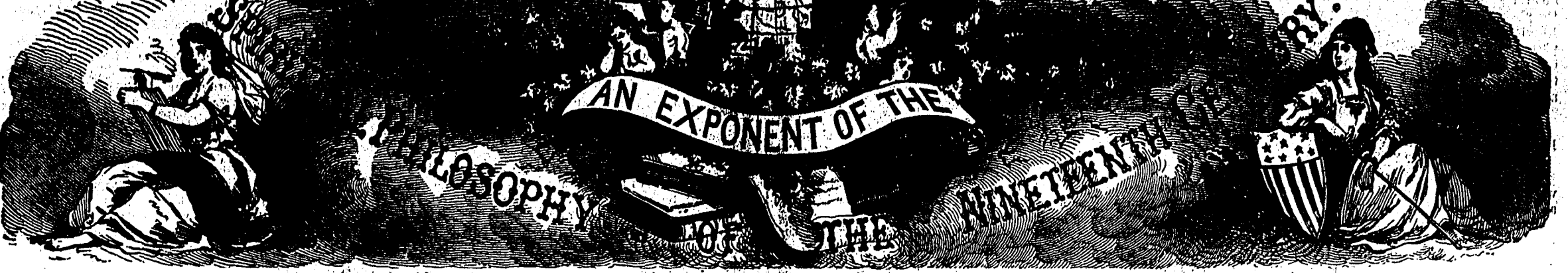


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 10.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LUTHER COLBY.

The angels' Banner-Bearer, crowned with light!
Fronting with fearless faith the frowning world,
He held aloft God's ensign, wide unfurled,
To shed Heaven's peace on Death's despairing night.

Through Truth's long war that standard never fell
From its ideal, so sublimely true;
But brought immortal life and love in view
By the great message it was charged to tell.

No dark word marred his BANNER's sacred scroll.
Each medium's steadfast friend, through storm or shine
He mantled all with love and trust divine—
The golden aura of his own grand soul.

Ah! who can count the hearts he comforted?
Earth's stricken lives he raised, and stayed their tears,
To sing the new song from the spirit-spheres:
"Our loved ones live! they live! there are no dead!"

All life grew bright at that celestial song!
Thou heart of gold, whom trial tarnished not,
View now the heavenly work those full years
wrought:

The whole world welcomes now the spirit-throng.
Behold! thy people rise and call thee blest!
Their love and praise eternal round thee beam.
Thrice-sacred now the Cause we hold supreme,
Since thou, too, hast become a spirit-guest.

Hearken the earth's acclaim to thy new height:
Well done, oh noble soul, thy glorious part!
Beyond the shining veil! yet still thou art
The angels' Banner-Bearer, crowned with light!

JENNIE LEYS

In Memoriam.

Tributes in High Appreciation of
Luther Colby's Life and Work, by
Wm. Foster, Jr., J. Jay Watson,
Dr. J. M. Peebles, Giles B. Stebbins
and George A. Fuller.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Well did Lizzie Doten sing:
"The world hath felt a quaking breath
From heaven's eternal shore,
And souls, triumphant over death,
Return to earth once more."

And Brother Colby, "triumphant," has
returned.
"Across the voiceless crystal sea"
with words of cheer, with an assurance that
"Death's cold wave does not divide
The souls we love from ours."

Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 6th and 7th, I
felt somewhat depressed, thoughts of Bro.
Colby being uppermost in my mind. I had
intended to visit him the previous week, but
the weather changes so affected me that I felt
in no condition to make any extra exertion.
I thought I would go Sunday; but that morning
had an impression, somewhat vague, that
it was best to remain at home. Monday morning
a letter from Bro. Day, informing me of
the transition on Sunday, explained why I
had not carried out my intentions.

Monday afternoon I was dozing two or three
hours in somewhat of a lethargic condition.
Coming to myself early in the evening, I was
moved to retire to my library; taking plan-
chette—which I had not used for three or four
months—and sitting at the table, I sensed the
presence of spirits, among them Bro. Colby.
As soon as I placed my hand on the instru-
ment I became conscious of a power, and there-
upon was written the following message:

Brother Foster: I have crossed the river.
Age and work combined taxed my vital pow-
ers and carried me over. Well, I have the sat-
isfaction of feeling that my activities were not
in vain. The best of my life I gave to Spiritu-
alism. I have nothing to regret. In some
cases friends became enemies. Friend Foster,
ingratitude was hard to bear; it stung me at
times, but it is all over now; let it pass and
henceforth be forgotten. Be assured my lab-
ors are not ended. I shall remain in the har-
ness and give my power and influence to THE
BANNER. Let Spiritualists rally around it,
bearing it aloft, that it may do a greater work
than ever before.

Old friend, I carry your memory with me,
for you were true as the needle to the pole,
and one whom I loved to commune with. For
some twenty-five years our intercourse and
friendship existed, and it will not cease now.
I will not say good-by or farewell, for we have
not parted. Your labors are not ended; there
is work for you to do. For some time you have
had an idea as to the course to pursue, and it
will soon open more fully.

LUTHER.

Since receiving the foregoing, I have had a
personal interview, and our meeting more and
more forced upon me the truth of spirit-mat-
terialization. It was at the Sunday evening
(Oct. 14th) séance of Mrs. Wm. H. Allen. Soon
after the entrance of Mrs. Allen into the cabi-
net, and a greeting from the control, Nago,
there were three loud raps, very loud, when I
said: "Luther, are you here?" when there
were like raps in response, in affirmation.
Nothing more was said; several forms having
appeared, the curtain parted, and a form
reached out to me, when I stepped forward
and was given a hearty shake of the hand, the
form exclaiming "Luther!" "Yes," said I,
"there is no mistake; Luther Colby is truly
here," partially turning to the sitters: "The
general appearance is his unmistakably, more
perfect and exact than was to be expected un-
der the circumstances."

He said he was weak, being more or less af-
fected on coming to the material plane, but
this would only be temporary. In time the
old conditions would be overcome, and he

should possess his full power. He said he com-
municated with me the Monday evening fol-
lowing translation, and that I might expect
more in the future; especially would he strive
to impress me in writing for THE BANNER.
"I have done with earth," said he, "as a hu-
man, but not as a spirit; I have no less devo-
tion now than before the transition; and when
my strength shall fully come I shall find chan-
nels for my activities."

He then retired, apparently sinking through
the floor.
These later experiences of mine—this com-
ing of Bro. Colby—has added fresher rainbow
tints to life, even Death itself, proving it to be
the gateway to Immortal Life. I recall two
stanzas of Louise Phillips's poem, "Released":

"T is a wondrous thought to be dead,
And to be evermore past the dying,
On the wings of eternal youth upborne,
The stars in their courses outflung.
We have called death the end,
When it is, really, just the beginning;
What a trifling price, the earth-life, to pay
For an immortality's winning."

WM. FOSTER, JR.
Providence, 16 Pease street.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I owe my early acquaintance with dear Mr.
LUTHER COLBY through an outcome of the
terrible Modoc Indian war. Shortly after Col.
Alfred B. Meacham arrived in New York with
a remnant of the "Modoc" tribe of Indians,
for the high and holy purpose of aiding these
poor, downtrodden and almost friendless peo-
ple to tell the "palefaces" about their side of
the story, a remarkable combination of circum-
stances threw Col. Meacham and myself into al-
most daily communication. Although the Colo-
nel's mission was a grand one, he was met with
doubt and discouragement on every hand. At
the opening night the hall was almost empty,
scarcely a dozen persons being present. Mat-
ters continued to go from bad to worse, until
the brave and noble-hearted Meacham became
nearly disheartened. The great name of Wen-
dell Phillips, who came to New York with his
matchless eloquence, (and freely expended it,)
failed to create a sentiment of pity or even a
passing interest in the woes of the downtrodden
wards of our nation, and scarcely a score of
people could be induced to listen to the sil-
ver-tongued orator on the afternoon that he
pleaded for the rights of the Indian, in the great
hall of the Cooper Union.

At Col. Meacham's request I met Mr. Phillips
at his hotel, and we held a consultation as to
the best method to pursue in order to raise
funds to return the Indians back to their reser-
vations. Mr. Phillips, besides giving his ser-
vices gratuitously as a lecturer, generously
handed us his check for \$100, and I was de-
puted to collect funds from those who sym-
pathized with the Colonel and his noble cause.

My first move was to visit Boston, and my
first call was made on Mr. LUTHER COLBY. As
I was walking toward the office of THE BAN-
NER, I met an acquaintance and gave him a
short account of my mission, at the same time
I remarked that I was about to call upon Mr.
Colby, Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Look-
ing at me with a sort of incredulous smile, he
said, "You won't get anything from him, he's an
old bear." I already had been advised of some
of Mr. COLBY's peculiarities, and had a strong
desire to see him, as I was satisfied that he was
a man of marked individuality. Arriving at
THE BANNER office, I asked the clerk at the
desk if the bear was in. Gazing at me a mo-
ment, as if questioning my sanity, he remarked
that there were no bears in the building that
he was aware of. "Is the editor in?" I then
asked. "Yes, if you wish to see Mr. Colby
you will find him in his office," rejoined the
clerk. A rather vigorous rap at the door of the
editor's sanctum resulted in an equally vigor-
ous invitation to "come in." A rather minis-
terial-looking gentleman was seated at a desk,
and I at once repeated my question, "Is the
bear in?" With an inquiring look, mingled
with evident surprise at such an unusual query,
Mr. COLBY quietly informed me that this was
"not a menagerie." "Well, sir," said I, "I was
told less than ten minutes ago that there was an
old bear in this building, and I decided to call
upon you for further information." "There are
no bears here, sir," again rejoined the editor, evi-
dently cogitating in his mind if it would not be
wise to call a policeman. A merry laugh on my
part soon put matters in their pristine condi-
tion, and in a few moments we were on the
best of terms.

Before leaving Mr. COLBY's office, he handed
me a \$10 bill to apply to the relief of the In-
dians, and gave me a promise, unasked, to for-
ward to them \$20 more later on, for the same
good purpose, a promise which he religiously kept.

During my Dime Entertainments, for the
poor boys and girls in the great hall of the
Cooper Union, in New York City, this nature's
nobleman, entirely unselfish, sent funds to
further the interests of this work. It seemed
to me that it was a sort of religion in Mr. Col-
by's nature to do good.

In after years while we were laughing and
chatting over the old bear episode, he remarked:
"Yes, Watson, people won't or can't under-
stand me, and," continued he, with a merry
twinkle in his eye, "you know even bears can't,
or at least won't, hug everybody."

I have received many very interesting let-
ters from Mr. COLBY during the past three
years; some of them had a tinge of sadness and
caused me no little uneasiness. In my replies
I endeavored to disabuse his mind of the fears
he expressed that his old friends were not as
cordial as he could have wished.

As he drew near the end of his earthly pil-

grimage, his warm heart seemed to grow still
more tender toward every one, and his extreme
sensitivity to increase in like ratio.

At our last interview I was alluding to some
accident that had occurred. Suddenly wheel-
ing around and looking me intently in the eye,
he calmly, and in a most subdued voice, asked,
"Are there any accidents?" To this pertinent
question I could only reiterate Col. Robert G.
Ingersoll's famous saying, "Let's be honest and
say we don't know." Well may Gerald Mas-
sey's touching lines so aptly applied by Mr.
Thomas Lees in his recent letter to THE BAN-
NER, again be quoted:

"Of such as he was, there be few on earth;
Of such as he was, there be many in Heaven;
And life is all the sweeter that he lived,
And death is all the fairer that he died,
And Heaven is all the brighter that he's there."

J. JAY WATSON.

255 West 43d street, New York City.

From a letter written to the editor by the
Spiritual Picking, Dr. Peebles, in answer to one
forwarded to him announcing the demise of
Mr. Colby, we take the liberty of making the
following extracts:

Another old time-veteran, another strong
man in our spiritual Israel, another faithful and
battle-scarred soldier in the front ranks of
Spiritualism, has been called from labor—from
the labors of earth to the rest and the refresh-
ments of Heaven.

LUTHER COLBY, after careful and critical in-
vestigation, became a Spiritualist—when it cost
something to be a pronounced Spiritualist. And
yet, from the hour of his conviction and
conversion to the grand truth, he never for a
moment swerved, nor faltered in defending it
with voice and pen. No matter how dark the
cloud, he saw the sun shining above it. No in-
difference chilled his zeal; no vague reports
prejudiced his judgment; no disaster checked
his soul-felt ardor, nor cooled his intense love
for the grand uplifting truths engendered in and
connected with the Spiritual Philosophy. He
will live in the history of Spiritualism on earth
immortal, for no truth can die nor principle
perish.

Mortal he was, and momentarily impulsive
he may have been, when weighed down by the
burdens of pressing responsibilities and by a
daily flood of letters, bringing many of them,
scheming, selfish auras; and yet, under all these
trying conditions and struggles for the right
and the true, there beat a heart as gentle and
tender as a woman's.

LUTHER COLBY, though a man of strong
convictions, ever counseled peace, and the ex-
ercise of that charity toward others that "en-
dureth all things."

Though for four years editor of the Western
Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and
corresponding for its columns for thirty years,
more or less—intimately acquainted necessarily
with the proprietors and editors of THE
BANNER, I can conscientiously say I have never
known more honorable, upright men; and
of LUTHER COLBY, I unhesitatingly say that
for good intentions, for sterling integrity, for
tenacious memory, for willingness to praise
rather than censure others, for charity toward
those who differed from him, for sympathy to-
ward sensitive, persecuted mediums and for
consecration to the truth of Spiritualism, he
had no superior. The influence of his life and
character and work will grow with the coming
ages. "Being dead," like Abel of old, "he yet
speaketh," and he will continue to speak, both
as a conscious communicating spirit and a noble,
earnest life-work through all time. Peace to
his mortal remains, joy, joy to his higher, new-
born existence.

J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been of late somewhat aside from
the tide of current events, I learned but lately
of the transition of LUTHER COLBY. Weighed
down by the burthen of eighty years, doubt-
less he would say, with the apostles: "To die
is gain." Surely he had no fear, for the change
was but passing to a higher stage of life.

Few men have been faithful and abundant
in labor for a high end for so long a time. For
thirty-seven years he was the guiding genius
of his beloved BANNER OF LIGHT—to set be-
fore a waiting world, in its columns, the power
and presence and influence of the dwellers in
the spirit-world the central and inspiring idea
and aim of his increasing efforts. He sought to
save humanity by giving light from the spirit-
world for their help and guidance. He was
faithful to the supernatural intelligences, in the
full belief that thus he could best be sure of
their help in his daily life, and he made the
BANNER OF LIGHT known and recognized as
valuable by spiritual thinkers in every coun-
try of the civilized world.

He wrought in his own way and by his own
light, as all must, and those who could not
always agree with him recognized and honored
his large usefulness.

As I saw and knew him, I recognized be-
neath all external perturbations an under-
current of kindly and tender feeling.

Our ascended friend was doubtless met on
the celestial shore by those who knew and
prized him here; and who would say: "Well
done, good and faithful servant. Enter into
the joy of thy larger work, aided by heavenly
wisdom and love to make it better than ever."

Detroit, Mich.

G. B. STEBBINS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was with feelings of genuine sorrow that I
read in the dear old BANNER of the transition
of its veteran editor to the higher life. Sorrow
not for him; but for those who knew him; and
loved him for his sterling qualities and stead-
fastness at beholding it. Day after day we

Literary Department.

"BERTHA LEE;" OR, MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

"That is no stranger than Sir Isaac Newton's
absence of mind," I said; "have you ever
heard of it?"

"No—what was it?"

"His friends wished him to marry, and
left a very lovely woman in the room beside
him, that he might have the opportunity to
make proposals. He sat, smoking his pipe,
while he held her hand, and wishing to crowd
the tobacco in, he used her finger for the pur-
pose, which so disturbed the lady that she
would have no more to say to such an absent-
minded philosopher."

"And he, poor man, lived and died an old
bachelor. I think she was a very foolish wo-
man!"

"No, no," I said, "he could not have made
an agreeable husband; but please look at the
letters—they have been lying there all this time,
while so many are eagerly waiting for them."

She took them out one by one very carefully,
examined the postmark, writing and seal of
each. I was standing at the glass, combing my
hair, while she sat at the table opposite. One
letter attracted her particular attention; she
turned it over, looked at it a long time, laid it
down, looked over the others, and then turned
to this one again. I looked earnestly, hoping
to see the name; a favorable turn of the letter
gave me "Miss Mary Lincoln." Miss Crooks
heavily, held the letter a long while, and
then put it into her own pocket; and sent me
to distribute the others.

The next day she told me that she had men-
tioned to Miss Garland that she had gone to
the post-office without knowing it.

"Why, my dear, that is not strange," said
Miss Garland; "you have been very busy of
late, and are faithful to your duties—you need
rest, and when the classes are all arranged Miss
Farwell will take charge of the school on Sat-
urday and Sunday, and you and I will take a
short ride and rest."

This was a pleasant omen, and Miss Crooks
never insisted upon it again that "she knew
she did n't go twice."

I watched her very closely after she pocketed
the letter. I went to bed early; she waited
awhile till she thought I was asleep, and then
I saw her sit down at the table, evidently with
the intention of reading it. But just as she
was about to break the seal conscience must
have whispered, for she dropped the letter as
if it burned her fingers, then rose hastily as if
she dared not trust herself longer, and taking
the letter with her went out of the room in the
direction of Miss Lincoln's. When she returned
she was pale and agitated, and laying her arms
upon the little table, and her head upon them,
she wept. Poor Miss Crooks! I guessed your
secret, child as I was; alas! your sorrow is
common to woman.

Our life had little variety; it was a regular
routine of study, with but little bodily exer-
cise; nothing that might be called amusement,
and a very small quantum of fresh air. The
house was not well ventilated, the rooms were
small and close, and the animal spirits most
too thoroughly subdued for true health and
vigor. But the system of instruction was
thorough, and the mode of imparting knowl-
edge most agreeable. There were no dry reci-
tations from memory. In geography, for in-
stance, we dwelt upon one country till its riv-
ers and mountains, its towns and cities, its cli-
mate, soil and productions, were perfectly fa-
miliar to us, its government also; and we had
in our mind's eye a correct picture of the coun-
try and its inhabitants. History was taught in
the same way, till the characters stood out be-
fore us, real, living, flesh and blood people—
not mere myths; and while dates were firmly
fixed in the memory, the pupil was taught to
reflect upon the great historical events of the
past, and draw an inference for the future.
When tempted to admire false greatness and
power, or when dazzled by the exploits of great
conquerors, the distinction between goodness
and greatness, between the moral heroism of
such men as Washington, Luther, Howard,
William, Prince of Orange, and the worldly am-
bition of Caesar and other mere warriors of
earth, were pointed out to us, and we were in-
sensibly led to see the beauty and dignity of a
true, worthy life. Miss Lincoln delighted to
trace God's hand in history; there was no dry,
practical teaching with her. I shall never for-
get how her rich, exuberant fancy dwelt, lov-
ingly, for many days in Athens, and how she
delighted to tell us of the wonderful period
when Pericles governed there, and made the
stones of Greece beautiful for all time; how
the almost divine Phidias wrought the statue
of Minerva, and the more majestic Jupiter, so
grand and glorious that all Greece was en-
tranced at beholding it. Day after day we

lived amid the glories of Ancient Greece, till
we felt with Byron, willing almost to give our
lives, if need be, to rescue the descendants of
the whole race from the dominion of the haugh-
ty Turk. But one day, when the works of Pe-
ricles had filled our youthful fancy with their
wondrous beauty, she told us of St. Paul, stand-
ing many years after in that same city, and
proclaiming the unknown God; and then she
drew a parallel between the sensual, debasing
mythology of this art-loving people and the
pure, elevating Christianity of the New Testa-
ment, till we turned from the imposing cer-
emonies of the heathen temples—from the Acro-
polis to the cross—from Mars Hill to Olivet—
from the Parthenon to Gethsemane, and felt
how much dearer to us were the footsteps of
the Savior, than all the works of the philo-
sophic Greek. We could see that our teacher
spoke from the heart, with a true perception
of beauty, loving it in the rare handiwork of
the true artist, lingering lovingly over it in
the tiny flower or the delicate moss, drinking it in
from the sunset clouds, the starlit sky, and
from the group of sweet young faces about her,
yet deeply, reverently, above all things else,
loving the holy dignity and beauty of the Sav-
ior's life and teachings. And yet, save by
those immediately under her care, and who
were familiar with her daily life, Miss Lincoln
was not appreciated. She was so loving and
gentle that she could not denounce the erring
as did Mr. Calvin and Miss Crooks; neither did
she know anything about what Mr. Calvin
called mountain views of the promised land, or
plunges in the Slough of Despond. Her life
was like a stream fed by a living spring, and
running through green meadows and quiet
woods, always murmuring sweet music, soft
and low, never rushing over precipices, or los-
ing itself in marshy plains.

Annie and myself had become warm friends;
of course all our little secrets were common
property; and the next morning she was in
possession of Miss Crooks's temptation, and her
resistance of it.

"I only wish she had opened it, and then
thrown it away," said Annie; "for poor Miss
Lincoln shed so many tears over it. I had gone
to bed, and was thinking how sweet and patient
she looked, as she sat there, correcting some
thirty or forty school exercises, (a terrible dull
task, by the way,) when Miss Crooks handed
the letter without any explanation, and walked
away. It was three pages, closely-written let-
ter sheet; and as she read tears blotted the pa-
per till I could endure the silent suffering no
longer, and springing out of bed, threw my
arms around her neck.

"What is it, dearest?" I said; "let me see
what troubles you so."
She hesitated, and held her hands over the pa-
per; but I begged so hard, that she said at last,
as if from a breaking heart—

"Yes, Anna, you may see it. Why should n't
I have one heart to trust in—one to sympathize
with me? I have neither father nor mother,
brother nor sister."

I read, eagerly, a long, bitter epistle from Mr.
Calvin. She had rejected him because she
could not love him, and he would not bear it like
a man, but must need torment her with a letter
full of spite and bitterness. He accused her of
ingratitude and deception toward Miss Gar-
land, upon whom, he said, she had been wholly
dependent. It seems she had no means to edu-
cate herself, and Miss Garland had given her
a year's tuition, on condition that she should
repay her in the way she is now doing; yea and
I can judge whether she need feel any great
sense of dependence.

But keener than all was the taunt flung upon
her piety. "Alas!" he says, "your piety will
not bear the test—you shrink from the sacrifice
of your life to God—you prefer the inglorious
ease of a life at home, to bearing the burden of
the cross in foreign lands; but remember—no
cross, no crown. Your answer to me, you say,
was final—unchangeable—that you would per-
jure your soul should you bind yourself to me
for life. Then be it so; but settle your account
with conscience and God, and judge if I had
been surrounded with wealth and position,
whether you would have feared this perju-
ry."

Now was n't that cruel? Poor Miss Lincoln
wept herself to sleep that night; but I tell her
not to mind a fig about him. Miss Crooks will
give him aid and comfort. Don't you wish he
would marry Crooks, and done with it?"

The girls in Miss Lincoln's class were all in
the secret, of course; but, wonderful to relate,
it went no further, neither did she herself sus-
pect that they knew; but, every day she had
some little token of affection—choyos fruit, a
rare flower, a new book, and I knew from the
springing tear and the heightened color that

she appreciated these attentions, and that they soothed and comforted her.

A little incident that occurred to myself during this quarter made a life-long impression upon my mind. I was one day summoned to the parlor to see a stranger, when who should I find but my father, a great and unexpected pleasure, but like a foolish child, instead of expressing it in words and smiles, I burst into tears. He took me on his lap, and soothed me as he would an infant.

"Are you not happy here, my child?"

"Yes, yes, more so than I expected to be, for I love Miss Lincoln, and Anna, and Addie."

"And Miss Garland?"

"Oh! yes; I think those scholars who are with her must love her; we younger girls are not in her classes at all."

"Are you wanting anything, my child? Do you have good food, and plenty of it?"

I expressed myself satisfied.

"Well, here is more spending money, and if you need anything let me know. I have been to Salem on business, and returned this way to see you for a few moments only. My chaise is at the door, and I must go soon."

At this I burst into tears again.

"What is it, my child—tell me?"

"I want to go home and see Willie, and Eddie, and Joe—only for a day, I will come back."

He hesitated—I knew why—he dreaded the censure of my mother, but I pleaded till he gained permission from Miss Lincoln, and I was soon riding by his side over the pleasant road leading from Rockford to the north.

A slight snow had fallen, just enough to whiten the ground, and sprinkle the boughs of the now almost leafless trees; but the sun was shining, the air was mild for the season, and my ride invigorated me. I chatted fast, telling him all about my studies and my companions, and was delighted to find that he was interested.

About six or eight miles from Rockford there was formerly (alas! the steam engine has long since devoured it, as it has almost all the beautiful wood lots in the region) a fine grove of pines. I used to like to ride slowly through it, and listen to the sweet, but sad music of its whispering boughs; and now my father lacked the horse's pace, and we sat in silent enjoyment and admiration, the slight snow just fringing the branches of the trees, while the setting sun touched the green with a brighter hue.

Suddenly there sprang from the thicket a man disguised with a mask, and seizing the reins, bade my father stop. The latter raised his whip, and was about to try the effects of it on man and horse, when the other raised a pistol, and aimed it at me. I screamed, of course, when I too was seized by another man, who appeared on the instant, and lifted me out of the chaise. I struggled desperately, and in doing so, displaced the man's mask; he did not seem to care about the concealment, but threw the mask on the ground, and putting his hand on my mouth, told me if I would keep still he would not hurt me. He certainly was not a rough or bad-looking man, and handled me very gently, as he tied a white handkerchief over my mouth.

"There, my little one, keep still a moment and you shall not be harmed. I never rob ladies, and to pay you for the fright I have given you, here is a sovereign," and he handed me an English sovereign. "There," said he, "keep that as a robber's gift." By this time my father was at my side; he had given up his money and watch, and we were permitted to go on in peace.

"Now, daughter, could you describe the man who attacked us?"

"I should know his face again, but I did not see his face—" We rode on to the next town, where we gave information of the robbery. In the haste with which my father had taken me from the robber, the handkerchief was left in my possession. It was of very fine linen cambric, and marked delicately in the corner with hair, "J. B." "A stolen article," said my father, "but must be carefully kept, as it may lead to the detection of the men."

Joe, Willie and Eddie were of course delighted at my return, but my mother received me coldly, saying that it was very wrong in me to leave my studies in that way. I shed a few tears over her reproach; but Charlie Herbert laughed at me, and said that I must save them all for him when he went to Boston, which would be in a week.

CHAPTER XIII. THE ROBBER.

It was a custom in Rockford Seminary to spend two hours a week in relating intelligence gleaned from newspapers. We were furnished with a few well-selected papers, and required to read the foreign news, as well as a record of events in our own country. There was perhaps no exercise of the school more profitable, or interesting to scholars and teachers. Miss Lincoln, who had charge of our division, would mingle the history of the past with the present, and thus enable us to understand more clearly the causes which led to war and political changes.

But school girls always find something else in a newspaper beside politics, foreign news, and prices current; these usually come last in the program. Now it happened that the week after my short visit home, that the papers contained an account of a "Bold Robbery on the Rockford Road," and my poor little self was quite a heroine, and the object of innumerable questions. My gold sovereign, and the fine cambric handkerchief, of the most delicate and silky linen, were the general wonder of the scholars. The interest did not decrease when news came that one of the robbers had been arrested. He was traced from Rockford turnpike to Springfield, Mass., where he was found sleeping quietly in his room, and utterly unconscious of danger, till he awoke and found himself surrounded by men, who handcuffed him, and conveyed him to the jail at Lechmere Point, Cambridge. This was the person who presented the pistol to us, and received the watch and money, and was identified as such by my father. His companion had escaped, and no confession could be drawn from the prisoner concerning him. "Have you heard," said he, "of the famous 'Thunderbolt,' known throughout England and Scotland as the gentleman robber, who took from the rich and gave to the poor, and who never robbed ladies? This is he; and he will never be taken as I have been, but die like a Christian man in his bed!"

We had all read the story of Thunderbolt, and, like the old tales of Robin Hood, it had a sort of fascination for us; and now that he had been seen by one of our number, and his companion in prison not many miles from us, there was a daily increasing interest to know more. The semi-weekly papers (for there were no dailies sent to Rockford), contained sketches

of his romantic life—his high birth, of the great generosity which he displayed to the poor, and his gallantry to the fair. Martin Donahue, the prisoner, confessed that he was only a humble companion of Thunderbolt, and acted always under his direction.

One day Martin found in his cell some tools, placed there to aid him in making his escape; they were probably thrown into the window by Thunderbolt. He succeeded by the aid of these—a case-knife and file—in severing his chain. He made the knife into a saw, concealing it in the crevice between the stones of his dungeon, covering the place with a paste which answered very well for mortar. When this was completed he sawed off the second link of his chain, selecting this because, when they examined his chain, they usually confined the examination to the link nearest the bolt. He did his work so nicely, filling up the interstices with a paste made of tallow and coal dust, that though his chains were examined every evening, no one suspected their insecurity. He let them remain so for some days, and at last succeeded in knocking down his keeper, and making his escape through the jail yard; but, recollecting that he had not fastened the keeper into his cell, he returned for that purpose, and this gave time for alarm, and he was easily captured. Then came the account of the trial. A distinguished advocate of Boston, Mr. Knapp, defended him very ably, and with so much effect, that Martin himself said that he expected to be convicted of the crime charged against him till he heard Mr. Knapp plead, and then he began to think he was an innocent man. But the testimony was so direct and clear, and the law so distinctly laid down by the Court, that there was no escape from the verdict of "guilty." He was condemned to be hung, as he probably no doubt deserved to be, if capital punishment should be inflicted on any man. But his connection with the noted Thunderbolt made him a sort of hero with the school girls, and they regretted much that he could not have been relieved.

My father was inclined to laugh at me a little for my philanthropy—"For, indeed, my dear girl," said he, "you were so thoroughly frightened at Martin's looks, that you screamed lustily, and would have rejoiced could I have shot him on the instant."

"But not frightened after he spoke to me, for he was kind and gentle, and looked very sad for a moment when he lifted me into the chaise, asking pardon, meanwhile, for the fright and trouble he had given me. Oh! father, he was a gentleman, I know, his hands were so white, and on one of his fingers was a large, heavy gold ring, and then he had a fine figure, and was so graceful in his manner."

"All which qualities make a gentleman in my daughter's estimation; one thing is certain, however, he walked away with a decided limp."

"Oh! father."

"I am sure of it, daughter."

Miss Lincoln did not join in our enthusiasm for a romantic robber, and gave us some lessons on learning, if possible, to judge of character in the light of God's law, and not be led astray by the false glare which wickedness throws around itself. Time passed, other subjects occupied our attention, and the incident of the robbery was referred to only at long intervals, as one of the reminiscences of school-girl life. But now when I ride through a wood I involuntarily recall that scene, and the face comes up before me, indistinct and shadowy—not a face that I should certainly know again, though the voice haunted me long, and its tones I should certainly know could I have heard them again.

Miss Lincoln smiled at our interest in what she termed our robber romance, and pointed out to us the inconsistencies of character; but I do not know as this had as much influence in directing our attention from the subject, as the excitement of the Greek war, which occurred at this time. She entered into this with all the fervor of her warm, generous nature. Marco Bozarris had fallen, but Halleck's spirited poem had not then a hackneyed school exercise, and to hear her read it fresh, as it then was, and glowing with the ardor of the poet's soul, was true music.

She had a rich, full, well-modulated voice, and she delighted to read, as a bird likes to sing, pouring it out so freely, and entering so fully into the spirit of the writer, that the hearer forgot everything else, save the glorious death of the hero, and our whole heart responded to the poet's words—

"There is no prouder grave even in her own proud clime."

Our enthusiasm in the Greek cause rose to such a height that it became necessary for our teacher to moderate it a little; and she refused to take all our offerings for the cause, wishing to save some from our pocket-money for other purposes. Miss Crooks said that we were very silly girls to think so much of the Greeks, when the poor mothers of India were throwing their little babies into the Ganges, and their widows were burned on the funeral pile. For her part, she would give all she had to spare to that mission. Poor Miss Crooks was growing yellow and crosser every day; it was difficult to please her in our room, for the least disorder or negligence annoyed her very much; and then she had most distressing headaches, that I think must have affected her nerves injuriously, for she would lie and weep for an hour or two at a time.

One evening I returned from Anna's room, and found Miss Crooks taking a cup of strong green tea, as a relief to her headache.

"I wish," said she, "that you could sometimes stay with me when I'm sick, and not spend all your time in Miss Lincoln's room—it's nothing but Miss Lincoln, Miss Lincoln, all over the school—with her little baby face and soft ways she works herself into the hearts of the scholars, and makes friends of 'em by hiding their faults from the Principal—perhaps she'll find out some day that her bread is buttered on the wrong side. I know that about her that will send her away from Rockford Seminary before this year is out."

"Send Miss Lincoln away!" I exclaimed, indignantly; "then you'll send all her class away—I, for one, won't stay another day after she goes!"

"That will not be as you say, Miss; your mother intends to keep you here three years, and I fancy she's a woman that has a will of her own."

"And I have feet of my own, and if Miss Lincoln is sent away I shall use them, and leave with her."

"Some of our girls have tried that to their sorrow. How would you like to be brought back here, and exposed before the whole school as a runaway?"

"I'd take care that should never happen; but I'm willing to stay if Miss Lincoln remains."

"I do not think you will be consulted on the

subject. Now take this tea-cup and plate to the kitchen, and then go to Miss Lincoln's room, and ask her if she will lend me the book that she was reading last Sunday."

It was not so agreeable waiting upon Miss Crooks as upon the other teachers, for she generally required her favors, while the others asked for them to be performed.

I did not find Miss Lincoln in her room, and was told in the kitchen that she was at her uncle's—old Mudgett's.

"Is he her uncle?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Well, I should have thought you would have known that," said one of the domestics; "she goes there most every day, and is as proud of him as if he were a born lord, instead of the cross-grained, crooked-backed old fellow that he is."

Thinking that the command of my teacher entitled me to the privilege of going to Mudgett's house, I was not long in finding my way there, through the garden. I had not been in the enclosure since the first day of school, and now the walks were covered with snow, and one narrow path led me to a small, brown house, very old and time-worn.

I knocked at the door, which was opened by Miss Lincoln; she was surprised, but inquired if she was needed at the boarding-house. I told her my errand, though not until an old man on the bed had complained of the cold draft from the door, and I had stepped into the room.

"Molly," said the invalid, "isn't that the gal that took the potatoes?"

"Yes, sir, I said, 'I'm the girl, and I wanted to fulfill my promise, and come again; but Miss Crooks said I must not.'"

"Miss Crooks be d—," said he; "it was them potatoes that jest laid me up here; if I had had a slip of a gal to pick 'em up for me, I should have got along; our Molly used to pick 'em up when she was a gal; but she's above that now, since she's got to be a teacher in the big house."

I saw the blood mount into my teacher's cheek at these words, and I thought she seemed pained, but she said nothing, and hearing another voice from the opposite side of the room, I turned, and saw an old woman, sitting in an old-fashioned, high back chair, mumbling over something which sounded like—

"Ye needn't say anything agin our Molly; we'd have died afore now if it had'n been for her."

"Well, and aint she bound to do for us, after all I did for her mother afore her?"

The old woman's head kept shaking, and I looked at her for a moment, thinking it would stop, but it shook on all the time. She was knitting, but handed her work to Miss Lincoln, saying—

"I can't knit only when you are here, for the stitches drop so fast."

"You do nicely, Auntie," was the reply. "I wonder how you can shape a stocking so well. Only see, Bertha, here is the mate to the stocking. Isn't that nicely done for an old lady most eighty years old?"

It looked very well, and I said so; at which the old lady seemed pleased, and said—

"I taught Molly to knit stockings, and I showed her her letters too; maybe she'd never been teacher up to the big house if it had'n been for me."

"Ye needn't take all the praise to yourself," said the old man; "did n't I give her mother a home, when she would have had to found one in the poor-house; and did n't I teach her myself how to cipher? But, come, Molly, and rub my arms; they ache like the d—!"

Miss Lincoln went to the bed, and telling me where to find the book, began to rub the old man.

"Harder," he said; "use all the strength you have, and see if you can't make me warm again."

There was no excuse for my staying, and I went away, wondering what this meant. Surely this beautiful girl, delicate, well-bred, so graceful and refined, could not belong to these people.

I found the book, "Heaven and Hell," by Emanuel Swedenborg, and carried it to Miss Crooks. Her black eyes snapped with a malicious pleasure.

"I thought so," she exclaimed; "this will do the business."

I wondered what she could mean, but was in too much haste to ask an explanation, so anxious was I to learn about Mudgett, the gardener.

"Why, Bertha, it is, strange," said Anna, "that you have been here for weeks, and did not know that Miss Lincoln went every day to Mudgett's house."

Mudgett was formerly a fisherman, and lived two or three miles from the village, near the sea-shore. A vessel was one day wrecked near his house, and nearly all the crew and passengers lost; among the two or three saved was a young woman with a babe. The name "Mary Lincoln" was marked upon a blanket in which the child was wrapped; the mother was nearly dead with fright and exhaustion, and though she lived for some months, never had her reason clearly.

Old Mrs. Mudgett was a kind-hearted, though ignorant woman, and nursed the poor, sick stranger carefully; but like many persons who have lost their reason, she seemed to have a great deal of cunning, and often managed to get out of the house, and wander around the village, and through the woods. "I am after Robert," she would say, "I must find Robert!"

One cold winter's night she went out in this way, and was found nearly frozen to death by the roadside. She died soon afterward. A few of the neighbors paid her funeral expenses, and followed her to the grave, and one or two offered to take Mary, and treat her as one of their own children. But she clung to Mrs. Mudgett, and the old lady having no other child, was unwilling to part from her. So she grew up with them in a little hut, by the sea-side—a wild place, with rocks and barren hills on the one side, and the sandy beach and ocean on the other. I suppose she learned to love the ocean by having no other music in her childhood than its roar, and no other playthings than the shells and pebbles from the beach. The only amusement she allows herself is walking to the old hut by the sea-side, and sitting there to watch the waves. When she was twelve or fourteen years old she came to the boarding-house to wait upon the table; she did not remain here excepting at meal times, but I have heard say that everybody loved her, and that one of the teachers lent her books, and gave her lessons. This gave her a desire to be educated, and she has struggled through difficulties that would prevent most girls from trying to learn. Miss Garland gave her the privilege of the school, on condition that she should teach two years when she had completed her studies. She is only eighteen, now, and has as-

sted one year; but Miss Garland, with unusual liberality, has promised her a salary the next year. You cannot imagine how happy she is at the prospect of having one hundred and fifty dollars a year.

"It will be a fortune," she says, "to my poor uncle and aunt."

You think she always looks so neatly and tastefully dressed—but her only nice dress is a black silk that she gave her last year—this, with one gingham, and two calicoes and a white muslin, are all she owns; but then her hair is so beautiful, and her face so lovely, that she needs less aid from dress than most of the girls.

Everybody says that old Mudgett is the cross-est, roughest old fellow that ever lived; but Mary Lincoln is as kind to him as if he were an angel on this earth, and her first duty in the morning, and her last at night, is to go there and see that they are made comfortable. The old man has been laid up with the rheumatism for a few days, and Miss Lincoln has remained there most of the time since, day and night, leaving only to hear her recitations. One hour she will be washing dishes, and rubbing old Mudgett's limbs, and the next explaining, as no other teacher in the school can, a sum in algebra, or taking us in imagination to Athens and Rome.

But with all her troubles and cares, I never heard her make one complaint, or shed a tear, till Mr. Calvin wrote that hateful letter.

There—the bell rings; you have seen Miss Lincoln at home—now see her in the Bible class. She loves to teach, when the lessons are in the New Testament. I thought I knew something about the life of Jesus Christ, for I had been to Sunday school ever since I could read; but when Miss Lincoln teaches me, I find how ignorant I am. She makes it seem as if we were in Judea, walking with Jesus and his followers by the Sea of Galilee—going fishing with the disciples, sitting in Lazarus's house, and talking with Mary and Martha; and oh! Bertha! I shall never forget the day we studied about Gethsemane. We all went together, and from that hour I have understood why our teacher could be so patient and loving, and so gentle to that cross old man. She said to-day that when her salary commenced, which would be on the first of January, she should repair his room, and make it warm and comfortable for the winter; she does not think of herself at all."

When I went to my room that evening Miss Crooks was wrapped in a shawl, reading the book which I had brought to her, and marking passages with a pencil. Every once in awhile she would nod her head emphatically, as much as to say, "I have found it!"

"Do you like that book, Miss Crooks?" I asked.

"Like it! no indeed, it's all heresy, from beginning to end; we shall see what will come of reading this book," and she closed it with an emphatic gesture, and began to take off her false puffs.

January came, but old Mr. Mudgett's rheumatism grew worse, and his poor wife's head shook harder than ever. Our teacher was punctual to her recitations in the school-room, but we seldom saw her at table, or during study hours. Addie, whose warm, generous heart was full of sympathy, tried in various ways to aid Miss Lincoln. She bought all sorts of liniments and advertised medicines for the old gardener, and declared again and again that she only wished mamma could write. Mamma knew what would cure the rheumatism, and take it all out of the bones. One thing was certain: mamma said old folks ought to have plenty of flannel, and so a great roll of flannel was smuggled into Mudgett's house, unbeknown to Miss Lincoln. But the quality and quantity betrayed the giver, and Addie's heart was made happier by being assured that the old folks were truly grateful.

The holidays came, and scholars and teachers returned to their homes—all but a few who were too far distant from their relatives. Miss Lincoln welcomed them, because she could have the privilege of being with her aged friends, and adding to their comfort; and Addie, because she was going to the Astor House, to board with some Southern friends.

"Oh! girls," she said, as we were waiting all dressed for our journey, in the great hall, for the coaches, "you can't imagine what splendid desserts we have there! I shall come back with my pockets full."

[To be continued.]

A Wonderful Case.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Perhaps the most remarkable case of duplex personality and the best established as to all the facts, is that recorded in *Harper's Monthly* for May, 1890, of Mary Reynolds of Venango Co., Pa. When she was eighteen years of age she fell into a long sleep from which it was impossible to rouse her. When she awoke all knowledge of her past life had left her. She was like an infant re-born, and had to begin life afresh. The world was entirely new to her; she knew no person, place or thing. All her people were utter strangers. She had to learn to talk just as would any infant new to earth. But she learned rapidly.

After a few weeks she fell asleep, and on awaking resumed her past life exactly as she was before. The previous weeks from her former sleep were a perfect blank. Again she fell into a long sleep and resumed her new life as before. These alternations took place several times for many years. She was a totally different person in her new condition from what she had been in her normal one. In temper, conduct, conversation, health—everything as different as ever were two different persons. Her voice, tastes, her very handwriting, were all different. Finally, when about forty years of age she changed from her normal into her new state. She so remained for twenty-five years till her death—which was sudden, almost instantaneous.

The case excited great attention and much inquiry, and her life was published. She died in January, 1894.

It was as if her body was the tenement for two souls alternately, says the account. At last, after a struggle of fifteen years, the usurper got complete control. Not only had she two memories, each active and in turn dormant; but the whole structure of her mind and consciousness, and their mode of operating, seemed dissimilar.

As the case seems to be almost buried in oblivion, it may interest many readers of *THE BANNER* to learn of it. HOLT.

That tired feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache, 25c. a box.

In Memoriam.

[Continued from first page.]

fastness to the truth. He has passed to his reward—entered upon the enjoyment of that life where pain and sorrow never enter, and partings are known no more.

How joyous must have been his meeting with the great souls with whom he had been associated in the years gone by in all his laudable efforts to uplift and bless humanity. In the truest sense of the term he was the friend of all humanity, and in an especial sense the friend of all mediums. Many here will miss his kindly words of appreciation, and his substantial assistance to those who have given their lives and all for Spiritualism. May his spirit inspire those in whose hands *THE BANNER* will now be entrusted. May the same kindly spirit pervade its columns, and may it still continue as the light-bearer of the advance guards of our Spiritual Philosophy.

While we feel our loss most keenly—for royal souls are not over-plentiful in our world—yet we would not be selfish enough to wish him back in the old physical body, but instead reach our hands across the grave, and clasping his in loving remembrance, bid him God-speed in a fairer and more joyous world.

Let us show our appreciation of his efforts by sustaining those upon whose shoulders his mantle has fallen. May Spiritualists everywhere feel the obligations that rest upon them in this direction, and by their efforts may *THE BANNER* become an enduring monument to the loved and honored name of LUTHER COLBY.

GEORGE A. FULLER, M. D.,
Pres. Mass. State Association of Spiritualists.
7 Mason street, Worcester.

Spiritual College.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you allow me to make a brief statement concerning the First Spiritual College, to be organized in Boston:

True Spiritualism is the science of being—the philosophy of life. There is no supernatural.

In the First Spiritual College all Oriental and Modern Spiritualism will be reduced to exact science. Its prime object will be to teach; heal the sick; to graduate spiritual ministers, mediums, lecturers and doctors.

The worthy poor of natural talents will be taught free of charge. While the College will be open to all persons of good character, special attention will be given to the young. Every phase of Modern and Oriental Spiritualism will be successfully taught in a very short time, at terms which will be within the reach of all. This is a new method of instruction. Since Spiritualism is a science and a philosophy, it can be taught to young and old, like any other science or philosophy. Hence all students will be taught the secret of success in any business.

This College will have charter rights to grant diplomas. Therefore all graduates can practice medicine, preach Spiritualism, like other ministers and doctors, in America or anywhere else. Let the *BANNER OF LIGHT* continue to preach the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism throughout the whole world.

CHARLES MCLEAN, M. D.

November Magazines.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—Ida M. Tarbell has done herself, her subject and the community an everlasting favor in her paper, "Napoleon Bonaparte." It is a new recital of his life, described in a plain, authentic and pleasing manner. The portraits which are to be given in the series describing the great man will be almost exhaustless in number and variety. There are sure to be seventy-five of Napoleon alone, many of them unfamiliar to the general public. For the next eight months this magazine will relate the life of this famous man, the result of Miss Tarbell's research in France and England the past three years. The remaining contents of the current number are of fine variety and interest. "How Allan Pinkerton Thwarted the First Plot to Assassinate Lincoln" is exceedingly interesting. S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.—The editor, W. J. Colville, by general request, publishes his lecture, "The Contagion of Health," as the opening article of his always readable magazine. "Gentleness and Strength" follows, and is by James Kay Applebee; "Psychic Physics" are reviewed by Henry Wood; "The Song of the Soul Victorious" is reprinted, for all wish to again peruse it. H. E. Saunders, publisher, 352 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—"A Minister of the World," by Caroline Atwater Mason; "When is a Woman at her Best?" a consensus of opinion by Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Burton Harrison and others; "Introducing a Girl to Society," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland; "The Brownies Play Football," by Palmer Cox; "The Young Wife's First Tear," by Ruth Ashmore, and a large space devoted to fashion, home hints, choice suggestions, and good things generally, make up the last number's contents. The Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—The usual variety of stories particularly pertaining to Thanksgiving, health talks, home gardening, fashions, Thanksgiving and Christmas recipes, Christmas suggestions and useful hints appear in the current number of this pleasing and ably conducted magazine. The fine typographical appearance is one of the things which commend it. The Household, 110 Boylston street, Boston.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.—Mary E. Wilkins opens the number with a Thanksgiving story, "Down the Road to the Emersons." "The Limbo of Subjects," is a hospital story by Isabel S. Robinson. "Her Husband's Friend," "A Russian Love Story," "Diogenes of Arkansas," "The Flame of a Candle," make up the story portion of the magazine. The several departments are well-cared for, that of "Practical Occultism" being exceedingly readable. T. J. Gilmore, publisher, 2819 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

RECEIVED: AMERICAN FEDERATIONIST. 14 Clinton Place, New York.

Passed to Spirit-World.

Oct. 23, 1894, Mrs. Lucy Edson, of Detroit, Mich., at the advanced age of 89 years.

The deceased possessed many amiable qualities, and was greatly beloved by those who knew her. She many years ago became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, was an interested reader of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and died in the full conviction of the great truths of our Spiritual Philosophy. G. W.

MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
TRADE MARK.
FOOD
THE ONLY PERFECT
Substitute for Mother's Milk.

Gentlemen—I have been troubled with dyspepsia for some years. I have been using Mellin's Food for some time, and find it very nourishing; being forced to live entirely on liquids, Mellin's Food is just exactly what I need. Yours truly, JAMES F. BEATTIE.

We have a boy 6 months old who has been taking Mellin's Food for 8 months; he is healthy and happy.

SEND for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," mailed Free to any address.

Dolber-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.

FROM CASSADAGA TO ONSET BAY.

BY NELLIE E. DASHIELL.

Written for the Harvest Moon Celebration.

"T was yesterday
When in a calm and pensive mood I sat,
Beside the cool, clear spring at Lily Dale,
And listened to the tapping on its roof
Of falling leaves, by early Autumn plucked,
And as they sped across the shingle edge,
But tilted not along the grassy slope,
They huddled round the doorways—neath the eaves
Of tent deserted, and lone cottage wall,
As scattered flocks seek shelter from the squall.
The gentle rain, in rhythm with the leaves,
Struck tuneful chords within my being set,
And seemed to wake some music far away,
Whose full, glad measure stirred the sluggish air.
And as I sat enraptured in its sweet spell,
I heard a wondrous voice, melodious, deep,
Blend grateful with it—fraught with blessings meet
On some kind heart, who one midsummer day,
From out the heedless, thoughtless throng had come
To draw a draft for some poor, homeless one.

The shower passed; again I wandered forth,
My footsteps tending to the audience hall—
That Auditorium great, whose silence now
Redeemed back to it echoes from its space,
As footfalls will within deserted shrines.
Among the empty rows I found a place,
And watched the evening shadows, tall and strange,
Of pillars and of banners, softly creep
With growing strength athwart the vacant aisles,
Where, through the summer days, great numbers
stood in files.

Then from the fount of memory bubbled up
Those restless swarms that used to "light and move
With never-ceasing motion round the hive—
'T was through the very portals where the wise
Sat gathering in their store for future use.
And lo! again came music through the trees,
And music-voices thrilled the rising breeze.
"Perchance those swarms unconsciously have stilled,
Which to the world's cold, empty hives they bear;
When poignant grief hath slain the worm of pride,
Those chafed drops will find a place to bide."

All other sound was lost in that full chord,
Which as it died away it cast a glow
About the pictures in seclusion set,
While over the walls, and on the atmosphere,
Seemed written—unfathomable—bright thoughts,
Brave words and deeds—a mighty history.
Unprinted o'er and o'er; and then—and then—
"What voice is this?" "It is another state!"
"Another state, indeed," a voice replied,
In tone assuring, joyous—I was satisfied.

"How grand!" I cried, for at that moment brief
The night had passed—fair morning flush'd to view,
And play'd among the mists that round her clung;
The distant sails, set to the open main,
Caught the rose-light, and gave it to the tide,
Which rolled in below the breezy bluff
On which I stood in grateful ecstasy:
Then rose the sun resplendent, touching light
With slanting beams the merry waves that rock'd
The painted skiffs, fast to their moorings lock'd.

"Oh, this is Onset!" "Dear old Onset Bay!"
For love gives me the title, which naught can take
away.
And as the mist of vision clear'd quickly from my sight,
The emerald crown of Wickett's loom'd proudly in
the light.

Oh! how I met the welcome that greeted me around!
The dear, familiar faces in eagerness I found;
How joyfully I ventured beyond the sea-weed's line!
Exulting in my freedom and the odor of the brine.
Then off I bounded gaily to glade and meadow-land,
Off lingering with the asters and the golden-rod at hand;
Then climbing to a summit where the pines salute
the breeze.

Again I woke the echoes, clear, rebounding through
the trees.
And when the shades of evening with the tides began
to rise,
Again I strolled in thoughtful mood beneath the star-
lit skies;

Again I watch'd the harvest moon, a slender cres-
cent, peep
With shy advance above the hills that to the east-
ward sweep.
Again I stood upon the shore, and watched that har-
vest moon
Grow strong and full, and radiant shine on bay and
still lagoon;

Ah, beautiful scene! but is it now dissolving from
my view?
Some hand a rolling, cloud-like mass seems o'er the
whole to strew.
And can it be? Yes—yes, 'tis true—I know those
standards bright,
They glow and wane, they rise and float, wreathed in
celestial light;

It is again the Indian fleet, far stronger than of yore,
With teachers from a higher realm, that lead the
way ashore.
"Hail!" "All hail!" the deep vibrations thrill the
lofty scene.
And lo! the herald messengers, in bright, transcen-
dent sheen,
Unroll above the gleaming sand a scroll of wondrous
light,
And this the motto: "Deeds of Love are Precious in
Our Sight."

Then land the Chiefs, with shout and whoop, upon
their "Native Heath."
And Massasoit crowns the bluff, with a memorial
wreath;
Brave Tah-gah-jute, Erie's Chief, stands nobly by
his side,
Mi-an-to-moh, Eagle Wing, and others shoreward
glide.

Oh what a host! In numbers vast—a pulsing uni-
verse—
In serried ranks they file in light, which seems the
whole to merge,
A murmur of thanksgiving, praise, blends forceful as
they roam,
And now I hear, in glad refrain, the songs of harvest-
home;

All paths reveal an open way, illumined as they
move,
The guardian angels float aloft, aflame with "Wis-
dom"—"Love";
Upon the Temple, Wigwag, Grove, prophetic bless-
ings pour;
They linger with a tender smile about each open
door.

And now the picture fades away—again all seems
as air,
Except a rainbow, thus inscribed, with scintillations
rare:
"Instruct, uplift, be kind, but firm; thus to thyself
be true;
Then we call ever guide thy way, and strengthen
thee to do."

A sense of rapid travel, change, came quickly o'er
me then,
I slowly woke—the dream was o'er—the oriole's
chirp'd again;
It seemed a month I'd been away, as one of Onset's
fold,
The deepening shadows made reply—ten minutes—all
they told.

Lily Dale, Sept. 16th, 1894.

The Coffee Habit.

Is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean
taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand
Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superi-
ority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform
consistency.

Testimonial to Mrs. Williams,
Her Departure for Europe.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 10th, a few
friends of Mrs. M. E. Williams convened at her
parlor, for the purpose of giving to that lady
some expression of their feeling and good
wishes, upon the occasion of her departure
from America for the Old World Saturday
morning, Oct. 13th.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. A.
G. MacDonald of Brooklyn, and Mr. Wilson
MacDonald was made Chairman of the occasion.
He made a few remarks relevant to the
suggestion of presenting a floral tribute and
offering to Mrs. Williams, and also that the
friends see her off on the morning of the 13th.
He called for remarks from those present.

Suggestions from A. G. MacDonald and others
were made, to the effect that not only
flowers but that resolutions be presented.

Then followed appropriate remarks from
Henry J. Newton, Mrs. Newton, Mary A. Grid-
ley, M. E. Wallace and Mr. W. H. Parsons,
suggestive of the presentation of flowers, fruit
and resolutions; and a committee was ap-
pointed to draw up the resolutions, as follows:

Mr. Henry J. Newton, Chairman; Mary A.
Gridley, Mrs. M. E. Wallace and Mr. W. H. Par-
sons, Mrs. M. E. Williams and Mr. W. H. Par-
sons.

The following is the testimonial of the per-
sonal friends of Mrs. M. E. Williams on the oc-
casion of her departure for Europe, Oct. 13th:
For ourselves individually, while regretting
that Mrs. M. E. Williams, who is about to de-
part for Europe, is to be absent so long a time,
yet we rejoice that her object and purpose in
going is to furnish to earnest seekers after the
truth in foreign lands, phenomenal evidence
of the truth of Spiritualism, to prove to us
as she has to thousands on this side of the At-
lantic, that our departed friends still live and
can and do return and communicate with us,
and that there is no death.

Mrs. Williams has for the period of sixteen
years been a public medium in this city, and as
an earnest advocate of the truths of Spiritual-
ism and as a medium, she has done incalculable
good, as a clairvoyant, and as a faithful re-
materializing medium, because of the accuracy of her
descriptions, the truthfulness of the communi-
cations through her, and the genuineness of the
materializations, her fame has become as wide
as the continent. She has done much, few, if
any, have done more to remove the dread and
fear of death; to prove to mourners that their
departed friends still live; and to convince
seekers after truth that the death of the body
is but the doorway to a world of life and light
and immortality. May she have the same suc-
cess in the Old World to which she is going, but
for a season, and arouse and awaken there the
same interest in the investigation of spiritual
truths that is felt throughout America.

To all seekers after truth, we especially com-
mend her. WILSON MACDONALD, Chairman.

MARY A. GRIDLEY, Sec'y.
Henry J. Newton, Mary A. Newton, W. H.
Parsons, H. J. Anderson, J. E. Wallace, John
W. Free, Mary E. Free, Samuel D. Haywood,
Henry Wawock, A. G. MacDonald, E. P. Bloch-
er, J. J. Watson, C. W. Scofield, Melville C.
Smith, Countess Noraskov, Emory McLean,
Mr. and Mrs. B. Schieffelin, Amelia Watson, Ol-
ivia Shepard, J. F. Janneret, Herman Hendrick,
L. Allen, E. Tucker, Wm. Pilkington, John
Franklin Clark, S. S. Gordon.

Saturday morning, Oct. 13th, the friends of
Mrs. M. E. Williams met by appointment on
board of the steamship *Houquigne*, in the sal-
oon, to present to the lady the floral and
fruit offerings, and expressions of their good
will and best wishes for the success of her mis-
sion to the Old World, and their sincere ap-
preciation of her as a medium and representative
of the Cause of Spiritualism in America.

Mr. Wilson MacDonald, Chairman, on the oc-
casion, called the meeting to order, and asked
Mrs. Gridley, the Secretary, to read the
resolutions to be presented to Mrs. Williams,
after which Mr. W. H. Parsons was called upon
to make a presentation speech appropriate to
the occasion.

The gentleman responded in an eloquent
manner, expressive of his deep interest in the
Cause Mrs. Williams has so faithfully re-
presented in her special phase of mediumship;
also paying a glowing tribute to her as a lady,
friend, and medium. In the course of his
speech he begged the privilege of reading an
independent state-written message of Louis
Kossuth, soon after his demise, through the in-
strumentality of Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, in which
was couched a beautiful tribute to America,
as well as a greeting to his competitors in his
own country, from the immortal side of life.

Mr. Parsons then referred to the floral offer-
ings and basket of fruit upon the table before
him, and made the presentation in behalf of
the friends present to Mrs. Williams.

Then followed a presentation of a bouquet of
choice roses from the members of the Fox Me-
morial Association by Mr. Wilson MacDonald,
the President, in the following address:

By request of the members of "The Fox Me-
morial Association of the cities of New York
and Brooklyn," we come to bid you good-bye,
to wish you a safe voyage over the sea, and to
express our hopes for your speedy return to
the land we all love. We send you forth, not
as a prophetess, not as a religious heroine, nor
a heroine with haunting banners from the field
of battle, nor as a teacher of theories for the
faithful; but as a missionary to spread the
dogmas, the traditions or legends of bygone
ages.

We send you rather as a philosopher, a scient-
ist, to reveal through your spiritual and psy-
chic organism the important facts of spiri-
tism. We send you to demonstrate the most
important facts, the grandest truths that have
been vouchsafed to the inhabitants of this
planet, in the last twenty centuries.

You need no guard of honor, no armed co-
horts to protect you; for you are attended and
guarded by a band of immortals of the spiri-
tual world. They will be your companions and
your protectors, whether you are upon the
grand waves of the Atlantic, or in the land that
gave to the world a Voltaire and a Hugo; your
immortal guardians will be with you; the phi-
losophic Holland will be at your side, the de-
voted "Cushman" and the ever-present and
much-loved "Bright Eyes," will always be near
you; you need no others; you require no pas-
sage for your feet touch the soil of La Belle
France; outstretched hands and warm hearts
will be there to greet you; none will be needed
when you pass through the land of Goethe,
Schiller and Humboldt, and even in the empire
of the Czar you will find friends eagerly seeking
for the truths and facts of modern spiri-
tual manifestations. Hundreds who have passed to
the spirit world will crowd around your cabin,
and ask for recognition from their friends
who are yet in the body.

Through your mediumship you have brought
the truth to thousands; joy and peace have
come to many who believed that the dead could
never return.

The railings at Hydeville, N. Y., in 1848,
were harbingers of hope, the revelations of
joy, the telegrams of immortal life. Hydeville
may prove the Nazareth of the twentieth cen-
tury—the Mecca of modern times.

From the gentle paths that first called atten-
tion to spiritual phenomena to the full spiritual
forms of men, women and children as they ap-
pear and disappear in your presence, nearly
two decades of years had passed, and the evi-
dence of the wonderful facts accumulated,
millions have become convinced.

When the truth of spiritism was acknowl-
edged, the Agnostics paused to consider; the
ordinary materialist was astounded that any-
thing should exist that he could not see; the
doubter was silent; the weary and disconsolate
became hopeful; the tears of grief ceased to
flow; joy took the place of despair; the Angel
of Death had fallen. Father, mother, sister
and brother still lived!

Fond hearts listened for the voices that had
been hushed by the phenomena of dissolution,
and they were heard; old memories were re-
vived; the loved and lost had returned; the
horrors of eternal punishment were dispelled;
fear vanished before the veritable facts. The
materialist, the inviolable materialist, was in-
stantly being demonstrated; individuality was
proved, identity revealed, forgotten occur-
rences recalled. The resurrection and materi-
alization of the sublime Nazarene were believed
to be probable, and the aphorism of the great-
est of poets, so long accepted, has been nullified.
The travelers "from that bourne" had return-
ed!

The present spiritual era has accomplished
more than has been achieved in a decade of
centuries of the world's progress heretofore.
It has produced "a cloud of witnesses" ready
to testify as we do now testify; it has estab-
lished ineffable testimony of the truth of
spiritism; it has transformed the "king of
terrors" into the messenger of immortality;
it has closed the gates of darkness, and thrown
wide open the door of light and progress; it
has given scope and confidence to the inhabi-
tants of this earth that nothing else has ever
done; it has removed the spectres of doubt,
destroyed the dungeons of fear, and established
in the minds of the hopeful and the faithful
the absolute truth that there is no death but
that of the body.

As an instrument and medium in ushering
in this era of modern spiritual manifestations,
you, madam, have been an important person-
age. To no other person in America are the
Spiritualists of the world more indebted than
to you, for the great work you have performed;
the devotion you have manifested; the firm
and unflinching position you have for years
maintained.

In leaving our shores, madam, you go with
the respect and confidence of all who know
you, and with the sincere thanks and profound
gratitude of thousands; you go not to follow
the faded stars of the East with man-made
revelations; you go from the glorious West,
panopied in the armor of truth and indisputa-
ble facts; you go to prove the immortality of
man, your presence in other lands be-
surpassed by that achieved in your own.

And now it becomes my pleasing duty to
present to you this bouquet of flowers from the
ladies and gentlemen of our Association. In
its buds and blossoms you will find an inti-
mation of those delicate sentiments of friend-
ship and esteem which words have not the
power to express. In bidding you adieu, we do
not consign you to the cares or blessings of
imaginary deities; we entrust you to that real
and deathless band of immortals who have been
your true friends in the trying days of your
mediumship.

And now, dear madam, we bid you farewell
for the time. We know that you are safe
wherever you go, and that you are as immor-
tal as the band of spirits that attend you.

Mrs. Mary A. Gridley was next called upon
by the Chairman for a speech. She responded
in a feeling manner, expressive of her regard
for Mrs. Williams as a sister, medium and
friend, and the Cause represented, so dear to
her, and closed with her best wishes, prophetic
of the success Mrs. Williams will meet with on
her mission to foreign countries. Mr. A. G.
MacDonald she congratulated on his repre-
senting the Spiritualists of America in accom-
panying Mrs. Williams abroad and being iden-
tified with this glorious mission.

Mrs. M. E. Wallace next responded to a call
from the Chairman, and gave an inspirational
address and parting tribute to Mrs. Williams
and her angel inspirers in her usual accepta-
ble manner.

In consideration of the time approaching for
the departure of the friends from the ship, no
one else responded to a further invitation from
the Chairman, and Mrs. Williams, deeply moved
on the occasion, only replied in a few chosen
words her appreciation and gratitude for all
that had been expressed by the friends present,
and ended by saying that to her it was an
occasion when "silence was golden," as lan-
guage could not portray her feelings.

The meeting then adjourned and adieux were
spoken, and many heartfelt wishes of "bon
voyage" accompanied the lady on her depart-
ure for foreign shores, with prayers for
her safe return when the mission she starts out
upon is successfully fulfilled.

MARY A. GRIDLEY, Sec'y.

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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 9 Essex Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Religious, and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

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

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co. at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents may be prone. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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Isaac B. Rich, Business Manager.
John W. Bay, Editor.
Henry W. Pittman, Associate Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the Editors. All business letters should be forwarded to the BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

New Trial Subscriptions!

The BANNER OF LIGHT will (as announced in its prospectus) be furnished to new TRIAL subscribers at 50 cents for 3 months.

This liberal offer is made in order to introduce the paper to those who have not yet formed practical acquaintance with its valuable and sterling contents.

While thanking its regular subscribers for their continued patronage, THE BANNER'S publishers desire that this journal, which is devoted to the spiritual movement, as well as to secular reforms in behalf of our common humanity, shall receive ample support from the public at large. COLBY & RICH.

Good Things for Our Readers.

THE BANNER will print next week No. VIII. of the truly classic series of "Psychic Cleanings" which Albert Morton, Esq., of Sumnerland, Cal., has been contributing to its columns—the theme of this installment being "Theodore Parker—A Grand Preacher and Worker."

We have also on hand for publication as fast as space will warrant, a letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles, concerning "Body, Soul, Spirit"; and the third of Henry Forbes' interesting "Twice-Told Tales." Other articles not here mentioned are also on hand.

We cordially thank these writers, and all who are endeavoring to do their best to render THE BANNER of interest and value to its patrons.

Be of Good Courage.

A Cleveland, O., preacher said recently that he supposed there was a point in the great advance of souls beyond which none of us can go at present, otherwise it would be possible for an individual to attain all the glories of character he is now capable of, and then pause for the world to grow larger around him. The people, however, who have achieved this sublimity of goodness are numerically very few. The majority of people, when they come to a pause in their spiritual growth, or become disheartened to advance the right, do so because they are deceived by some lesser difficulty, and not because they have really reached their limit. We all of us very often encounter hindrances that seem heavier than they really are, and that frighten us into thinking that they mark the end of our advance.

But most of the lions in the way will cringe before him who advances boldly upon them. Every hindrance is already half overcome when we look at it with steady eyes and fearless heart. Hence those who think they have done all the good they can in the world, or that they can subdue no more of their faults, and those who dread the advance from old associations into new ones, if they only face their difficulties with a searching look, to see whether they are inseparable or not, have only to be of good courage and go forward. This preacher tells us to wrestle with what are called the ills of life, and grow stronger for so doing. He bids us keep our heart whole and our brain clear a little longer. In those very times of doubt and uncertainty, when we stand before the greatest hindrance we ever encountered, are contained, after all, our call to duty.

Not in bitterness of spirit at all, but ever in hope, are we to study the problem of life's hindrances. There are outside of us and beyond us things which we cannot control, but which seem to have great power over us. We have but to name these moral hindrances to discover the way to conquer them. They are all of them negative merely—lack of persistence, lack of courage, lack of wisdom, lack of good judgment to perceive what gains one has really made, fear of ridicule, hesitation to make sacrifices, lack of self-reliance. Such as these are the enervating things of the moral life, and to escape them one has only to cultivate the strong opposing virtue.

But above all we must so live as to never call out the terrible rebuke of conscience. In all things we are engaged about we are to persevere until our hearts are pure and our religion is rich in mighty works. That is the moral heroism, the obedience, the truth, for which there can be no failure. If we can live thus grandly, we shall utter the message of God to men, and find in it the serene happiness of heaven. As we are only human, there still must be for us what we think dark times, but by the mercy of God the hours of brightness never fail to return. Those who have proved faithful and true then see and know that they builded wiser than they knew. So, forever, fresh hope will spring out of darkness, if in the time of our sadness we have been true to the obligations of our former hope.

The Decay of Clericalism.

The Rev. Langdon C. Stewardson of Worcester contributes a paper to the July number of *The International Journal of Ethics* on "The Effect of the Clerical Office upon Character," and it contains a number of common truths that even the clergy are beginning to see at last for themselves. Mr. Stewardson frankly admits that the effect is decidedly bad, and he says that is the emphatic opinion of all the laymen whom he has questioned on the subject. The points he makes are of immediate interest. He deals only with Protestant ministers here in the United States; and he finds that, while nearly all the old class-privileges and distinctions of the clergy are gone, still such distinctions do remain, and honor the man for his office chiefly, rather than for his individual qualities, and these exert a bad influence upon the minister.

A great change in this matter, however, has taken place and is still going on. He says the disposition to honor the parson because of what he is, rather than by reason of his ghostly office, is daily growing in strength and latitude. On the whole, therefore, we may confidently affirm that the clerical office, as it exists to-day in most Protestant churches, approximates in some important particulars to that which was exercised by the leaders of the Christian congregations during the first two centuries. As if he were to say that we are coming to a different and better state of things, when the clerical office exercises less influence than does the personal character of the one holding it. The writer says, furthermore, that he finds a great improvement in the clerical character of to-day as compared with the same character during the last century, when the parsons, curates and vicars of Old England were practically the belongings of the fox-hunting squire. Sacrodotism has been practically abolished one-half, while patronage and privilege have been materially diminished and made to disappear.

That is the explanation of the small percentage of popular attendance on the churches, and the disinclination to pay salaries to preachers who are not wanted. But in spite of the diminishing distance between the ministers and the people, the pastors and the congregations, the clergy still remain, says the writer, in many respects a separate and privileged class. And it is the result of these conditions and the patronage which puts "the clergy at half price" in so many of the affairs of life, that is responsible for the bad influence he is now exposing. In his own words, they "seriously handicap and impair the development of his mental and moral character." Besides this, the minister is a made-up character, not a natural one. He poses in the common sight as a model. This is the rule of the average, to which there are of course exceptions. And the practice admittedly leads to many small hypocrisies, the made-up model rarely being frank and natural.

The minister is set up, too, on a pedestal in a very great degree, "looked up to with a reverence and deferred to with a respect to which, often enough, neither the weight of his opinion nor the exceptionalness of his piety entitle him." The writer states with truth that "the women in particular are prone to burn incense before him. They laugh immoderately at his poorest jokes, praise his emptiest sermons, and follow him about with looks of ill-concealed admiration."

As Mr. Stewardson says, "accustomed to be listened to without rejoinder, they (the preachers) show a marked impatience of candid criticism; and, when actually subjected to contradiction, and put into a corner, they evince a strong disinclination to fight fair, as well as a perverse desire to dodge the whole question at issue."

Commenting on the dictatorial tone assumed by clerical authorities toward their inferiors in the Church government and to the questioning laity, the writer is reminded of the negro preacher down South, of whom Edward Eggleston tells in his story. Before leading the neophytes into the water the preacher improved the occasion to make a few very solemn and feeling remarks to his hearers. "Now, my brethren," he chanted in a doleful recitative, "you'll all want to know what's de reason dat immersion is de only mode ob baptism. Well, now, my brethren, bless de Laud, 'T AINT NONE O' YOHAN BUSINESS."

The average cleric would be glad to dispose of all awkward questions in the same way, but the age we live in will not permit it. Science has no respect for that sort of authority. The ministerial and ecclesiastical influence is fast giving place to something better and more sensible.

Immortality a Necessity.

In the New York *Sunday Herald* of a recent date appeared an editorial article filled with liberal thoughts and spiritual suggestions that ought to go a great ways toward silencing the ministers who make it a part of their business to denounce all Sunday papers. The appearance of articles of such a character in these papers leads many people to think that the Sunday idolaters of ministers are more jealous of the influence of these Sunday papers, than concerned for the sacredness of the day itself. Among the other pertinent reflections contained in this article is the one that the contrast is a painful one in thinking of what we are capable of doing, and what we really accomplish. The noblest man that lives, it asserts, can do no more than furnish a suggestion of the soul's aspiring possibilities before he is called hence. He leaves his task only half done, his song only half sung. In this we are notably different from other created things. Man alone is endowed with the tremendous prerogatives of imperfection. He only can say at death that his horizon line is as far away as ever.

Even if he should work with entire faithfulness, and wasted neither time nor opportunity, his years are too few and his limitations too many to let him achieve the best of which he is capable. He can do more if another life and a better environment are furnished. It would indeed be strange if the Being who made him to

become great, should call him from his task before he can possibly achieve greatness. Strange indeed if he who endowed him with magnificent abilities should close his eyes in an eternal sleep just as he begins to appreciate them. Unless we are ready to admit that man's creation was an unaccountable blunder, immortality is an absolute necessity. But it saddens us to think of those who at death have little more to carry with them than a heavy burden of regrets. They must needs unlearn nearly all they ever learned in this life, before they can make any progress. Having found their delight in physical indulgence, they will feel curiously out of place when out of their bodies and all gross pleasures are impossible. It is almost too much to think seriously of the disadvantage with which they will begin the other life. All happiness is beyond their reach until by slow degrees and painful experience they effect a radical change in themselves.

How deep must be the wretchedness of the man who looks back on what he has been and then gets a glimpse of what he might have been! Place a man in a position where all his faculties will be thoroughly awakened, where he will see himself as he is, be forced to view the falling tears of a heartbroken wife, the ruinous tendencies transmitted to his children, forcing them into lives as shameful as his own—what must be his mental condition? The "bottomless pit" itself might seem an asylum built by pity in comparison. He must undo the wrongs he has committed, and endure agony until those wrongs have been righted. It is a serious thing to carry a wasted life with all its consequences into the other world.

Just Arrived.

There seems to be a tendency now-a-days to ignore the existence of spiritual gifts and phenomena, and to rechristen the movement "Psychic Research," thus appealing alike to materialistic scientists and a credulous clergy, as Mesmerism (so long derided by the titled know-nothings of the past) has gained worldly standing and precedence under the new cognomen of "Hypnotism," which the regulars in medicine have bestowed upon it.

If anything could clearly prove this, here is a case in point.

There passed to spirit-life a few days ago in New York City, a man (Dr. Eugene Crowell) who devoted much valuable time and research to the preparation and afterward publication of a work proving the identity of Modern Spiritualism with that of primitive Christianity before authority had silenced those who were inspired by "the spirit," and declared the canon of revelation closed. The book was impossible of refutation, so the rulers of modern thought kept, concerning it, a discreet silence where possible. This work is still for sale by Colby & Rich.

Now we see that our friend, Solon Laurer—once a Spiritualist speaker, and a good one, since becoming a Unitarian clergyman—has, without a word of opposition, occupied the same ground practically in a lecture at the New South Church, Boston. This was allowed because his views were given under the "Psychical Research" cover. He is said to have remarked "that these alleged powers of Jesus and his disciples are possessed in some degree by persons living to-day, is to scientific thinkers the most satisfactory proof of the authenticity of the gospel records," and that "this line of experimental evidence will take its place in the literature of the church to supplement the evidences of Christianity now taught in our divinity schools." It would seem that one wing of the church, at least, has just arrived at the ground so fully occupied by Dr. Crowell, and is driving down the "Psychical Research" stake, in token of possession.

A Living and Enduring Monument.

Such should become the thought and the resulting purpose of Spiritualists everywhere in relation to THE BANNER—that it should at once be made a monument to commemorate the work and worth of its honored founder: Writes Dr. George A. Fuller of Worcester, Mass. (President of the State Association of Spiritualists), addressing them in earnest appeal: "Let us show our appreciation of his efforts by sustaining those upon whose shoulders his mantle has fallen. May Spiritualists everywhere feel the obligations that rest upon them in this direction, and by their efforts may THE BANNER become an enduring monument to the loved and honored name of LUTHER COLBY." He has our grateful thanks for his timely and most appropriate suggestion. There is not a doubt that this would have been the departing desire of Mr. Colby himself, if he had expressed it. He would fain continue the work he so long and faithfully pursued by perpetuating the agency through which he was enabled to perform it.

As a practical evidence of the popular feeling we present the following extracts from a letter written us, Nov. 3, by Mr. Ed. S. Varney of Lowell, Mass.:

"As one who intends to be a life-long subscriber to the dear old BANNER, I feel that now, if ever, is the time for me to show my love for the paper, and my appreciation of those of you who are bravely standing at the helm. I enclose a five-dollar bill. Were my purse as big as my heart, it would be a five-hundred-dollar bill. I feel that I cannot afford to give more, although the moral and spiritual worth of THE BANNER is priceless. I shall also endeavor to get you some subscribers. I do this not only for THE BANNER, but also in memory of our noble leader who has just passed on to fresher fields of useful labor."

Enforcing the Sunday Laws.

These Puritan statutes which still remain in force (though in hiding) in Massachusetts are a standing menace to the people, to be enforced only whenever any private or corporate spite against any person or collection of persons is to be gratified by bringing them forth; at all other times they are literally inoperative as to their application to the ordinary Sunday life of the body politic. They are not in harmony with the spirit of the age; such laws could not be passed to-day, and they should be repealed.

The town of Brookline is the latest dogmatic balliwick to try to enforce these "blue-light" laws, and has declared war on Sunday golf-playing within its borders, while driving in carriages, bicycle riding, etc., are in vogue unmoistened. The Sabbath was made for man—and not man for the Sabbath," taught the Nazarene, and those who take him for a leader should surely lean toward his precepts in this as in other directions.

A communication in favor of Mrs. A. Mott-Knight's ability as a fine physical and materializing medium, etc., will appear in the next BANNER.

Results of Vaccination.

Among the many testimonials of householders at Burslow, Surrey, Eng., as to the injurious results of vaccination, is one from William Tebb, the President of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination. Mr. Tebb states that he has known, and during the past three years has investigated, twelve cases of serious injury from vaccination, within five miles of his residence. Several of the victims have been ruined for life, and three cases terminated fatally after acute suffering. And he reported that he had heard of many others. He also stated that he had attended six public inquiries in London held upon infants, whose deaths were due to vaccination. During the past twenty-two years Mr. Tebb states that he has heard of serious and fatal vaccination cases in nearly every quarter of the globe. In three months of 1890 he gave evidence regarding his investigations and experiences before the Royal Commission in London for 6,233 cases of injury, and 842 deaths, alleged to be due to vaccination. He then gave chapter and verse. The facts were not impugned under cross-examination. For the last and perhaps the saddest of the evils it had fallen to his lot to investigate, resulting from vaccination, Mr. Tebb refers to his great work on Leprosy.

Madame Valesca Toepfer.

This renowned and much persecuted medium, whose trial and sentence for an alleged attempt to deceive created so much excitement recently in Germany, left her native land on the 6th of September last, accompanied by her oldest son, John, and her daughter Mathilde, for San Diego, Cal. Speaking of her departure from Germany, the *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter* of the 11th of October says:

"Of this lady it can be truly said that she has cruelly suffered for the sake of humanity. But without a battle there comes no victory. Multitudes have by her means been won to Spiritualism, and have found rest and peace for their souls."

With the departure of Madame Toepfer, Germany loses the last of the great public mediums for materialization, for she and Madame Demmer were the only ones remaining for this phase of mediumship. May she be prosperous and happy in her new home; may she keep sacred her rare gifts which she possesses, and continue to use them for the welfare of mankind."

A Good Suggestion.

Whenever, says *Light*, London, of a late date, ordinary photographers everywhere, in the practice of their daily avocation, get the result of a "fogged plate," they should preserve it instead of treating it as waste. Such plates are well known; and it is quite possible that thousands of precious things in the direction of spirit-photography have been thrown away:

"In the light which we may throw on these irregular productions, we suggest (says Mr. Wilmore) that these plates should be completed, printed from, and however unskillful or inartistic the results, that they should be lodged with the President of the local Photographic Society, and, even if not understood or appreciated, that they should be preserved among the valuables of that society. Should a human form appear in the mist, no matter how indistinct, we advise that the photographer should communicate privately with his customer, ascertain if such a form was or is known to them, consult his customer's wishes as to whether the fact should be made public beyond the society, and act accordingly."

War on Spiritualism.

The authorities of the Kingdom of Saxony, says *Le Messager*, have taken action against Spiritualism. Every medium who shall accept any pay for sittings is to be arrested and tried for fraud and traffic in the "credulity" of the public.

At Murano the interpretation of this law has operated to prevent the presence at a spiritual séance of persons known to be of an excitable and nervous temperament. This action is taken—it is sarcastically announced—in the "name of the public health" and the mental state of future generations!

A Free Library.

A circular, issued by a committee of Spiritualists of Barcelona, at the head of which we see the name of the editor of *La Revista de Estudios Psicológicos*, the Viscount De Torres-Solanot, conveys the following intelligence: "It gives us pleasure to announce the opening in this city of a Free Public Circulating Library of periodicals and works on Spiritualism, Magnetism and the Occult Sciences. This is the first library of this kind in Spain, and we doubt not that it will largely contribute to the popularization of the Spiritual Philosophy."

Our Boston and New England Reports of local meetings on Sunday must reach this office by the evening of Monday to insure insertion; they will be in danger of being crowded out if received on Tuesday, as we are then obliged to accommodate the mails from New York and the South, which cannot possibly come to hand before that date. Study brevity and celerity, friends!

We are sorry to see Dr. Mary Walker making—in the course of a recent lecture in Faneuil Hall versus capital punishment—some of the precise points against it which Spiritualism has revealed and proclaimed, while she feels that she must, at the same time, throw to "the whale" of public popularity "the tub" of a sharp fling at the source whence they were practically obtained!

Mrs. J. A. Chapman writes us from Norwich, Ct.: "We are heartily in sympathy with all tributes in memory of the grand work accomplished by our arisen brother, LUTHER COLBY, but no word of ours is needed. We have always loved the BANNER OF LIGHT. We love it still, and hope to awaken some souls to its grand work."

A curious phenomenon is occurring in a spiritual séance in Russia, so says *The Rebus* of St. Petersburg. The top of the table had become separated from the legs, and the spirit controlling the séances asked that it should not be repaired. Since that time, when the hands of sitters are laid upon the table, the top revolves in one direction, and the stand in another.

The Golden Rule says of Dr. Bland's new book—"How to Get Well and How to Keep Well," which Colby & Rich have on sale: "This volume is packed full of sensible ideas. The author's belief is that all treatment of the sick should tend directly and solely to the restoration of the deranged functions; and that no poisons should be given as medicine."

Read the earnest tribute paid to the worth of Miss Abbie A. Judson's work in that city during October, by the Worcester, Mass., Spiritualists, sixth page.

The Great Storm.

The New England coast was swept, on the night of Nov. 5, by a terrible gale of wind, mingled with rain and snow; telegraph lines were prostrated, and the mail service delayed to an extent unknown in this section since '88. Those who sent notices concerning Sunday meetings from New York, Brooklyn, etc., are informed that their favors were delayed by this elemental war to a point so late on Tuesday afternoon (press day) as to be unavailable for this week.

A circle for the benefit of E. J. Bowtell was given by Dr. S. H. Nelke at his residence, 32 Milford street, Boston, on the evening of Oct. 29. Many convincing proofs of spirit-return were given, and those present received much valuable information through the mediumship of Dr. Nelke.

Attention is called to the fact (as per advertisement, fifth page) that Dr. F. L. H. Willis's celebrated reply to the Rev. Dr. Snyder's Comments on Spiritualism has been brought out in pamphlet, and is for sale by Colby & Rich, at a merely nominal price. It should be widely circulated.

Our thanks are returned to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, for its kindly notice, Oct. 27, of the life-work and decease of THE BANNER's late senior editor.

A kindly tribute to the memory of Luther Colby, from the pen of A. B. French, Esq., Clyde, O., will appear next week.

Decease of Dr. Eugene Crowell.

The passing away of Dr. Eugene Crowell, on Monday, Oct. 29, has called forth many expressions of sincere regret.

The following is from a long-time friend:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The funeral of Dr. Eugene Crowell took place at his late residence in the city of New York, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 31, at 10 A. M. The Doctor, who was his last about 5 o'clock A. M. of the Monday preceding. For fully twenty-four hours before his death he was most of the time unconscious, and gave no evidence of any suffering. The end of the first drama of life came without a struggle. He fully realized for some days before that he could not long battle with his disease, and refused anything which might prolong the agony.

The morning of the funeral the rain fell in torrents, but notwithstanding this a goodly number of distinguished people and personal friends were present. His children and grandchildren were gathered there from their respective homes, and a profusion of flowers comprising some beautiful pieces of floral art, contributed by friends, bespoke the love and esteem in which he was held.

A quarter of a century which had been his favorite work, and which was heartily rendered. Rev. Dr. Sabine of New York read the Episcopal burial service, and Ex-Judge Abram H. Dalley made an address occupying about a half an hour, which was attentively listened to. He spoke of some of the events in the early life of Dr. Crowell, recounting his career as a physician, as a merchant and citizen, in his early life here and in California, in the early days of that State, when he was at the head of the city government in San Francisco. He directed attention to the fact that the deceased was a keen observer, a close student, and demanded proof before he would accept as true anything of an occult nature; that by seeking the cause of certain phenomena he became converted from Materialism to Spiritualism, and having courage of his convictions, made known to the world his reasons for all he claimed to believe.

Judge Dalley spoke of the great merits of his literary work, saying that "in the last few years of his life he had set a rich legacy to the world, which for many years will serve the memory of Eugene Crowell, which in themselves are testimonials of his worth as a man, and of his ability as a writer." He read extracts from a pamphlet from the pen of the deceased, published by Dr. Crowell in 1882, entitled, "The Philosophy of Death," giving his own views of death and resurrection. He spoke in the highest praise of the purity of the life and character of the deceased, and of his happy release from human ills at the close of a long life, V. R. S. New York, Nov. 3.

The *New York Herald* published a lengthy and faithful tribute to Dr. Crowell, accompanying the account with a cut of the learned and esteemed doctor. Among other things *The Herald* says:

"Dr. Crowell held that his faith in Spiritualism was consistent with Christianity. He believed that under certain conditions it was possible to have communications with the spirits of departed mortals, and he contended that his wife, who died ten years ago, had talked to him from the other world. These alleged communications came through the medium of a woman who was known as such to the public. Dr. Crowell had among his intimates, his sons say, men of high standing in medicine and theology, who believed with him in this matter."

Los Espiritus.

Dr. M. Otero Acevedo of Madrid has our thanks for a copy of the first volume of his valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. If the remaining volumes are as good in design, as interesting in development, and as successful in accomplishment as the first, we shall be sorry that we did not receive them also. In the three hundred and sixty-eight pages that make up this volume the author traces the history of the soul, referring especially to the doctrine of its independent existence and its survival beyond the grave. He examines first the belief in the existence of spirits common among the savage people of the earth; he passes then to the doctrine of metempsychosis found in Eastern civilizations. He draws from the ancient literatures the unquestionable proofs that contain of the immortality of the soul, and closes the first part of his work with the discussion of the doctrine of the Christ, the Christian religion and demonology.

The study of the Spiritual Philosophy to which he invites us is introduced by these forcible words: "There are two enemies of progress: one, official science, which claims the monopoly of knowledge and puts its veto upon whatever is new, upon all that does not agree with its conclusions; the other, the so-called ignorance who thinks he knows it all, and the every discovery opposes his impudent denial, without suspecting that the universe may be somewhat different from what his undeveloped intellect conceives it to be. Between these two there is no more difference than methods of procedure. The scientist does not wish to understand; the ignoramus cannot."

Headquarters Dedicated.

The local members of the National Spiritualists' Association dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, their new headquarters at No. 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Southeast, Washington, D. C., Saturday evening, Oct. 27. An invocation was offered by Mrs. Olive A. Blodgett, and the dedicatory address was made by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers and ferns; after supper was served congratulatory speeches were made.

The building is an attractive structure of red brick, the lower floor of which will be occupied by President Barrett and Secretary Woodbury as offices.

The well-known magnetic physician, Addison D. Crabtree, has returned from a month's vacation—his first in eight years—and may be seen daily at his office, 131 Tremont street, Boston, or consulted by letter, from a distance, on the most stubborn and obscure diseases to which mortals are heir. See card on page seven.

See Dr. Charles E. Watkins's advertisement on the fifth page, present issue.

Danger from Catarrh.

The most important feature about that very common complaint, catarrh in the head, is its tendency to develop into some other more serious and dangerous disease. The foul matter dropping from the head into the bronchial tubes or lungs is very liable to lead to bronchitis or consumption, that destroyer which causes more deaths in this country than any other disease. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do but little good. The common-sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported by Mrs. F. B. BRADLEY, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our counting-room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appertaining to this Department should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Oct. 12th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Infinite Spirit, we reach out to thee seeking the spiritual unfoldment of our lives. May we understand by law of truth and wisdom that we may be guided aright in our daily conduct. May our lives be acted upon by pure and beneficent influences that we may be led to reach out the helping hand and extend our sympathy and encouragement to whomsoever we meet along our mortal pathway, feeling that every man is our brother and every woman is our sister; that the Creator is the Father and Mother of us all.

We desire to come into communion with thy ministering angels, who never weary in their labor of love and mercy. May they draw mankind away from the darkness of earth into the light that comes from celestial spheres; may they bring consolation to the mourning and sorrowing hearts, and give hope to those who despair. We welcome these returning souls, asking not only that we may be uplifted by their heavenly atmosphere of peace and harmony, but that we may extend to them an influence so aspiring as to be grateful to them.

We ask, oh! our Father, that we may be receptive to the divine influx of angelic love, that our souls may be illuminated with clear light from the realm of wisdom and knowledge above; and that thy blessing may rest upon each one, not only at this hour but evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Leander Holmes.

I understood little of spirit-communion when here, but now I see its importance to mortals, and I say that true mediumship should be prized above diamonds and rubies.

I passed into the beyond, which is but a step, without a long sickness, but not as suddenly as the gentleman who has just spoken, for I was ill some few days, I should judge.

I well remember that a medium (God bless her to-day) came to me and said, on one occasion, "I see sudden changes coming to you in the early spring." This was in the fall. I looked at her earnestly and thought: "Why are you telling me this? I anticipate no change," not comprehending her meaning, but I found after going to spirit-life that that was what she referred to. Not one week, I should judge, from the time I was performing a duty, "in the kindness of my heart," they said, "ministering to one in sickness," the summons came to me. I heard mortals say, "He is no more," and I often heard this little incident repeated; therefore to-day would I say, God bless every medium who tries to live close to the kingdom, for then are they fitted to voice our thoughts.

In Plymouth, this State, I know I shall be remembered; also in good old Boston and surrounding towns.

I desire to touch upon a certain point that appeals to me strongly just now. Mortals cannot realize how it crushes upon our sensibilities when we hear the remark: "I don't believe they are coming back here to tip tables, rap on doors and upset chairs." Dear friends, we use every avenue that is presented to us when we are deprived of or debarrued from using such medial instrumentalities as I am using at the present time. We seek every channel through which to give you proof of our companionship.

Who of all those whose loved and loving friends have passed on to the spirit-land would wish to believe for one moment that this short earthly existence is all there is of life, or that we must lie in our graves until the Judgment Day? I have found since passing to the higher life that the Judgment Day is every day, and that one's conscience is the only Judge one has to meet.

Martha and Joseph are here. It is but a few years, comparatively speaking, since I laid off the garment of flesh, and I feel now to put my shoulder to the wheel and do all that it is possible for me to do to convince mortals that we are with them in every good and grand work. I am Leander Holmes.

Lewis Byron Wilson.

Friends: I have been invited to speak here upon this occasion, and I gladly avail myself of the privilege.

In years past, Mr. Chairman, I held your position, and was long connected with the good old BANNER. My prayer is that it may long continue to wave, to give comfort to mourning hearts sitting in the darkness of sorrow and despair.

When we on the spirit-side were assured that our Brother Colby was about to lay off the garment of flesh we were indeed rejoiced. Yet his work is by no means finished. He will return to you; often will his influence be felt; often shall it be said of him that he ever stood

in the front ranks when the battle raged fiercely; through all inharmonious trials and adversity he has been faithful and true. He was not perfect, but who is? He placed his shoulder to the wheel and never flinched, but pressed ever onward, and to-day he is reaping what he has sown. Those who have been co-workers with him in the mortal sphere warmly greeted him as he entered the spirit-world; our own dear medium, Mrs. Conant, came with outstretched hands to welcome him home, and soon he was surrounded by those who had been connected with him in the good BANNER or LIGHT establishment.

I would send greetings to each one here. We are workers with you as of old, although we have vacated our places on the material side and left them for you mortals to fill. We are pleased with the present plan of holding circles in private, and we desire that this medial instrument of the spirit-world may long be spared to fulfill her mission here.

Brother Colby is present with us as a listener to-day, and expresses his approbation of all the arrangements. Brother Berry, Brother White, Fanny Conant, Jenny Rudd and Emily Chase are also here. Theodore Parker telegraphs back loving words of greeting to the new-born spirit.

I send warm greetings to Brother Rich, Brother Day, Brother Tuttle, and all who remember Lewis Byron Wilson, formerly Chairman of the BANNER of Light Public Circles.

Charles C. Dudley.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I, too, have been invited to speak here to-day, and I coincide with Brother Wilson in every word that has been uttered concerning our good Brother Colby for whom we have a high respect. He has fought the good fight. Through many winters he has stood firm at his post. When discouragements have been many he has never failed in his duty, but has ever been faithful, as Brother Day is now.

I bring my greetings to all, but first I would remember Carrie. Yes, Louisa, I bring loving words to you. Think not for a moment that I leave you a single day. I must perform my mission in the spirit-world, yet I delight to visit my dear ones on the earth-plane.

Mr. Chairman, I am pleased to be a visitor here in your Circle-Room, and I feel that the changes made have been for the best—best for the medium and best for the spirits.

Carrie, I know you are pleased to go where you can behold my materialized form and hear me speak to you, although the conversation does not amount to a great deal, because I must keep my mind upon the material. It is, therefore, very satisfactory to me to come here and speak, knowing my message will be recorded on that clear sheet, the good old BANNER of LIGHT, which was rightly named by the spirit-world.

Carrie, Bro. James Mahoney is here, and wishes to be remembered to you only, for he knows if he sent word to his family it would be cast aside. Therefore he asks me to extend his kindest regards to you, Carrie, and to say he found all his children five.

My name is Charles C. Dudley, but I was better known here as "Charlie." Many in this establishment sense my presence often.

Although termed "dead," we are active, living entities, and we are glad to announce ourselves here upon this platform on this, to us, pleasant occasion, in company with Bro. Luther Colby. His name lives, his work lives, his spirit lives, and he will be one with us as of old.

[To the Chairman:] I feel at home in this establishment, especially in the Bookstore, where I worked so many years. Please remember me warmly and kindly to Bro. Day, and my old associates in the counting-room.

Sam Small.

[To the Chairman:] Good-morning. I greet you with a warm feeling to-day, for your Spirit-President says it makes no difference whether we are white or colored; we are privileged to speak just the same, for we are all God's children.

When in the mortal form I lived in Louisville, Ky.

I'm very glad to report here, for I know some one will say, "I should n't think he would go there." I've been to your meetings many times, but not to speak—just to learn; for they told me I must learn much before I could send a message myself.

I know what it is to feel the lash. The massa don't think the black man can ever be tired. Now I feel a freedom of spirit.

I'm glad to say Sam Small speaks to you to-day. I've been in Louisville and Georgia.

Marion Haynes.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, may I speak? [Certainly.]

I am so glad that we little people can talk here as well as the larger ones. I think it is so pleasant that we don't go far away, but that we can come right here in your meeting.

My papa is a minister, and his name is Mr. Haynes. I'm Marion Haynes.

I came here a long time ago when you had meetings in that other room, and we went on the rostrum.

My papa knows very well I'm not dead, but he can't just understand why I come to somebody else, a stranger, instead of coming home. He'll have to learn that. My papa loves his little Marion dearly, and he says she's in heaven. I suppose the Summer-Land is heaven. When he and mamma learn that they'll have to come where the medial powers are if they want to communicate with the spirits, the same as they must go where the wires are if they want to send a telegram, then they'll be ready to believe it is true we can return.

Dear papa, I am very happy. I am often with you when you go into the pulpit to minister to the wants of the people, and sometime you will realize more of the presence of your little girl. I go to school, and my teacher tells me I am very proficient in music.

I send loving words to all, and will ever be a guardian spirit and guiding star wherever my mission calls me.

I am much older now than when I passed away, and have been educated in spiritual things. I look forward to the time when my loved and loving parents will come to meet me on those shores where no good-bys are known.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER Circles, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page.

Oct. 18.—Horace M. Richards; John Smith; Bertha Margaret Peterson; Jeremiah Hall; Walter R. Phillips; Elizabeth Dawson; Henry W. Passworthing; Charlotte Taber; Richard Duboué; Harriet E. Parkhurst; Dr. Charles B. Booth.

Oct. 24.—Hannah Finch; Daniel S. Shaw; Josephine Burroughs; Samuel A. Cole; William White; Hannah E. Burkey; Benson Sewall; Mrs. John M. Wilson.

Nov. 2.—John Bullen; Ellen Roney; Willie W. Everett; Emily Blair; Dr. A. S. Hayward; Dr. A. S. Hayward; Ida Louise Merritt; Mary Herrick; Mary Nickerson; Charles O. Fogg.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By C. F. R. Milwaukee, Wis.] How far above material things can a spirit live in the body?

Ans.—It would, from our standpoint, be pertinent to inquire how far from spiritual things can life be sustained, as the spirit is the energizing, vital power in every instance. Whatever may be the errors of some Christian Scientists, no statement is truer than that life, substance and intelligence are not material. All life is spirit; and in proportion as spirit dominates and permeates the human body is that body vigorous, healthy, beautiful, elastic and free.

If the question reads, How long can a spirit be confined to the body? our reply would be: Until it has conquered all material yearnings, and is so attracted to a purely spiritual state of expression that the earth has no longer any attraction for so developed an entity.

There is a prevalent fallacy that people are compelled to live material lives in order to get along and hold their own in this crude, hard world; but this assumption is groundless, unless the thought of continuing to live and prosper is understood in an entirely sensuous way. Look at the marvelous achievements of the greatest workers of history. You will find that every one of them was so far raised above material desires and limitations, that in place of servitude to sense they demonstrated triumph over all things sensuous.

Power is always and only from above; consequently the most practical spiritual teachings are those which show complete unity when treating upon man's welfare in general and in particular. On the three distinct planes whereon life is expressed on earth, viz., the moral, intellectual and physical, we find a complete harmony of need. Virtue conduces to health and longevity, as well as to intellectual brilliancy, while vice leads to physical and mental degeneration. To be spiritually-minded is not to be insensible to the beauties of the world, for ascetics are often the most unspiritual people alive by reason of their morose, censorious self-righteousness.

True spiritual attainment is manifest in an ability to enjoy all things rightly, each on its proper plane, so that the expression of the spirit within may be outwardly as perfect as possible. If people were, as a whole, far less anxious concerning worldly affairs, they would have ten times the insight they now exhibit wherewith to manage business. It goes without saying that no spiritually awakened person will cheat or oppress his neighbor, but in the conduct of lawful business the most spiritually awakened men and women may be the finest experts.

There is no virtue in grinding poverty and in the wretched failure of one's effort to get along on earth, though honest destitution is far better than knavish opulence. The wealth in this world yet undiscovered is enormous, beyond estimate, and we look forward to a near future when it will be discovered and utilized for the best good of the communities at large.

"Seek first the heavenly kingdom" is wise counsel; but the following words from the same gospel are true: "All these things shall be added unto you." A spiritual revelation must aim first at the moral elevation of humanity; second, at man's intellectual improvement, and third at his physical advancement. The true order of progress is character, intellect, flesh; and we cannot reverse the order without vainly seeking to build a house from roof to cellar instead of from foundation upward.

If the time comes in the history of any one on earth when he or she is entirely weaned from all material cravings, then there will be no other reason for him or her to continue dwelling on the earth or in its atmosphere, unless it be in a self-elected mission of beneficence.

When the debris of misconception is removed, as it soon will be, from theories of "Masters," "Adepts" or "Mahatmas," it will be made clear to the public that the true esoteric teachings of Oriental occultism are only to the effect that as soon as any soul realizes its God-likeness, and knows of the divinity within, it can burst all earthly fetters, and perform any feat of so-called magic it may desire. When we cease to crave earthly delights, and are more worship at mammon's shrine, we are as gods; we are *divas*, bright and shining ones, lighting the pathway for others who are yet behind us in the race. When the height of adepthood is really reached, prophetic and apostolic powers become manifest, and we can then so govern the body as to render it seen and unseen at will, and transport it from place to place without recourse to ordinary means of locomotion. All triumphs must be won in will first, then they can be externalized.

Q.—[By the same.] Can a spirit intelligence use the brain of a sensitive beyond its own knowledge or capacity?

A.—Two words are used as synonyms by our questioner which are not synonymous. Knowledge and capacity are not the same; therefore we are justified in the following discrimination: An instrument cannot be used beyond its capacity at any time by any performer, no matter how brilliant; but a great organist may use the organ to its full capacity, while the ordinary player may be able to use it only far below its capacity.

This illustration will throw light on inspira-

tional oratory and other mental phases of modality. Some people have excellent brain capacity, and their organisms are admirably adapted to express the noblest ideas in the grandest style, but they are ignorant of their own capacity, and this ignorance we call lack of knowledge. An inspiring guide knows more than the sensitive who is being inspired, therefore, though the knowledge conveyed through the medium's lips is not his own, but far transcendent, he is in no sense constitutionally incapable of both acquiring and appreciating such information.

We have had thousands of evidences of this kind, where the most untutored people—often children—have evinced a latent ability when under an affluence, which in ordinary life no one would have believed, judging from appearances, they possessed. We are not among those who advocate no culture for sensitives, for fear it may impair their mediumship, as our experience has clearly taught us that to improve and tune an instrument is to render service to a performer, no matter how gifted.

Q.—[By Edward Blakey, Lynn, Mass.] Will you give an explanation of the cause and uses, (if any,) of what Spencer terms "negative pictures" which he claims only come to one with advancing age or physical debility?

In my case I know this to be an error, for I have seen them ever since I can remember, but never so clearly and distinctly as of late. The development of this faculty, if it may be called such, seems to correspond with the development of clairvoyance.

If I am doing any kind of work, the object will be reproduced for as long as from one to six hours afterwards at unexpected intervals.

Spencer explains these things from a material standpoint, and as such it is unsatisfactory, and, I think, in error.

A.—We esteem the above experiences very highly, and attribute them to the processes of the normal functions of a healthy brain, provided the person who sees them is in a quiet mental frame at the time, and not subject to the hallucinations of hysteria.

Herbert Spencer's psychology is very deficient at many points, particularly where spiritual visions are concerned; and with all due deference to a great man and leading thinker, it must not be forgotten that he has been himself for many years a nervous invalid, often rendered so irritable and hyper-sensitive by his chronic malady that he puts on ear-protectors to prevent his hearing any sound, thereby shutting himself off entirely for the nonce from all conversation with whoever may be his companions. Young or middle aged persons in vigorous health when in good mental condition are always the most authentic witnesses when the question of visions is up for discussion, and when strong, able bodied, intellectual men and women have experiences such as our present questioner records we see every reason for attributing them to a reliable spiritual source.

So called "negative pictures" are evidential results of occult photography. We are all surrounded with an auric belt, or zone, which is our personal atmosphere, and in this encircling element all things are photographed which make a sufficient impression upon us. The more deeply interested we become in anything, the more completely reflected is its image within our auric belt; and, indeed, when we are intensely interested in any occurrence, such interest results in modification of our auric atmosphere. Clairvoyance in that connection is exactly what the word signifies, clear-sight—sight of those more attenuated existences than come within the usual range of our visual perception.

Diseased conditions and their results can always be separated from healthy visions, because in connection with them there will invariably be undue excitement, followed by marked depression. The healthier a sensitive is, the more reliable and instructive will be the things heard, seen, and otherwise apprehended through the instrumentality of his psychic sense.

A Grand Worker.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Miss Abby A. Judson came to serve the Worcester Association of Spiritualists quite unknown to us personally, as a spiritual lecturer. She leaves us, having won the hearty regard and admiration of all. Her reputation and her parentage brought out a large crowd on her opening Sunday. She drew good audiences the entire month, and the engagement was a pecuniary success. We speak of this because it is right that other societies should know that they have nothing to fear in securing her for a month's engagement in the future.

She has a wonderful power to hold her audience in absolute attention. From the moment she rises for the invocation until the loving tender dismissal, every eye seems to be fixed on her, and one might hear a pin drop. This is done not by the power of voice, though every word is distinctly audible. She has an intense personal magnetism that draws the listener along, sets him to thinking, and the thoughts remain with him until he can hear her again. This is done by psychic power, and by the aid of rare spiritual guides who speak through her lips. Her inspiration is smooth, but no means staid; but one old student of psychic phenomena said her mediumship was the finest he had ever seen; and every lecture makes one desire to hear more from her. A noticeable feature was that she spoke better and better to the end of the engagement. To sum up, Miss Judson's leading and extraordinary characteristics is spiritual power.

Not content with Sunday's work she entered heartily into our other meetings, and carried on a course of four lectures on psychic development, in which she generously shared the proceeds with the Society. Her month's work has made a distinct impression on the community. She is an unpretending lady, a learned woman, is sincere and sympathetic, and has won the respect and regard of all she has met, from newspaper editors to the boys and girls whom she enlists in humane work. She is a kind and thoughtful inmate of the families where she was entertained.

We commend her to the kindly welcome of all, and we are proud that our Society is the first Association in the East to receive Abby A. Judson upon its rostrum. She will always have a welcome here, and we know that good angels will go with her.

PETER GOULDING.
E. P. HOWE.
WOODBURY C. SMITH.
HELEN E. SMITH.
MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.
Worcester, Mass.

Reaches All Because It is Free.

Do you want to be strong and healthy? Well, here is the best opportunity you ever had. A system of free lectures on the subject of treating patients through letter correspondence, and is making wonderful cures. He is the discoverer of that world-renowned medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which is curing more people than any other medicine ever made. The most sensible thing you can do is to write him at once, and there is not much doubt but that it will result in your being cured. Remember it costs nothing to find out all about your case.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—O. P. Seay, writes: "Mrs. H. S. Lake, pastor of the People's Spiritual Alliance, meeting at Army and Navy Hall, has been discussing a variety of topics since the opening of our season, Sept. 2. Each discourse, since the close of the Lake, Brady Camp, has drawn out excellent audiences and much interest."

Mrs. Lake has been with us already one year and three months, and has proven the fact that she is capable of instructing a great variety of minds. The last address was upon "Our Psycho Powers and How to Unfold Them," called out a large and deeply interested audience, the occasion being a testimonial to her as a speaker and psychometrist. The previous week one of the leading dailies of the city had published a column and a half report of a successful séance which she had given in a celebrated criminal case. The platform tests which follow the lectures were an appropriate supplement of the philosophy which she presented. We feel that the work is in good hands, and that Spiritualism generally is attracting a good deal of attention in the city."

BELEFONTAINE.—James Cooper, M. D., one of the oldest clairvoyants in the Spiritualist ranks, writes: "I deeply sympathize in the loss of the visible presence of my old friend, Luther Colby. The apparent loss will be not alone your gain, but that of the cause to which he devoted nearly forty years of his life. Having thrown off the old and feeble body, and put on one free from aches and pains, he will be able to labor with greater advantage for the paper he loved so dearly."

I have known him since 1839, and have been a subscriber since the fourth number was issued. He was a noble and true friend; one that could be relied upon.

When he came down one afternoon last week, he presented himself, leaning upon the shoulder of an Indian girl.

He looked natural, except that he was quite thin in feature, but he looked bright and happy, and smiled quite pleasantly. The Indian girl was about medium height, with a rather fair skin for a squaw, a fine form, plump and round limbs, fawn-colored skirt and leggings, both fringed, and beaded moccasins. There were beads around her neck, a crown on her head; but her principal decoration was a pair of flowers—wild roses, lilies, moccasins, flowers and blue-bells, and she had woven a wreath of them for Mr. Colby and placed it on his brow. The presentation was a beautiful one, and I will not soon forget it. There was no word spoken or other impression given than that he was very happy."

Connecticut.

DANIELSONVILLE.—W. D. Wood writes: "Sunday, Sept. 21st, we organized a Spiritual Society here, with the following officers: President, W. D. Wood; Secretary, Fannie Mathewson; Treasurer, Emma Spaulding. The local paper had the following:

"Local Spiritualists have formed an organization here. The Society will engage for the November meeting Miss Abby A. Judson, the daughter of the well-known Baptist minister, Dr. A. Judson. Miss Judson was born in Burnham when her parents were missionaries to what was then called the Burmese Empire. She is a lady of rare culture, having been a teacher most of her life. In 1875 she founded the Judson Female Institute at Minneapolis, and carried it on until 1890. She became a Spiritualist in 1887, and since that time has labored for the Cause of Spiritualism. In the Baptist denomination the name of Adoniram Judson is well known, and many will be interested to hear this noted lady, his daughter, speak on the subject of Spiritualism. As a public speaker she has achieved great success, and is greeted everywhere with large audiences. The date of her lecture here will be announced later. The Society will hold services at 1 p. m. each Sunday, in Sons of Temperance Hall, and the public are cordially invited, free; and once a month, on a week-day evening, the Society will hold a Spiritualist meeting. The subject of the lecture to be given next Sunday, at 1 p. m., is 'The Future of Spiritualism; Its Influence upon Human Life, Socially and Religiously.' A discourse that was delivered by Mrs. Clara L. Richmond, one of the finest inspirational speakers in the country, this summer, at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting."

We have one of the best-halls in the place for meetings. We have fourteen members, who have pledged \$8 per meeting, and for the rest we shall depend upon the public. We intend to employ only the best, providing we can make satisfactory rates."

NORWICH.—Through the kindness of Mrs. J. Adelaide Chapman, Secretary, we are able to announce the thirteenth annual course of Spiritual Lectures and Séances in Grand Army Hall, beginning Nov. 4, and to be continued until April 28, with but one date unfilled. Those to take part are Miss Abby A. Judson, Dr. Arthur Hodges, J. D. Stiles, Willard J. Hull, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. R. S. Little, Frank Baxter, Prof. H. D. Barrett, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mr. A. E. Hinkle, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. Hortense Holcomb and Mrs. Clara H. Banks."

New York.

WATERTOWN.—C. H. Mattison, Cor. Sec., says: "It is with pleasure that I announce to the public the fact that the meetings of the First Progressive Spiritual Society of this city have had a most auspicious opening. During the month of October the best known trance speaker and test medium, Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly, has occupied our rostrum. Mr. Edgerly's work was looked to the fullest degree. His lectures during the month have been characterized by logic, consciousness and practicality."

These combined elements, as manifest in his work, go to make up the first-class platform worker, that all who are acquainted with Mr. Edgerly can concede him to be. Mr. Edgerly's tests were of unusual interest, being of a nature that their accuracy and clearness, and the psychometric readings were fully as good as were ever given in our temple. We anticipate having Mr. Edgerly with us again in the near future, and look forward to the time with the greatest pleasure."

November and December we have our pastor, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, with us."

Massachusetts.

BEVERLY.—Mark Dennett writes: "With extreme sorrow I read that our friend, Luther Colby, had departed from the mortal body, and had arisen to receive his reward in the higher life. I expect that he and William White had a happy and social greeting. You have sustained a loss, while he is relieved of his mortal cares. I do not think he has lost his interest in THE BANNER; I think before long he will give us evidence of his continued interest, and in the religion it advocates."

NEW BEDFORD.—"Secretary" writes: "Sunday, Oct. 28, G. V. Cordingley of St. Louis finished his present engagement with the First Spiritual Society. There were large audiences at both sessions. The questions answered, the poems, tests and spirit-raps were finely given, while the psychometric readings were wonderful. During his visit here, Mr. Cordingley has given the society three hours of his time, and met many of the friends in a social and business way."

Mrs. Eva Hill of Greenwich, N. Y., a trance singer and test medium, has also been with us, and given our people many messages and words of comfort from those who have passed to the higher life."

SPRINGFIELD.—W. L. Jack, M. D., writes: "It is but the voice of many that I write you my deepest sympathy in the loss of your and our loved and true friend, Mr. Luther Colby. His life was one in brightest sun-like constancy—in spirit and in truth, for the work he so manfully did, despite all opposition, for our noble cause."

Many are the questions and queries as to who will follow him in the work. We enter-

tain no fear for the a falling of the good old ship, the BANNER OF LIGHT, over the world as ever it has.

Let me here say a few words for those most excellent souls, Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Thaxter, who lovingly and faithfully could to brighten our friend Colby's life on earth. Their presence was like a balm of comfort to him, for he so much loved them by many years of friendly communion in spirit with his own through their excellent mediumship. Such as they are of the kingdom, and deserve, like the good Samaritans as they are, to be spoken of in the House of Israel.

May this BANNER be trebly increased, and you be spared years to enjoy the fruits of your labor."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Mrs. F. H. Roscoe writes: "One of the pleasantest social evenings was spent on the evening of the 29th ult., at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Roscoe, 161 Broadway, the occasion being a reception tendered to Mrs. Tillie Reynolds of Troy, N.Y., and Mrs. Nellie F. Burbeck of Plymouth, Mass."

Mrs. Reynolds has been the speaker for the Peoples' Progressive Spiritual Society for the past two weeks, and the guest of the Doctor and his wife, and their doors were thrown open to the many friends who came to greet and become better acquainted with those who have been helpful in opening the doorway to the better knowledge of spiritual truth.

Many beautiful flowers were brought. The evening was spent in a profitable and social manner.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett, the worthy President of the Society, made very fitting remarks, followed by the host, Dr. Roscoe, whose brain seemed touched by the higher inspiration.

Mrs. Burbeck, under spirit control, sang beautifully, and Mr. Hargraves Gill of Central Falls added much to the pleasure of the evening by the music on the Fairy Harp.

Mrs. Reynolds, in her bright, earnest way, gave some fitting words, and each felt that they were from the heart.

Many others contributed to the pleasure of the evening.

Mrs. Whipple gave a recitation, and then Winona, the Indian maiden guide of Mrs. Reynolds, added her own.

Other mediums were controlled, and the evening broke up with a universal expression of happiness."

South Dakota.

SIOUX FALLS.—M. A. Barney writes: "For about two months past the Progressive Spiritual Society of this city has had the services of Mr. Frederic Cushman and his guides, and the lectures through the organism of this medium have been most instructive as well as eloquent. I have never before the philosophy of Spiritualism more clearly or more logically explained."

There is a spirituality of tone in all that is uttered by this medium which is soul-satisfying; and it seems to me that this religious or spiritual element, breathed in every word spoken by his guides, is exactly what is needed to attract and bring into the light those whose religious or spiritual nature demands something more than the cold, bald platitudes of the Orthodox churches, and something more than the masterful logic and eloquence of some mediums now before the public. Mr. Cushman has done good work here as a trance speaker, but, in my humble opinion, he has done still better and more practical work as a private test medium.

From my own experience, and the experience of others to whom he has given sittings, I think it but justice to him to say that he ranks among our very best test mediums. I have had sittings with many prominent mediums, but have found none better than the gentleman of whom I write.

Mr. Cushman's stay here is drawing to a close, and it gives me pleasure to say that he has earned the respect and good wishes of this community, and that frequent "God bless you" from many a one who has received through his mediumship an affirmative answer to the question of ages, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.—David Thayer, President, writes: "On Sunday evening, Oct. 21st, Mrs. M. W. Leslie of Boston delivered a fine discourse before the Manchester Association of Spiritualists on 'The Higher Spiritual Life,' holding the close attention of an appreciative audience."

After the lecture Mrs. Leslie gave a large number of psychometric readings and tests, all of which were clear and comprehensive and satisfactory in every particular."

New Publications.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL. Compiled from various sources by Emma Harding, Hiram, Alfred Kilton, and A. Kersy. Fourth Edition. Boards. Newcastle-on-Tyne: H. A. Kersy.

Lyceum workers will be glad of this new edition to what has always been a book of great value in carrying on successfully the labors of the Lyceum. Sixty-eight additional pages, comprising ten Golden Chain recitations, sixteen new musical readings, forty-seven new Lyceum songs, are among the additions. Improvements have been made in many instances, and very many practical suggestions are presented which, if heeded, cannot fail to make the Lyceum better, more useful, inspiring and helpful by reason of having had this later work to assist. Taken altogether it is truly a compendium of physical, moral and spiritual exercises.

ANIMALS' RIGHTS. By Henry S. Salt. Cloth, pp. 170. New York: Macmillan & Co.

This is an essay, the object of which is to set the principle of animals' rights on a consistent and intelligible footing, and to show that this principle underlies the various efforts of humanitarian reformers. The author speaks out boldly, not impetuously, in favor of giving the animals all the privileges and attention possible, and defends them indiscriminately against mutilation, slaughter, murderous millinery and experiment. Wild animals, generally considered as without rights, are defended, and many lines of reforms are widely considered.

As a supplement to the work, Albert Leffingwell has written an essay "On Vivisection in America," in which he condemns the practice totally and unreservedly. That deep thought and patient research has been employed in discussing the theme is well seen by the multiplicity of quotations and the broad statement which the author uses. Certainly one gets a wider diffusion of knowledge by a careful reading of the work, and a great deal of sympathy in favor of the animal kind will be the outcome.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE; or, The Psychical Law and Forces in Nature. By Stinson Jarvis. Cloth, pp. 120. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.

This is one of the most important contributions to psychical science which have appeared in this decade. Mr. Jarvis takes up the evolution philosophy where investigations have stopped in psychical and moral science, and carries on its work, both by analysis and synthesis, in that field of inquiry which has opened up to the investigators and is beginning to command the attention of scientific minds. The vital interest surrounding the subject at the present time will lead to a wide circulation of the work.

A HILLTOP SUMMER. By Allyn Yates Keith. Cloth, pp. 110. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

It does not need the opinion of a critic to commend Miss Keith's new work. After a careful reading of her former book, "A Spinner's Leaflet," the public is ready for just such treasury of thought and expression as it finds in the latest volume. It is a bright story of a summer sojourn in a country town, and throws a beautiful light upon the New England character, which everywhere commands veneration and admiration because of its simplicity, its honesty, its candor and its ability. The book shows great insight and knowledge of human nature. The style is quaint, the dialect being very successfully rendered.

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The "Ouija" is without doubt the most interesting, remarkable and mysterious production of the 19th century. Its operations are always interesting, and frequently invaluable. It is a most curious and wonderful thing, and one which has been the subject of much speculation and inquiry. It is a most curious and wonderful thing, and one which has been the subject of much speculation and inquiry.

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\$2.50 F. WORKINGMENS

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LADIES

\$3.25 F. M. C. BROCKTON, MASS.

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W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of

this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their

value by stamping the name and price on the

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work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities.

We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for

the value given than any other shoe. Take no

substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

July 7. 1894

MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERY

OUR MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES

challenge the world for any potency which will

equal them for keeping your feet warm. These

FOOT BATTERIES remove all aches and pains

from feet and limbs, cause a feeling of new life and

vigor equal to the days of youth. Think of the

luxury of warm feet all winter in all weather!

These MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES have a renewed

flow of blood, vitalize it and cause a most delightful

feeling the moment your feet rest upon these

powerful MAGNETIC INSOLETS. Every pair

gives comfort and satisfaction. If you need a

feet warm you cannot catch cold. What's the use

of suffering from those tired, all gone, worn out

feet? A pair of our MAGNETIC FOOT

BATTERIES will act like a charm on your

blood, and give you a sensation of warmth and

vigor at once. Try a pair of them quick. \$1.00,

or three pairs for \$2.00, any size, by mail. Send

our book, "A Plain Road to Health," free.

Address: MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERY CO.,

1401 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO.

Nov. 10.

SOUL READING,

OR PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE has been noted for her

powers in examining and prescribing for readers; and

also in her character readings, with instructions for mental

and spiritual development; past and future events; adaptation

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and business advice. But of late she has a renewed

development, which enables her to give from writing or look

of hair greater tests in these directions than ever before.

Brief readings, \$1.00, and four 2-cent stamps; full readings,

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White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. Oct. 8.

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ASTONISHING OFFER.

SEND three 2-cent stamps, look of hair, name, age, sex, one

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FREE SEND 4 CENTS IN POSTAGE, a look of your

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clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free.

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MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and

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cents and stamp. Whole Life-Reading \$1.00. Magnetic Read-

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Will hold sittings on Monday, Tuesday and Wednes-

day of each week from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; on Thursday from

9 A. M. to 1 P. M. No sittings given Friday, Saturday or Sun-

day. Terms, \$2.00. All letters regarding applications for

sittings must contain stamp for reply. Vernon Cottage, Cro-

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Trance Medium. Answer Questions by mail, 50

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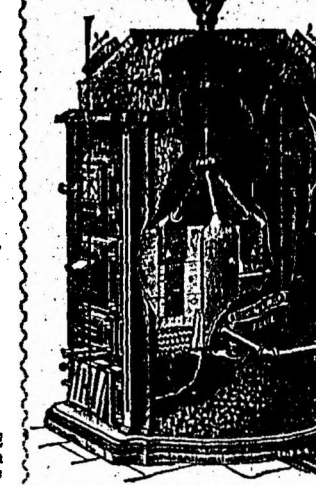
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name, age and sex, one leading symptom and I will

send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease free.

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