

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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NO. 8

DEATH AND LIFE.

Mrs. Innes.

When o'er the earth the mellow Harvest
Home
Colors the landscape with all shades of gold.
Then through the forest-saddened wood
Nymphs roam,
Garbed in warm colors 'gainst the coming
cold.

Vainly they shudder. Do they weep in vain;
Shiver at signals of the coming frost?
Rather learn that sunbeams, stored till spring
again,
Bring life back from winter, prove there's
nothing lost.

Doth not Death and Beauty, going hand in
hand,
Take away the terrors of this ancient foe?
Tell again the story that, when earth was
planned,
Death and Life were equal; Beauty made
them so.

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

I have no words to tell the worth of life;
No image poesy can in love express;
It is a hidden depth of loveliness;
A noble scene of changing peace and strife.

Till we for fields above with worth are ripe;
I have no blame for aught thus wisely sent.
Since all is one pure good like sun and
shade;
The dark with light, by master-mind is
blent.

The bad to aid the good was surely made;
And so I take with joy the life of earth
And wait in heaven till higher Heaven has
birth!

Rev. William Brunton.

"The sun shall no more be thy light by day
Neither for brightness the moon by night;
But the Lord, thy God, shall be thine ever-
lasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thine
eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they
shall behold the land that is very far off."

"From dream to vision of life"—those
words condense the entire record of the so-
journ on earth. The intense reality, the pro-
found significance, the energy of forces that
are entered upon after emerging from the
physical world are, indeed, far beyond that
which eye hath seen, or ear heard, or it hath
entered into the heart of man to conceive.
In comparison with those intense realities,
all life here in the physical world is as a
dream. In comparison with the feebleness
and the ineffectiveness of the course of living,
here, that which is entered upon in the
eternal realm is indeed "a vision of life."
And so the words, "From dream to vision of
life" are an epitome of the experience be-
tween birth and death.

Now is it not to be the next step in the
progress of humanity to realize the sublime,
the transforming truth of the more intense
reality, the more profound significance of the
next stage of life, that which is entered upon
in the eternal realm? Is there not soon to
come the day when the general headlines of
the newspapers over the announcement of the
death of a prominent man will not formulate
themselves as, "The End Has Come," "The
Light Gone Out," "His Work Ended,"
"Passed Into the Eternal Dark," "Laid to
Rest in the Tomb," and similar legends
which, in a Christian world, in a world of
almost universal religious profession, are the
most curious anachronism. Do we believe
that the change called death is "the end"?
Do we believe a man's work has "ended"
when he passes from one condition of life
to the next higher condition? Do we believe
that the man—the real being who conducted
certain activities and achieved certain results
by means of the instrumentality of the phys-
ical body which is so constructed as to be in
correspondence with the physical world,—do
we really believe that when he withdraws
from this temporary body that he, himself,
is "laid to rest in the tomb"? If we do then,
indeed, in the words of Saint Paul, are we
"of all men most miserable." It is a curious
commentary on the Christian life of a
Christian nation, in a Christian civilization,
that there was recently cabled across the
ocean the statement that a minister of the
Church of England believed, actually be-
lieved, in immortality! Will the readers of
the "Banner of Light" pardon me and admit
"extenuating circumstances" if I drop, for a
moment, into the mere colloquial, in reference
to this incident? In the Boston Transcript
for September 28 appeared the following:

"LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE."

Firm Conviction of Archdeacon Colley.
London, Sept. 28.—Archdeacon Colley, rector
of Stockton, near Rugby, will make a
sensational at the Church Congress, at Wey-
mouth, next month by moving the appoint-
ment of the committee representative of the
Established Church to inquire into psychical
phenomena. Archdeacon Colley has em-
bedded his spiritualistic experiences of thirty-

three years in an address, which is to be pub-
lished in three languages, and is based upon
a diary in which he has recorded carefully
various supernatural visitations.

"My object," said Archdeacon Colley in an
interview with an Express representative
recently, "is to explain what I hold strongly
—that there is scientific proof of life beyond
the grave. Religionists say that we want no
proof; but I wish to show that it is a truth
that does not depend upon belief, article or
creed, but on proof positive—ocular, auditory
and tangible—that these spirit people of
whom I speak have been seen, heard and
touched by me. I give dates for all the cir-
cumstances and chapter and verse."

Archdeacon Colley graduated at Magdalen
College, Oxford, in 1869. He has been a
curate at Coventry, morning lecturer at St.
Anne's, Wandsworth, and has worked in
Portsmouth. He spent some years in Natal,
and was appointed rector of Stockton in 1901.

Taking up my evening Transcript that night
my eye immediately fell upon this interest-
ing cablegram which occupied a conspicuous
place on the first page; and I could not but
smile at the fact that a Christian minister's
actual conviction of immortality; his personal
belief that what he had preached all his life
was really true; his personal belief that the
very foundation of what his church stood for,
was an actual truth,—should be considered so
remarkable, a thing so entirely in the nature
of news, as to be cabled over the ocean and
presented with appropriate headlines in a
prominent place in one of the ablest American
newspapers! "Was it, then," my
thoughts ran on, "an anomaly in the Church
of England for one of its leading clergymen
to believe, to actually believe—in immortality?"

Passing out of my room into the cor-
ridor in the Brunswick I felt a hand on my
arm and a lady who was a guest in the
hotel exclaimed to me, sans greeting or
preface, "Have you seen the Transcript to-
night? Did you see the cablegram about
Archdeacon Colley?" I was hardly more
than seated at dinner before a bellboy came
to me with the message that I was wanted
at the telephone. I went out and lifting the
receiver found I was "rung up" by a promi-
nent member of Trinity Church, with the
same question, "Have you seen the Trans-
cript tonight?" in a breathless eagerness.
By this time I quite realized what lay behind
the question that seemed in the air, "Have
you seen tonight's Transcript?" "Yes," I
replied, "you mean the statement that Arch-
deacon Colley actually believes in immortality?"
"You have seen it then?" came the
sweet voice through the telephone; "well,
that is all; I was afraid you might miss
it." "Oh, no," I rejoined, "do you think me
an outer barbarian, and not a Bostonian? I
might go without my dinner, but not with-
out the Transcript,—perish the thought!"

Within the next forty-eight hours I received
several special messages, by telephone, or by
notes and letters representing a wide radius
over New England,—from Maine and other
states, and our own city and outlying towns,
all of which asked in similar terms the same
question, "Did you see the Transcript?" on
such a date? The initiation of a foreign war,
or of a new form of government in any coun-
try, or of the discovery of a new star, would
hardly have incited so much notice and com-
ment.

If there were reason for a momentary
amusement in this there is still more reason
for feeling that the importance attached to
the statements of Archdeacon Colley, as testi-
fied by their being cabled to this country, is
an auspicious sign of the times. Certainly,
the movement to appoint a committee repre-
sentative of the English church to inquire
into psychic phenomena is a step toward the
recognition of the real relations between life
in the Seen and in the Unseen. The fact
that Archdeacon Colley has himself had
psychic experiences and that he is to embody
these in a public address which will be pub-
lished in three languages is encouraging to
contemplation. The fact of the scientific proof
of immortality does not in the least infringe
upon the value of faith without the scientific
proof. Faith is ample—without any proof,
without any demonstration, but all the same
proof and demonstration certainly do no
harm. In the deepest sense it is not the sun,
nor yet the moon, to which one looks for
light, "but the Lord, thy God, shall be thine
everlasting light and thy God thy glory." And
it is by means of this everlasting light
that one may "see the King in His beauty,"
and may also "behold the land that is very
far off."

There was in the Paris Exposition in 1900,
in the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts, a pic-
ture whose mystic meaning was one to enter
into life and to abide with one forever. It
was called "The Promised Land." It re-
vealed the figure of Moses in the wilderness,
under a leaden sky, surrounded with gloom
and desolation, pressing on amid thorns and
brambles and obstacles; but far away on the
horizon gleamed the "Promised Land." It
lay under radiant sunshine; it gleamed in a
celestial beauty; its atmosphere was trans-
parent and pure and shed its golden illumina-

tion. Seeing it one could not, but feel re-
newed energy to press on toward the prize
of the high calling of God. One could not
but repeat:—

"But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We tread the Wilderness today,
The Promised Land tomorrow."

One realized anew the profound truth, the
radiant encouragement, in the beautiful lines
of Mr. Brunton, as quoted above:—

"I have no words to tell the worth of life.
No image poesy can in love express;
It is a hidden depth of loveliness;

And so I take with joy the life of earth
And wait in heaven till higher Heaven has
birth!"

Do we recognize the subtle suggestion in
the last line? To

"... wait in heaven till higher Heaven has
birth!"

Not to wait in misery and jar and fret and
anxiety; but "to wait in heaven." Heaven is
a condition of spirit, not a locality nor an
environment; it is the condition that we our-
selves create, and if we do not "live in
heaven," now and here, while waiting for the
"higher heaven" it is certainly our own fault.
If one is ever to achieve the "higher heaven"
it must be through the present heaven in
which he lives every day and every hour.
"From dream to vision of life"—this is the
record of evolutionary progress. Out of all
the various phases of religion of the various
sects and creeds a new religion is being
evolved that shall retain all the profound
truth revealed in the Past and shall involve
and present the later and larger revelations
of truth that are being given to the Twentieth
century. The question, "Is Spiritualism a
religion?" will answer itself. The name will
include all devotion, all faith in God,—not
the less faith because to faith it adds knowl-
edge—as well as being also inclusive of the
scientific demonstration of continued exis-
tence. Spiritualism, in its true significance,
will bring all forms and phases of religious
and ethical beliefs into their right relations
with each other. All the close relations of
the divine life with the human life are in-
cluded in it. All the co-operation of man
with God—which is the true business of life
—is included under that term. So far as one's
being "ashamed" to be a Spiritualist, or as
affirming that he is "not ashamed" to be one,
—the deeper truth is that he should be
ashamed to be anything else! And in saying
this, one may speak from the standpoint of a
devoted lover and follower of the Christian
church of any denomination; from the stand-
point of increasing love and fellowship with
any church; because between any denomina-
tion and "Spiritualism" (in the true and high
and spiritual sense of the term) there is no
gulf fixed, the spiritual, Spiritualism only
extends and illuminates the faith preferred by
the Christian, whatever his sect or creed.

None of us have any "words to tell the
worth of life;" none of us can possibly fore-
see, or forecast, the results of the marvelous
evolution of spirituality that is in progress.
The announcement regarding Archdeacon
Colley is a sign of the times. It is an indi-
cation of achievements in the near future.

"Be not discouraged; keep on; there are
divine things well enveloped. I swear to you
there are divine things more beautiful than
words can tell."

Prayer of the Melodist.

Anonymous.

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

"But God has a few of us whom he whispers
in the ear.
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we
musicians know."

May all the powers for good pardon me if
a feeling of despondency will run riot in my
mind. My heart aches to sing or play divine
harmony into the souls of my fellows. In-
spirations come thick and fast, but the call
for money also comes thick and equally fast
—again I cannot write for the popular cas-
ual that comes to me appeals to the higher
and spiritual, and the majority care not for
it. After I am gone from earth life, will it
be recognized and kept in some line of good
thought, good work? If so, I am content to
bear privations with strong and uncomplaining
fortitude. If God will only use me for
good and with the world forget and forgive
any evil caused by me, the blessing I crave
will be mine, and I go on my way in this
and the future life content, thankful, joyful,
yes cheerful, to the very end of my stay on
earth, and in the spirit world I will forego
all the joys of heaven if I can nurture and in-
spire in some soul the melodies and harmonies
that are ever and ever swelling in my
bosom, finding partial expression in the tones
of the dear organ, with pipes of gold.

*Quotation added by the editor.

Fiction.

The Secret of the Deserted Mansion.

Ida L. Spalding.

(Continued from last week.)

"The Rectory, Bradbury Hill, —shire,
England.

18th September, 184—.

"My dearest Lionel:—Your first letter since
arriving in America is just received. It was
always a pleasure to me, and now that I hope
to make use of my little talent in the pro-
duction of a landscape or two to embellish
our home for which you are working so hard,
it will afford me increased delight. . . .
"Pray convey to Mrs. Wilcox my thanks
for her kind inquiries, and give her my best
love. Tell her, also, that her sister is look-
ing extremely well, and is more beautiful
than ever. She was at the ball at the castle
Christmas eve, and was, as usual, greatly
admired."
"Yours lovingly, Louise."

three years of your expected stay in America
have expired. . . .

"I am glad that you approve of my taking
up my painting again this winter. It was
always a pleasure to me, and now that I hope
to make use of my little talent in the pro-
duction of a landscape or two to embellish
our home for which you are working so hard,
it will afford me increased delight. . . .
"Pray convey to Mrs. Wilcox my thanks
for her kind inquiries, and give her my best
love. Tell her, also, that her sister is look-
ing extremely well, and is more beautiful
than ever. She was at the ball at the castle
Christmas eve, and was, as usual, greatly
admired."
"Yours lovingly, Louise."

"The Rectory, Bradbury Hill, —shire,
England.

18th May, 184—.

"Dear Love:—The best that we could hope
for has happened! The marquess was at the
Rectory yesterday, coming purposely, it ap-
pears, to ask papa if you were under con-
tract to Mr. Wilcox. He has been very un-
fortunate in his endeavors to secure a satis-
factory successor to Mr. Stuart, who was
obliged to retire to his daughter's last winter
on account of the rapidly increasing infirmi-
ties of age. The marquess secured a young
man of limited experience but unexceptional
references, and afterward an older man who
had been secretary to the Duke of B—, but
neither proved capable, and he is in despair.
Papa said, of course, that you were not
under contract, and intimated that a larger
salary than you are receiving in America
would certainly be an inducement to you to
return to England, allowing ample time, of
course, for Mr. Wilcox to engage another
secretary. The marquess was eager to assure
your return, and you will receive by this
mail his proposal, with full particulars from
papa, who says it has proved for the best
that you did go to America, for the marquess
would not have offered such a really con-
siderable salary, with certain unusual perqui-
sites, had he not had the unhappy experience
of the last few months."

"I know how conscientious you are, and
therefore would beg of you not to permit
Mr. Wilcox to persuade you that because
you are invaluable to him you ought to re-
main in his employ, or to take so much time
in the selection of a substitute that the mar-
quis will be unable to await his convenience.
Despite a premonition of evil and the feeling
that Mr. Wilcox stands as a dark shadow
between us and the fulfillment of our dearest
hopes, I believe that you will not be pre-
vailed upon to remain with him, for by the
tone of your last letter I infer that not only
is his treatment of his wife becoming intoler-
able to you, but that at times he even vents
his ill-humor upon your unhappy head. How-
ever, that will soon be a thing of the past so
far as you are concerned, but poor Mrs. Wil-
cox can never escape from his tyranny. Give
the poor lady my love, and tell her that Sir
James and family are in excellent health."

"Eagerly awaiting the announcement of
your early departure for England, I remain,
Affectionately and devotedly, Louise."

The yellow, time-stained letters dropped
from my hands. And this was the sweet,
confiding English girl of fifty years ago,
whose lover had so ruthlessly broken his
troth, his guilty love awakened, no doubt, by
sympathy with the young wife's sad fate! I
wondered how she had received the news of
his falsity. Had it quenched her love for
him so entirely that she had, after a time,
accepted the devotion of some nobler man
and become his happy wife, or had it crushed
her sensitive spirit so utterly that the vital
spark had been extinguished in an early
death?

Lost in conjectures, Dick Dorrance found
me when he returned from an exploring ex-
pedition to the upper part of the house,
which as yet had not interested me espe-
cially so absorbed had I become during my
leisure in the task of ransacking the library
and bringing to light its long buried treasures.

"Say, Bert, the old duffer was hard hit for
a fact when he left not only his beloved
books behind him, but also his wife's jewel
case. See what I have found," and he held
up a diamond brooch, a pair of diamond ear-
rings, a lady's tiny, enameled watch, a
string of pearls fastened with a diamond
clasp, and several trinkets of lesser value.

"What ought to be done with these, do you
think? Are they included in the purchase
price and transferred with the house and
contents?" and Dick's usually sunny counte-
nance was clouded by a look of perplexity.

"Do you know, I don't half like the look of
things," he went on. "It makes me feel as
though I had come to a funeral. In my
lady's wardrobe hang stiff brocades and silk
and satin gowns, and the bureau drawers are
filled with laces and ribbons and other femi-
nine furbelows. Seems strange, to say the
least, that she should have cloped with the
poor young man without taking any of her
fine clothes or even her jewels, as a modern
fair one would have done. Perhaps, though,
she was only too glad to get away from the
old ogre of a husband to care for the
clothes and diamonds; and I can't say I
blame her much."

"Read that, Dick, before you shove her in,"
I exclaimed, taking up the letter lying in the
open drawer. "I, too, feel as though I
had been disturbing a grave."

"He took the letters from my hand and read
them carefully."

"What a sad that secretary was!" he cried
indignantly when he had concluded.
(To be continued.)

THE IDYLL.

(Irene P. McKeehan in the September Century.)

We see thee on the hills, oh, maiden tall!
Oh, maiden with the sun-rendent eyes!
For one hushed minute the 'e'changing pall,
Shrouding the peaks of 'God, up seems to rise.

And thee reveals against the august skies,
Clear-blued and shodding glory like a star;
Oh, then distinctly beautiful and wise,
Be not so cold and high, so hopeless far!

Come down among these lower lands where shadows are!
For we are natives to these shaded fields
And the valleys dusk, where tangled forests grow,
Backed by the rugged mountain range that shields

Our standing corn from upland winds that blow
Swift with the great hill-sweep and sharp
Come down, come down, and bide a little space
Here in the valley, that if needs we go

Sunward to view the sunshine of thy face,
Thyself may lead us by the hand to that high place!

The revelation passes, and the mist
Lies on the summit as it lay of old.
A pleasant, lily-scented breeze hath kissed
Our temples; we know valley rivers gold.
Lilies serenely white, with hearts of gold,
We hear the happy shepherd wind his horn
O'er valley meadows where in quiet fold
The flocks are gathered. Tidings glad are borne
From valley fields where glows the wealth
Of standing corn.

We want not lilies, sheep or corn, though long
These pleased us. We leave the vales;
No more.

Shall we in summer hearken to the song
Of sheltered folk content. As men of yore
God in the wilderness would fain adore.
So we, the exalted vision to obey,
Strive up the rocks and grope in cloud
Land's fore.

Oh! it is vain, this climbing toward thy day
Hill Queen? At least we break the way, we
break the way.

In the Name of Justice!

A succinct account of the concluding days of the Fox Sisters and a correct statement of the episode of the alleged exposure incident in the year 1858 as stated by Titus Merritt of New York City.

The early history of Spiritualism is already becoming obscure, and the chief actors and witnesses have gone into the great beyond. Hence everything which throws light on the subject, whether the great movement is true or false, has an increasing value as the years go by.

Last year the death of a "Mrs. Smith," said to be one of the "Fox Sisters," was taken for an occasion to herald the "confession" of these sisters, and the press far and wide published the same. The so-called "confession" had been made nine years before, and yet was given out as news! That made it the more remarkable and revealed the purpose of the slanderous report. Spiritualists should be well informed as to the beginning of the movement, and the lives and character of the "Sisters," the truth as to their so-called "confession."

The facts and their confirmation have been difficult to obtain, and hence it is most fortunate that at this critical time, an unimpeachable witness comes forward, with a clear knowledge of the events under discussion. That witness is Mr. Titus Merritt, of Yonkers, N. Y., who for many years was a friend of the Sisters and an observer of their manifestations numberless times and confirmed without a doubt, as to their spirit source. He was their friend and adviser to the last moment of their transition. A man of keen observation, united with remarkable sympathy for the unfortunate, when Kate and Margaret came from England in destitute circumstances, he at once went to their assistance feeling that they were more sinned against than sinning, and not responsible for their conduct.

In a letter accompanying the M.S. he writes that he has almost reached the four score mark (77) and seeing so many false reports he feels it his duty before he departs this life to give his testimony on the side of truth. Especially valuable at this time is the strong declaration of this veteran, when mediumship is ruthlessly assailed as the cause of mental and moral degeneracy, and the "Fox Sisters" are constantly brought forward as examples. Spiritualists will do well to hold these facts in memory to meet these charges when they are repeated, as they will be to the century's end as the lies about Paine and Ingersoll are, as though never questioned.

THE NARRATIVE OF TITUS MERRITT.

Leah (Mrs. Underhill) was born when her parents were living together harmoniously and her father was an exemplary man. But a serious cause of contention arose. He went away and not until twenty years after her birth did he return. He lived the life of a profligate, drank heavily and boasted that he could drink more than anyone else and not show it. During all this time he sent money home to his family, obtained, it is supposed, by gambling, at which he had marvelous good fortune. It was under these conditions that Kate and Margaret were born. They had an ineffectual father, and the prenatal impressions thus received were the cause of the wrecking of their lives. I could constantly see the exertions of the controlling spirit to hold the sisters up and away, and they would succeed for awhile and then their power would fall and the innate habit assert itself. At the time the rappings began the behavior of the young girls was everything that could be expected by the most fastidious. They were modest and unassuming and gentle in manners. Their conduct after they went to New York was highly commendable, and their seances constantly demonstrated that departed spirits and those exalted in the life beyond communicated. Many of the wealthy invited the Sisters to their homes to give seances, and at the close of these they had refreshments passed, with wine or beer, and unconsciously the habit was formed. The hereditary inclination was inflamed and grew to dominate their will.

There has been dispute about the ages of the Sisters. From reliable sources I find that on March 31, 1845, Kate was eleven years, Margaret fourteen and Leah thirty-four years old. Leah had a fair education and had taught school, and when they all went to New York she was capable of caring for her younger sisters. They were the guests of Horace Greeley, who was one of the first to call upon them. Joseph La Fune, who forty years afterwards generously gave the privilege of interment of Kate and Margaret at his plot at Cypress Hill Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., was the second caller. They were the frequent guests of Alice and Phoebe Cary, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft,

Rev. Dr. Hawks, Nathaniel P. Willis, Dr. Marry, Dr. John W. Francis, J. Fenimore Cooper, Dr. C. D. Griewald, and a host of the best citizens. Their seances were attended by people from almost every part of the United States and the world. The evidences given through their instrumentality were overwhelming and convinced thousands. How could they otherwise than be convinced when their friends long since dead, rapped out answers which no one else could know, and by absolute tests gave assurance of their presence? In fact in no instance were they detected in fraud, and the united opinion was that whatever the source of the rappings the girls were innocent of deception.

When Leah married Mr. Underhill, she could not attend to her new duties and be the mentor she had been to her sisters. They had to go alone, and in their conspicuous position, there were great dangers for them. Designing persons who wished to bring disgrace on the Cause set snares for them, and when these failed they resorted to slanderous and abusive stories. There is no necessity of calling in the aid of evil spirits, or of reference to their mediumship as a cause of their deterioration of character. The wonder is that they lived through it all and retained their remarkable powers. It was not obsession, and it is untruthful as unjust to take them as examples of the evil effects of mediumship. In fact their mediumship was their constant sustaining power. Overborne it was at times by hereditary tendencies; at other times almost obliterated.

When controlled, that is under the guidance of the spirits, they were courtly in manners and peers in any society. That they attracted such men as Dr. Kane and Barrister Jencken, proves that they were of more than ordinary endowments.

In 1856, when angry with Mrs. Underhill because she was worn out by their importunities and refused to assist them, Mrs. Kane made this peculiar statement to me: "Mr. Merritt, I have many times been offered big money if I would go on the stage and say we sisters did all the rappings with the joints of our feet, and to spite Leah I sometimes think I will consent to do so." To this Mrs. Jencken replied: "I will never do that for money or spite."

I then said: "Now let me hear the best you can do with your joints." There was a slight grating sound totally unlike the spirit rap. Mrs. K. said: "Oh! I can tell you the secret. The spirits rap in conjunction with the movement of my toes." I replied: "You cannot upset what has been already accomplished through you; you will only injure yourself. Galileo might as well come back at this late date before the Cardinal at Baltimore, or the President, and make another oath that the sun, moon and stars seen through the great Lick telescope make a complete circle around this little earth every twenty-four hours."

The spiritual tide ebbed and flowed in not a very straight line. Until September, 1858, when really there was a true storm center, but like all other storms, it passed away and left things brighter. How it was brought about will be more fully told in the statement Margaret made to a reporter immediately after her "exposure." How much her faith in Catholicism influenced her, and how far the promise of wealth, cannot be ascertained. Both together overcome her sense of right and she yielded to the persuasion of one Mr. Frank Steehan, who had figured in a certain class of theatricals, to go upon the stage of the Academy of Music, East 14th street, on the 21st of October, 1858, at eight o'clock, and give the New York World a grand opportunity to make a sensation. They advertised largely, the city was billed throughout, and everything done to draw the crowd. It was expected that Spiritualism would, after the exposure of the trick of its chief exponent, collapse and be heard of no more.

Not so; the eventful evening came; the Academy of Music was well filled at good prices, but the chief actor was not there; the crowd was uneasy and stamping. Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Jencken lived up town, and Manager Steehan hastened to their residence. Mrs. Kane said she would not go, but promised that she would give three hundred dollars in hand, and Mrs. Jencken would go with her. Kate said, "Margaret, you need the money, and I will go and take a seat next to the platform, but will not go on with you." I had an engagement at Adelphi Hall and did not attend. I well knew that Margaret depended on the spirits to make genuine manifestations, and had been pressed into the affair by her necessities for money and for other considerations, and I had little interest in the matter. But I had reliable persons there, sitting near the platform, and they reported that several times during the performance, the raps came far away from the sounding board, and the manager would say to Mrs. Kane: "Don't let them rap off the board! Make them rap on the sounding board!"

It was a disappointing fiasco from start to finish, and resulted in what theatrical people call "a rough house." Instead of checking the advance of Spiritualism in the city, it stimulated investigation, and many who attended the performance came to Mrs. Brigham's meetings and became interested in the philosophy. Manager Steehan coined money out of the business and went to Boston where although he did not create a sensation, succeeded in having a good house and skipped with all the cash, leaving Mrs. Kane unpaid and the good Mr. Luther Colby, then editor of the "Banner of Light," to furnish her money to return to New York.

In November, 1859, Margaret made a full explanation at the residence of Henry J. Newton, 128 West Forty-third street, in the presence of John L. O'Sullivan, ex-minister to Portugal. An able reporter by the name of Welch—an intimate friend of mine—was engaged and his report was published in the New York Press, Nov. 5, 1859.

To complete the narrative of Mr. Merritt, I present the following extracts from the paper in which it was published. It is a voice trembling with the intensity of her emotions, she said: "Would to God I could undo the injustice I have done the cause of Spiritualism when I gave utterances that had no foundation in fact. Promises of wealth and happiness were held out to me in return for an attack on Spiritualism, whose hopeful assurances were so deceitful. The charges I made against Spiritualism were false in every particular. I have no hesitation in saying that my belief in Spiritualism has undergone no change. Its genuineness is an indisputable fact." The most interesting of these "promises" were held out by Cardinal Manning, who wrote to her advising her to abandon "this wicked work of the devil," and by exposing the work of his Satanic Majesty, make herself secure in the esteem of the Mother Church. In her statement to the reporter, she evidently withheld as much as possible information which would involve that church, but she says enough to show that she had strong influences brought to bear on her from that direction.

Mr. Merritt continues: "Mr. Henry J. Newton made an appeal to the members of the First Spiritualist Society of New York, of which he was president, for assistance in caring for Margaret during her last sickness, and well presented how the Sisters had suffered as martyrs for others and advising her to abandon 'this wicked work of the devil,' and by exposing the work of his Satanic Majesty, make herself secure in the esteem of the Mother Church. In her statement to the reporter, she evidently withheld as much as possible information which would involve that church, but she says enough to show that she had strong influences brought to bear on her from that direction."

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stuntly what to me was absolute evidence of the genuineness of the manifestations. When Margaret was a helpless invalid during the last weeks of her mortal life, I frequently called to ascertain her wants and on every occasion the rappings greeted me and I received answers and messages. By a peculiar combination of circumstances I was alone with her when she left the mortal body. There were continuous rappings, giving intelligent answers, even after she had sank into the unconscious state. But when death finally released her spirit the sounds ceased, and were heard no more.

And here I want to speak of a manifestation, which to me was a startling test of spirit presence.

For a more perfect understanding of this matter, let me premise, that after the fiasco at the Academy of Music (it was the next day) I met Mrs. Underhill at the residence of Mr. Newton. She was almost insane with chagrin over the conduct of her sister. When I defended Mrs. Kane, on the ground that she did not realize the effect of her actions and should not be held responsible, both Mr. and Mrs. Underhill were angry at 430 a. m. March 8, at Mrs. Rucellai's in State street, Brooklyn. I reached Mr. Newton's at 8.30 a. m. to inform them; Mrs. Newton opened the door and informed me that there was a message for me from Leah Fox Underhill, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hill.

A medium, Mrs. Victoria Hill, was a guest of Mrs. Newton, and it chanced that they were holding a seance only three hours after the death of Margaret. I absolutely know that no one on Manhattan Island knew of the event. It was impossible for the news to have reached the Newtons. Yet Mrs. Underhill came to the seance and gave the message which I present in full.

MESSAGE FOR TITUS MERRITT.

Message received March 8, 1859, at the residence of Henry J. Newton, 128 West Forty-third street, New York City, through the mediumship of Mrs. Victoria Hill, a guest of Mrs. Newton's, on the evening of March 7, before anyone on Manhattan Island knew of Margaret Fox Underhill's demise at 430 a. m. March 8, at Mrs. Rucellai's in State street, Brooklyn. I reached Mr. Newton's at 8.30 a. m. to inform them; Mrs. Newton opened the door and informed me that there was a message for me from Leah Fox Underhill, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hill.

THE MESSAGE.

Friend Merritt—What can we offer you for your faithful and tireless care and watchful anxiety for the welfare of one poor afflicted one, held so long a captive under the worst forms of captivity. "No spirit in prison" has been more rudely handled, and we have seen, since passing over, just the state, yet powerless to aid her.

Could we replace the material loss you have sustained so often in faithful ministrations, how gladly would we bring about the ways and means. The true reward for such acts of a truly generous and sympathetic soul like yours awaits a higher return and it will greet you here, where every wrong is righted, every wish so oft desired satisfied to the fullest extent.

Pa and Ma send their blessings rich with endless gratitude. Poor child, poor child, what heavy mists enshroud her. I would ask the friends of progress everywhere who know our sorrow, to sometime give us their united aid whenever sitting for manifestations in silent concentrated thought, for the furtherance of the work of liberation.

She is in the wise care of experts at present and we know time will reveal to us their success in restoring the lost chords of a wrecked life, and therefore we rest content.

I shall greet her with all memories of the unhappy past entirely forgotten and forgiven. You know what I mean when I confess all bitterness of feeling personally removed, and in its stead only love as it was in the old days when in her childish confidence she looked to me for help and advice. God and all goodness by ministering, ones bestowed, ever bless and keep you free from dangers unforeseen or undeveloped good the so-called evil of the world.

Yours gratefully and eternally,
LEAH FOX UNDERHILL.

Witnesses:—John D. and Margaret (parents); Katie (sister). Then followed my relatives that Mrs. Hill never saw or heard of—Daniel N. Merritt (my father); William and Isaac Merritt (my uncles); Charles H. Foster and Robert T. Hallock (friends).

(Signed) TITUS MERRITT.

The facts here presented, concludes Hudson Tuttle in the Progressive Thinker of January 9th of this year, from which journal we take the foregoing account, are most important and have greater weight because they are vouched for by an eye witness, one of unimpeachable character. The Spiritualist is justified in declaring that the "Fox Sisters" did not expose the manifestations through them or declare themselves frauds. It is also well proven that their mediumship was not the cause of any deterioration of character. On the contrary, it was a source of strength, and when they allowed their spirit friends to influence them fully they were upright and strong.

Who Will Be the Next?

The general interest in psychic matters is well illustrated by the attention that is given Archdeacon Colley's announcement of his belief in scientific proof of life beyond the grave.

As a sample we give below a clipping from the Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch. Its London correspondent, Percival Phillips, evidently reckoned accurately when he assumed it would be acceptable to his editor as an item of interest to his readers:

"Spiritualism is to be officially investigated by the Church of England. A no less personage than Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, near Rugby, has announced his belief in scientific proof of life beyond the grave. He has started a movement for the purpose of having a committee appointed by the Church Congress, when it meets at Weymouth next month, to investigate psychical phenomena."

"The archdeacon, who is neither a fanatic nor a person given to fads, declares that he has been recording supernatural occurrences for the past thirty years. He avers that he has 'actually seen materialized spirits. At one seance, which took place recently in a brilliantly lighted room, Archdeacon Colley declares that the spirit form of an Egyptian was called into realization. He was tall, walked about the room, and finally sat by the side of the archdeacon, who examined him closely through a Stenope lens. He noticed particularly the ornament on the Egyptian's turban."

"Altogether the form was visible for more than an hour. The Egyptian was induced to write on the back of Archdeacon Colley's card. For this a pencil was placed near him. The pencil was held at the same angle as a stylus and the writing was from left to right. Last week Archdeacon Colley sent the card to the British Museum and the writing was identified as Coptic. Facsimiles have been prepared which the minister will produce at the Church Congress."

"This is the first time that the Church of England has been forced to face the question of psychical phenomena and some interesting developments are expected."

A Florentine Episode.

London Writing.

The Via Tornabuoni in Florence is always filled in the spring, with the tide of tourists and is fairly rosy with their conversational raptures, expressed almost as invariably in English as are any fragments of conversational interchange one may chance to hear on Fifth Avenue, as they loiter before window displays of Italian art, or pause by the grim and massive walls of the ancient Strozzi palace against which a flower vendor piles his masses of roses and lilies and deep-hearted purple pansies. The rush of modern life is in strange contrast with the mediæval walls of the Palazzo Strozzi. In front of the Palazzo Rucellai is a granite column taken from the Temple of Antoninus in Rome and given to Cosimo I by Pius IV. It was erected here in 1565, and in 1581 Francesco Ferrucci (il Tadda) added the capital to the shaft and the Statue of Justice, which crowns it, sculptured of porphyry. Just opposite this column is a very ancient embattled palace, which was erected in the thirteenth century by the Spini family, who date back to the very founding of Florence, and who were active participants in all its life until late in the seventeenth century, when their name and estates were seized upon by the Targuini, from which family they passed to the Pitti. The arms of the Spini were a red shield with designs in gold. At the junction of the via delle Vigna Nuova and the via Tornabuoni there stands the old Palazzo Rucellai which Sir Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, bought in 1613 from the Rucellai and entirely rebuilt. Sir Robert was the son of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester, as will be remembered, and as the Earl was the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, that sovereign did not allow his marriage to be recognized, and Sir Robert was not allowed to use his title in England. He was a brilliant man, rendering important services to navigation, but, being deprived of his title, he left England and in 1612 sought refuge in Florence, where he enjoyed the confidence and close friendship of Cosimo II, the son of Ferdinando I, and the grandson of the first Cosimo. To Cosimo II is due the perpetual gratitude of all who know and love the Tuscan capital. For he was a noble and generous prince, with great wisdom in statecraft, great interest in the welfare of his people, and the most generous patron of the arts. It was he who called Galileo to Florence and who did all in his power to protect the great scholar and diviner of the laws of the universe.

Sir Robert Dudley found in this wise sovereign a friend who appreciated his vast treasures of learning, and Sir Robert, on his part, gladly served Cosimo and the Florentines, whom he grew to love and to regard as his adopted countrymen. Cosimo II married Maria Maddalena, the daughter of the Archduke Carlo of Austria. They had eight children, of whom the second son became Cardinal Leopoldo (born in 1617 and died in 1675), the noted patron of art and the founder of the great galleries of the Uffizi. Cosimo II died in 1629. Sir Robert Dudley lived on in Florence, in this old palace, until 1649. He was entombed in the old church of San Pancrazio in an adjoining street—a church whose origin is so remote that even in the eleventh century it was considered an ancient church. So here at last rest the mortal remains of the son of the ill-starred Amy Robsart, and one reads "Kenilworth" again in Florence with renewed interest because of Sir Robert's life in this city.

The rooms in Sir Robert Dudley's old palace are eloquent of the past. Great mirrors in old carved frames of heavy zilt; sofas and chairs in rich brocade and in gilt framing; and massive old tables—all these adorn the spacious salons, in none of which is there the slightest possibility of any fire. There are no fireplaces, and as there are no chimneys, there cannot, of course, be stoves; and when, in the winter of 1900, the Theosophical Society of Florence held its meetings in these salons, the difference between the essentials of existence required three hundred years ago as required today, was keenly perceived. For Sir Robert's furniture of the seventeenth century left much to be desired in the way of ordinary comfort, and even the liberal opportunities of surveying one's self in half a dozen immense mirrors did not compensate for the lack of any heat on a cold day when the keen winds swept down from the snow-crowned Apennines, nor take the place of a comfortable chair on which to sit while listening to Mr. Chatterji's eloquence. Sir Robert's richly decorated ceilings loomed above the heads of the faithful who gathered in pursuit of Yoga, and Sir Robert's joy could marble floors were beneath their feet. Could any American, with the practical appreciation of the ludicrous, have looked in, he would have keenly enjoyed the scene. In a vast and icy cold salon, with a marble floor and a lofty, decorated ceiling, its walls hung with red satin against which old Florentine mirrors, and a few pictures of saints and madonnas, he would have discerned a little group of shivering men and women; their feet perched on very modern footstools and incased in fur overshoes, while they drew their wrappings as closely as possible, and gazed upon the mobile, brilliant, responsive countenance of Mr. Chatterji, on whose words they hung with breathless attention of the fervent.

The coat of arms of the Rucellai are still to be seen on the palace—a silver lion on a red ground with waves of gold running over it. The story of the strange lives that have been lived in these old palazzos in the centuries gone from all save memory could be dramatized with little aid from the playwright's art. It is a story in perpetual sequence of the most impassioned human life that imagination can picture; and to one who begins to turn backward the chapters of supreme emotions of love and ambition; the revenge of man, and the retribution of fate; of woman's infinite devotion and tenderness of love; and man's fierce, conquering, and dying deeds; of midnight assassinations; of lofty purposes and generous fostering of the arts, of learning, of statesmanship, and of the personal tyranny and the torture of persecution in the name of the church; the record in which every aspiration, every ambition, every passion known to humanity has arisen and spent itself in utmost intensity of appeal—a history is read before which all the romance of all the world beside grows pale. Who can tread the streets of the Florence of today and not feel the thrill and the thrill of all these past centuries when the men and women whose tombs and monuments and palaces the tourist visits were abroad in these same streets and made the life of their day? In fact, one becomes so enthralled in the magnetic spell of this impassioned past that he is half oblivious to the panorama of the hour. Other cities have wonderful histories, but only Florence has her pages written in her streets. Yet the foreign life engrafted upon this wonderful past is hardly less impassioned today, in this "Flower of all Cities and City of all Flowers."

Address of Mr. Walter Korielti

Anyone sending P. O. address of the above will confer a favor on a subscriber.

Catholic Testimony About the Spirit World.

The whole history of our race bears witness to a general belief in the existence and manifestation of spirits. This belief is shared alike by the lettered and the unlettered, the refined litterateur and the untutored savage. The Holy Scriptures teach, in words that cannot be explained away, that a spirit world really exists. The good spirits are sent to minister to those who hold the heritage of salvation.

The Which of Endor had communications with the spirits. Many evil spirits were cast out of unfortunate by our Lord. Indeed, the pages both of the Old and New Testaments are filled with reference to the inhabitants of the spirit realm. Neither can any believer in the Bible doubt the possibility of spirits appearing to mortals. Decide upon this point is the mission of the Archangel Raphael, who, in human form, accompanied the youthful Tobias on his journey, and although seen by many, was not recognized until he himself, at the end of his mission, disclosed his real nature and office. Decide, likewise, is the wondrous apparition of the Angel Gabriel to our Lady when he announced to her that the lofty dignity of mother of the Prince of Peace had been conferred upon her.

But what of the spirits or souls of the departed—can they never return to us? This is the question we ask involuntarily when dear ones are taken from us, when we mourn over lifeless forms. Under the safe guidance of the great St. Thomas, we answer emphatically that the spirits of the departed can, with God's leave, come back to us. They may even, St. Thomas assures us, be allowed to appear in visible form to the living, either by way of consolation or by way of warning.

The grave, consequently, does not seal everything. The departed, so tenderly loved, are not cut off from the circle of thought and of presence. Angels and saints and dear ones are dear to us; we can feel their presence; we are assured of their sympathy, and we are stronger and better and nobler because of this intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit-kingdom. This permitted return and manifestation of the departed must be carefully distinguished from the common idea of a ghost, which is that of an uncanny, white-robed object, stalking with measured steps through hallways and vacant rooms, and terrifying all by unearthly shrieks and foolish antics.

The Almighty always works in ways that are impressive and instructive, not in ways that arouse the mirth of the thoughtless and the disgust of the serious. We can learn from this the principle which may serve as a guide in passing judgment upon the vast array of facts carefully collected by the Society for Psychical Research. Many of these incidents must certainly be classed as hallucinations, many as illusions, while a certain number must be ascribed to the action either of the departed, of the demons, or of those spirits who keep watch and ward over human beings.—Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, editor The Quarterly.

[The above was republished by the Pittsburg (Pa.) Observer, a Catholic publication. These statements from a Catholic priest are surely the forerunner of a more bold announcement of spirit communion by the Catholic church. The future is present in the promise of an early recognition of the facts we have promulgated these many years. We must look well to the distinctive features of our Cause and preserve our identity as Spiritualists.—Editor.]

An Analytical Study.

To the Editor of The American: My esteemed friend and critic, Mr. Levin T. Jones, very truly remarks in his recent letter that the substance of my claim is that mankind is "the life," while he claims that it is obtainable only through Christ. While we may apparently be far apart in conclusions, in reality we are heading for the same goal—spirituality. I willingly and gladly leave the theological side of the question to Mr. Jones' care, as he is a fine biblical scholar. From a purely physiological standpoint, however, I claim that man has two bodies by virtue of his organization at the time of conception, a physical and a spiritual body.

What do I mean by spiritual body? A body of finer forces, electric and magnetic in nature, with the divine life, the soul or spirit, as its head or central power, therefore immortal.

What do I mean by physical body? A body of material substance clothed upon the spiritual body through its inherent power of attraction. To illustrate: The spirit may build its physical form coarse or refined in substance, in accordance with the food and drink it assimilates, a highly important fact; important, because the condition of the physical body will react upon the spiritual body and vice versa; to maintain a happy equilibrium is perfect health. After a season the physical body remains on the planet where it originated; while the spiritual body ascends to a higher sphere of being, according to its specific gravity, which is of our own making. Hence the spiritual life comes in. If we lead truly spiritual lives, i. e., observed the Golden Rule to the best of our ability, we may be assured of gravitating to spheres of light and eternal joy. This is a perfectly natural and logical system of man's dual nature in strict accordance with natural and spiritual law.

Henry Scharfetter.

Baltimore, Md.

We Know Her (and Him).

Some time ago a woman writing in the Boston Advertiser wrote of her sex as below. Make it include both sexes, and we will let her speak for us:

There are women who gossip from thoughtlessness. They differ from the malicious gossip only in the length of their apprenticeship. They are malicious gossips in embryo. Thoughtlessness is of itself a crime, the initial step to every vice. Listening to gossip is quite as bad as repeating it. It constitutes tolerance and encouragement of vice. When the gossip approaches with a sweet smile and inquires: "Does so-and-so tell you of the shocking way Miss So-and-so behaved at?" it is simple enough to say, "No, she did not; she knows I never listen to those things."

It is a compliment of worth that the gossip does not confide in you. It is likewise a comfort. The woman who gossips to you will gossip about you. We have probably all been in that unhappy predicament where duty called us hence, yet we remained till the last guest of a gathering had departed, because it was not safe to leave a reputation in the hands of two of them.

Women have small comprehension for the virtue of charity. To meet of them it has something to do with nasal petticoats and foreign missions. Enthusiastically they put together the petticoats and pull to pieces the reputations of their dearest friends.

[If there is a thinker in New Thought circles who can express for the best on these lines as we have found it, the author of "Life More Abundant" is that one, and we gladly give this prominence to his appreciated words. Editor.]

The Literary World.

CONDUCTED BY

LILLIAN WHITING.

"The world of book is still the world."

"An Only Child."

The most sympathetic divination of child life is felt in all Miss Eliza Orne White's juvenile stories. Her children are as real as are those in the famous juveniles of Louisa Alcott, and she contrives, with all their fidelity to real life, to invest the story with unobtrusive suggestions of usefulness and sweetness and love that surround the reader with a beautiful atmosphere. All the trifles that make up the events of child life—the dolls and their houses and furniture, the rain that spoils a picnic or that keeps one at a friend's house and opens new doors of friendship and interests; the long sermon at church which has yet some word in it that the child-mind seizes upon and brings as a factor into the playtimes; the good and the generous and the selfish and the unworthy impulses and their reaction on the daily surroundings are all interestingly dramatized by the vivid and sympathetic power of Miss White, and make up a story that any one, whether at six or at sixty years of age, may well like to read. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Kristy's Surprise Party."

This fascinating story, with illustrations in color by Ethel M. Menmouth, will add delight to the Christmas days. The genial, delightful way in which the story is told—of Kristy's birthday and the antics and antics and cousins that came so unexpectedly with their gifts, the happy reminiscences that were told in the piazza room, the indirect lessons in truth and goodness and punctuality and the working-day virtues in general—all are charmingly related and the book will be a treasure trove to the young readers. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"The Fair Maid of Graystones."

Miss Benah Marie Dix has already achieved reputation for her gift in the historic novel. She has the art of entering into the conditions of the past, making scenes and characters live again, and in "The Making of Christopher Ferringham" and "Blount of Breckingham" she won a large clientele who will eagerly welcome her latest work in fiction, "The Fair Maid of Graystones"—an historic novel whose scenes are laid in the time of the wars between Roundhead and Cavalier at an old and celebrated country house called Graystones. The plot is treated with ingenious skill and in many ways Miss Dix has achieved in this novel her best work in the line to which she is drawn, and which she is so well fitted to interpret. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

"In the Heights."

A new volume of poems by Richard Watson Gilder, the well known post-editor of The Century Magazine, comes as a pleasant event in literary annals. The collection is especially interesting for its large number of personal poems inscribed to John R. Procter, Sarah Blake Shaw, Abram Stevens Hewitt, Carlyle McKim, John Henry Boker, La Salle, William Watson, Sidney Lanier, Jacob A. Riis, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Helen Keller, Joseph Jefferson, the father of Charles Russell, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, John Wesley and others. Included in the collection are the beautiful lines to "A New Poet," published in a recent number of The Atlantic. These lines have aroused much questioning; but the identity of the poet fortunate enough to have called forth from Mr. Gilder such a tribute is still guarded. Many of Mr. Gilder's poems are inspired by music and one of the most beautiful of those entitled "Music in Darkness" was suggested by the art of Adele Alsop. "In the Heights" is the eighth volume of Mr. Gilder's poems, the other collections including those entitled "A Christmas Wreath," "The Celestial Passion," "The New Day" and "The Great Remembrance." (New York: The Century Company.)

"Under the Lilacs" and "Jack and Jill."

The demand for Louisa Alcott's books never lessens. Each year new editions must be prepared for the new demand, and these new illustrated editions just issued by her publishers are especially attractive. "Under the Lilacs" is the story of Ben Brown, who, with his performing dog, Sancho, ran away from a circus and found a home with Bab and Betty in the old house "under the lilacs." "Jack and Jill," the latest volume in the "Little Women Series," is a vivid yet natural portrayal of home and school life in a New England village, full of the sympathetic quality which lends such a charm to Miss Alcott's writings, and it contains eight full-page illustrations by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. The eight volumes in the new illustrated edition of the Little Women Series, with eighty-four full-page plates from drawings by Reginald B. Birch, Alice Barber Stephens, Jessie Willcox Smith, and Harriet Roosevelt Richards are now supplied in a handsome box. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

A remarkable novel is about to be published by Little, Brown & Co. entitled "The Ballingtons," by Frances Squire, of which Prof. Richard Burton writes: "It is a powerful study of modern social relations, a picture of married life, of enthralling thinking, while the story is of enthralling interest. The book may be best described as one of higher realism; it tells the truth with tragic directness, yet is so noble in aim and teaching that the effect on the reader is ennobling. The characterization is clear and profound, the human sympathy noteworthy, and the novel is written in a style that announces another Western writer of genuine distinction. The work as a whole is head and shoulders above the usual run of fiction, and I should not be surprised if it was one of the literary sensations of the year." Frances Squire, the author, is a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., publish the "Recollections" of Mrs. Bayard Taylor, which include her early life in Germany, her meeting with Taylor and their wedding, their arrival in America, their home at Cedarcroft, their sojourn in St. Petersburg and other interesting events. Among the persons mentioned are the Brownings, the Stoddards, the Warner and Cary sisters, G. W. Curtis, Aldrich, Bismarck, Gen. Grant, Greeley, Bryant, Stedman, Swinburne and many others.

Announcements, Special.

Moses and Mattie E. Hull going South and West—Circumstances over which we have little control seem to have decided to send Mrs. Hull and myself South and West in the very near future. We shall start not far from the

first of November, and our route will be via St. Louis, and the southwest through Texas to Southern California; then up the coast via San Francisco, and Portland as far as Seattle, and possibly as far as Vancouver and Victoria, B. C., and thence via some of the northern routes to Milwaukee and White-water.

We want appointments wherever they can be made along this route. We will not mind going anywhere, not too far off the route. We want to be guaranteed at least all of our expenses wherever we may go; besides this we want the privilege of advertising and taking up collections or subscriptions and contributions for the Morris Pratt school.

In fact, the principal object of this journey is to acquaint the Spiritualists with the fact that they have a school, which, while it needs their support, can render to its students a greater educational benefit than can be obtained elsewhere for a like outlay of money and work.

Spiritualists everywhere, south and west of Chicago, please do yourselves, the institute and us the favor to afford us an opportunity to do a work in your towns and cities.

As Mrs. Hull and I will fully occupy the time of the meetings with our invocations, songs, poems and discourses, we wish no public tests or readings to follow our services.

Hoping that these conditions are understood, we invite correspondence from all who wish such service as will aid in the building up an integral and healthful Spiritualism. As ever, Moses Hull.

The Halloween Party at Waverley.

Delegates from nearly all of the Boston Societies and from Lynn, Medford, Cambridge, Somerville and Malden, met at the Banner of Light Building Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7, and a committee was formed to make arrangements for a Halloween Party, to be held at the V. S. U. Waverley Home, Tuesday, Oct. 21, from 5 until 11 p. m.

The proceeds of this party will be devoted to the needs of the Home. It was decided to have an old-fashioned supper served from 5 until 8 o'clock.

In the evening there will be an entertainment, furnished by representatives from the different societies. At 9 o'clock some specially prepared "Halloween Amusements" will be indulged in. The interest already shown gives promise of a more than ordinarily good time.

Members from the different societies will also furnish the food for the supper, each society being responsible for its part of the feast.

Mr. A. A. Hewitt is chairman of the supper committee. Miss Mahelle Marshall, of the games; Mr. N. P. Smith, the decorations; Mrs. M. A. Bemis, of the entertainment. They will be assisted in their work by a committee of four, one for each department of the work, from each society taking hold of the work.

A second committee meeting will be held at the Banner of Light building Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:30 p. m. If your society is not already represented, send a committee to meet with us next Saturday afternoon, and help the good work along. We want everybody to take hold with us and make this Halloween Party an event long to be remembered because of the unity of purpose and strength of love which brings us all together like members of one family under the roof of the Waverley Home.

Minnie M. Soule

Chairman of the General Committee

Christine Brown's Work.

Music and the study of its uses and applications will be the special line of work pursued by Christine Brown in Boston this year. She will give instruction in healing by music and receive pupils in class or private lessons. Voice culture, which includes the proper development of the speaking voice as well as the singing voice, will form an important part of the main work. It should ever be borne in mind that we cultivate our faculties that we may better and more freely express Soul's impulses, and voice is one of Soul's most important avenues of expression.

This year, which will be the sixth of her public work in this line, will permit of much more being done, and in a larger way, for the public mind is better prepared to accept the truths regarding music and its uses, owing to much having appeared in public print the last year on the subject. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 10 to 1 and Tuesday evening from 6 to 9, at room 211, Huntington Chambers. All interested in this great truth, including those desiring to study, will be welcomed.

Announcements.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, holds its services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., under two flights; conference at 11 a. m.; service, followed by test circle, 2:30 p. m.; service at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.—A. M. S., clerk.

First Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston.—Lecture at 10:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. through the mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker; school at 12 m.; Wednesday evening, conference at 7:30.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, Worcester, Mass.—Sunday services at 2 and 7 p. m. in G. A. R. Hall, No. 35 Pearl street; seats free; all cordially invited. The Woman's Auxiliary, second and fourth Wednesdays of each month in Good Templar's Hall, 418 Main street, holds business meeting at 3 p. m.; supper, 6 to 7:30 p. m.; social or entertainment at 8 p. m.

The Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Zarahlen, president, began its regular meetings Wednesday, Oct. 11, in Cambridge lower hall, 631 Massachusetts avenue, and will continue them on the second and fourth Wednesdays, instead of Fridays, as formerly. Oct. 11, F. A. Wiergin will be the speaker. Oct. 25, J. S. Scarlett will speak and Nov. 8, Mrs. Katie Ham. Business meetings at 8 o'clock; supper 6:30, and evening meeting at 7:45.—A. M. Caine, secretary.

First Association of Spiritualists, Masonic Temple, 9th and F Sts., N. W.—W. J. Colville is ministering to this society during October. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.—Mr. Colville also gives class instruction at 402 A St., S. E., at 8 o'clock p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, till Oct. 27, inclusive. Topics for remainder of course: Monday, Oct. 14, "Is Altruism the Ultimate Ethical Teaching?"; Wednesday, Oct. 18, "Psychometry and Prophecy"; Friday, Oct. 20, "Psychic phenomena—What does it explain?"; Monday, Oct. 23, "The Purpose of Soul Expression in Material States"; Wednesday, Oct. 25, "The Purpose and Meaning of Suffering"; Friday, Oct. 27, "Summary of Previous Teaching." Questions will be answered after each lecture. Single admission, 15 cents. All receipts will go to the First Association. Daily, except Sundays and Mondays, Mr. Colville will, during October, deliver a course of instruction in the Spiritual Science of Health and Harmony at the residence of Dr. Alice Harvey Butts, 1402 L St.,

N. W., at 8 o'clock p. m. Saturday, Oct. 14, "Comparative Value of Altruism and Soul Suggestions"; Tuesday, Oct. 17, "Scientific Aspects of Telepathy"; Wednesday, Oct. 18, "How to Develop and Employ Telepathy"; Thursday, Oct. 19, "Concentration of Thought, the Key to Victory"; Friday, Oct. 20, "Spiritual and Mental Healing"; Saturday, Oct. 21, "Liberty and Law—Freedom through Obedience"; Tuesday, Oct. 24, "Four Planes of Human Consciousness"; Wednesday, Oct. 25, "Life More Abundant—How We May Realize It"; Thursday, Oct. 26, "Faith and Works—The Law of Unity"; Friday, Oct. 27, "Conscious and Super-Conscious Healing"; Saturday, Oct. 28, "Ideals Actualized—The Soul Triumphant." Questions will be answered after each lecture. Group tickets, five functions, \$1; single function, 25 cents. W. J. Colville's books and other helpful literature can be procured.

Next Thursday, Oct. 12, the Massachusetts State Association will meet with the Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society, afternoon and evening. The same night the regular monthly supper will be held.

American Psychical Research Society, Huxley Reading president.—We hold meetings every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden square, Malden, at 7:30. Song service, inspirational speaking and messages. Sunday, Oct. 15, we shall have, with us Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles and Mrs. Abbie Burnham. Special music by Mr. Frank Bell and Miss Marie Bover. Seats free. The best of talent always present. "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—E. J. Trott, our sec.

Through a little misunderstanding on my own part, the American Psychical Research Society of Malden was promised a visit from me on Sunday evening, Oct. 15, and so advertised me for that time. I regret the mistake and hasten to say that I will be with that society Sunday, Oct. 23.—Minnie M. Soule.

\$2.00 North Adams Excursion

Through the Hoosac Mountains, Sat. Oct. 14.

On Saturday, October 14th, the Boston & Maine R. R. will run one of the popular excursions to the famous Hoosac Mountains and North Adams. This trip is through one of the most beautiful sections of scenic New England. North Adams is in the heart of the mountains at the foot of "Old Greylock," and is an ideal place to spend a day. The round trip rate is only \$2.00, and persons desiring can purchase on the Excursion train a round trip ticket over the famous Narrow Gauge Route, the Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington R. R., to Wilmington, Vt., at the very low rate of 50 cents. Wilmington is at the extremity of the upper Deerfield Valley, the most beautiful portion of New England, and persons desiring can return to Hoosac Tunnel Station and continue their journey through the Tunnel to North Adams on their R. & M. ticket. Round trip tickets, good going on special train on October 14th, will be on sale at Boston City Ticket Office, 322 Washington Street, and Boston Union Station, at Ayer, Waltham (Fitchburg Division), Fitchburg and Gardner. The Gardner rate is only \$1.75. Special train will leave Boston at 8:30 a. m., stopping at above stations; returning, leave North Adams at 4:30 p. m. the same date or on regular trains October 15th and 16th. For time of special train at stations, see Boston & Maine posters or inquire of Ticket Agent.

A New Cure for RHEUMATISM of which any suffering reader can have A Box Free!

On the theory "that seeing is believing," John A. Smith of Milwaukee wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 25,000 free boxes among all persons suffering him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and after much experimenting finally hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends, relatives and neighbors suffering from rheumatism were next cured and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Texas, wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered forty-one years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample boxes to all who apply. In Prosser, Neb., he cured a lady of 67 who had suffered for 52 years. In Fountain City, Wis., he cured Hon. Jacob Sexauer, a gentleman of 70, who suffered for 23 years and whom seven doctors had called incurable. In Perryburg, Ohio, he cured a gentleman 70 years old. In Marion, Ohio, he cured Mrs. Miss Schott after suffering 12 years. She then cured an old lady 82 years old. In St. Louis, Mo., he cured Mr. F. Paerber of the Concordia Publ. House. In Philadelphia, Pa., 4521 N. 19th St., he cured Mrs. R. E. Thomas, after suffering from swollen joints and violent sciatic pains. She now enjoys excellent health. In Remington, Vt., he cured an old man whom the best physicians of Worms and Frankfurt, Germany, called incurable. This old gentleman had walked for 20 years on crutches, both legs having been lame. He can now walk like a young man. Even prominent physicians had to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a positive success, among them Dr. Quintero of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In thousands of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied Hospitals, Drugs, Electricity and Medical Skill among them persons over 70 years old. "Gloria Tonic" is put up in tablet form and contains neither alcohol nor acids.

Mr. Smith will send a trial box, also his illustrated book on rheumatism, absolutely free of charge to any reader of the "Banner of Light," for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. Mr. Smith's address in full is:

JOHN A. SMITH,

2379 Gloria Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

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For a long time we have been ambitious to give our readers a larger scope in the topics considered than seemed feasible for a publication like the BANNER OF LIGHT, with its special message. We have arranged to take a limited number of subscriptions from other standard publications which will enable us to meet this demand for general reading through the publications of our allies.

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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Evil Tongues.

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

Oh, restless spirit of man, be still! Why should the turbulent waves of ill, Of gossip vile or slander's serpent bite Disturb in thee God's will to do the right?

Let thy spirit in harmony complete, strong With God's well defined will find no wrong; The tongue of gossip thy soul may pierce, But right conquers wrong though the struggle be fierce.

Then rest, weary soul, the good is great. Storms of thy spirit like all storms will abate, And "Peace be still," thy assurance be When thou God's right in man's wrong can see.

Isadora E. Bussey.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

THE HEART OF FAITH HAS NO VOICE FOR SLANDER.

The streets were crowded with men and women hurrying to and fro; little children fitted in and out among them like sunbeams through a forest. The rush and whirl of travel, the laughter of the little children, the murmur of conversation fell on the ear, a mass of unintelligible and indistinguishable sounds, but the mass was vibrant with life. Suddenly the clang of a bell broke on the air.

All other sounds ceased; the little children stood still, the women waited breathless and the men peered curiously up and down the street.

Change! Drivers quickly sought the protection of the side streets, the loud tones of men were heard directing the unheeding to "Get on to the sidewalk; get out of the way." Then the swift, strong, hoofbeat of horses racing hard and the clatter of heavy engines drawn over the stone pavements smote the ear, and flash, crash, bounding like a dory on the wave, the fire engine shot by the wondering crowd.

The horses ran like mad creatures, but the strong, steady hand of the driver guided them unerringly and true. The men on the engine were donning the rubber caps and coats with calm countenances, but with set, firm lips, looked out at the crowd and rode on to make the fight for property and life and to risk all if need be in the performance of a duty.

On, on they went, steamer, hook and ladder, horse carriage and again steamer, hook and ladder and horse carriage, until it seemed as if every engine house must be empty.

We were on a car and our route lay directly in the wake of the rattling fire apparatus, and with some alarm we watched the course and mentally followed to the scene of destruction and mayhap death.

At last, with strained eyes, we beheld the cause of all this wild commotion.

A board fence across an open lot was smoking.

The smoke floated upward toward the blue sky like an ominous cloud, and the casual observer would have been quite sure that the conflagration was already started which might endanger the whole residential section of the Back Bay, but those experienced firemen were wiser than the multitude, and they knew that a bucket of water would quench any flame which could possibly arise from that old fence and that if the whole fence burned to the ground no harm could come to any one, so they shook their wise heads, whispered "False Alarm," and went contentedly back to the station to wait for another call.

Who says there cannot be much smoke without a big fire?

Not an experienced fireman, surely. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world to create a big smoke with a bunch of kindling and never get a blaze big enough to cook a pot of tea.

Sometime and somewhere some wiseacre made a statement to the contrary of this and ever since then little men and simple women have kept on repeating it with as much unction as if it were true whenever they wanted to take a part in the gossip of the hour, about some one they knew little or nothing about.

Who has not seen the very wise (?) man shake his very wise head and solemnly assert that he knew nothing about the party in question, but, one thing was quite certain, "there could not be so much smoke without some fire."

Many a man has sunk beneath the wave, weary, exhausted and despairing in his effort to stem the tide of criticism and abuse when there was absolutely no more need of his disaster than there was to call out the whole fire department to extinguish a burning fence.

Men and women should be protected by us, not we protected from them.

What is it to us that the smoke of criticism is rising about a woman?

Why should we run with fuel to feed the flame that is ready to burst from the smoking embers of scandal about a man in our midst?

How can we dare make assertions about people that we know but casually?

It is hard to know and understand our dearest and most trusted friends at all times, until we catch glimpses of the spirit behind the deeds, and listen for the whisper of the soul in its prayer.

We can, under the most favorable conditions, know so little of the effort after righteousness that a soul is making, that it seems nothing less than cruelty to stand afar off and watch the darkening blue above the head of a man and judge his soul status.

If any people in the world ought to lead in this work of letting the gossip monger die from lack of nourishment and care, it certainly should be the Spiritualists.

Why? Because they have as a people for fifty years and more been receiving instruction and help about just these things.

Have not the spirits themselves taught the children of men that the spiritual status of a man depended on his pure heart and not on the praise and aggrandizement given by men?

Who but spirits have been teaching and demonstrating that precious truth that the first step toward ideal life is to have confidence and faith in men and women whatever the seeming condition about them?

Who but spirits have been demonstrating that public opinion, whose hands and feet are gossip, is the most unreliable, diabolical, treacherous and cruel monster that was ever entrusted with the care and keeping of a character?

Have not the cruelly betrayed ones been whispering the secrets of their downfall and

death into our ears as we sat in our circles and waited for the communication from spirit land, and have we not sobbed and moaned with them, and whispered back our assurance that we at least would be faithful and give them a chance to overcome any weakness they might have manifested in life by our confidence in their pure purpose?

How many of us have asserted over and over again that it made not the slightest difference to us whether the spirit communicating were a saint or murderer as long as he showed a desire to do right and speak the truth!

We are always rather proud of these assertions and have a conviction that we are doing the right and exalting thing. So it is right for us to do just such a thing, but how in the name of common sense can we find it so much more to our credit to kiss the hand of a sinner who has passed into the other life than to refrain from speaking words that would send a sensitive and weak child into the paths of sin, while living.

The shadow of the gallows, the cloud of suspicion that has hung over the life and death of the spirits who seek our presence, never cause us a quiver or an extra heart-beat of anxiety—then, why should a murmur of disapproval by some chronic grumbler be the signal for dark clouds of gossip to be blown over the heads of a most innocent and inoffensive victim? Grumblers and seekers after preferment and place are usually the bits of kindling set afire by temper and smoking away like an incipient conflagration over the unsuspecting head of a duty loving and law abiding person.

Oh, let us be as kind to those who abide with us in the earthly tabernacle as we are to those who have stepped out of the body and dare approach us with an appeal for help! The heart of faith has no mouth in which gossip may find a shelter, and no voice to whisper slanders that may crush an expression for which the hungry world sits waiting.

Sand.

Frank H. Sweet

(Written for the "Banner of Light.")

Well, sir! what do you suppose my Uncle Bob called me last week? Why, just Sand, nothing more nor nothing less. And that isn't the worst of it, or the best of it. I don't know which yet. Everybody in the house calls me Sand, and it has spread out to the street and over to the school. It's Sand here and Sand there and Sand yonder, till you can't rest. Papa and mamma look sort of pleased, like it was something nice, and if it is, why, I don't mind. They say it means I've got sand, grit—not afraid, you know. That's the best of it. But there's Aunt Mammy, who tells me etiquette, be sure it's spelled y-e—she says the name's horridly vulgar; and Tom—he's my brother, you know—he says it's just short for Sandy, and that's the color of my hair. If it's that way, the name ain't so nice. That's the worst of it. You see these fathers and mothers can't always be depended on for a straight tip about their own boys. They'll soften things and give taffy. But then, brothers like Tom, and aunts like Aunt Mammy, can't always be depended upon either. They're liable to be the other way, and show you that things are blacker than you thought.

But maybe I'd better tell the whole story and let you see for yourself. First, though, I want to say I was scared. When I shivered so that when Tom heard the next morning, he declared all my jacket buttons had been shook loose. They hadn't, of course, for they came loose playing ball the day before. But Tom was closer right than he knew. When I think it out square to myself, like I have to sometimes, I'm most sure that Tom and Aunt Mary's fun hits me closer than papa's and mamma's praise.

You see, it was this way. Papa and Tom were off on business, to be gone all night, and mamma was sick with a headache. That left only me in the house to look after things. It seemed nice till I went upstairs to bed, then it grew awfully dark and lonesome. But I pulled the clothes up tight over my face and tried not to think. If there's one thing in this world I'm afraid of it's the dark. You can't see the things you know are creeping up all around you.

Well, sometime in the night there came a loud barking from Towser—just like somebody scolding somebody else for forgetting, and I knew in a flash what it meant. I'd forgotten to leave the wood-house door open for him to go in.

But I slid lower down in the bed and thought to myself I wouldn't, though I knew all the time I would. I couldn't go to sleep if I didn't. So after a while I shut my teeth hard and crawled out, pretty scared and shaky, for it was awful dark, and got into my clothes the best I could. Then I felt my way out into the hall and down to the back door. But when I put my hands on the knob to open it, I like to have yelled right out, for there just as plain as plain could be, I heard somebody trying to get it. If it hadn't been for mamma being sick, and papa and Tom being away, I'd have scuttled up them stairs quicker than I ever came down. But that wouldn't do for the man of the house, no, sir! not if he died.

But I was too scared to think much, so I just opened the door and yelled "Boo!" loud as ever I could. And, well, sir! you'd ought to see them fellows tumble down the steps—for there were two—and across the yard and over the back fence, dropping their tops and having Towser square on their heels, snapping and barking. And I wouldn't wonder if he nipped them once or twice, for they yelled like he did.

The next day papa and Tom came home, and Uncle Bob came over from his store. And Uncle Bob he said the tools were a burglar's kit. If you know what that is, and papa looked at me like he does when he's pleased, and Tom he just jumped round with his tongue out, laughing and snickering. But I know Tom and he knows me. So although I'm willing to own Tom hits it pretty close about shaking buttons off, and that Towser did lots more than me, still I don't mind the name much, specially the way Uncle Bob says it. And then I like the way papa and mamma look at me, like they were pleased. And that's the best of it.

Donald Was a Bad Boy.

A teacher tells this story of one of her pupils who was giving her class a lesson on the birds. She held their attention in her story of the hatching of the eggs, the care of the mother bird, the first lessons in flying, etc.

"Now," she added, "I am the mother bird, and you are my little birds nestled in your cozy nest. I want you all to spread your wings and fly away."

Each child, waving his arms in time to the music she best, skipped to the dressing room, with the exception of one bright-eyed little fellow, who sat motionless in his seat, his eyes fastened upon his teacher's face.

When she saw he made no move to follow the others she went up to him and asked: "Why, Donald, why didn't you fly away with all the other little birds?"

"Because," came the prompt and unexpected reply, "I am a bad egg."—Selected.

Love is a Gift.

William Brewster.

They had been married thirty-three years as the calendar runs and the seasons are counted—thirty-three years all of equal length as far as the days go, but so different in their joys and sorrows—the eve of the anniversary was just at hand in the glowing month of October.

Their first October was a picture in the mind that only the divine artist could paint, because it takes life to represent life at its best. The husband thought of it—how it had run along in its quiet ways as a stream wanders through the meadow-land—and if it had not always been summer—whether had it ever been winter. He saw that clearly and it gave him great joy. This was wonderful that two should travel side by side so many years, sharing the burdens and the trials and trying to hold their lives as one. To grow into union and have friendship that would bear the many rebuffs of the days—that to him was a wonder. And then there was the wish, not of a fairy but of a foolish heart, and man-like, he was thinking of himself entirely in the matter—there was the wish that love might have been something more. What more, it were hard to say. Who can describe the thing he has not? It is an indefinite feeling, and looked at honestly will not bear inspection. Here was a thought like clouds in his sky after many days of sunshine. They were simply of a dusky grey—not at all indicative of storm.

He was in this mood and was weary with the pressure of it. A certain irritating unrest comes with such thoughts and is properly a warning of danger so that one should not allow them to approach. But that is one of the deep lessons we learn from experience.

It was a little thing that had brought this disturbance—but that is of small moment—the unrest was there. He doubted if his wife loved him—that is in the complete way a soul likes to be loved. He rather thought she did not, and it angered him, it made him rebellious, he felt it if he were cheated. He looked back over their journey of the years and wondered why they had not been more intimate as soul companions? He tried to explain it on the ground that each must have likings and labor different from the other, and that in some way must keep apart.

Then arose the question, Can two souls be at one in a common purpose? Would it not necessitate the surrender of one to the other? Why should a woman subordinate herself to a man simply because she marries him? She marries on faith for freedom, for a selfhood as assistance to him—as he ought to marry her for like reason. Custom gives authority to the man, but new custom may give the same authority to the woman, and who would like to be held responsible for the egotism or selfishness of either? He thought it no use forcing nature out of its nature. It will assert itself and keep in its own channel, and if it is so, a man must be content to receive what he can of the gift of love. For love is a gift not an enforced one, and the why of it is beyond our thought. It gushes like water from the spring in the desert or in the field, but it is the gift for which one is not to be strictly held accountable. To have wealth and force it must issue out of its own elections as roses come to the rosebush.

Then let a man enjoy as he may, but make no demands more than what the gentle nature of woman is willing spontaneously to grant. To love one must be as chivalrous as the knights and worship and serve and wait and love and understand, and then the deeper affections of the soul repay the waiting of the years.

It did him good to think of this because it kept him to his ideal, and it dispersed the clouds, and it made the anniversary of their wedding-day as sweet as the first day, with this addition that more of character was in it, the ripe fruit of all their varied experience. Perhaps many a man would profit by a like review of his past and a consideration of what he should do to win the most precious thing in the universe—a true woman's sympathetic love!

A Tragic Calendar.

Janet was quite ill one day. Feb-rile troubles came her way. Mar-ble like she lay in bed; Apr-oned nurses softly sped. "May-be," said the leech, judicial. Jun-ct would be beneficial. Jul-ies, too, though freely tried, Aug-ured ill for Janet died. Sep-tember was sadly made. Oct-aves peeled and prayers were said. Nov-ember with a tear Dec-anted Janet's bier.

Carolyn Wells, in Life.

Fatherless and Motherless.

A well known professor has a bright boy, who one day at the age of four appeared in his father's study clasping in his hands a forlorn-looking little chicken, which had strayed from a neighboring incubator. The New York Times tells the story:

"Willie," said the father, "take that chicken back to its mother."

"Ain't dot my mudder," answered Willie, with great positiveness.

"Well, then, take it back to its father," said the professor, determined to maintain parental authority.

"Ain't dot any fader," said the child. "Ain't dot anything but an old lamp!"—Boys and girls.

Your Star.

"Mamma, which star is yours?" asked Kitty.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we were looking at the stars last night and Mary pointed to one and said, 'That is Mars,' and I thought if her mother owned one you must have one too."—The Little Chronicle.

The Moon "Bloomed Out."

Little Gladys Holmes noticed the moon for the first time one day. That night she happened to look out of the window and she called excitedly to her mother, "Oh, mamma, come quick, the moon is all bloomed out!"—Exchange.

No Longer a Christian.

A certain family living in Yonkers, N. Y., had for many years been members of the Methodist Church. A little while ago, after considerable deliberation on the matter, it was determined to change from the Methodist Church to the Congregationalist.

There was a little boy in the family who had for some time been acting in a very hostile manner toward another boy in the neighborhood, and who, one evening at the supper table, had intimated that he would "lick" the other.

His father immediately rebuked him, saying: "My son, that's not acting like a Christian; I am surprised."

The youngster quickly replied: "We are not Christians; we're Congregationalists."—Selected.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

In Explanation.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides for the good of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a representative of the "Banner of Light" and are given in the presence of other members of the "Banner" staff. These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the "Banner of Light" as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth and will bear its own burdens wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to find those whom you believe may verify them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality?

INVOCATION.

Like children of truth who stand in the open sunlight and are kissed by the sweet breezes from off the Everlasting hills, we would stand this hour and have the sweet influences of the Spiritual life blow away all the prejudices and all the unclean things of the past. With joy that is surpassing we gather here today to take the hand of some one who is seeking to find recognition for love. With great peace we come to whisper a word of hope to some one who has been wandering in darkness and doubt and today seeks to find the home life and to express the joy of finding it. O, we swear so to give every sorrowing heart the knowledge of this great truth. It is the revelation that is come to this later century and we would open every door that is closed by doubt or fear or pain, we would open it wide that all the flood light of this revelation may pour in like a living and healing influence. May the dear ones be stronger and sturdier for our confidence and our faith in them, and may they speak a message so clear, so distinct, that there shall be no misunderstanding and no doubt. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William Knowles, Harvard, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me today is a man about fifty years old. He has dark blue eyes and black lashes and iron gray hair and he is a little below the medium height and has rather broad shoulders and a very pleasant, kind face. He says, "Will you please say that my name is William Knowles, and I used to live in Harvard, Mass. I must say it was a surprise to me to find how closely related the people in the two worlds are. I hadn't any idea of what the spirit life was like, and I had no notion that the people from that life could influence or control the people in this one, but I soon found that very few people are acting independently and alone; they are swayed and influenced by the spirits who draw close to them. I want to go to Harriet. She hasn't the slightest idea that I can see her or help her and I am anxious to have her get some idea of this truth. Our box is with me in the spirit, and he is such a comfort to me and tries so hard to make his mother understand when we are near her. It wasn't a very sudden death that took me away. I knew that I was coming, but I didn't seem to be any more prepared for it than I did dropped right out without warning. Mother has come over here since I did and she is very happy to send a message of love. Please say that there seems to be no end to the things I could say if I had a chance, but I don't feel that I can monopolize the time that so many are eager to have. I thank you."

Abby Brown, Boston, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me is a beautiful old lady, I should think she was seventy-five or six years old. She is quite stout and has lovely white hair and she wears spectacles. She has got the sweetest voice, and speaks as though she was at peace with everybody and says, "My name is Abby Brown and I want to reach my daughter, I lived in Boston. My daughter is alone and sits alone very much of the time sewing, sewing, always sewing. It gives her a good deal of time to think and she knows that her mother is near her. Sometimes she wishes that she could come over, that her work was done and that she could come to her brothers and me, but I have no power to bring her to me. I wouldn't dare to lift my finger to break connections between her and her present life. It would seem as much like murder as if I did it to some one when I was alive, but she will never feel sorry that she stayed when she comes over, for every day brings her some lesson and some growth, though she may not be able to see it. I have come today just to assure her that we all love her and would not for the world do anything that would bring her a moment's pain. She is quite susceptible to influences, and often looks up and says, 'I wonder if you are here. Of course I know you are, but I do wish I could see you.' So I bring her my love and a promise that never as long as she lives will I go very far away from her. Thank you."

Eddie Thompson, Portland, Me.

There is a spirit of a boy, I should think about fifteen or sixteen. He is very light, with fair hair and he comes here with almost an impatient air as if he could hardly wait to say what he wants to. The first thing he says is, "My name is Eddie Thompson. I lived in Portland, I came over here so suddenly that I didn't know what had happened to me. My father's name is Edgar. I have been with him on the team so many times that I thought I would come and tell him about it. He never knows it. Sometimes folks steal things out of the back of the team and he don't know and I want to tell him, for it looks kind of bad for him when he gets back to the store. I like a horse. I always wanted a pony and I never cared much about school and I don't like it now. Sometimes I go right along for a long time learning a lot and then I just hang around, down at the house. I would like to see Clara. I would like to talk with her. She don't like to take my books. She seems afraid. She doesn't be. I would not hurt her if I was there. Sunday school is all gone up. Don't have any class as they did when I was there and I am glad of it. Don't think our teacher knew very much anyhow. She ought to come over here, she would learn a few things and she wouldn't get so smart."

telling us about the Devil. I never saw any Devil, wouldn't be much afraid if I did; would be more afraid of God; haven't seen him either. I will be glad when my folks all get over here and we can live together again. It is pretty good over here and I am glad I could come and tell my mother and father about it. Thank you."

Frank Hallet, Everett, Mass.

There is a spirit of a young man I should think about twenty-two or three, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes and a happy, pleasant manner. His name is Frank Hallet and he says, "I lived in Everett, Mass. I don't care about telling you people what I believe or what I don't believe. I just want to tell you that I can see and hear and that is about all I care about. My mother needs me and she needs me today just as much as before I died. She don't cry much, she isn't that kind, but at her work and everywhere she goes she is thinking of me and it keeps me so close to her for I wait her to be happier than she is. She hasn't had much sunshine in her life, but she has been pretty brave and I want her to know that I can help her. Why, sometimes it just seemed to me as if I would have to speak right out and tell people to let her alone. They act as though I had been so bad that there was no chance of salvation and they bother her. I suppose it would be a lot better for a boy to do every good thing everybody tells him to, but he don't always know that. I would like to tell Joe just what I told him before I died, that he will have to take my place and his own help to make mother's life easier. I will fix up a good place for her if she ever comes over here. I don't see where else she can go, but come right over here as I did. Much obliged to you."

Charles Gerrish.

Here is the spirit of a man about forty-five years old who is so much in need that it seems important to speak for him. His name is Charles Gerrish, and he says, "I am a Massachusetts man, practically a Boston man, for I used to come to Boston for all my business. I am anxious to reach my wife, Annie. I have so much to tell her about my affairs. Joe did not do what he ought. He meant to, but it was neglected, and now I have come just to remind her that she must remind him that there is something more to do. I never left my affairs in any unsettled state and it frets me to see them hanging as they are now. It is the only thing that bothers me in this new life. My father and I are reconciled. That always troubled me. I always thought that if I could explain to him he would understand me better, and he does, so that helps me much. I'd like Annie to go to a good medium that I can speak through, and let me advise her more definitely. I can help her not only about the business, but can help her about her health. Do not let anyone laugh her out of it. Thank you."

Minnie Hill.

There is a woman. I think she is about thirty, small and bright as a flower. Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue, and she is not so pretty as she is vivacious and bright. She says to me, "Well, that is pretty good! Most women like to be called pretty, and it is sort of hard to hear you say I am not. My name is Minnie Hill. I lived in Michigan, Grand Rapids. I taught school. I think I liked my work, at least I always did, think so when I was doing it. I got very tired, and I had nervous prostration. I could not seem to get hold of myself to get well. I did not care whether I lived or not after I got so worn out. Nothing seemed worth the effort. I know that everybody said it was a shame to have me go, but I did not know what that meant till I got over here. Of course, it was just a case of slow suicide. I kept neglecting myself; thought I could do everything, and I could not. My mother and father are both alive. They talk about me as though the end of the world came when I died. They touch everything I ever used with an air as if it were something holy. I laugh, for I can't feel any of that awful tragedy about it that they do. I am so surprised to find my mother crying when I am so near her, and she does not seem to know it. Why, it seems to me that she must know I am there, but I am quite sure she does not. I walk about the streets and see my friends, and then I think, 'There, what's the use! There is no satisfaction to see and not be seen.' I have seen all sorts of things over here. All the people are not angelic because they have died. It is strange to see some of them fight to get back. Aunt Mattie and Uncle Will are taking care of me—that is, I live with them, and am going on with my painting and by the time my friends get over here I hope I shall be as great an artist as Raphael. Of course that's a joke, but I hope I can do some things that I always wanted to do and did not have time. I send my love to all my friends—Maud and Grace and Julia, and I thank you people more than I can express for letting me come."

The Sunset Limited.

Oh, Hush-a-By Land is a beautiful place For sleepy small people to go. And the Rock-a-By Route is the favorite one With a certain wee-liddle I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down. No accidents ever take place; Though there's only one track, there is only one train, But it runs at a wondrous pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this route. If you're good you may take just a peep; But, strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams; So be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the sun, for he's off to bed, too— He can't hear you, so just wave your hand; The moon and the stars they will light up the cars As you travel to Hush-a-By Land.

So, quick, jump aboard! It is time to be off. You have nothing to pay, you young elf. Just think of the luxury, liddle, you'll have— A whole sleeping-car to yourself.

Frederic B. Hodgins.

A Millionaire's Economy.

An anecdote of John D. Rockefeller, hitherto unpublished, was heard recently by the writer. The money king was at a Florida watering place. He asked a lady, and if she would write a telegram for him. Of course she gladly complied. This was the telegram which was sent under the rich man's frank:

"Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Cleveland, O.: Send me my old golf cap. Send it by mail, not by express, to save expense."

John D. Rockefeller.

Paley's watch must give place to a flower, the indwelling principle of life not made, but growing.—John Fiske.

The Question Bureau.

CONDUCTED BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This department of the "Banner of Light" is not intended for personal matters, nor can the conductor undertake under any circumstances to answer questions by mail. It is intended to deal with matters of general interest, and it is the purpose, if possible, to promote the highest good to the greatest number.

Questions and Answers.

Question.—Seeing you answer questions in the Banner of Light, I would like you to answer these two questions:

1. I attend a developing class each week, and for two days after I suffer with a dreadful headache.

2. Is it all right to "sit" in the room that you sleep in?

Answer.—In reply to the above questions, we can only suggest in reference to the first that the questioner is probably making some mistake by sitting in a circle with persons who are not very well adapted to sit together. Many sensitive people who can be thoroughly good friends and profit by each other's companionship intellectually, are not well adapted to unite for psychic developments when methods commonly employed in "developing circles" are in vogue. The fact of headache for two days after a sitting is sufficient proof that electro-magnetic conditions are not harmonious. It would be well for any sensitive person who attends a meeting which upsets her nervous system to set to work to change either the conduct of the meeting or else her own mental attitude. Probably, the best of all, both. Developing classes are not as a rule harmonious gatherings, because people are collected too miscellaneous, i. e., without due regard for constitutional adaptability. Very often entire strangers are better suited to sit together than near relatives, because of more natural sympathy, or, as Goethe phrased it, elective affinity between them. Small private circles for developing psychic gifts are to be recommended far more than promiscuous assemblages, and though we gladly admit that some good is often done in public circles, people whose temperaments are unusually sensitive should avoid sitting in them.

Scientific investigation of psychic phenomena or the facts of Spiritualism requires conditions obtainable only when a few congenial fellow students gather together in a spirit of mutual aspiration and helpfulness.

An extremely sensitive nature often experiences a painful jar at a mixed gathering because the mental states and desires of those assembled are not unified, and as headache is distinctly an evidence of disturbed or overwrought nervous conditions, it is a plain evidence that the circle referred to does not possess the balanced mentality necessary for best results.

Ans. Ques. 2.—As to the second question, which concerns sitting for psychic development in a sleeping room, practically everything depends upon how well the apartment is ventilated and how much sunshine is allowed to penetrate its atmosphere. The simple fact that "somebody sleeps" in a room does not unpleasantly affect its psychic condition, but it is not well for an extremely sensitive person to sleep anywhere where the atmosphere is very highly charged with various emanations. After holding any sort of meeting in a room which is to be used later on the same night for sleeping, the apartment should be thoroughly ventilated by opening at least one window top and bottom and leaving the room void of occupancy as long as possible. It is well for the night occupant in such cases to take some simple light refreshment and a short outdoor airing before retiring for the night. When closeness of atmosphere and undue confinement in a room are not permitted, there need be no rigid rule concerning sleeping chambers, but when space permits, it is advantageous to keep a bedroom entirely for purposes of retirement, so as to secure a restful atmosphere.

Life More Abundant.

This is the title of a singularly fine book by Henry Wood, who has once again laid the thoughtful reading public under obligations by producing a work at once readable, popular, simple and profound. The sub-title, "Scriptural Truth in Modern Application," exactly describes the scope and purpose of the volume, which is divided into eighteen chapters, and extends to 313 pages. There is so very much in this book that must appeal to people who wish to become spiritually minded as well as highly rational in their views of all things that its advent will assuredly be hailed with sincere delight in many intelligent and progressive circles. Those iconoclasts who only delight in tearing down, together with those antique conservatives who never depart from time-honored, conventional literalism, will fail to grasp the author's breadth of view, though even they may admire his evident sincerity of purpose, but all who are willing to be free from mental trammels and desire to face situations both genial and fearfully, will find many a passage throwing bright light upon vital problems which are never fully solved, but always in the solving process. Henry Wood displays ripe scholarship and deep insight into spiritual meanings on almost every page. We can recommend such a book most heartily to students and teachers, and indeed to all in every walk of life who are faithfully seeking to avoid extremes and extract the very best out of venerated literature and apply such treasure to the ennobling of daily life. For sale by Banner of Light, \$1.20; postage, 16c. W. J. Colville.

Old Folks Harvest Concert at Onset.

Under the auspices and in behalf of the First Spiritual Church of Onset, on Friday evening, Sept. 29, at the Arcade building, a grand "Old Folks Harvest Concert" was given, interspersed with bright vaudeville attractions. The old ladies and young ladies were exceedingly brilliant in the rendition of their parts. The members of the Village Choir were as follows: Mrs. Belle Burnham of Boston, Miss Lizzie Corlies of Brookline, Mrs. Russell of Quincy, Mrs. Grace Granger of Lynn, Mrs. Olive Pierce of Taunton, Mrs. Frank Washburn of Haverhill, Mr. Horace Cunningham of Worcester; Mrs. Washburn presiding at the organ. Mrs. L. A. Judkins of Boston was conductor and "Mistress of Ceremonies." A pickaninny solo by Miss Lizzie White of Onset, as "Mammy," with a bouquet of flowers; Lillie Tatlow, Madeline Eldridge, Hazel Washburn and Master Earl Reynolds in chorus, carrying black dolls, sang the Lullaby song, "You're Just a Little Nigger, Still You're Mine, All Mine," with chorus in background. They were recalled and gave "Peanutella Pickaninny." It proved a charming picture. A medley of vocal numbers, Miss Ruth Dearth of Ft. Independence and Miss Adeline Vain of Onset, in the "Congo Love Song" with encore, "Oh, Mister Moon," and dance, were very unique. Mrs. Grace Granger, with charming mien of grace and modesty, with Miss Lizzie White,

a charming little subvocal, sang with tender pathos "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," with tree in the distance. They received much applause. Miss Hope Spinney of Attleboro and Miss Vain were enthusiastically received in their never to be forgotten character dress, "Reuben and Rachel." Miss Vain impersonating "Reuben." Very quaint were they, in style and manner. Miss Chandler, vocalist, of Boston, very charmingly rendered the solo, "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town," responding to the encore with the "Last Rose of Summer." Her silvery tones, reverberating through the building like a sweet-toned bell, delighted everyone. Miss Marjorie Bullock of Onset, a bright, merrily and admirably recited "Grandma's Advice," with piano accompaniment, which was heartily received. Miss Florence Spinney of Attleboro sang "Walking Home with Angelina." She responded to an encore. Of course our old friend "Jedediah," with his uncle, aunts and cousins, was there in all his glory. Mrs. F. Peirce sang the solo in good old-fashioned style. Last, but in no way the least, "Old Black Joe" was impersonated, and given in true dandy style by Mrs. Belle Burnham, immediately followed by a "Moonlight Serenade" in "Shadowgraph." Mrs. Burnham being the "Serenader." Mrs. Washburn and Mr. Cunningham impersonated the lovers in pantomime. It created unbounded merriment and terminated the enjoyment of the evening. All went merrily as a marriage bell. After ye, performance, refreshments were served and ye old people engaged in an old-fashioned frolic. Mrs. L. A. Judkins of Boston conducted the affair.

Two tableaux were in order, "The Gypsy Queen," Mrs. Washburn as the gypsy, and "Liberty and the Indian," little Hazel Washburn, a child of five, as Liberty; Mrs. Washburn and Mrs. Burnham as the Indian. Very fine.

Mrs. L. A. Judkins, Boston, Mass.

Now at Onset.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Thirteenth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association.

OUT. 11, 18, 19 AND 20. AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. The N. S. A. convention, to be held in the First Unitarian church in Minneapolis, Minn., promises to be one of the grandest Spiritualist conventions ever held. It will be well for all who can do so to attend this gathering—irrespective of their faith or creed, that they may learn of the important work being done by the national organization of Spiritualists, and as for our own people, they cannot do better than to sacrifice something—if necessary—for the purpose of being in attendance at every session of this assembly.

Notice the array of platform talent expected to participate in the exercises: Prof. W. F. Peck, Rev. Dr. Austin, Will J. Erwood, Mr. and Mrs. Kates, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Resegne, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Fiken, Eva McCoy, Margaret Gaule-Ridinger—with a host of others, all of the best on the public platform.

The musical program to be provided during one-half the sessions by the well known artist, Mme. Ida May Poulson and her aides, and the other half by Paul Zumbach—whose name is sufficient to attract music loving people—with his assistant, will of itself form a most brilliant attraction to our evening meetings.

The business sessions are to be of the utmost interest and importance. No Spiritualist can afford to forego them. Come one and all, from far and near, and give your influence and encouragement to the N. S. A. and its hard working auxiliaries. Secure your rooms at the Nicolet Hotel—at one dollar a day for good accommodations—cave attached—and be sure and come with certificate railroad tickets that you may return for one-third fare.

Don't forget the Lyceum and its work. This will be presented at the convention by John W. King, Lyceum superintendent. He will tell you much you need to know concerning the spiritual care of children. In short, come and listen to all the good things that we have in store for you. All meetings open to the public and free.

Mary T. Longley,

N. S. A. Secretary.

A Notre Dame Lady.

I will send free with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhoea, Uterine Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Desire to Cry, Creeping feeling up the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles, to all sending address. To mothers of suffering daughters I will explain a Successful Home Treatment. If you decide to continue it will only cost about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure. Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask. If you are interested write now and tell your suffering friends of it. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 337, Notre Dame, Ind.

"He's got something new to growl about at last."

"And what is it?"

"The spots on the sun ain't big enough to cast cool shadows in summer time."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.

By EPES SARGENT.

The author takes the ground that since Natural Science is based upon a knowledge of real phenomena, and which are not only historically important, but are directly presented in the literature of daily consciousness, it is a very natural conclusion that there is a NATURAL SCIENCE, and that it is outside of nature, is UNSCIENTIFIC AND UNPHILO-SOPHICAL.

ALL THIS IS CLEARLY SHOWN. The book describes many particular investigations in psychic phenomena by Mr. Sargent, including the NOTED MEDIUMS (with a full description of their powers) and the MEDIUMS OF THE FUTURE (now in Boston) AS MEDIUMS. These were the mediums in which REV. JOSEPH J. COOK took part as active part and FURNISHED THE EVIDENCE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS in his Boston Monday Lectures.

Published and for sale by Banner of Light, \$1.10 postpaid.

The Life of Jehoshua THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH.

An Occult Study and a Key to the Bible Containing History of Initiates.

By Franz Hartmann, M. D.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

Society News.

Correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Editor, and must reach this office by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure insertion the same week. We wish to assist all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

Boston and Vicinity.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor.—Morning developing and test circle, many mediums assisting. Afternoon, original poem by Mrs. Dix. Selections by Mrs. Lewis and Prof. Peak. Messages by Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. Wilkinson. Evening song service, led by Mrs. Lewis. Selections by Prof. Maynard. Recitations: Miss Lottie Nichols, Mrs. Starkey, Miss Olive Hatch, Misses Nichols, Miss Nettie Peters, Mrs. Mabel Witham. In her own sweet way gave comfort to the people. Mrs. Whittemore and Mr. Roberts gave messages. Tuesday afternoon a Spiritual Circle. Thursday afternoon, Psychometry.—Reporter.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1. held a very interesting session Sunday, Oct. 8, with a much larger attendance than on the opening Sunday. New members are joining the association, and a deeper and more earnest interest is manifested than has been in the past. Several old workers were with us today and gave us words of cheer and encouragement. The subject for the day was: "What Should the Lyceum Be?" and was very generally discussed by the school; among those taking part were Miss Frances Luttering, Mrs. Miller, Miss Cooley, Mr. Austin, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Packard, Prof. Arthur and Mrs. Jennie Conant Henderson. Piano duet by Miss Johnson and Mr. Milligan. Vocal duet by Misses Johnson and Peiper. The work for next Sunday is "Friends."—H. C. Berry, conductor.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—Thursday, Oct. 5, midweek circle held as usual, with Mrs. Whall, our president, in the chair. A large circle was present. Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Whall and Mrs. Carter were the mediums for the evening, all doing excellent work. Sunday afternoon circle opened at 3.30. Every chair was filled. Many prominent workers were with us. Specially we mention Mrs. Carter of Malden, Mr. Oliver I. Newcomb of Cambridge, Mrs. Crowell of Lynn, Mrs. J. W. Bird of Everett, Miss Jennie G. Milton of Malden, Mr. Tracy of Chelsea and Mr. Lyons of Randolph, who gave many sweet messages. Much good is being done in this circle. Sunday evening opened with song service at 7.30. Scripture reading by our president. Invocation by Mrs. R. Morton. The speaker of the evening, Mr. Clark Smith of Boston, was introduced. A large and intelligent audience greeted him. Our president with her little guide finished the evening with messages. Closed with benediction. Sunday, Oct. 15, we shall have Madam Bruce of Boston with us.—Mattie J. Eaton, cor. sec.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kenrick St., Brighton. The meeting of Oct. 4 was one of more than usual interest. As the people were gathering for the evening service, a large delegation from the First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge marched in bringing with them a bountiful supply of food. The occasion was a surprise upon Mrs. H. C. Hall, the popular soloist of the First Spiritualist Church. Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, pastor of the church, under the influence of spirit "Bright Light," in a very able, pretty and appropriate manner, presented Mrs. Hall with 48 beautiful roses. It being her birthday, Mrs. Hall received the same with a few well chosen remarks. There were present Isetta B. Sears, A. F. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Stiles, Annie Banks Scott, Mrs. S. Knappe and many others that took part in the exercises of the evening. Meetings every Wednesday evening, 14 Kenrick street, off 147 Foster St., Brighton. Take any Brighton car to Foster St.—D. H. Hall, pres.

Waverley V. S. U. Home, Oct. 1, 1905.—"What a wonderful impetus Modern Spiritualism has given to the world, concerning what may be called a knowledge of spiritual states of existence," said a speaker today. Church synods, conclaves and conventions are called periodically to direct, control or direct the great ground swell of spiritual aspirations that come up from the common people, and which now overwhelms the high church dignitaries in confusion and consternation. [We bless the mission of Spiritualism, for it has created for us a new world, and a more loving and beautiful ideal of God; it has dispelled our fears and instilled in our hearts a higher sense of honor and the responsibilities of life here; it has given us assurances of the persistence and personality of our own lives after death; it has changed our idea of a wrathful God into a kind and loving father, who loves his children better than all things beside. The meeting was presided over today by Mrs. M. M. Kemp, president of the Spirit of Truth Society; opening prayer by Mr. Swetzer; address by Mrs. Lowe of Hopkinton; messages by Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. S. E. Hall; remarks by Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Sprague, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hicks.—J. H. Lewis.

Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St., Thursday evening, Oct. 5th.—The Ladies' Spiritualist Industrial Society, Mrs. Belcher, president, held its first meeting for the season of 1905-06 on the above date, with a very good attendance. The business meeting was called at 8.30, followed by supper, after which a social time was enjoyed until 7.45 when the exercises of the evening were opened by an invocation by the president, followed by Dr. Marston with a short address. Mr. Starkey favored us with a poem and Sister Wilkinson talked to us. Mr. Scott was with us and expressed his views, followed by Mrs. Robertson who gave some wonderful communications. The exercises of the evening closed with a benediction by the president. A supper will be served every Thursday evening at 8.30 by this society and meetings at 7.45 with good talent.—N. H. S., sec.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong—Parson. was "George's" subject of the morning and the lesson Isaiah 55. Geo. L. Baker then spoke, after which Mrs. Lewis gave a few words. Our pastor spoke with earnestness and Mrs. Moore gave inspired words. Messages were given, after which Mrs. Morgan sang a solo. John VII, 16, Education and Progress, was the subject of the afternoon. After George had spoken, Mr. Chase of Lynn was very much enjoyed. Mrs. Gray then spoke, after which a poem was read by Mr. Greenwood. Messages and communications were given. Matt. 25, "Overcoming," was the subject of the evening. After George had spoken Miss Stone gave messages. Mr. Sturtevant gave a poem. Mr. Kettle gave inspired verse and many messages, also Mrs. Morgan.—A. M. E., clerk.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, 5 Appleton St., held its first meeting of the season Friday evening, Oct. 7. After the singing of America by the audience C. Fannie Allyn made some interesting remarks, followed by remarks and messages from Mrs. Zwalnow, president of Cambridge society, Mrs. Whall, president of Malden society, Mr. Whall, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Roberts. Greetings were sent from Mrs. Willis, who was unable to attend. Benediction by Mrs. Shackley. Don't forget our supper at 6 every Friday.—Annie A. Haynes, sec.

First Spiritualist Church (Inc.), 575 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass., Annie Banks Scott, pastor.—Meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Sunday, Oct. 1st, the afternoon and evening services were both flower services. "Bright Light," the spirit guide, read from flowers brought by those attending, and many impressive and instructive proofs of spirit return were given. Very large audiences were present at both services. Sunday, Oct. 8, afternoon meeting was held as a test circle, a number of mediums taking part. The evening meeting was a very interesting one. Mr. McLaughlin of Watertown was present and related his experience finding his boy through the instrumentality of spirit "Snow Drop." Sunday, Oct. 15, Mrs. F. Bird of Everett will assist in the exercises of the day.—D. H. Hall, clerk.

Malden, The American Psychical Research Society, Harvey Redding, president.—The second meeting of our society was held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Malden, Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7.30, a large number being present. Meeting opened with song service. Scripture reading and remarks by the president. Poem entitled, "The Harvest," by "Cyrus the Persian." Solo, Mrs. Elizabeth Costa, sweetly rendered. Mr. Pye of Wakefield with his usual and very fine communications. Solo by Mr. Geo. Willey. Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave a pleasing address. Mr. Redding's guides gave convincing proof of spirit return. Meeting closed with benediction by Mrs. Burnham.—E. J. Trott, cor. sec.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society Lyceum.—Sunday afternoon, Oct. 8. Our Lyceum was opened at 2 p. m. Quite a number of children were present, making six classes. Teachers were selected. The exercises were gone through with great interest. Mr. James B. Hatch rendering valuable assistance. List of officers for the Lyceum: J. R. Milton, conductor; Mr. Mathews, assistant conductor; Mrs. Sheriff and Mrs. Crocker, guardians; Mr. Huntington and Mr. Tracy, readers; Miss Jennie Milton, secretary and musical director.

New England States.

Portland, Me., First Spiritual Society, Myrtle Hall, Oct. 8.—We had very large audiences and very successful meetings both afternoon and evening. Mr. M. A. Graham of Boston was with us and our speaker. He gave in the afternoon a very pleasant talk, giving his ideas of being spiritual. His messages were fine and were all recognized. In the evening he took his discourse from a poem, "The Ship," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He gave very beautiful messages and the audiences appreciated them very much.—Francis W. Vaughan, clerk.

Salem, Mass., Oct. 8.—The Spiritual Research Society, 53 Washington St., commenced its services at 11.30 by holding a grand circle, conducted by Healer Fowler. Much interest is being manifested in these morning meetings, and all mediums and those interested in unfolding their psychic powers are invited to attend. At 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. Mr. James A. Litchman and Mrs. Randlett, of Boston, occupied the rostrum. Mrs. Randlett delivered two lectures on Biblical Spiritualism and Mr. Litchman gave communications which were all recognized. Next Sunday, Oct. 15, we have Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell, one of the most spiritual Spiritualists in America. On Wednesday evening the society will hold its regular week night circle at 175 Essex St. All are welcome.—E. E. Woodberry, sec.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held two very successful meetings on the 8th. Mrs. Annie R. Chapman of Brighton was the medium and was very pleasing both in lectures and tests. Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden next Sunday.—A. E. Jordan, clerk.

Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 8.—Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday. There was a very large attendance at both services. The morning address was followed by many convincing spirit messages. The medium's circle and song service was much appreciated by all present. The subject at the evening service, "A life is a life as long as it is used to give life," was ably presented and supplemented by many messages from the spirit side of life. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections. Mrs. M. A. Jacob of Lawrence, test medium, will address the society next Sunday.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Lake Pleasant Notes.—Mrs. Julius A. Rice gave a Birthday Party on Oct. 2 in honor of the 89th anniversary of the birth of her mother, G. Mrs. P. G. Laughton. Cakes, tea and cakes were served, and a decorated birthday cake. A beautiful inspirational poem, with pleasant prophecies for the future, was voiced by the veteran medium, Mrs. Bishop. A pleasant social gathering. Among the guests were the following: Mrs. Yeaton, Mrs. Soper, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Pease, Mrs. Gullford, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Rounsaville, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Clapp and Mrs. Baldwin.

Among the late arrivals taking advantage of the beautiful fall weather are the following: Mrs. Kelsey and family, Mrs. Bickford and family, Mr. Freeman's family.

Mr. and Mrs. Yeaton and Mrs. Soper return to their winter homes Tuesday, also Mrs. Waterhouse.

Mrs. P. G. Laughton will return to her winter home of her daughter in Milton, Mass., this week.

Mr. Julius A. Rice is putting on an addition to Mrs. Jones' house on the bluff.—Mrs. Julius A. Rice.

Lake Pleasant is just now in the prime of beauty. The foliage royally drapes the trees with gold and crimson, purple and orange. The haze veils the hills with mystic suggestion, and the air is mild and balmy. It is the most lovely part of the year.—Sara Williamson.

The Field at Large.

Washington, D. C., First Spiritualist Society.—Mr. Colville is lecturing to good audiences in the Capitol City, under the auspices of the First Spiritualist Association. He holds classes in different parts of the city. His lectures are free from dogmatism. Any one wishing for a larger unfoldment and a higher expression will do well to attend his lectures. The student is led from lesson to lesson by an inspiring influence as the inspired teacher unfolds the truth. The Auxiliary of the First Association held the first meeting for the year at Mr. F. A. Woods. After the business meeting Prof. and Mrs. Longley sang one of their beautiful songs.

Mrs. E. Brooks favored us with a solo. At 9 o'clock Mr. Colville arrived and gave about twenty personal poems, which each recipient enjoyed. The local mediums in the audience are V. E. O. L. Kessler, Mrs. M. A. Price, Mrs. Ella Royal Williams. The Educational Society opened their meetings as usual. Mrs. M. T. Longley, secretary of the N. S. A., was the speaker for the evening, and her lectures are always inspiring. Prof. Longley presided at the piano.—E. R. Fielding.

Elkhart, Indiana, The Elkhart Spiritual Society.—We are indebted to the local paper for the following account of Mr. Edgerly's work at the opening service of the season: Oscar A. Edgerly, of Lynn, Mass., appeared before a small but appreciative audience at Shiloh Hall Sunday morning in the initial lecture of a series to be delivered under the auspices of the Elkhart Spiritual Society. The speaker announced that his first effort would be in the nature of a preface to those following and stated out by defining Spiritualism as meaning naturalism. Nothing is supernatural but all phenomena are the result of the operation of natural law. He compared the seance room of the medium to the laboratory of the scientist, both being necessary for the demonstration of the truth of a previously held theory. The lecturer gave evidence of the highest culture and refinement, and his language and manner on the rostrum are above criticism. The society is to be congratulated for having secured so able an exponent of their Cause.

Victoria, B. C., Psychical Society of Spiritualists.—The east was afire with the kiss of the dawn, as the bound steamer "The Princess Victoria," rounded the last point of land, and brought in sight the British Columbian Capital, Victoria, backed by a range of snow-capped mountains, half-circled by forests, and gazing-narcissus like—at her own beauty in the waters of Foca Straits.

It was Sunday, and a stately quiet held possession of the streets, which, it was noticeable, did not bear the appearance of having been the scene of a Saturday night's saturnalia, but were clean and orderly.

From the magnificent government buildings, which rank among the handsomest in America, floated the British flag; reminding us that on this side of the invisible line we had crossed at daylight the time is "God Save the King," not "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

The Psychical Society of Spiritualists meets in the commodious and centrally located K. of P. hall. Its president is Mr. A. Williams, a courteous English gentleman, who fills the chair with marked efficiency. Mr. Geo. Marsden is treasurer, and Mrs. Hannah Wall, secretary.

I found my room sweet with the fragrance of flowers, by this lady's thoughtful kindness, to greet me.

In this climate—that of the south of England—and amid the charming scenery that includes the islands and bays of the straits, the Gulf of Georgia, the beautiful Olympic Mountains to the south, and the white cone of Mount Baker to the east, one must surely realize a quickened inspiration, to be manifested—let us hope—in work that shall tell for the cause of Spiritualism in Victoria.

Heaven Stuart-Richings. The Psychical Research Society.—I would like to say just a few words in favor of an old worker in the field, yet new, as I believe the lady has not spoken on the Spiritual rostrum for some time. I refer to Helen Stuart-Richings. Her subject last Sunday was "The Higher Aspect of Spiritualism." It was very finely handled by the lady. Her psychic readings toward the close of the meeting were very good, indeed. We intend keeping this talented speaker a short time and are only sorry that we cannot keep her longer, as she intends going East in about a month, to take up a wider field of work.—Hannah Hall, secretary.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Mrs. Dix, whose inspirational poems have so often been a feature of the Ladies' Aid and other weekly meetings in Boston, and whose power of expression is strong and unflinching, has decided to accept calls for lectures and messages, and can be addressed care "Banner of Light."

Pittsburg, Pa.—The Pittsburg Leader, of October 2, briefly reports the opening meetings of Rev. George W. Kates and wife, of Philadelphia, who are to serve at the Spiritualists' church, Bouquet street, during October. Yesterday they held two services before large audiences. Mrs. Kates lectured at the morning service. She outlined Spiritualism as a great reformer and builder for good in this world and unfoldment in the soul-life. She claims that Spiritualism is being accepted by the intelligent thinkers of the world, and spirit phenomena is being proved by the most noted scientists.

Rev. Mr. Kates addressed the evening meeting upon "Royal Values," based upon the following: "For we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out."—I. Timothy, vi. 7.

He considered this to be a very gloomy view of life and wondered at the old prophet making such a mistake; for it is decidedly materialistic. This statement teaches absolute creation and positive death. Lots of people who claim to be laying up treasures in heaven will never see them again, he said, but all who achieve the realities of soul power here will be sure to have their benefits hereafter. The speaker discussed evidences of soul, and showed that nature proves soul to be life, energy, force, divinity and an eternal principle. The true value of soul is expressed by evolution, which goes forward into a possible eternal progression.

Mrs. Kates gave spirit messages and descriptions in her usual happy and satisfactory manner.

C. L. Willis will accept a number of calls for lectures and test work during the fall and winter. Address 514 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Notices under this head will be inserted free when not exceeding twenty lines in length, beyond that charge of fifteen cents per line will be made. About seven words make a line.]

ALBERT JOSELYN.

Albert Joselyn passed away at his brother's home in South Hanson, Mass., Oct. 2. He had spent his summers in Onset since his inception and his winters in Florida. He was an earnest Spiritualist and at the age of 73 has gone to continue his spiritual life.

Geo. Mostow, Onset, Mass.

We recommend the following utterances of Eben Holden, in the book bearing that title, to every Spiritualist as being essential to the present condition:

"We want him to be a high stepper, have a slick coat, kind of a top head and a lot of ginger."

"Keep your head cool with philosophy, your feet warm with travel and don't worry about your heart."

These will serve us pretty well, at this particular time.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 24, Copyrighted, 1904, by G. E. Webster.)

Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

The following Table is an INDIVIDUAL daily guidance for all, such as was never before presented to the world in a public manner. The daily guides as presented in the ephemerides and in public prints are of a general and not of individual import.

Birth No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Sept. 17-25	E	K	B	F	G							
26-30	M	E	K	B	F	G						
Oct. 1-4	M	E	K	B	F	G						
5-8	G	M	E	K	B	F						
9-12	G	M	E	K	B	F						
13-16	F	G	M	E	K	B						
17-20	F	G	M	E	K	B						
21-24	B	F	G	M	E	K						
25-28	B	F	G	M	E	K						
29-31	K	B	F	G	M	E						
32-35	K	B	F	G	M	E						
36-39	E	K	B	F	G	M						
40-43	E	K	B	F	G	M						

The number especially ruling during the above period is No. 7.

This table has appeared in the "Banner" for one entire year with explanations for the Solar birth numbers. Privileges to obtain a key for all the other numbers have been gratuitously given to all subscribers of the "Banner," and for a payment of 10 cents the same privilege has been given to other readers of the "Banner." The table should by this time be well understood by those who have taken interest in it; hence, it is a waste of space to further continue the publication of the Key principle. We need the space for other valuable matters along these lines. We have testimonies from all parts of the world, where the "Banner" is read and appreciated, to the effect that these tables are all right as far as they go. Any scientific astrologer, or

astronomer, knows that they are correct, if they have caught on to the principle of their compilation. By adept astrologers they may be used for brief readings the same as with an ephemeris. They have not been published in the "Banner" as an astrological catch-penny advertisement, but as an eye-opener to the mysteries of the divine of all sciences known to the human race. They have cost the compiler a great amount of time and expense, as will in no way be rewarded this side of the great beyond. If any have failed to learn their daily helpfulness, it is their own fault and no fault of ours. "Banner" subscribers are already supplied with the Key, unless they neglected the opportunity. Hereafter the Key will be supplied only to New Subscribers without expense. In the next few numbers of the "Banner" we will devote the "Chats with the Professor" to throwing additional light upon these tables, such light may be deemed to be necessary. If any readers of the "Banner" are yet in the dark concerning the usefulness of these tables, if they will inform Prof. Henry, wherein lies their failure to understand, he will elucidate the matter in the clearest manner possible in the "Chats with the Professor."

Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. All of Prof. Henry's published works are on sale at the "Banner" office. Students of astrology who have spent years in the study of the old methods have freely declared that they have received more light on this subject through the Wonder Wheel System than ever obtained from their other books, and yet at first they were prejudiced against the Wonder Wheel just as other people are prejudiced against things which they have not learned to appreciate. "We will know each other better by and by."

Chats with the Professor—No. 24.

MORE FOOD FOR THOUGHT—THE PANIC.

"Rockefeller says the American people are to suffer from their greatest panic. With his one thousand millions of dollars I suppose he might get up quite a little panic on his own hook," said the doctor.

"What if he did?" replied the professor. "It would injure no one but those who are destined to be injured at the time that his panic is on. Do you not know that Nebuchadnezzar at one time became so proud of his gifts from on high that he thought that he ran the universe, but somehow or other his taste for pade-de-foi was changed and he took to eating the grass in the meadows. 'The heavens do rule,' and Rockefeller has no more to do with creating panic than Paddy Miles's boy. Of course some kind of a panic is coming. Uranus in Capricorn denotes that. We have spoken of it, and it will be a panic with blood in the air, but Rockefeller has no more to do with it than the rest of us. If the world's people were wise they might avert the evil effects of the panic, but they could not change its natural sequence in the coming of events. It is not people who are naturally unfortunate who suffer in times of panic. They get just as much then as they ever got, and that is the little end of nothing. In times of panic unfortunate people have company with their constitutional misery. It is the people who have been straining at a gnat to swallow a camel who suffer in hard times. Joseph, the son of Israel, was the unfortunate one of the family when the famine was so prosperous; but when the famine came he was able to discount his brothers' notes. Rockefeller, with all his wealth, has his hard times and his mollygrubs. His stomach aches just the same as does the stomach of Jim Jags in the poorhouse. Rockefeller could not be what he is in the financial market if he poor 'chumps' did not permit him so to be. We make the laws of this land, or at least we let other fellows make them for us, exactly as they are made. If, as a people, we did not like to have civil matters permit them to remain so. Divinity only makes 'CONDITIONS, and we, in our ignorance, make the events as they are. They might be easily changed, but if anyone attempted to even suggest a method of relief before the trials came, the suggestion would be figuratively mobbed or ostracized. That is one of the strongest proofs of the fact that man is subject to the laws of fate, for when he thinks himself sailing along smoothly he pays heed to the warning that a maelstrom is ahead of him. In the Boston Traveler, of 1890, I stated that the next four years would be years of 'grab, and I guess it has proved to be true. In 1893, I spoke of the conditions which Rockefeller now 'cents in the air. I gave the conditions, year by year from that date, and I did not shoot wide of the mark. I carried the matter up to 1908, the ending of the Mercury cycle, and 1909, the beginning of the Mars cycle. Rockefeller now says it will be in 1907 and 1908. Between now and then, I said, the war drums would be beaten, and people who had been selling their souls for cents a bunch, in an endeavor to get something for nothing and to get rich quick, would be hunting for some convenient place to hide their heads. It is the heavens that speak these things and not Rockefeller, nor your humble servant. Tongues are for disbelievers, but prophecies are for believers. Tongues are but the instruments of the Divine. Mankind, when suffering with swelled heads, is very apt to invite Mr. Tongue to go and hire a hall. Mr. Rockefeller has passed his astrological good time in life and his money cannot save him from the planetary laws. Behind his financial mask he has his depression, that is just as bitter for him to bear as are the burdens of the dirt-digging Italian, who munches his butterless loaf of bread at the noon hour, and wishing the hour were twice as long. Rockefeller does not know how to enjoy money. The only things that Rockefeller can enjoy are the things of life which he longs for and only seldom gets. It is the same with us all. We are pretty much like the Dutchman, who demanded his deposits from a bank which he heard had failed. When the money was paid him he cried with astonishment, 'Vott! Vott! you got de money?' 'Certainly,' replied the cashier, 'don't you want it?' 'No, I don't want it if you had got it, but if you don't have got it I want it.' The true facts are that people do not understand the laws of Nature in the making of our civil laws; if they did we might have a condition of affairs that would not only please Rockefeller and his kind, but would please the dirt-digging Italian and 'everybody' else, and at the same time prevent crime without injury to the business of the policeman; prevent sickness without injury to the business of the doctors, etc., etc., but, 'Where ignorance is bliss, the heavens declare, 'tis folly to be wise.'

"Do you have any idea of a way that would prevent the sufferings during a panic?" asked the doctor.

"I would not dare to be so bold as to say that I do," replied the professor. "I will venture, however, to say that I know of a fellow who has such an idea. I would not want to trot him out for fear that he would be crucified before the panic with no good results, because people are not able to accept such ideas until the time for their benefits are passed."

"What law of the heavens is it that creates panics?" asked the doctor.

"The law that creates panics I do not believe to be in the planetary heavens," replied the professor. "The law of panics is in the heedless thought of man. The heavens do not create panics. The people create them. Sudden or unexpected changes, coming to the attention of man throw him into a panic. When man becomes wise enough to heed the signs of the times, as they are written in the heavens, and then prepares himself for the changes denoted, he would not be thrown into a panic when the changes come. If we did not prepare for winter by knowing of its approach, the world would be thrown into a panic from the cold. Coming events always cast their shadows before." The world has learned to note these shadows from worldly indices, just as Rockefeller has, but the general world has neglected to note the heavenly indices, without which the others could not be. The law of changes in the heavens operates upon all things, general and particular, as regularly as the recurrence of eclipses, or of the new moons, or, as regularly as morning changes to noon or day to night. The coming of expected changes for which we are prepared creates no disturbances. No panic can occur for which we are prepared. No famine occurred to Joseph in Egypt. He was prepared. To the rest of the brothers there was a grievous famine because they were unprepared for it. All of the laws of Nature move in cycles, from the infinitesimal second to aeons of time. Each cycle is the antithesis of the preceding cycle, in the order of positive and negative. Like the pendulum of a clock, all matters swing to their extreme in one direction and then in the opposite direction. Foolish man does not heed these natural laws, but strives to push on beyond the limit. In consequence he now and then gets hauled up so suddenly with a jerk that he is thrown off his balance and that is what is called a 'panic.' Nature makes the conditions, but mankind makes the events. These same laws are in force in our daily lives. 'We can't have 'Good and Evil,' but they are never evil only to those who fail to heed them, by expectations contrary to the nature of the prevailing condition. This is the LAW of the Wonder Wheel Tables, which I am endeavoring to elucidate. It is the Sabatarian law, 'Six days shalt thou, etc.' The church has taught us only one feature of that law, and that one has regard only for the species of its own worldly incorporated interests. Our individual interests are ignored except in cases which redound to the worldly glory of the church."

"When was Uranus in Capricorn before?" asked the doctor.

"From 1826 to 29," replied the professor. "In that period, the anti-slavery movement, under Munroe, and the spirit of 'officer, under Jackson, were entered upon, and we have been contending with those matters ever since. Previous to that time Uranus was in Capricorn during King George's War, under which the colonies suffered severely. Now, it is the Truth that are the mice in the meat, the outgrowth of slavery and spoliation, and Nature cries, 'Change!' Rockefeller sees the 'writing upon the wall,' and Daniel has come to judgment."

"Why are the events not always the same, each time that Uranus is in Capricorn?" asked the doctor.

"Because the other cycles are different," replied the professor. "Those are the divergent causes which people in their investigation of astrology fail to recognize, and thereby fail to appreciate these Divine laws. It is impossible for the selfsame event to occur in the selfsame manner, because the selfsame conditions do not recur. That is why these rules are unreliable. It requires good judgment to form even an approximation, just the same as in the case with a judge on the court's bench."

"It is to my mind as immoral for a nation to seek that in which it is not entitled as it is for an individual to steal his neighbor's horse or to pick his neighbor's pocket.—Hon. Walter S. Lazenby."

"...yet I say unto thee, This is the house which Nature constantly touches. Over the dead tree trunk she trains the soft tones of vines and moss, whose tendrils like the deep scars and fissures beneath; even in the sands of the desert the cacti bloom, and over black rocks the wild rose splashes her vermillion.—Mary K. Price."