, J. Seeman, Col. C. H. Stockell, James L. Heath.

Texas (6), Miss E. G. Mitchell, John W. Wray, William Unbestock, E. N. Swinburn, Dr. G. C. McGregor, Mrs. Dr. G. C. McGregor.
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Mexico (1), Alfonso Herrera.
Egypt (1), Alice Barbet.
England (4), Dr. McGeary, Mrs. Dr. McGeary, Mrs. Joseph Lord, A. J. M. Burden.

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BUSINESS and Test Medium, 14 Concord St., cor. Tremont street, Boston. Sittings daily from 10 to 5. Will go out to hold circles by appointment. 1w Nov. 11.

Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer,
SEANCES Thursday and Friday eve., and Sunday afternoon. Hotel Yarmouth, 21 Yarmouth street, Suite 3, Boston. 1w Nov. 11.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will secretaries or 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 Spiritism Society, 1100 Huntington Avenue, Sunday evenings at 7:30. Discourse and Evidence through the mediumship of the pastor.

Edgar Hall, 1100 Washington Street. First Spiritualist Church, N. H. Wilson, Pastor. Services at 11:25 and 7:30; also Thursdays at 3. BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

Home Rostrum, 21 Soledad Street, Charlestown. Spiritualist meetings Friday, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.; Tuesday and Friday, 7 P.M. Mrs. Gilliland, President.

Little Spiritualist Meetings, Old Ladies' Hall, 440 Tremont Street. Mrs. Gutterer, President. Services Sundays at 10 A.M., 2 P.M., and 7 P.M., and Wednesdays at 7 P.M.

Spiritual Fraternity at First Spiritual Temple, East and Newbury streets, Sundays at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. the continuity of life will be demonstrated through different phases of mediumship. Other meetings announced from the platform. A. Sherman, Secretary.

Boston Spiritualist Temple meets in Berkeley Hall, 1 Berkeley Street. Every Sunday at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. E. L. Allen, President; J. B. Hagen, Jr., Secretary, 74 Sidney St., Dorchester, Mass.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday afternoon and evening. Supper served at 6 P.M. at 241 Tremont Street, near Elliot Street. Mrs. Mattie E. A. Albe, President; Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y, 74 Sydney Street, Dorchester, Mass.

Children's Progressive Lyceum—Spiritual Society School—meets every Sunday morning in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, at 10 A.M. All are welcome. Mrs. M. A. Brown, Superintendent.

Commercial Hall, 608 Washington Street. Mrs. Nutter, President. Services Sunday at 11 A.M., 2 P.M., and 7 P.M., and Thursday at 7 P.M.

The Helping Hand Society meets every Wednesday at 3:30, 301 Boylston Place. Business meeting at 4 o'clock. Supper at 6 o'clock. Entertained by Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, President. Mrs. Grace Cobb Crawford, Secretary.

Boston Spiritualist Lyceum meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. Browne, dach, Conductor; A. Clarence Armstrong, Clerk. 170 West Street, Dorchester, Mass.

The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society meets at Dwight Hall, 54 Tremont Street every Thursday afternoon and evening; supper at 6. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

Mind try of the Divine Science of Health—S. F. S. and S. F. S. 255 Mass. Ave., City. Dr. F. J. Miller, Psychic Healer and Teacher.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists meets at 100 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass. Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

Malden Progressive Spiritualists' Society, Masonic Building, 7 Pleasant Street, Malden. Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 74 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society, 74 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Sunday, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Mrs. M. A. Brown, President.

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At 6:30 P. M. The evening meeting was addressed by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock on Palmistry. She handled the subject well, and it proved very instructive; she also gave a few readings which were excellent. Miss Robbins, formerly of Canada, was present, and rendered both instrumental and vocal music of a high order. We have the pleasure to announce for next Thursday evening Mr. Edgar Emerson. Do not miss the opportunity of hearing him before he leaves for the West. Supper at 6:30 P. M.; all invited.

A lecture on "Vivisection" was given before the Ladies' Physiological Institute, Boston, on Thursday, Nov. 2, in Wesleyan Hall. The lecturer was the Secretary of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society. In this address great stress was given to the fact that, although many people refuse to assist in the anti-vivisection movement, because they claim that human beings may be physically benefited by experiments made on living animals, they will not themselves take even the slightest trouble to make mankind happier and better. It is an easy matter to make over the dumb creation into the hands of those who will torture the defenseless; but it does not seem to us so easy to help others ourselves when such help may involve trouble or annoyance to us. It is the inconsistencies of human beings which make them contemptible in the eyes of all students of character. These inconsistencies are most strongly marked in those who favor vivisection as a philanthropic practice, and yet make all associated with them miserable by their own thoughtless selfishness of life.

The Helping Hand Society tendered a reception on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, at Gould Hall, to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wiegman, and if handshaking and good will amount to anything, the worthy couple certainly must have felt they were most cordially received. Mr. Wiegman is filling his engagement at Berkeley Hall, and if one judges by the large attendance at every meeting, we think he is the right man in the right place. The speakers at the reception were H. D. Barrett, E. L. Allen, Mrs. E. P. Pratt, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Hand, Mrs. E. L. C. Pratt, Miss Webster and Miss Calhoun. Mrs. Wiegman closed the meeting with brief remarks. C. Hatch's orchestra discoursed music at intervals. Next meeting will be held Wednesday, Nov. 15. Mr. Wiegman and Mrs. C. Fannie Allen will be among the talent for that evening. Mrs. G. C. Crawford, Sec'y pro tem.

The Psychological Research Class met as usual at 711 Tremont Street, Sunday, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Dr. Kimball, through her spirit guide, "Teddie," interested the class with messages from the spirit friends; she also gave a short address. Our leader will be with us next Sunday, also Wednesday evening. The class will continue its services at 73 Grant Street every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday at 3 o'clock, at 711 Tremont Street.

First Spiritualist Church, 616 Washington Street, Mrs. Wilkinson, pastor. Morning service opened by singing; prayer, Mr. Newhall; remarks, Messrs. Hill, Fred De Boss, Proctor, Goodin, Baker, Miss Sears; messages, Mesdames Fish, Tracy, Mr. Kranick; singing, Mrs. Kneeland; Mrs. Snelton, organist. Afternoon service conducted by Mrs. Bullard. Mrs. Wilkinson being too ill. Reading and prayer, Mr. Baker; remarks, Prof. Proctor, Mrs. Ida Whitlock; messages, Mesdames Fish, Ackerman, Woods, Lewis, Messrs. Corlies, Baker. Evening song service led by Mesdames Carter, Woodward, Bishop; reading and prayer, Mrs. Wilkinson; remarks, Mr. Graham; recitation, Mrs. Curtis; reading, Mr. Tracy; messages, Mesdames Woodward, Davis, Knowles, Baker.

Commercial Hall, Mrs. Nutter, Conductor. Sunday, Nov. 5, singing, led by Charles Abbott. Invocation, Miss Brehm. Mesdames who assisted throughout the day, Nutter, Smith, Emmore, Dade, Grant, Weston, Knowles, Shacknoe, Fish, Fisher, Brown, Turner, Baker. Mr. Thompson a poem. Union Peace Council Wednesday evening, Nov. 15.

At Boston Spiritual Lyceum Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5, there was a large attendance. Question, "Are the Adherents of Modern Spiritualism Superstitious?" Much interest was taken in the subject by all. The following took part: Esther Mabel Botts, Master Reath C. Boydon, Harry Gilmore Green, Mabel Washington, Willie Sheldon, Mr. Forrest Harding, Miss Clark, Dr. Dean Clark. Question for next Sunday, "Is Conscience in all Cases a Correct Moral Guide?"

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont Street.—Sunday, Nov. 5, Mr. Hayes opened the three sessions. Those assisting: Drs. Kimball, Huot, Brown, Crockett, Blackden, Nelke; Messrs. Hall, Turner, Marsden, Hersey, Thompson, Cohen, Tuttle, Graham, Dearborn, Sanders; Mesdames Healy, Davis, Weston, Brown, Pye and others. Each meeting well attended. Mrs. Gutterer, Conductor.

"Home Rostrum Spiritual Meetings well attended, Sunday. Healing by Mr. Lothridge and Mrs. Erickson. Conference and messages by nearly all in circle. Evening service of song at 7:30. Remarks, A. G. Howe, followed by messages; Mrs. Woodbury and Mr. Thompson assisting. Mrs. Gilliland, President.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 on Nov. 5 held its usual session at 514 Tremont Street, Boston. Subject for the day, "The Lesson of Spiritualism." Little folks subject, "Faithfulness." Next Sunday it will be "Goodness." The following members took part in the concert: Wilhelmina Hope, Esther Bott, Carrie Angel, Mabel Washington, Floyd S. bley, Miss Della Sawyer, Iona Stillings, Mabel Clark, Ada Gray, Lena and Lottie Lyman, Harry Green, Lillian Goldstein, Lottie Weston, Fern Foster. Remarks by Mrs. W. S. Butler.

Massachusetts.

An independent entertainment and dance gotten up by Mrs. M. C. Weston came off Saturday evening, Oct. 21, at Onset, and was an entire success. The entertainment opened with a musical selection by Paige's Orchestra. Violin solo, Little Mabel Leslie; musical selection, Wallie Baker, George and Edna Nye; song, The Black Sheep Loves You Best of All, Mabel Leslie, encore; duet, "In the Gloaming," Karl Bolles and Mabel Leslie; solo, George and Edna Nye and W. Baker; comic recitation, Sunday Trask; "Young America," Arthur Fowler, encore; song, "My Pal Jack," in character costume, Fowler, encore; duet, "What are Little Boys Made of?" Karl King and A. Fowler; a beautiful patriotic tableau, Goddess of Liberty and Peace; Mrs. M. C. Weston made a most beautiful Goddess of Liberty; song to the goddess by five young ladies—"Hail, all Hail!"—Carrie Tabor, Kattie-Gunther, Rosabel Wentworth, Sophronia Butland, Mabel Leslie; improvised poem, "Liberty," by Mrs. S. Dick. Music by Paige's orchestra concluded the entertainment. A collation and dance followed, which were heartily entered into and thoroughly enjoyed. The whole program was a harmonious and pleasing affair.

AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP.

The First Spiritualist Association of Newburyport opened its season's services at Odd Fellows Lower Hall, on Oct. 15, with Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn on the platform. She is a favorite here, and is engaged for first Sunday in each month during the season. It was a beautiful day, and our meetings were well attended and much enjoyed. The 22d we had only an evening séance conducted by our President, Mrs. Jennie Torrey Little. We purpose giving an occasional Sunday to home talent. Oct. 29 our speaker was the well-known

Skifal Doctor's Free Advice.

Many people would like the sympathetic advice and counsel of a skillful physician, but do not know to whom to turn. Dr. Greene, 84 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, and without doubt the most successful physician in the world in curing nervous and chronic complaints freely offers his advice to sufferers without fee or charge, either personally or by letter. If you cannot call, write him confidentially about your case and get his advice.

known Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H. The weather was rather disagreeable, but with extra instrumental music (cornet solo, Mr. Peabody of Nason's Orchestra) and Miss Agnes Pike, pianist) we had well-attended services, and the messages given by spirit "bunbuns" were acknowledged correct and were gratifying to those receiving, whether believers or skeptics. Our speakers for November will be Mrs. Webster of Lynn, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden, Mrs. Helen Taylor of Boston. S. A. Lowell, Sec'y.

Deliberative Hall Spiritualist Meeting, Sunday afternoons at 2:30, No. 55 Pleasant Street, Malden, conducted by Mrs. M. A. Moody and Mrs. Emma F. Whittier. Nov. 5, usual devotional exercises and praise service by Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Whittier and Prof. George H. Ryder. Messages from spirit-friends, Mesdames Taylor, Ratzell, Moody, Fagan; musical selections, Prof. Ryder; song, Miss Stone; remarks, Mrs. Briggs; Lyceum lesson, J. R. Snow; healing service, Mrs. Whittier. The interest in these meetings is increasing.

Cadet Hall.—Lynn Spiritualists' Association.—Sunday, Nov. 5, Mrs. Carrie Twing being unable to attend on account of sickness, the exercises consisted of addresses by Mrs. Abbie N. Barnham, of Malden; solos by her gifted daughter, Mrs. Ida Dick; readings by Mrs. Alarata Jahne, of Stoneham; messages by Mrs. Dr. Caird and W. A. Estes; cornet solos by W. H. Thomas, with Mrs. Bertha Merrill, pianist; Miss Helen Gale also sang. Supper was served in the hall to a large number. Mrs. Twing is expected to be present next Sunday.

The speaker for the Haverhill (Mass.) Helping Hand Association on Sunday, Nov. 5, was Mrs. Hattie C. Woodbury, who gave a good lecture and many convincing messages.

Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, charter member N. S. A., 76 Pleasant Street, Masonic Building.—Sunday evening, Nov. 5, Scripture reading and remarks by the President, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, of Boston, gave an address and messages that were highly appreciated by the large audience present. Mr. Jones rendered several piano selections in a splendid manner. Mr. J. W. Cowan gave an address and messages.

At Fitchburg Sunday full houses greeted Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham of Boston, speaker for the First Spiritualist Society. The two addresses were ably presented, and were followed by many spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered. Mr. J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, medium and speaker, serves the Society next Sunday.

Mechanics' Hall, Woburn, was well filled on Sunday. Address and messages by Mrs. M. E. Gilliland, of Boston. Mr. A. S. Howe, of Boston, will be with us next Sunday. These meetings are gaining in interest, and some of the best mediums are assisting us.

New York.

At the Woman's Progressive Union Sunday, Nov. 5, singing by Miss Turton. Mr. Baxter announced as his subject for the afternoon, "Heaven: What Where, and Who There." He was at his best, and a very intelligent audience was gratified. A song, "Catching the Sunshine," finely rendered, followed by messages from friends. The evening subject, "The Scope and Value of the Spiritualistic Platform," was an scholarly address. A song (by request) called "The Beautiful Island of Sometime," carried us back many years, when we first met Mr. Baxter at Lake Pleasant. Mrs. N. B. Reeves.

Other States.

There will be a meeting held in Paterson, N. J., 54 Marshall Street, Nov. 12, for the purpose of starting a Spiritualist Debating Club. The Club will adopt the Declaration of Principles laid down by the Chicago Convention, Edmund W. Garner, 126 Mill Street.

Monday, Oct. 30, a number of Spiritualists met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Moore, 14 Park Street, Danville, Ill., and organized a new society, to be known as The Light of Truth Society, which will meet every Sunday at 7:30 P. M. in Coates Hall, on North Vermilion Street. The following were elected as officers: President, Sheldon Northrop; Vice President, James R. Smith; Sec'y, Miss Lizzie Shultz; Treasurer, T. C. Smith; Trustees, William E. Gregory, Charles Keller, and Mrs. Mary Socst. Mrs. Emma N. Moore will lecture and give messages.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright of Ohio opened a months engagement with the Spiritual Union of Norwich, Conn., Sunday, Nov. 5. He was greeted with hearty applause. Two good audiences listened appreciatively to his eloquent thought. On Sunday, Oct. 29, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding did excellent work.

The Orient Hall Spiritualist Society of Portland, Me., was served Sunday by Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn. Her messages were very good, and the society was pleased with her work.

Monday evening, Oct. 30, a large number of friends from the Orient Hall Spiritualist Society surprised Mr. and Mrs. Peck, 114 Clark Street, Portland, Me., it being Mrs. Hattie Peck's birthday. Beautiful flowers were given the lady by her friends. Poems for the occasion were improvised by Mrs. Allen, of Portland, Me., Mrs. Reddon, Oakland, and Mrs. DeLewie, of Portland. Cream and cakes were served.

Maine State Association.

The Third Annual Convention of the Maine State Association of Spiritualists assembled Sept. 30 in City Hall, Waterville, Me. Called to order by First Vice-President A. H. Blackington, as the President, A. J. Weaver, was unable to attend. Mr. Blackington introduced H. D. Barrett, of Needham, Mass., as Chairman pro tem. Invocation, Edgar W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H. A. H. Blackington, of Rockland, Me., welcomed the delegates and friends and made a few remarks touching the subject in hand. The Chairman, Mr. Barrett, then appointed Committees, as follows:

Committee on Credentials: S. S. Woodman, Cornville; Mrs. S. E. DeLewie, Portland; and T. F. Rand, Hartland. Committee on Rules: Isaac Bigelow, Skowhegan; Miss M. S. Jones, Athens, and Mrs. William H. Lyons, Manchester. Committee on Program: Mrs. Matia Prescott, L. B. Talbot and John Hunnewell. Cornville; Mrs. A. E. Burgess, Norridgewock; Dr. M. R. Webb, Fairfield; Mrs. H. C. Moore, Skowhegan; Mrs. A. G. Stevens, Skowhegan; and Dr. E. S. Bigelow.

President Weaver's report was read by Mr. Barrett, and referred to Committee on Secretary's Report—Edwin Bunker, A. H. Blackington and Miss Olive Hayden. [This report also appeared in full in BANNER OF NOV. 4.]

The Secretary's report was next received and referred to Committee on Secretary's Report—Edwin Bunker, A. H. Blackington and Miss Olive Hayden. [This report also appeared in full in BANNER OF NOV. 4.]

The Treasurer's report was read by Mr. Barrett in the absence of Treasurer L. T. Waterman.

A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. L. T. Waterman for the efficient manner in which he served this Association for the past two years. It was also moved by A. H. Blackington that a letter of thanks be written President A. J. Weaver and that a committee of three be appointed to do this. The Chairman named A. H. Blackington, Mrs. Sadie Jordan Clifford and Miss Hayden to act as such committee.

The Chairman next appointed the Committee on Resolutions: Mrs. F. E. Ward, E. W. Emerson, Mrs. L. B. Nutting, Miss Lucy B. Norton, and T. H. Brown. The Chairman of the Committee on Credentials reported following as delegates and members present, entitled to the privileges of the floor: Dr. B. Colson, Bangor; J. Hunnewell, Madison; Mrs. M. G. Tibbets, Skowhegan; Mrs. Alice Graffam, Skowhegan; Miss M. S. Jones, Athens; S. S. Woodman, Cornville; Mrs. Wm. H. Lyons, Manchester; Mrs. Clara P. Smith, Fairfield; Mrs. C. K. Davis, Madison; Dr. M. R. Webb, Fairfield; Mrs. S. E. DeLewie, Portland; Mrs. Sadie Jordan



FISH OF ALL KINDS, NO MATTER HOW PREPARED IS MADE PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BY THE USE OF

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.

BEWARE OF MANUFACTURERS WHO ATTEMPT TO SELL A WORTHLESS IMITATION. SEE SIGNATURE.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS., NEW YORK.

dan Clifford, Sandy Point; A. H. Blackington, Rockland; Miss Lucy Houghton, Madison; E. W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H.; Robert Hayden, Athens; Edwin Bunker Dexter, Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, Knox; Mrs. Helen N. Howard, Skowhegan; Mrs. Cynthia H. Clark, Bangor; Mrs. F. E. Ward, Portland; Mrs. Matia Prescott, Waterville; Isaac Bigelow, Skowhegan; Dr. F. S. Bigelow, L. B. Talbot, and Mrs. H. C. Moore, Skowhegan; Mrs. L. B. Nutting, Miss Lucille Barrett, Canaan; Miss Olive Hayden, Madison; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gray, Waterville; Mrs. A. E. Burgess, Norridgewock; B. M. Bradbury, Fairfield; Mrs. K. C. Pishon, Augusta; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Packard, Augusta; Mr. T. F. Rand, Hartland; T. Ward, Bath; Mrs. W. Fuller, Waterville; Mr. C. B. Beal, Augusta; Mrs. Alice M. Greene, Waterville; Mrs. Viola A. B. Rand, Hartland; Mrs. M. J. Coburn, Lewiston; Frank C. Greene, Waterville; Dr. T. H. Brown, Monson; L. C. Morse, Liberty; Mrs. Delia S. Morse, Liberty; Mrs. Lena Cochran, Augusta; M. B. Reynolds, Sydney; Mrs. A. G. Pinkham, Gardiner; Mrs. Maud P. Gould, Bangor; and H. D. Barrett, Needham, Mass. The convention voted to receive the above as duly accredited delegates.

Committee on Rules reported as follows:

1. This Convention shall be governed by Roberts' "Rules of Order."
2. No delegate shall speak longer than five minutes, and may not speak the second time until all have spoken who wish.
3. Speakers shall confine themselves to the subject before the Convention.
4. An appeal from the Chair shall be sustained by ten delegates.
5. The sessions of this Convention shall be as follows: Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday, Oct. 1, at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 7 P. M.

Respectfully submitted,
MISS M. S. JONES, } Committee.
MRS. WILLIAM H. LYONS, }

It was moved by E. W. Emerson that we amend Article 5 by striking out for Sept. 30, "7 P. M." and inserting in its place "7:30 P. M." Carried. Article 5, as amended, was then adopted. Adjourned to meet at 2 P. M.

2 P. M. Meeting called to order. B. M. Bradbury, Chairman of Auditing Committee, reported as follows:

We have examined the books of the Secretary and Treasurer and find them correct in their accounts, and we find a balance of \$105.25 on hand.

Respectfully submitted,
B. M. BRADBURY, } Committee.
MRS. S. J. CLIFFORD, }

Report accepted and adopted. Committee on President's Report reported as follows:

Your Committee on the President's Report has carefully considered it, heartily approves of it, and recommends that it be adopted by the Convention.

Respectfully submitted,
DR. F. S. BIGELOW, } Committee.
DR. B. COLSON, }

Moved this report be accepted as read. Carried. Committee on Secretary's Report reported as follows: We have examined your Secretary's report carefully, endeavored to note the recommendations that she has made, and think that a worker so sincere and enthusiastic could offer only such suggestions as every member of this Convention should seriously consider.

A matter that should afford the members of this Convention much gratification is the statement in Mrs. Rand's report, that the interest in Spiritualism is increasing in Maine, that the members of the different Camp Associations are taking a deeper interest in the State Association, and that the latter organization, though possessing a comparatively small membership, has more members now than a year ago.

Your Secretary calls special attention to the State Association Days: One at Temple Heights, Aug. 15, Verona Park Aug. 16, and Madison Camp Sept. 7, and suggests that these Association days be continued in future, and comes near together as possible, thereby lessening expense.

Your Secretary believes that missionary work should receive more attention. The report of a cash balance of \$105.25 in the treasury shows a gratifying condition.

Your Committee would recommend that in future the Secretary's report to the Annual Convention embrace an itemized statement of receipts; such feature will no doubt prove of interest in future to those who may trace the early struggles of the Maine State Association of Spiritualists, following its rise from a pining infant to a robust and powerful organization claiming highest respect from all.

Respectfully submitted,
E. BUNKER, } Committee.
A. H. BLACKINGTON, }

Moved and seconded,