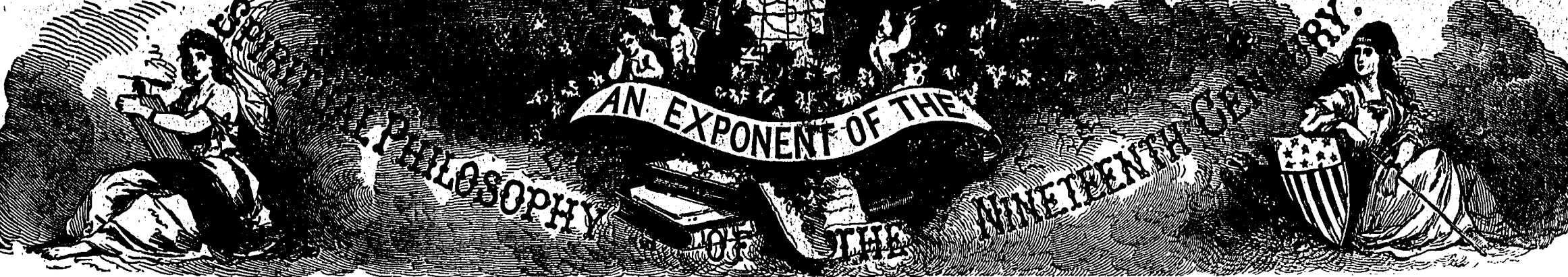


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 6.

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 VII.—CONTINUED.

One day, it was about three years after the disappearance of Barnes, Sim. Damon, one of our neighbors, asked my man if he would help him drive some cattle to Boston. Now Jim never had much of a chance to see the world, and he concluded to go. When I was getting his breakfast, long before daylight, it came into my mind, as sudden as a streak of lightning, Jim is the very man to find out Barnes, and I charged him again and again not to forget it, and stay one day longer on purpose. He said he'd be glad enough, for your father's sake, to do it; and he guessed Damon would help him, for he knew every crook and turn in Boston.

I prayed and prayed that he might succeed, and somehow I was wonderfully drawn out to pray that week for the child, and one time, when I had prayed more earnestly than ever, just as I was rising from my knees, I heard a voice saying, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith." Then I knew I should hear from the child. Jim was coming that very night. I got his supper all ready, and made the children wash themselves and stay at home.

Just at seven o'clock he came, jogging along, tired most to death, but so glad to see us all alive and well, and with a good, nice supper on the table. I wanted to ask him the first thing about Joe, and then I said to myself, "Never you mind, your prayer is answered; be a little more patient, old woman." Jim brought each of the children an orange, so those had to be handed round, and then supper, and after ward four of the children must be put to bed, and my oldest daughter had an errand to the store. At last we were left by ourselves; Jim had seated himself in the old rocking chair, and was looking hard at the coals, as if he was trying to guess some riddle. I had a stooking drawn on my hand, and my needle all ready to mend a hole. "Jim," said I, as careless-like as I could, "why didn't you bring poor little Joe with you?"

He jumped as if I'd struck him, instead of asking a civil question.

"Why, wife, how in the world did you know that I had found him?"

"I had faith in God, Jim."

"You're 'n'most equal to the saints of old," said he.

"I suppose we have the same God that the old prophets had," I said, "but I want to know all about him. I'm afraid the child is a sad rogue by this time."

"No, I couldn't say that of him; but it would make your heart ache to see him; poor thing, he has been abused most shamefully."

I thought Jim was going on to tell me more, but he sat looking at the coals, just as he did when I first spoke to him. I grew impatient.

"Why, husband, what is the matter with you? Do speak out."

At that he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his wallet. "There," said he, "is a five-dollar bill; it's the money I've earned by my trip to Boston. We need it enough in our own family, God knows, but I shall be haunted day and night, with the sight of that child, till we get him away from there. Now, wife, take this and go to Boston, and bring little Joe to his old home again."

"You can put up your money, Jim," said I, "though God will bless you for being willing to spend it for the orphan, but there are those who will not begrudge money spent for that child. Now begin and tell a straight story. You're 'mazin' slow in letting your knowledge come out."

"To tell the truth, wife," said he, "I thought I would persuade you to go, and let you see for yourself, but seeing as you want all particulars, here they are: Damon and I had searched the town for Barnes, and finally gave it up as a bad job; and seeing a crowd going into the court house, Damon says, 'Don't you want to see a trial? There are some of the great lawyers going to speak to-day.' I was pleased enough to go, and we followed the crowd, and as luck would have it, found a good seat. It was all new to me, and Damon had to tell me where the Judge sat, and then p'int out the jury at his right hand, and the clerk, and the clerks in their boxes; and then the lawyers with their green bags. One of these I noticed in particular. Damon said he was the smartest lawyer in the court. I shouldn't have thought so by his dress, for his coat wasn't half as fine as Squire Hale's, and his hat was nothing to boast of either; then he was thin and scrawny like, and when he took his seat he sat awhile with his head resting on his hand, looking as solemn as a parson. 'I got a good look at his face, and it seemed to me as if I had thinking had worn it, as the heavy teams wear the turnpike road, all in deep ruts and channels. I was disappointed in his looks, and

didn't like him as well as the lawyer that they said was pitted against him that day. He was a thick-set man with a face as smooth and ruddy as our 'lady apples,' and he had a lot of curly black hair. Damon said it was a wig, but I wasn't near enough to tell, and he had a nice, shiny, black coat on, and a gold ring on his hand, which was white and small. The Judge sat up higher than the rest, and was a fat, easy-looking soul, with a smooth face, and looked just as if he meant to let the lawyers do the thinking for him. After awhile the men were brought in to be tried for forgery, and you can guess, wife, how astonished I was when I saw that Barnes was one of these men!"

"I don't know as I should have been astonished at all, Jim. I hope they've sent him to prison!"

"The curly-headed man was his lawyer, and he did make a right handsome speech for him; you'd have thought Barnes was an angel dropped down from heaven; and then you couldn't help crying when he told about his poor wife and children, thrown helpless upon the cold charity of the world. He didn't seem to prove that he had n't committed the crime, but he tried to make out that, being a husband and father, it was impossible for him to do it; and before he got through, I was convinced, myself, that Barnes and Pine had become converted, and were good folks, and I was going to shake hands with him, as soon as the trial was over, 'cause I knew they could n't convict him, though Damon said that there were two men in the jury box that did n't look at the lawyer at all, but sat as stiff as stone posts; but the others had their eyes on the speaker, only when they would look at Barnes, so pitiful like, as much as to say, 'We'll let you off; such a good man as you are sha'n't go to prison!'"

When he got through, there was a little recess, and some moving and talking among the spectators. All at once it was so still you could hear a pin drop. I looked round, and there stood the dark, thin man that Damon said was the smartest lawyer in Boston. I didn't think he begun smart, anyhow. He opened his coat, and threw it back a little, and his cuffs were rolled up, and he made no flourishes, but stood as quiet and cool as if he had n't got to overturn all the fine speeches of the other man. He took it just as I do an ugly log of wood, when I'm sawing; I always begin cool, and saw easy at first, so as to keep my breath and strength for the toughest part. But thinks I, "You've got a cross-grained stick there, old fellow—them jury men aint going to alter their minds for you, after all that curly-headed man has said. Them two stiff ones will be brought over by the other ten, and you'll lose your cause, anyway."

I thought he'd talk right at these two, and keep them up to the mark; but he didn't seem to notice 'em at all, turning all the time to the others; and when he saw them looking at Barnes, he said: "Yes, look at that face, gentlemen, for God, in his infinite wisdom, has so made us that the character of the human soul is impressed upon the face; and we may as well expect the surface of the boundless ocean to be calm and placid, when the storm hath stirred its hidden depths, and it is boiling and seething in wrath, as to expect a man whose spirit is stirred with the tumult of unhol passions, and the bitter waters are casting up the mire and dirt of a corrupt heart, to have a calm, sweet face—I say you may as well expect the ocean, in a tempest, to be calm as the sea of glass about the throne of God, as to expect such a man to wear the tranquil features of Him who knew no guile. Yes, look at that face, and if you read there peace and love, good will to man, and faith in God; if you see beaming from those eyes a father's holy love, a husband's tender regard, or in the lines around the mouth an expression of manly courage, and Christian sweetness of temper, then believe he may never have wronged a fellow for the sake of gain, or perverted the cunning of a right hand to defraud a friend."

You see I remembered it all, 'cause it was printed in the paper, and I read it over. The men looked hard at Barnes, and I could see 'em smile; you know what low, bushy eyebrows he has, and only a strip of forehead above those devil eyes of his, and how hard he looks about the mouth—

"Yes, I know the looks of the man well enough; but go on—what did the lawyer say next?"

"Why, he went on to tell how the man, committed little sins, and wasn't detected, at first; and so grew bolder; and then he described him as a gambler, in one of those hells, losing little by little, gaining once in awhile, just enough to lead him on. I can't begin to

tell you how he pictured out such a career—the haggard, trembling, wicked wretch, losing his last dollar, and then drinking away his reason; and at last, he showed him to us at midnight, when his wife and children were asleep, trying, by a pale light, in the miserable cellar which he called his home, to imitate the handwriting of the only friend he had left in the wide world, for the purpose of defrauding that friend out of his little 'all. I say, wife, he told it all as plain as if he'd been a spirit a-following Barnes round. I saw him forge that note just as plain as you see me sitting here; I know he did it, and every one of the jury, except the two stone-post men, looked as if they wouldn't dare think any other way. The others looked a little less stiff, and moved in their seats, and I thought they wanted to speak out, and say, 'You're only telling what we knew before.' The lawyer didn't look at them any, scarcely, but he looked at the others hard, especially one fellow, who kept eying the curly-headed lawyer, as if he didn't want to decide against him. The tall, dark man drew himself up, and looked at this fellow, as if he saw his soul thinking, and he told him of the dreadful nature of forgery, and the sin of letting such a man as Barnes loose on the community, till the fellow would as soon have turned the tiger out of his cage in a menagerie crowded with women and children, as to have said 'Not guilty' to Barp. S. The jury were out but a short time, and came in with a verdict of 'Guilty!'"

"Then Barnes is in the State Prison!" said I, jumping up and laying my hand on Jim's shoulder.

"Why, wife, you seem to be glad."

"I rejoice with all my heart. He can't torture any more innocent souls. But Joe, poor little Joe, you aint got to him yet."

"Be a little more patient. I aint naturally one of your quick men."

I know Jim is naturally slow, and I'm dreadfully vexed, sometimes, when I want anything done in a hurry. But it's no use hurrying such folks; it's just like trying to make a kettle boil by watching—it is sure to keep on singing till you are all in a fret. Wait patiently, and not let on as if you cared a straw whether it boils or not. It will soon boil over, as if to show you it would have its own way."

I was so impatient I could n't keep still on my seat; but I took the stocking, and made believe I was all engaged mending it, and did n't care whether he said a word more or not. Jim got up and lighted his pipe, and took a few whiffs, and then looked all round the room.

"You think, wife," said he, "that our house is a poor concern; and so it is, compared with some of the rich nabobs in Oldbury; but dear me, I wish you could see Pine Higgins's home!"

I laid down my stocking. Ye see Pine Higgins had always held her head ten feet above mine, and thought herself too good to step inside my house.

"I can't describe it to you," said Jim, "because we hadn't no such about here. A body can look down into it as they are walking along the street—a cellar, I should call it. I found out the place from one of the officers who had the charge of Barnes. Pine was lying on a miserable bed, with a broken arm. They told me she broke it fighting with the officer who came to take her husband."

A little boy sat on the floor trying to hush a crying baby. I never should have known it was Joe, if it had n't been for his eyes, and they looked larger and brighter than they ever did before. He had grown tall, but was very thin, and there was something strange in his face when he looked at me, sort of wild and frightened. I had to tell Pine who I was, and she said she was a fool to marry Barnes; and he had abused her, and she hoped now he'd get his deserts. While I was talking with her, Joe disappeared. He had hushed the baby asleep and laid it on the bed.

"I came to see little Joe," said I.

"He's a stupid child," said Pine, "not worth the raising. You'll find him in the next door, with a canting old shoemaker. When I get off the bed again, I'll teach him not to go there any more."

"Perhaps you'll be willing to give him up now," I said, "if he's such a stupid child."

"Not unless they'll pay something," said Pine. "If they want him enough for that, they may have him."

"Have you any one to take care of you?" said I.

"I make Joe wait on me," said she. "Pity if the lazy brat can't do something. There aint any pluck in him, anyhow."

She went on to talk about her husband, and she swore so much, and talked so bitterly, that I had no wish to remain, and went to seek Joe. In the next room I found an old man sitting on a shoemaker's bench, and little Joe curled up by his side, with his head resting on the old man's lap. The latter had a piece of bread in his hand, and I heard him say: "Eat it, child—you'll feel better." But the boy pushed it away, and only curled up closer to the side of his friend.

"What's the matter with you, child? You don't talk any now-a-days, and you seem stupid. Poor little fellow! you shall sleep in my bed to-night."

"Good-day, sir," said I. "You seem to be very kind to that little boy. I am an old friend of his, and have called to see him."

"Then the Lord has sent you," said he; "for the poor little forsaken child needs a friend."

"How long have you known him?" I asked.

"It is nigh on to a year, now, since his father came to live in this street, and the child soon learned the way here; and as I'm a lone old

man, I took to him. He has a wonderful fancy for my tools, and he can almost make a shoe now. I was n't long in finding out that he was abused at home. That's a real virago, sir, no mistake, and I have threatened two or three times to complain of her. The father is bad enough, but now and then would defend his child, and has struck his wife for abusing him; but the poor boy only fares the worse for it when he is gone. She has beat him so he could n't walk straight for two or three days, and latterly, since she's been abed, she has kept a club to knock him about with; and once she knocked him so hard on the head that he was senseless. It was a mercy I happened to go in. I wanted him to stay in the shop while I went for some tobacco for my pipe, and there I found him on the floor, just like one dead. I got water and camphor, and revived him, and then I told her if such a thing happened again I would call in a police officer. Here, Joe, come up. It aint one of the bad men that come to your house, but a friend of yours."

But the little fellow only clung closer to the old man, and cast his eyes round on me as if he had no trust in a stranger.

"Joe," said I, "don't you want to go and see Mamma Lee, and Papa Lee, and Auntie Towle?"

At that he raised his head and smiled, and played with his fingers, and repeated 'Mamma Lee, Mamma Lee.'

I thought he must be sick; and the old man, whose name was Jenkins, said that he would keep him for the night, and in the morning I was to call with Damon, and see what could be done for him.

Early this morning we called, and found the child too ill to be moved, with no friend but this shoemaker, who seems poor enough himself. There, wife, you have my story! And Jim knocked the ashes from his pipe, laid it on the mantel tree, and sat back in his chair, looking at the coals on the hearth.

I did n't say one word, but riz right up and put on my shawl and bonnet, and started out. Jim didn't see me. It was ten o'clock at night, but the sky was full of stars; and as I looked up at 'em, once in awhile, when I was going through the lane that led to the turnpike, I thought of those verses of Watts that they sing sometimes in meeting—

The stars are but the shining dust
Of thy divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall walk with God."

And I walked on without any fear; for if God has such a beautiful place for his children, he will help us to 'tread the desert here,' as another hymn says.

I had a mile to walk before I could reach your father's house, and I hurried some; but I frequently, in those days, began washing at five o'clock in the morning, and your mother used to have a key left under the blind in the porch window, so I could let myself in. As good luck would have it, the key was there, and I went into the basement kitchen, and from there up to the sitting-room, where I found your father reading. The door was open into your mother's sleeping-room, and as soon as she heard my voice, 'Why, auntie,' said she, 'I have just waked from a dreadful dream. I thought little Joe was drowning, and he cried to me for help, but I had n't strength to pull him out of the water; and when I tried to cry for help I could n't make a sound, and he had sunk out of sight just as your voice wakened me.'

I told her my story at once, and she could hardly wait for morning. It was agreed that your father and I should go to Boston in the early stage, and bring Joe home with us. It took two days to go to the city and back then, and we might need a day there, but your mother said Betsey should go and see to my man and the children, and I was very willing to be the one to go, because if Joe was sick I had strength to lift him, and could take care of him on the way home.

I can't tell you how I felt when I saw Pine. She hadn't had the right sort of nursing. Some women in the house pretended to take care of her, but they were a drunken, dirty set, and she let her temper get the better of her a great deal, which only inflamed her blood, and kept her arm from healing, and she drank all the gin she could get hold of, which made matters still worse; and there she lay in a wretched, miserable bed, hardly fit for a pig. She had n't seen Joe since my man left, but we found him at the shoemaker's, in a little cot bed, close to his work-bench. The old man had made some gruel, and it was quite nice and good too, but the child could n't eat at all, but lay most of the time stupid and sleepy; but when awake, his great bright eyes were staring right before him, and his little thin fingers working all the time upon the bed-clothes, or with pieces of leather, which the old man gave him to play with; he wanted these by him all the time.

Your father sat down by him, and said, 'Joe, Papa Lee has come to see you, and he's going to take you to see Mamma Lee.'

Then he would smile, and his pale face would look bright for a moment, and he'd repeat, 'Mamma Lee, Mamma Lee's boy—but Mamma Mary in heaven,' just as he used to years before.

He did n't know your father, though once in a while he would turn his eyes upon him, and rest them on his face, and a sudden flash of recollection would light them up, but he soon sank again into a stupid state.

When I took off my bonnet, he looked at me earnestly, and his lips moved, and I thought he was going to say, 'Auntie Towle, when the smile passed suddenly away, and he took

no further notice of me for some time, but kept his eyes wide open, staring at the wall opposite.

I took your father's seat by his side, and began singing the little hymn that your mother used always to sing to him, when she put him to bed—

'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.'

Then he put his little hands together, and his face was very pleasant as he repeated, 'Mamma Lee, Mamma Lee.'

Your father did n't care to see Pine; but he gave me money to make her comfortable, and he got an order for her to be carried to the hospital, where she would be properly cared for.

I brought Joe home in my arms.

Your mother had his little bed all ready; but when she saw how thin and pale he looked, she cried like a child.

He knew your mother, and kept his hand in her's, and his eyes fixed upon her, as if he was afraid all the time she would vanish from his sight.

The doctor examined him very carefully, and said there was some serious injury to the brain, caused, he thought, by heavy blows upon the head, and by taking opiates, or sleeping heavily afterward.

A long, severe fever set in, and we had hopes that when he recovered he would be himself again—the same bright child that he was two years before. But when the fever passed he was very weak for a long time, and the doctor shook his head when asked if he would ever be as formerly. He feared the injury was too permanent; the child had a delicate constitution, and it was only a wonder that he had survived the treatment which he had received. He had a number of fits during his sickness, which increased, perhaps, the weak state of his mind.

The little fellow always wanted pieces of leather to play with, and your mother supplied him with red and yellow morocco; and, as he grew better, he would try to shape them into shoes, and would laugh and say, 'Uncle Peter!' That made your father think of sending for the old shoemaker, and so it happened, you know, that he has a little shop in Fair street, and makes a better living than he did in Boston.

When your father asked Joe if he would like to see Uncle Peter he said: 'No, no—yes, yes, Joe would.' They were almost the first words he had uttered, save 'Mamma Lee—Mamma Lee.' He has always kept the habit since. As long as your mother lived, Joe was one of the children; things are a little different now, but you will always be kind to Joe, for your mother's sake."

"And for his sake, Auntie. Now I know why Joe learned to be a shoemaker."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE baby grew fast, and before many weeks it would smile, and kick its little feet, whenever Willie or I came in sight. It was a very pretty baby, fat and fair, with dark brown hair and blue eyes, and very white skin—and a good baby, too, for it would take long naps, and was easily quieted and amused when awake. Willie and I took a great deal of pleasure in watching upon it, and were taught that little Eddie's comfort must be consulted first, at any sacrifice of our own pleasure. While he was 'the baby,' this seemed all right to us; but as we grew older, Joe, who always kept his eyes open, and, most of the time, his mouth shut, began to see things which did not please him.

When I was twelve years old, my mother said that I must be sent from home, to school. This took my father by surprise, and he inquired if the school in Oldbury were not good; he thought the school of the highest order, especially the one which he hoped I would be equal to. Yes, it was a good enough; but it would be a long way for Bertha to be sent away from home; she knew of a school where the discipline was very strict—just what was needed!

My father shrunk for awhile from sending me, at that tender age, among strangers; but my mother's will was imperious, and brooked no thwarting. Little by little, she won the husband to her way of thinking, and before I was informed of the proposed change, she was preparing my wardrobe for school.

I recollect now, to this day, the keen anguish which filled my heart when informed that I must go from home—leave my father, and Willie, and Joe, and the baby. I had not learned to love my mother, but my fear of her was exceeding great, and I fancied that the teachers of her selection were like her; and that I should have no Willie or Joe there to go to in trouble.

Charlie Herbert declared it was a cruel thing; and he hoped if the teachers were cross to me, I would run away. If I could get word to him, he would meet me on the turnpike road, near the old Rowley meeting-house, with his Uncle's horse, and chaise; and if my mother sent me back, we would go to 'Sailors' Island,' where the moor-hens live, and I should keep house, while he would fish and shoot birds for our dinner. When Charlie talked so, I would laugh, and ask him how we should bake our bread, and what we should do for sugar; and who would make our clothes for us.

"Why, how did Robinson Crusoe get along, Bertha? I'll take his book with us, and when we are in doubt about anything, he will help us out!"

"And Joe, poor Joe, Charlie—we must take him with us; he'd be so lonely without me, you know."

"Yes, he shall be our man Friday; that will be nice, and he can take care of you while I go hunting."

This imaginary Arcadia was quite a help to me in overcoming my objections to school; but when I told Joe of it, he shook his head; it did not meet with his approbation at all.

"But, Joe, you will go with us, if we go?"

"No, no—yes, yes, Joe will go!"

About this time, an aunt sent me a small trunk, containing some of my own mother's dresses and jewelry. I dressed myself in a corset gown, put on a necklace, ear-rings and rings, and curling my hair as it was curled in my mother's portrait, I went to the dining-room, where I knew my father was reading the newspaper, and throwing my arms round his neck, kissed him, and asked, "Do I look like my mother?"

He held me a moment at arms' length, looked eagerly at me awhile, and then, drawing me toward him, kissed me again and again.

"Yes, my child, you look like her, but you will never be handsome as she was; she died in the full bloom of her beauty. Come here, daughter," and as I sat upon his knee, and laid my head upon his shoulder, I felt, though I did not see it, a tear trickle upon my hand as he held it. Old memories were stirred within him. "Bertha, I ask nothing more of you than to be like her, modest, gentle, warm-hearted and good. I am hoping that she will be the first to greet me when I pass away to her home in heaven!"

It was the first time that my father had ever spoken so freely to me of my mother, and I whispered, "Tell me more about her, father—talk to me—!" There was a step outside, a hand upon the door-latch. He made a slight movement, as if to push me gently from him. I rose, and at that instant my mother entered. She stopped short, and looked at me, in real or affected surprise, I could not tell which, but suspected the latter.

"Well, really, Miss Bertha, are you going to a masquerade, or to a costume party? Your dress is quite antique. You had better go to your room, for your father can take no pleasure in seeing you so unsuitably dressed."

I had no words to reply, for I was choking with vexation and an attempt to keep back the tears. My father resumed his newspaper in silence, and I went to my room, where I gave full vent to my dislike of her to whom I so unwillingly gave the name of mother.

I was sitting there still, my dress unchanged, when she entered with an open letter in her hand. I recognized it as one which I had written to my aunt, and handed to Willie that morning to put into the post office. I felt my heart swell, and the indignant blood rushed to my face, and rose hastily and extended my hand. She held the letter more closely, and said, in a bitter, taunting tone:

"And so these are the letters you write. Two pages of sentimental stuff about a mother of whom you have scarcely a recollection, and not a word for one who is daily and hourly tried with your faults and striving to subdue them. There, see what becomes of such letters!" and she tore it into fragments before my eyes.

Anger made me bold, and I turned as the hunted beast to bay upon his pursuer. "You are a mean woman to open another person's letters."

I was frightened when my own ears heard the words. I had never spoken to her in that way before. I believe I should have apologized had I been allowed time to cool. But my mother was too excited for that; she raised her hand, and, exerting all the strength which passion and a vigorous physical frame imparted, gave me a blow which sent me reeling against the wall, and for the moment stunned me. Few who saw the tall, self-possessed woman in society, would have recognized my mother as she looked when she gave me that blow. I was not aware before of the violence of her temper, and while the act increased my dislike, it also swept away much of my respect.

"Remain in your room for the rest of the day," said my mother, "and be assured I shall inform your father of your conduct."

"And I shall tell him of yours," I muttered to myself, as the door closed. I found my slate upon the table, whereon was the first draft of my letter; and, copying it carefully, I folded and directed it. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR AUNT—I received the trunk containing the dresses which belonged to my mother, and the little box of jewelry. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for every article of hers is more precious to me than I grow."

It is a sad thing to lose a mother's love and care so young, for no one can fully supply her place. I wish I could see you often, that you might tell me about her, and keep her memory green, as the books say.

Joe tries to tell me about her, and I think he mourns for her yet. My father does not speak to me of her, but I have reason to believe that he thinks about her a great deal. Willie has no remembrance of her, and loves everybody that is kind to him, and does not get as angry as I do with those who are not good to him.

I am going to school in two weeks, away from home.

I do not want to go, but my mother thinks it is best, and I must submit. Charlie Herbert and I have a plan in our heads, if the teachers are not good to me; but we don't tell any one our secrets.

I hope you will write me long letters when I am at school, and tell me all about my mother when she was a little girl of my age.

I wish you could see Eddie. He is a pretty boy, and I love him very much; but I wish I did not have to give up all my rides, so that he can go every time with father and mother. But, as he is the baby, I suppose it is right.

I have no more to say to-day. Your affectionate niece, BERTHA."

I wrote a postscript on the slate, but I did not put it in:

"P.S.—I think my second mother does not treat me very well, and I do not love her at all."

But, for good reasons, I did not copy it into my letter. I was in a disturbed, and therefore wrong state of mind. My will was roused, and I determined my letter should go, my stepmother to the contrary notwithstanding.

Unfortunately for me, my mother had a nephew who was a clerk in the post-office, and, if she wished, would take my letters and deliver them to her.

I heard Betsey setting the dinner-table, and the clatter of knives and forks when the family sat down; and I was sure it was roast chicken that I smelled—its savory perfume came to my room, as if to mock my hunger and increase my animosity toward my mother.

I read Robinson Crusoe a little while, and amused myself with thinking how nice it would be to live on the island with Charlie. I should never get angry then; or if I did, Charlie would laugh, and say something so droll—as he always did when I showed any temper—that I should soon forget it. By-and-by I was

so hungry I couldn't read any more, and I searched all my pockets for some sugar-plums, or bits of cracker, but in vain. At last I found two figs, nicely rolled up in silk paper, that Charlie had given me one day when we were going to Sunday-school; but, just as I began to unroll them, Betsey came in. I had always disliked her, and now I knew from her face that she thought I was a sinner above all others.

"Bertha, your mother says that you may come down and have some dinner, if you will ask her pardon for speaking so improperly to her. You had better go now; they are all at table."

As she opened the door, I thought I perceived, mingling with the odor of chicken, the fragrance of pudding and wine sauce. Hunger put in a strong plea, but willful temper a stronger.

"I don't want any dinner," I said. And I took up my book.

"You are a wicked girl, and something terrible will happen to you." And with that consolatory remark she shut the door.

The figs were very welcome, though they were old and dry, and needed a close inspection.

The afternoon passed rather drearily. I tried to sleep, but my nervous temperament was such that I never slept in the daytime, nor at night if any trouble annoyed me.

"I wonder if they will let me have any supper," I said to myself. "I cannot ask her pardon if she starves me. Well, if she does, then people will know what an unkind mother she is."

There was some comfort in that, and I debated within myself whether it would not, on the whole, be best to die now. I knew she never would yield; so, gathering all my resolution, I concluded to write a farewell letter to Willie and Charlie, and tell them they must not forget me when I was dead, and be sure to plant a white rose-tree over my grave, just like the one at my mother's tomb. I had written it on my slate, and was about to copy it, when I felt very weak and faint. I never had any appetite for breakfast in those days, so that the two figs were all the food I had taken since the evening previous. I went to the window for fresh air. This window looked down upon a lower building—a little wing of the house, that opened into the garden. Upon the roof of this wing was the shaft of a tall chimney; and peeping from behind this chimney was a brown, curly head, that I knew at once belonged to Charlie. He put his finger on his lip for me to keep silence, and creeping carefully along on the ridgepole he raised a long stick, to the end of which he had fastened a piece of cake. I took it, and was going to whisper, when he gave the sign of silence and raised the stick again, with a piece of cold meat and cracker. I know my eyes brightened when I saw that, but I dared not speak. The third time he raised the stick, and I took from it a note. Just then I heard a low whistle, and looking round saw Joe, perched up like a monkey, in a tree. He was keeping guard and had spied danger. Charlie ran on all fours, like a cat, and curled himself up behind the chimney, and then made motions for me to retire from the window.

I ate part of my supper, and hid the rest for future need. I am sorry to say that hunger had so got the better of me that I ate before opening the note. It surprised myself to find that as soon as I had eaten I had lost my willingness to die; and I rubbed out my farewell letter and wrote another, in answer to Charlie's, which was as follows:

"DEAR BERTHA—I have just learned from Joe that you are shut up, a close prisoner, without ration, as they say in the army. Now, as I do not believe in starving folks, even if they are wicked, I shall manage to carry you some supplies at once. What a strange fellow that Joe is! He knows everything that is going on, and he has managed, by nods and signs, to tell me that you and your mother have had some difficulty, and she is going to starve you out, as they do besieged cities that I read about in history. I know you are an obstinate little girl, and might starve before you will yield; but as I want you dreadfully to help me through those miscellaneous examples in Compound Numbers, I must try to find some food for you. [Oh! Charlie, I said to myself, 'Is that all you want me to live for? What a selfish world this is!']"

Now I want you, as soon as you have eaten—or, as Parson Dana says at grace, 'partaken of these fruits of God's bounty with humility and gratitude'—to sit down and write me a full account of your trouble and the causes which led to the war. I will appoint myself umpire, and try to bring about a truce or a treaty of peace. Tie your note to a string and suspend it from your window. I hope you will be released soon, for Willie will cry his eyes out if you are not, and Joe's face, which is none of the handsomest now, will be as wrinkled as a cabbage-leaf, making faces at your mother when her back is turned.

Be sure and write a full account of this affair, that I may judge impartially. If you are to blame—and possibly you are—let me know, that I may do justice to the belligerent power. I read that word in the newspaper, and got the meaning in the dictionary. I shall look for a letter in the morning.

Your faithful ally, CHARLIE."

I was half vexed at Charlie's letter; he certainly was no flatterer, and yet the fellow would risk his neck to bring me food. I sat down at once to answer his letter, but was interrupted by a knock at the door, which on opening I found to be Betsey with a plate, on which was a slice of dry bread. I knew by a glance she had poked the hardest and driest to be found in the pantry.

"Your mother sent you this, and says if you prefer you can come down and take tea with the family—you know the terms."

"I am not fond of dry bread," said I; "you may take it back again; and I do not care about any supper."

She looked surprised at my refusal, and persisted in leaving the bread, which she laid upon the table; but as soon as she was out of the room I placed the bread outside also, and locked the door. I gave Charlie a faithful account of the affair, and then went to bed. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was taken captive by the Indians; but just as they were about to kill me Charlie came to my rescue; and in my fear lest he should lose his life in the struggle I awoke. I was greatly frightened when I opened my eyes to see some one sitting at my side.

"Hush, my child; do not be alarmed—it is your father," and the scream which was on my lips was suddenly suppressed and his kiss warmly returned.

"I have been gone all day, Bertha, and have just heard from your mother that you have been a naughty girl—so naughty that you have not eaten a mouthful of food!"

I knew my father so well, and understood the expression of his face so thoroughly, that I saw at once that he was quite as troubled as I should make myself sick as he was about my wrong-doing, and I hastened to relieve his anxiety.

"Oh! father, I have eaten a nice supper—"

some cracker and cold meat and some cake." And then I told him about Charlie. "You can't think how cunning he looked peeping round the chimney, and then Joe up in the tree, making the drollest faces, and looking so happy when he saw me drawing in the food; and, father, I wish you would read Charlie's letter; here it is under my pillow."

I could see the corners of my father's mouth curl up a little, and a slight twinkle of his eyes as he read; but he tried to look very grave when he finished, and turned to me:

"Bertha, I hope you will look at this matter carefully and do right. If he have spoken improperly to your mother, he will be willing and ready to ask her pardon. As my wife I trust you will treat her kindly for my sake, if for no better reason, and with respect, too, as one standing in the place of your mother. You know how much it would grieve me to have any difficulty between two that are so dear to me."

My tears flowed freely now; I could not keep them back, and I promised my father I would do anything that he wished. A kiss sealed the promise, and when we bade "good-night" I knew that two hearts were more quiet for that interview. I awoke with the first light of day, and on opening my window I saw Joe, perched in his tree, making signs to me, and then I perceived that there was a note within my reach under the window. I drew it in, and read as follows:

"DEAR BERTHA—I have been puzzled how to decide in this case. I think that your mother was the *casus belli*, as my Latin grammar has it, and that the blow was unworthy her dignity and insulting to you. But my mother says that children should not speak disrespectfully to their parents, even under provocation, and there you did wrong. I had to go to her, you see, as I do in all difficult cases (I have not told her about my climbing up the roof, though; she is always so afraid that I will kill myself, that I have to keep such things from her, for fear she will worry herself sick)."

I do not like opening letters; and if any one besides my mother should open one of my letters, I should certainly bring an action for trespass, as Squire Hale would say. But then, I suppose parents think they have a right, before their children are of age; and, as Mrs. Lee stands in the place of a parent to me, I suppose we must swallow the insult, as we would one of the doctor's bitter pills—down with it and forget it. I think, if I had the power, I should decide that your mother must apologize for striking you (I shall never respect her as much after this), and that you, in return, ought to be sorry that you spoke rudely to her. Now, as we haven't the power to bring her to terms, the only way is for you to do right, and leave her to the judgment of her conscience. But, as the offense was in private, your apology might be, too; and my advice is to tell her you are sorry before breakfast, and then go down to the table. Joe says you are going to have toast and cold chicken and boiled eggs for breakfast, all of which are very good. I want very much that you should get through with this affair early in the morning, because my mother and I are going to Anty Towle's, blueberrying, to-day, and we want your company."

Hang a white flag (a handkerchief will do) out of your window when the truce is concluded. Willie feels better this morning, but Joe will not eat a mouthful till he sees the flag of peace.

Your true friend, CHARLIE."

I had hardly finished reading my letter when my father made his appearance, and again that curious look about his mouth and eyes as he read; but he made no other remark than merely to ask if I was ready to follow the advice.

I told him "Yes, if my mother would come to me."

"No, Bertha, we will go to her; she is alone in her room."

I think I was rather awkward, and not very hearty in my apology, but my mother was unusually gracious, and when I had finished, said:

"You know, Bertha, I wish to fill a mother's place and do my duty to you; let us kiss and be friends."

What evil spirit possessed me I do not know; but when she kissed my cheek I was passive, and did not return the salute. Alas! I am afraid that the little white flag was the sign of as hollow a truce as was ever concluded between belligerent parties.

It was pleasant and soothing to be with Mrs. Herbert that day. She was a widow with this one child—her pride and idol. She was a pale, delicate, ladylike woman, well educated, and refined. Her income was very small, but she managed to make it meet the wants of herself and child, and her quiet home bore the marks of taste and good housekeeping. It seemed to be her aim to make a pleasant home to her child; and I believe Charlie thought that his mother was superior to all other women in this wide world, and he would sacrifice every pleasure rather than give her one moment's pain.

In the settlement of her husband's estate there had been some trouble, and she was indebted for the wreck of property which was saved to a gentleman in the West Indies, who had been a consignee of her husband's when he was doing business. Mrs. Herbert and this gentleman's wife were friends and schoolmates, and had passed some time together at the islands, whither Mrs. Herbert had gone for her health.

This family never had visited Oldbury, and I knew nothing of them, not even the name; but once in awhile a valuable present would come, and Mrs. Herbert would say, "We are much indebted to them, and indeed we should have been left destitute if they had not defended our rights."

Charlie had an exalted idea of these friends, and used often to say, "I am going to see Uncle Carlos sometime, and thank him for all his presents." So "Uncle Carlos" came to be quite a character in my estimation, and though I knew him by no other name, he was, to our fancy, a "Prince Bountiful." I remember they talked about him that day when we were crossing the river in the ferry-boat, as we did, instead of going round by the bridge. Charlie said that when he got older, and had earned the money; he was going to take his mother to the West Indies, to visit Uncle Carlos; it would make her strong and well, as it did before.

We poked berries enough to make a cake, and a little basket full for Joe and Eddie, and the rest of the time we wandered round, while Mrs. Herbert sat in Aunt Towle's little parlour. This was my last play-day with Charlie before I went to school—the last of our childish sports.

[To be continued.]

"The Report of the Cremation Society of England" has nothing but congratulations for its friends. It is evident that the rational alternative of cremation is steadily making way in England. In 1885, at Woking, there were only three cremations; last year there were one hundred and one (in addition to thirty at Manchester). The increase has been steady. Here are the figures for each year since 1884: 3, 10, 13, 23, 44, 59, 104, 101. The only wonder is that the increase is not more rapid, as on the Continent.—*Light*.

When your blood is impoverished, the remedy is at hand. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Original Essay.

NO RELIGION FOR THE NEW LIFE.

BY W. A. CHAM.

The gods are dead! Good-by to religion, to worship and prayer; henceforth the reign of Science and Reason, common sense living and heroic dying! *Pray?*—yes, if you will. It can do no harm; perchance it may help in some of Nature's occult ways—even though there be no God to hear. But do not whine your prayers or exhibit your genuflections. Worship? By all means if you find ought to worship; please do it with self respect and the humility of wisdom; do not grimace and parade your sacred toys, as if these were virtue and holiness above all science and reason. Believe in a life after death? Surely, if you can, and find it a support for your mental weakness; only do not flaunt your spiritual visions in the face of your neighbor's honest doubts. Perchance your most childish visions may be only the illusions of childish sense:

Is not this somewhat of the voice and attitude of a great, growing multitude of strong, earnest, true-hearted men and women, bravely, humbly trying to think out and live out this great world and life problem? Who can measure their help in the progress of the world toward freedom and light? What shall we say or think? Are faith and hope, love, reverence and striving for truth, beauty and righteousness, for higher life, dying out of people's minds and hearts? If so, then, surely, good-by to God, to prayer and worship, for the genius of the coming age will soon bury the churches, bibles, creeds and forms of religion, and pass on.

Bodies change and die—souls transform and ascend, whether they be of human life or religion; so we take counsel of our hopes rather than our fears. Let us consider this further: Slowly we seem to be rising toward and reaching a new standpoint in religious knowledge and light. It is not Trinitarian, Unitarian, orthodox, heterodox, Spiritualism, or science alone; it is of no one church, sect, or school alone; but the soul of the best thought, and faith, and love, rising and transforming out of all sects, creeds and schools into diviner light and life, if we mistake not.

Let us glance at the old religion—past or passing—in contrast with the new, the coming:

Not long ago Christendom generally believed in a God enthroned somewhere outside the universe of worlds, sun and stars. One time he created our earth, all things and creatures in it, for his own good will and pleasure. These creatures, or children of God, somehow turned to terribly evil ways, so he in anger drowned them all, save a handful. The few saved proved no better than the multitude drowned, for they quickly turned to wickedness all the same. God therefore sent Christ into the world, miraculously born, to save mankind from death and hell, which their evil ways merited. Only a few would be or could be saved. The great multitude would be, and must be damned. This was a part of the great God's foreknowledge and scheme of redemption. "Poor God, and nobody to help him," says Emerson. The church having appropriated this Son of God direct from heaven, offered salvation and redemption papers on certain terms, exclusively under her jurisdiction. God made death, "the king of terrors." Pains and disease were his curse on a wicked world. Tempests, earthquakes and lightnings were the voice and sword of this angry God.

Was not such, in brief, religion from the old point of view? Where prayer, worship, sacraments, all Sunday service, were mainly to propitiate an angry God, and ensure safety from hell? This kind of religion still lingers on in modified forms even to our own times. People still invest in this kind of ecclesiastical stock; but more and more is the growing distrust in its spiritual dividends. Born of ignorance and fear, it still wrought its part in the world's progress. Let us not scorn and condemn the past as altogether false and useless; was it not simply a lower stage of human growth? We would look upon it as a page in the history of the soul; in childhood awakening and climbing upward to find God and the immortal life. Brave, loving men and women sincerely lived and died in the old faith; through prayer and striving they sowed for harvests better than they knew; even the decay and death of the very religion they counted the world's sole salvation. They lifted us up on the shoulders of their religion to be held fairer fields of knowledge and life.

Let us thank God for all the truth, all the heroism, all the loving sacrifice of the religion of the past, that have helped us to a higher faith, a larger hope of life to be!

From the old and dead, or dying, religion, let us turn to the new, the rising faith, the growing hope in God, the world and immortal life. Here we no longer grope and peer outside the universe to find God.

We look up to the sun and countless hosts of stars, and learn how the infinite soul in Nature and over nature is ever working there, turning the nebulous cyclones into living worlds, guiding the soul of the sun-storms upward, toward tree and flower life. We say how great and far off is God! But we look into our gardens and homes, and lo! the same God is all the while living and working here also. The same eternal will and hand that are guiding and fashioning Jupiter and Sirius into more perfect beings are here also, by the roadside, in the fields, lovingly, patiently working, transforming the sand and refuse of the street into grasses and grains, into flower, beauty and sweetness.

We look through the microscope and discover how, in a drop of water of the wayside pool, the same Divine Providence is feeding and leading upward the countless millions of atomic creatures into bodies and lives of marvelous beauty and use, as was loving Providence to Jesus, the Magdalene Mary, and is to you and me! God plows and harrows the mountain sides, and gorges with storms and glaciers; while the farmer plows and harrows his field and garden, both willing and moving to the same end—more and better life! "God ever worketh, and I work;" is the gospel of the new faith, the larger hope; not unto some far-off apocalypse-revealed heaven need we strain our eyes for reverence and worship: in our best moments of inward seeing, we reverently say: "Lo! God's temples and shrines are all things and everywhere."

Inspired by the glory of summer days, the gladness and hope of bird-songs, the fragrance and peace of meadows and hill-sides, we say the soul of the universe—God—is living, and making for good and beauty everywhere, in star, in earth, in grass, worm, man and angel alike. Is such reverence and worship born of blindness and ignorance? Is it only a child's

dream of peace and bliss? Are we only seeing and believing in a beautiful loving God in the world because we recognize only half the facts of life? Consider the cyclone, the earthquake and pestilence, destroying whole cities, filling the land with pain and woe, making desolate thousands of happy homes! Is this your infinitely kind Providence? Has your God of happy homes, of beautiful flowers and singing birds, turned all at once ugly demon and mad destroyer? Let us pause a little for clearer vision, listening for a higher voice, looking and listening—not backward and downward, but forward and upward—whither the universe and life appear to be moving, though often with dark mysterious steps. The earthquake, the tornado and pestilence are black realities. Are they the end? Do they mean nothing but death and destruction in God's way, in the way of nature and the soul? If so let us pray for quick annihilation, for there is no sure hope or safety anywhere.

Let us look deeper and higher if we can. By-and-by we discover more and more clearly a soul in and over these same black woeful facts of our world, working for righteousness and peace just where we first saw only pain and destruction; a power, a will, transforming the dark, fearful ways and powers into light and peace. May it be that all the ways and powers of the universe will at length so resolve themselves in the coming light?

The power of the thunder-bolt, the furious elements of the tempest, the corrupting forces of disease, by the soul of the world, and the eternal soul over the world, are slowly transmuted and transformed into the forms and lives of growing grasses, blossoming trees, singing birds, and the life of happy human homes.

This is the simple common fact of life all about and within us. Does it not point to the rising faith, the new hope?

But the pain, the death—yes, we see and know—but do we see and know the eternal meaning and end? We look and listen higher: "Not dead, but risen." Can it be that all death means resurrection—more and better life? The God of death may be indeed kind and good, then, and death have no terror, no sting, when knowledge and faith have fuller and riper growth.

But the awful way, the fear and misery of it, all still abide; we only know and can say that in life's best moments we hear speaking down from the serene heights of being, the upper unseen and spiritual: "Wait and grow, little ones, the way is clearing; fear abides till faith is born. Through passing loss and defeat hope eternally rises purer and stronger; out of time's pain and woe immortal love ascends." So faith, hope and love triumph through and over all lower life, when we read them onward and upward, whither the tempest, the earthquake and pestilence, whither pain and ill and seeming loss, whither all creation's ways are the world souls and God's moving.

The religion of the new faith and the new light knows no petted saints fondled in God's partial love; no accused sinners cast off in anger; but counts all, worm, reptile, bird, beast and man, as one family, forever fed and upheld by the soul of the Eternal.

Thus, in true reverence and worship, we bow in the conscious presence of the soul, the Eternal of being; this infinite will and power of life awakening and rising in the stones of the field, in every tree, flower, insect, beast and man.

Even the shadows and pollutions of evil and villainous cannot blind us to the vision of God over and through them, transforming all into life's spiritual harmony and light. More and more clearly we see and know that this we call evil, darkness and pollution of the criminal and outcast, of sin and shame and war, are only the passing shadows, the jarrings of growing worlds, the decay and bloodstains that rest about, and for a moment encumber and mark the lower forms and ways of ascending life. In Nature's way, in God's way, they minister to the growing whole.

Thus we learn to pray and worship as simply and naturally as the tree blossoms, as the bird sings, or as the grub transforms to insect, without doubt, without fear.

It is the awakening consciousness, the soul within, reaching and striving for the good, the power and loveliness of the soul risen and rising forever over us.

"Our little systems have their day; They have their day, and cease to be. They are but broken lights of thee, And thou, oh Lord, art more than they."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Bristol, Ct., Sept. 29th, Mrs. Mary M. Becker, aged 75 years.

My mother, Mrs. Mary M. Becker, was an old subscriber to your paper. She passed peacefully out, without a struggle—sustained, I have no doubt, by the many loved ones gone before. She began taking THE BANNER about twenty years ago, joining with Mrs. Marietta Snyder of Middletown, N.Y. They received it together for some time, then each subscribing individually. She took great comfort in reading THE BANNER, and passed on with a firm belief in spirit-communication. She leaves a son, granddaughter, and a little grand-granddaughter. E. H. BUCKLIN, Bristol, Ct.

From Attleboro, Mass., Sept. 27th, Mr. Benj. F. Boomer. He came into a belief of the truth of Spiritualism about nine years ago; at that time a member of the First Congregational Church of Attleboro, he severed his relation with it and became a member of the First Spiritualist Society, acting as its Secretary. He afterward was President, and was actively engaged in the work thereafter. He was a prominent member of the A.O.U.W. Lodge, and had many friends. E. P. B.

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

Old Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, who all his life believed he must have a hand in everything if it was to go right, finally came to the wise conclusion to "let the Almighty manage his own world," and found it took a great load of responsibility off his mind.



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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
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FOOD

THE ONLY PERFECT
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We have a baby 20 months old who was raised on Mellin's Food; she was so delicate that no one thought she could live; Mellin's Food saved her. Mrs. A. J. WESTLAND, Wilmington, Del.

I have been using your Mellin's Food for my boy, nearly two years old, for the last month or so, and it has improved him wonderfully; he is just recovering from a severe illness and could not digest milk at all before using the Food. Mrs. W. J. QUINN.

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

Colliver-Goodale Co., Boston, Mass.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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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 impersonal free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty 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.

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance flees, 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.

GONE HOME!

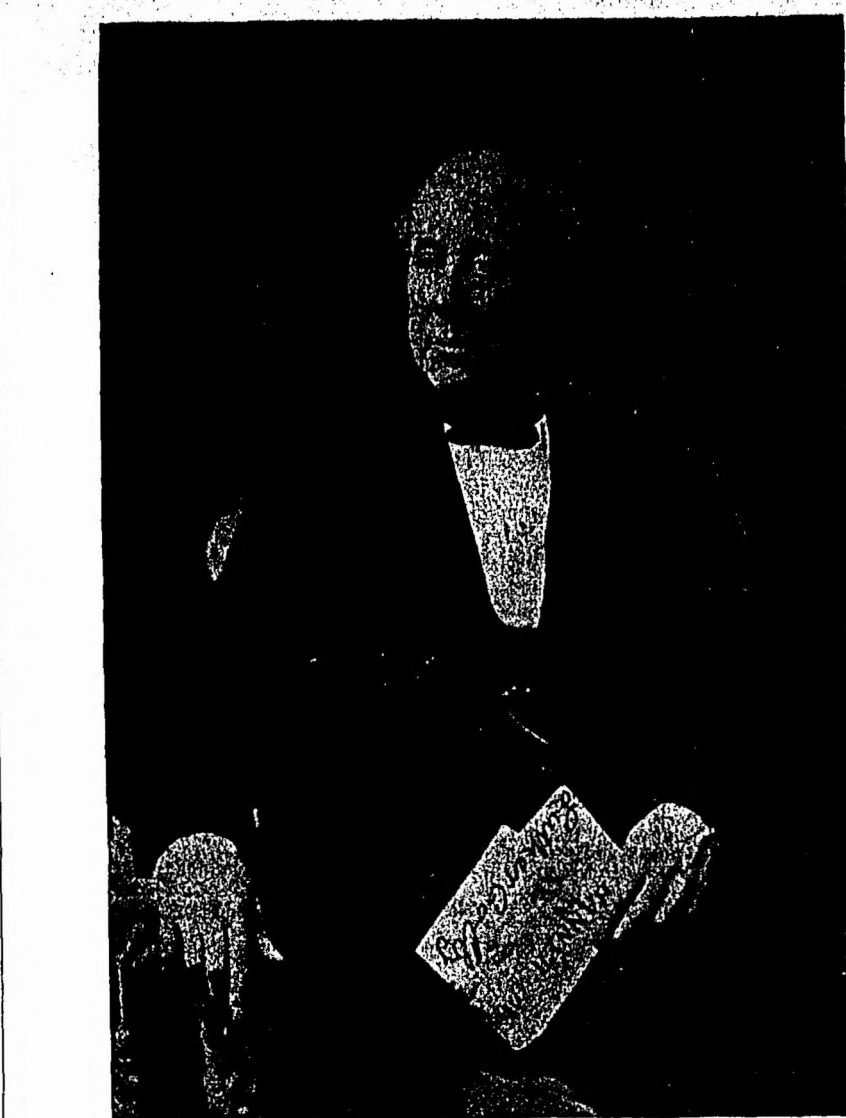
It becomes the duty of THE BANNER at this time to announce to its many readers in every civilized land beneath the sun, the demise of its founder and Senior Editor, LUTHER COLBY. No announcement of his sickness has been made in these columns, because of the direct wish of the sufferer, who, till a short time before his passage from the mortal, had the hope that the powers of will, and a naturally strong constitution, would once more place him on his feet among men. It is only just to state, however, that for nearly two years past MR. COLBY has felt the depressing influence of age, and has been faint, perforce, to yield the larger portion of his former labors to younger hands; he was finally attacked early in the summer by a dropsical affection of the limbs, which at last precluded locomotion, and made him a close prisoner at his hotel; the dropsy yielded to the skill of Drs. CILLEY and THOMPSON of Boston, and treatment by MR. M. O. WILCOX; but a debilitated state of the digestive apparatus supervened; he became totally unable to assimilate food, and slowly but painlessly passed away—his once portly and powerful form dwindling to a mere skeleton in the struggle for existence.

The event which must come to all finally drew near, and at 5 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 7th—just five days before the completion of his eightieth year—he entered Higher Life from the Crawford House, Scollay Square, Boston, which had been his home for some twelve years past.

He was cared for during his last illness of nearly two months, by Mrs. W. P. THAXTER, of Boston, (wife of Mr. W. P. THAXTER of the Crawford), who exhibited to the aged sufferer all the tender sympathy and loving care which a daughter could have displayed—though no blood relationship existed between them. We are sure that our readers—the elderly men and women, especially, who have followed MR. COLBY's work from the days of their youth—will feel to join with us in the expression of reverent thanks to this grand trance medium, who willingly closed her office and abandoned her own special work, to smooth the path of this wounded veteran soldier of the Truth toward "the narrow way that leadeth to the Paradise of God."

The busy physical brain is still; the year-worn hands are folded; the voice is mute; but in the Land of Light, another mortal hath put on immortality.

MR. COLBY was born on the 12th of October, 1814, at Amesbury, Mass. His parents were CAPT. WILLIAM (a respected shipmaster of that historic town) and Mrs. MARY COLBY (who survived her husband many years, and lived to the extraordinary age of 87, during



LUTHER COLBY, LATE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

which time she leaned trustfully on the loving arm and generous support of her devoted son).

MR. COLBY's early years were devoted to much the same pursuits as characterized the youth of New England at that period. He received the foundation of his education in the common schools of his native town, to which much reading, deep reflection and extensive experience were added in after days.

At the age of fifteen years he went to Exeter, N. H., to learn the printing trade, his first work in that direction being performed—singularly enough in the light of his subsequent experiences—on an edition of Scott's Family Bible, as well as the New Testament.

Soon after attaining his majority he removed to Boston (1833) and was attached to *The Post*, one of the leading daily papers there, as a journeyman printer, where he remained for some twenty years, passing, during that period, through every grade, from the composing to the editorial room. He then left *The Post*, and after a short season of rest embarked, in 1857, on the publication of the BANNER OF LIGHT, with WILLIAM BERRY as partner, under the firm name of LUTHER COLBY & CO.

Before entering upon this new enterprise, MR. COLBY had become deeply interested in the subject of Spiritualism. He attended séances at the house of Mr. BERRY in Cambridge, Mass.—had practical evidence given him through Mrs. J. H. CONANT and others—and, after receiving what to him appeared to be indubitable testimony to its truthfulness, he fearlessly entered upon its public advocacy. As above stated, the BANNER OF LIGHT, a weekly journal devoted to the advocacy of the Spiritual Philosophy and Phenomena, was inaugurated in Boston in the spring of 1857 by LUTHER COLBY & CO. The object of its establishment was thus (and clearly) set forth in its Prospectus:

"The spiritual manifestations now being developed demand a vehicle of communication which all will respect; and the faster good organs are multiplied, the better will it be for man and truth. While the world has sheets innumerable wherein are advocated the perishing interests of Time, it is important, nay, indispensable, that Truth should have its journals also—equal in point of mental and typographical merit to any—which plead and set forth the demands and developments of Eternity. . . . The BANNER OF LIGHT has not been started without careful thought and preparation. It is in obedience to voices, nay, commands from on high, that its publication has been determined upon, and every confidence is felt that great support will be extended, from regions of Light, to render it an instrument of good to man. We know that this must be the case, for the evidence presented admits of no doubt or question. In obedience, therefore, to a company on high, the BANNER OF LIGHT is to be unfurled."

The first issue of THE BANNER was brought out at No. 17 Washington street (old numbers), April 11th, 1857. It will be seen that the promises made to the original publishers by their invisible prompters have been fully kept to date—for a period of over thirty-seven years! During all this time MR. COLBY, who was the head of THE BANNER's publishing firm at its foundation, has continued as its editor.

THE BANNER's keynote—given, as also was its name at its inauguration, by invisible intelligences speaking through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, its first medium—has always been to the effect that the mission of Modern Spiritualism was not the organization of a new sect, nor the special separation of its believers from the rest of the world by party lines, but, rather, to furnish a spiritual solvent, in which the existing forms of eschatological thought are to be saturated, illumination taking the place of gloom by the process. To the harmonious outworking of this early ideal MR. COLBY has ever directed his energies.

With the lapse and changes of time the original firm of publishers was changed; MR. BERRY was killed at the battle of Antietam, and the paper then appeared under the style of WILLIAM WHITE & CO.—Messrs. ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY and CHARLES H.

CROWELL being co-partners. Messrs. WHITE and CROWELL passed to spirit-life, and THE BANNER has since been brought out by the firm of COLBY & RICH.

The history of the BANNER OF LIGHT as a bold, honest and unselfish advocate of spirit-return and communion is before the world, and can speak always for itself.

MR. COLBY was from the first aided in his labors by unseen powers; he was (and so willingly acknowledged) in an especial sense cared for by the Invisible Workers in the Higher Life, and was himself endowed with a mediumship, involving the clairvoyant, impressional and automatic-writing phases—which as to its results has often called out the wonder and astonishment of his friends and co-workers in the mortal.

In the early days of the spiritual movement he was called upon, for the sake and in defense of the Cause, to withstand alike the attacks of bigoted clergymen and the gibes of skeptical laymen; but he remained firm, in the face of most trying conditions, and his name and memory are indelibly impressed on the whole history of Modern Spiritualism.

THE BANNER's leader (March 10th, 1894) announcing the commencement of Volume Seventy-Five, had this sturdy sentence, which its newly-arisen senior editor may now, by the present ear, be heard avowing to mortals from beyond the veil: "THE YEARS HASTEN TO THE CENTURY'S CLOSE. IT MATTERS LITTLE WHERE OR HOW WE WORK, BUT WORK WE ASSUREDLY SHALL, AS A LIVING INHERITOR OF THE GREAT KINGDOM OF TRUTH, THAT IS WITHOUT END!"

MR. COLBY was never married. He leaves one brother, MOSKES L., who, with Mr. F. F. MORRILL (son of his old friend, the late Ex-Senator GEORGE W. MORRILL of Amesbury, Mass.), aided by his bedside. Several descendants of an elder brother (deceased) also survive.

The daily press of Boston—the *Journal*, *Advertiser*, *Post*, *Herald*, etc., gave good references to Mr. Colby's demise, and the *Boston Daily Globe* is worthy the kindly remembrance of the friends of the Cause everywhere by reason of the excellent account given in its issue of Oct. 8th, extracts from which are here subjoined:

"VETERAN EDITOR.

Luther Colby of Banner of Light Dies.

Best Known Spiritualist of the Country.
Loved and Respected by Many Thousand Readers.

Luther Colby, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, died yesterday morning.

For more than twelve years, Luther Colby has lived at the Crawford House. The familiar face of the veteran editor and well-known Spiritualist was often seen upon the street, as he walked to and from the hotel and the BANNER office.

His form was erect to the last, though he bowed his head slightly as if in deep thought. His face was ruddy and his eye bright when last seen upon the street, about three months ago.

He was frequently accosted by friends as he went along, for he had a strikingly pleasant and friendly manner, stopping to chat with all who desired his acquaintance. Though known to thousands, and the personal friend of other thousands, he died quietly at the hotel at five A. M. yesterday, attended only by Warren P. Thaxter, Mrs. Thaxter and a nurse.

The Thaxters have been his constant attendants for some time. So far as is known, he died of old age. He has been breaking up for a year, and has been confined to his room in the hotel for six weeks.

Luther Colby, personally, was not a prominent man, yet his name was known in every part of the civilized world as the editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

He was in many ways a remarkable man. He remained at his editorial post until close to the last. It was always a desire of his that he should "die in harness." An octogenarian, and yet full of vigor, and all the grace of a courtly gentleman, it was the wonder of his friends how he managed to keep himself so well preserved. But he was a careful liver, and a man of steady habits.

He was well known to all Spiritualists in Boston, and of course to thousands who came to visit this Mecca of Spiritualism, but he also came into contact with millions of Spiritualists through his paper, and by the large majority of these he was looked upon with reverence.

Mr. Colby's friends in America, in Europe, Australia, and in every part of the world, will sincerely mourn his loss, for he was to them the banner-bearer of Spiritualism. He was devoted to his paper, and the interests which it advocated. He lived only for the Cause, and the propagation of the spiritual idea of the continuity of life and the communion of spirits, the so-called dead, with mortals in the physical realm.

"Luther the veteran," he was familiarly called, and he was indeed a veteran, judged as a fighter for an unpopular cause.

He was born at Amesbury, Oct. 12th, 1814, and of the eighty years of his life nearly thirty-seven were spent as editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and in the promulgation of the Spiritualistic Philosophy, and the defense of spiritualistic phenomena.

He was a manly man, a laborious worker, charitable and generous, frank and open hearted, a devoted son and a faithful friend.

His father was Capt. William Colby, a respected ship-master of the historic town of Amesbury. His mother, Mary Colby, lived to the age of eighty-seven, surviving her husband many years; and during the later years of her life she was supported by the loving arm and tender care of her son Luther.

Mr. Colby received the foundation of his education in the common schools of his native town, which he left at the age of fifteen to go to Exeter, N. H., to learn the printing trade. He became in after years, from much reading and deep reflection, a wide experience with men and a peculiar spiritual intuition, a man of full mind and liberal thought.

Singularly enough, Luther Colby, who in his later life became the iconoclastic editor, attempting to pulverize creeds and dogmas, began learning the printing business on an edition of Scott's Family Bible. His life was one of ceaseless activity.

Work was the inspiration of his life, and he was absorbed in work for the spiritual movement. He lived in the realm of spiritual unfoldment. He believed that he was the message-bearer of the angels, or, as he would say, the instrument of the spirits.

Under this inspiration he became the spiritual friend and teacher of thousands of men and women who only knew him through the BANNER OF LIGHT. To many thousands of his readers Luther Colby was prophet and priest, and the utterances of THE BANNER were regarded as infallible.

One secret of Mr. Colby's success as an editor was his reputation as an honest believer in Spiritualism and his adherence to what he felt to be the truth. In recent years his editorial labors were not so arduous as those of his early manhood, but the old pioneer spiritual paper has always borne the name of Luther Colby as editor. The physical drudgery was borne by younger hands.

Notwithstanding the fact that THE BANNER had celestial backing, and was founded as the organ of the spirit-world, it experienced the usual vicissitudes of business life. Money, it was found, was as necessary to carry on a spiritual organ as a secular newspaper. Its original firm of publishers changed in time to Berry, Colby & Co. In the civil war the financial condition of the paper got very low. It was then issued at 3½ Brattle street, but the hard times and business pressure drove its publishers into bankruptcy.

MR. BERRY went to the war, and was killed. Then the paper was published by William White, and, under the firm name of William White & Co., it was continued at 158 Washington street, Isaac B. Rich, Luther Colby and Charles H. Crowell being partners in the concern.

The Boston fire of 1872 burned the Parker Building, in which the paper was published, and nothing was left but a small insurance and the name of the paper. By the aid of friends, who became subscribers, THE BANNER was re-issued at 14 Hanover street, on Dec. 11th, 1872. William White, the publisher, died suddenly, at the age of sixty, and the paper has since been brought out under the firm name of Colby & Rich.

In the autumn of 1873 the publishing office of THE BANNER was removed to 9 Bosworth street, then Montgomery Place, the house being purchased and fitted up by its business manager, Isaac B. Rich."

The Boston Post for Oct. 9th, thus editorially referred to the deceased:

"LUTHER COLBY.

The distinguishing feature of the life of the late LUTHER COLBY was his devotion to the propagation of the Spiritualistic faith. He was the head and front of this movement. It was his life-work.

Thoroughly honest in his personal belief in the phenomena of Spiritualism, he was able to exert an influence which has spread far and wide with marvelous results. His sincerity was unquestioned and undoubted. He had the respect of the public, the confidence of all with whom he was brought in contact. And his services in the cause of Spiritualism are recognized as those of an honest man, honestly striving for principle."

The following telegrams, fraught with sympathetic condolence, were received at this office on the afternoon of Oct. 9th, and are fully appreciated:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

To the Publishers of the Banner of Light:
The Light of Truth sends its heartfelt sympathy in your loss, and that of our Cause, in the transition of our brother and co-worker.

C. C. STOWELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

With him I rejoice; for you and our Cause accept sincere regrets.

Mrs. R. S. LILLIE.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer of the 1st inst. gives a lengthy account of a psychometric session with Mrs. H. S. Lake, at the close of one of her Sunday discourses in Army and Navy Hall. The occasion seems to have been what Spiritualists denominate "a psychometric reading" of a piece of the coat worn by a man who had recently been murdered in Cleveland. Those who were present when the test took place, says The Plain Dealer, attest to the reliability of the statements, and are eagerly watching for results as prophesied by the control.

MR. R. L. Green, Spirit-Photographer, has returned to Boston, and opened his studio at 121 West Concord street.

A Medium's Tribute.

J. Frank Baxter, lecturer, singer and platform test medium, writes as follows, in the fullness of his heart, at learning, on Oct. 8th, of the translation of Mr. Luther Colby:

Taking up a paper, my eyes at once fell upon the announcement that our loved friend and arduous and devoted co-worker had left us. I was saddened, and somewhat surprised; and yet, really, from his known condition and his ripe age, I was rather prepared. I had frequently of late thought and said: "Mr. Colby, I am afraid, is near the end of his useful career." Gone—yet! As the nuts from full maturity drop from the trees, so he, rich in worthy wisdom and full of years, has ripened to the completion of earth-needs, and his interior being has passed on to the spiritual, leaving the useless case behind. We will tenderly lay the latter away; but rich are our memories not only, but our treasures, for his having lived and we having known him. While we are more or less saddened to think his material presence is no more with us—so associated have we been with it—yet our knowledge makes us look philosophically upon this change called death, and to see in it an event in a continuous life of his spirit; and leads us in thought and vision to follow that spirit to possible careers in the eternal realm. What a greeting must have been his! What a rejoicing, after all!

Fraternally, J. FRANK BAXTER.

A Sad Fact.

The dawn of prison reform came at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the first practical prison reformer was a Pope—Clement XI. He began with a building. An inscription over its entrance indicated its purpose as well as the humanity of its builder. This inscription ran:

"IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO RESTRAIN THE WICKED BY PUNISHMENT UNLESS YOU ALSO MAKE THEM GOOD BY INSTRUCTION."

This device at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says a correspondent of *The New York Herald*, remains the motto of prison reform at the end of the nineteenth!

Indian Harvest Moon Festival.

Annual supper and dance at the Temple, Onset, Mass., Saturday evening, Oct. 13th, 1894, given by the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers. Come and help a good cause! Supper from six to eight o'clock; dance, eight to twelve. Music, five pieces, by Smith's Orchestra. Sunday services at the Wigwam.

Walter Howell

Commences an engagement with a society in San Francisco on the first Sunday in November. He is sure of a warm reception from the people of California, because of his excellent reputation, and of the general satisfaction given whenever and wherever he has appeared.

We have received a copy of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, containing the address of Mrs. H. S. Lake, delivered in Cleveland on the evening of the 23d ult. The subject was "Disease; Its Cause and Cure." It was a practical talk, and full of suggestions of great value.

We are deeply grateful to the many persons, old and young, who, since the passing out of our senior editor, LUTHER COLBY, have called at the office and expressed their sympathy.

Decease of Dr. Holmes.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the veteran poet of New England, passed to spirit-life from his residence in Boston, at noon, on Sunday, Oct. 7th. Death came to him as a quiet slumber. An attack of asthma completed the breaking-up of the physical tenement, which had withstood the trials of over eighty-five years. *The Post* well asks, on whom his mantle shall descend:

"He is 'the last leaf upon the tree.' Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, all sons of Massachusetts and New England, his contemporaries, have passed away before him. While Dr. Holmes lived, the younger generation felt that they had at least one tie, and that a strong one, with the era of great poets. Now that he is gone, the golden age of song becomes a memory."

Mrs. E. Schofield Peyer writes: "To THE BANNER I would come for light, more light. It has endeared itself to all our hearts, and our homes would be incomplete without it. I am always the first to read its pages, and glean all the proofs positive which shine in a most abundant manner. Long may the dear old BANNER wave, and all minds be made clearer by the wise thoughts emanating from its pages."

Mrs. E. Z. Dalton, practical astrologist and teacher of astrology, has just located at Room 7, 8½ Bosworth street, Boston. She is well spoken of by former patrons. See advertisement elsewhere.

Attention is called to the card of Mrs. C. B. Bliss, materializing medium, now located at 121 West Concord street, for the winter. Opening séances, Sunday, Oct. 14th.

Mr. Whitlock's late Facts Convention at Quincy, Mass., was interesting and instructive as to services and participants.

By the card of Miss Georgianna Reynolds (of Troy, N. Y.), on fifth page, it will be seen that this excellent medium is now doing a work in Boston.

Rev. David Swing, D. D., the famous Independent preacher, passed away Oct. 3d at his residence in Chicago, after an illness of a week's duration.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel, and makes the clown a winged Mercury.—Joanna Bailey.

From Dr. H. B. Storer.

In regard to my recent illness and suffering from inflammation and ulceration of the liver, which entirely precluded my attention to the duties of President of the Onset Association, I was attended by Mrs. Wm. Sturtevant of Bridgewater, her faithful spirit attendant, Elsie, diagnosing my case, and giving general directions for my cure. Dr. A. W. Keyou of Boston was selected to give me magnetic treatments, and so thorough and beneficial was his magnetism, that no medicines, except at times, were deemed necessary. I have the full concurrence of "Elsie" in saying that to Dr. Keyou I am indebted for saving my life, as my condition, when he commenced treatment, was considered very critical, if not hopeless. I therefore desire to commend Dr. Keyou to all persons who need a pure, strong, vital-magnetic physician, as one in whom they may place implicit confidence as a man and a physician.

President Onset Day Grove Association.

406 Shawmut Ave., Boston.
Dr. A. W. Keyou can be consulted daily at his office, Hotel Pelham, 74 Boylston street. Hours from 10 to 5. Consultation free. Home treatment by appointment.

The Employing of the Electric Light in the treatment of disease establishes a new era in medicine. The astatic force of the electric current does impart a healing virtue of inestimable value, communicating vigor to the entire system. We cannot praise it too highly or believe in it too implicitly. Its application in Rheumatism, Heart and Lung Troubles, Nervous Affections and Scrofulous Disorders, has proven of greater benefit than any other method. Patients are advised to visit the Electric Light Medical Institute, "The Pelham," 74 Boylston street. Owing to the large number of cases under treatment, new patients should apply Wednesdays or Thursdays, except by special appointment.

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.
 Jan. 6. cov26t

Philadelphia Letter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 That the influence exerted by Cassadaga camp is felt far and near is manifestly true, and could those who work so hard to make it the "Beacon-Light" of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, Sept. 30th, it surely would have been a pleasure for them to see the interest manifested by the audience assembled as they listened to the subject of the evening's discourse, "Cassadaga: Its Philosophy and Phenomena."

The writer described the beauties of the camp, and gave an account of the manner in which it was conducted; of the thousands who visited it annually, all alike bent on seeking for communications from those who had "gone before." Our people were much interested in the description of the lessons taught by Mr. Virchow R. Gandhi, and many were heard asking if it were possible to have him come to our city. The routine of a day at Cassadaga was given as a sample of the mental feast to be enjoyed by the visitors within its gates. The Gandhi at half-past eight, the forest temple meeting, the morning conference, the afternoon lecture in the Auditorium, the conference in the woods from six until eight in the evening, the thought exchange from eight until ten P. M., all received notice.

Photographs of the principal views of the place elicited much attention, but especially did the account of the state-writings and oil paintings, accompanied as it was by the exhibition of the materials, produce a deep interest. The oil paintings, at the camp, command the close attention of the audience. The state-writing referred to consists of several closely-written slates, each of which is in gold writing, all bearing messages from departed friends. The oil paintings are on porcelain, and are beautiful indeed, and beyond describing. Among other interesting illustrations of the phenomena received was a spirit-photograph obtained by the writer from the medium, Mr. Green. This is a well-recognized face of Mr. Jonathan M. Roberts upon it. It is a perfect picture of Mr. Roberts, and was instantly recognized by many of his friends who were present upon this occasion. From the interest manifested at the close of the address, as evidenced by the many questions asked, Cassadaga will surely have a number of Philadelphia visitors next season, who have become interested in its philosophy and phenomena through this account.

The annual election of officers for the Association took place on Monday, Oct. 1st. Five new trustees were elected to fill the places of those whose time had expired. The trustees elected were H. B. Hill, Mary Humphreys, Ida Stewart, Wm. A. Hiles and A. Ables. Mr. J. C. Stenmetz was elected President, M. E. Cadwallader, Vice President, and Frank Morrill, Secretary. The other trustees are Mrs. Whiteman, Mrs. D. Neumann, Mr. C. Smith, Mr. McCallister, B. P. Benner (our former President) and Mrs. Anna McCahan. This is the oldest chartered society in the United States, being founded in 1862, and chartered in 1887.

We are not at a loss for meetings in Philadelphia. The Spiritual Conference Society, with Mr. S. Wheeler as President, is doing a good work at its hall, 8th and Spring Garden streets. A general conference was held on Sunday afternoon, Messrs. Kitchener, Tomson, Freeman, Reed, and others, taking part. Mrs. Leidy gave tests at the close of the meeting. In the evening Mrs. Mary Crall of Philadelphia lectured and gave tests to a good audience. The singing at this hall is always a pleasure to listen to, under the management of Prof. D. Bacon. Mrs. Crall is doing some good missionary work for the Cause.

Besides these meetings, regular services are held at 1205 Columbia Avenue. On last Sunday a conference was held in the afternoon and evening, Mrs. Phillips, and other mediums, giving tests.

Philadelphia will send quite a number of visitors to the National Convention. The delegates from the First Association are Mr. C. Stenmetz and Mr. A. Ables. Cadwallader. The delegate from the Spiritual Conference Society is Mr. Thos. M. Locke. Besides these, Mrs. Julia Locke, Miss Mary Galloway, Mrs. Hinds, Mr. P. Manning, Mr. A. Hiles, Mr. C. Stenmetz, and Mrs. B. B. Hill are among the others who have signified their intention of representing the warm interest Philadelphia takes in the welfare of our National Association, by attending the Convention. M. E. CADWALLADER.

W. J. Colville's Work.

W. J. Colville (who is now very actively engaged in Washington and Baltimore) delivered the closing address of the supplementary season at Lily Dale, N. Y., Sunday, Sept. 30th, at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.; and on the same evening, at 7:30, conducted interesting and impressive services in the Woman's Exchange Hall, Dunkirk, N. Y., where Mr. Adams (formerly a Presbyterian minister) calls together a large congregation of liberal Christians every Sunday morning.

Mr. Colville's lecture, which was on "The Dying Spiritual Age and the Coming Universal Religion," was followed with the closest attention by a large and representative audience, including Mr. and Mrs. Adams, and many of the leading members of the Free Religious Society, most of whom are friendly to all aspects of progressive thought.

The music was very fine, and included a violin solo, excellently rendered by Mrs. Adams. The evening at Dr. Lester Gibbons (a resident physician of high standing) superintended arrangements, with the efficient help of the Misses Herick and Mrs. Richmond, in whose spacious parlors Mr. Colville had previously given six very successful lectures, embracing a consideration of Psychometry, Spiritual Healing, Clairvoyance, Telepathy and kindred themes.

On Monday evening, Oct. 1st, Mr. Colville lectured in East Aurora, N. Y., under the auspices of the Spiritualist society, three of which Mr. Richardson (one of the Directors of Cassadaga Camp) is President. The topic of the discourse was "The Great Religious Systems of the World; Their Ultimate a Pure Spiritualism." At the close of the lecture there was also a large and deeply interested audience.

On Tuesday, Oct. 2d, he spoke in Buffalo, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, 232 Richmond Avenue, at 3 P. M. The subject was "The Dying Spiritual Age and the Coming Universal Religion." The presence of the audience, and many inquirers were present, the questions and answers covered a wide field, embracing the true connection between Spiritualism and Theosophy, clairvoyance, and the relation of destiny to human responsibility.

On Wednesday, Oct. 3d, Mr. Colville began a month's work in Washington. At 3 P. M. the lecture (the first of four on the Zodiac) was given at Dr. Blanche, 121 Tenth street, N. W. The parlors were crowded.

In the evening he spoke in Winodahs Hall, 1223 I street, N. W., on "Woman's Work with Man's Coöperative Aid." The attendance was very large, and was beyond the seating capacity.

The interest in advanced thought in Washington to-day is greater than ever before. Dr. Kent's congregation is always alive to the latest revelations making for human advancement. He is so liberal, and speaks so fearlessly on all subjects, that he opens the way for all reformers who visit this city.

The two large Spiritualist societies here are flourishing, and great interest centres in the approaching convention, which is exciting considerable attention outside as well as within the ranks.

On Sundays during October Mr. Colville lectures in Rame's Hall, Baltimore, for the Religious Philosophical Society, at 4 and 8 P. M., and on Thursdays at 8 P. M. He is also organizing a class in Spiritual Science in that city, to meet Fridays and Saturdays for three weeks. All letters, etc., for him should be addressed, till further notice, 121 10th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Boston friends are respectfully reminded that he will give a course of lectures at The Copley, 18 Huntington Avenue, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8:30 P. M., commencing Nov. 6th. He is also arranging for work in the vicinity of Boston during November.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner of Boston writes to Dr. T. A. Bland as follows concerning the new work just published by Dr. B., and for sale by Colby & Rich: "Dear Dr. Bland, your charming book 'How to Get Well and Keep Well' has something of interest for me on every page, and not only am I interested, but instructed as well. It cannot fail to do vast good."

A Remedy for Sick Headache.
 BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 26, 1894.—I have given Hood's Vegetable Pills a trial, and am convinced that they are an excellent medicine for sick headache and constipation, and I recommend them to all who suffer from these complaints. ROSE DONOHUE, 43 Oureo st. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

Sealed Letters Answered.

The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three two-cent postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within three or four weeks after their receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactorily, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, but do as well as they can under the circumstances.

INSTRUCTIONS.—1. Do not write upon the envelope of the sealed letter.
 2. One spirit only should be questioned at a time.

3. Those sending letters to this office for answer, should invariably write upon the outside envelope "Sealed Letter," in order that they may not miscarry.

4. As many investigators are liable to patronize this department, and as the idea that sealed letters are opened by means of a wax seal, the first theory that suggested itself to the very first skeptic (probably) who saw the first phenomenon of this kind, in justice to our medium our patrons are requested to secure their sealed letters with mechanical devices which shall demonstrate to them, on the return thereof, that such letters have not been tampered with. For instance, good and appropriate replies have been received since this department was established to letters which, after common sealing, have been sewed together by hand, or passed through a sewing machine; others have been secured by the plentiful use of sealing wax.

Address all letters to JOHN W. DAY, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

Correspondents forwarding "sealed letters" must also enclose their own addresses and names on an outside separate slip, otherwise we are unable to return their answers. We have on hand, at present, the answers to three sealed letters, sent us from Manchester, N. H., West Derby, Vt., and Rochester, N. Y., respectively, which we would like to return to the writers, but cannot for this reason. Will parties who have sent sealed letters from these places, and have not yet received reply, please forward their addresses, and the approximate dates on which their letters were mailed, as a means of identification?

MEETINGS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn.—The Ladies' Spiritual Social Aid met in Lower Cadet Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening, Oct. 3d. Supper was served at 6:30, about fifty partaking of the feast.

President M. C. Chase officiated in the evening, singing by the audience being the opening, followed by an invocation by Mrs. Chase; inspirational poem by Lyman C. How; spirit raps, then Mr. H. H. Pierce, interesting remarks by Pres. Kelly of the Association, et al., closing with singing led by Prof. Pierce.

At Wintthrop Hall, 15 City Hall Square, Tuesday evening, Oct. 2d, session opened with service of song, led by Prof. E. F. Pierce. Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland presided, and made able and interesting remarks; F. A. Wiggin of Salem gave a convincing ballad test, and an hour's duration; Dr. Arthur Hodges followed with forcible remarks and convincing tests and communications; Dr. William Fraunk then gave a large number of excellent readings and tests, and in every case received a ready response of courtesy.

At Providence Hall, 21 Market street, Sunday, the 7th, at 2:30, Mrs. Dr. Dowland presided; Mrs. G. D. Merrill rendered fine selections; A. H. Luther of Indiana, the veteran reformer and independent champion of liberty and free thought, was the speaker. She took for her subject in the afternoon, "Human Life in All Ages," giving a masterly and intellectual lecture, which held the closest attention of all, closing with an excellent improvisation, "The Wagoner." Her evening theme, "The Teaching of Morality through Christianity and Spiritualism," showed the influence of morality through Christianity since the Christian era; also every thought and influence of spirit power through Spiritualism for the last forty-six years. Her forcible and convincing arguments were intensely interesting to all.

Next Sunday Mrs. Luther will lecture at 2:30 and 7:30. Her subject at 7:30 will be, "The Necessity of the Present Order Known as the A. F. A., and its Relation to Humanity."

At Mrs. Dr. M. K. Dowland's meeting for ladies only, Saturday afternoon, there was a large audience. Mrs. Dowland gave an able and interesting "Presentation of Thought"; also tests and communications from spirit-friends. T. H. B. JAMES.

New Bedford.—The opening meetings of the First Spiritual Society last Sunday were well attended, having a large audience at both afternoon and evening sessions that ever before on a like occasion.

G. V. Cordingley of St. Louis occupied the platform. The services were very interesting. His answers to questions taken from the audience were to the point, the poems fine, the tests wonderful and the spirit-raps beyond anything of the kind ever given here, many of them being directly helpful to every one present.

Mr. Cordingley was assisted by Mrs. Eva Hill of Greenwich, N. Y., a most wonderful medium, who sings while under the influence of her guides in five different voices and seven languages.

Next Sunday Mr. Cordingley will again be with us. SECRETARY.

Salem.—Sunday, Oct. 7th, we had as our speaker Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree. Mrs. Loring delivered two very fine discourses. The subject of the one in the afternoon, "The Unseen Forces," was a very able lecture. That in the evening on "The Law of Progress," was also very fine and listened to attentively by a large and appreciative audience.

We consider Mrs. Loring one of our ablest speakers, and one who is in every way fitted to present the cause of Spiritualism before the world. Her exercises in mental mediumship and spirit delineations were also very fine, and readily recognized.

Long may she live to bring the proof of immortality to an anxious and inquiring world.
 95 Essex street. Mrs. G. R. KNOWLES, Sec'y.

Lawrence.—The Spiritualists here opened their meetings for the season in Pythian Hall, 180 Essex street, Sunday, Oct. 7th. Mrs. E. Cutler, the noted test medium of Philadelphia, occupied the platform. The audiences were large, and great interest was shown in her psychometric readings.

Mrs. W. Leslie, test medium of Boston, will occupy the rostrum Sunday, Oct. 14th, at 2 and 7 P. M.
 DR. C. A. STEVENS.

Haverhill and Bradford.—Large gatherings were in attendance upon the meetings of the Spiritual Union in Red Men's Hall Sunday, Oct. 7th, to listen to the psychometric interpretations of Dr. C. H. Harding. A large number of spirit-friends were present.

Next Sunday Miss S. Lizzie Ewer of Portsmouth, N. H., will speak and give tests.
 E. P. H.

Worcester.—Speaker for Oct. 7th, Miss Abbie A. Judson. This is Miss Judson's first appearance in the East on a spiritual rostrum. Her deep and logical reasoning was listened to by large and attentive audiences.

She speaks the remaining Sundays of October.
 623 Main street. Mrs. D. M. LOWE, Cor. Sec'y.

Fitchburg.—The First Spiritual Society resumed its meetings Sunday, Oct. 7th, with Mrs. M. S. Pepper of Providence as speaker. The opening address was exceptionally fine and instructive. In the evening her experience as a medium proved very interesting, while her tests, as usual, were very convincing and unique. She returns again in December.
 E. O. P., Sec'y.

Stoughton.—Sunday, Oct. 7th, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock spoke afternoon and evening to appreciative and interested audiences.

Sunday, Oct. 14th, we will have with us Kate R. Siles, afternoon and evening.
 Mrs. G. E. MORSE, Sec'y.

Verification of a Spirit Message.
 It is with reverent thankfulness for the blessing of spirit communications that I write to acknowledge the message of P. H. CONANT, published in THE BANNER OF LIGHT August 11th. He spoke the truth in saying the battles of life were many.

For this grand truth, which he looked upon as one of our richest blessings, he worked royally for many years, trying to help others to understand and realize the good of it. THE BANNER OF LIGHT has spoken the good of it. He generally reached us on Sunday morning. He often expressed the wish that every one could feel as happy as he did in looking forward to life in the spirit-world. His life for four-score years was an example of uprightness, and the change one of peace.

Smithland, Ky. SARAH M. CONANT.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion in the B. of L., must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Frank T. Ripley's engagements are as follows: for October at Van Wert, O., November and December at New Orleans, La.; for Ripley can be engaged for January, February, March, April and May. Address all letters to 2702 Broadway, Cleveland, O., which is his permanent address.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie, speaker and platform test medium, will be in Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 14th; Manchester, N. H., Oct. 21st; and Stoughton, Mass., Nov. 11th. Would like engagements for Oct. 22nd and Nov. 14th. Address, 687 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. E. A. Blackden has taken apartments at 94 Pleasant street, corner of Tremont street, Boston, where he may be addressed for engagements as platform speaker.

Dr. H. Harding spoke, Sept. 30th, at Portland, Me.; Oct. 7th, Haverhill, Mass.; he speaks Oct. 14th and 21st in Salem, Mass.; Oct. 28th, at Portland, Me. For engagements address him 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

Dr. Arthur Hodges, psychometric reader and platform test medium, has two open dates for the winter. Address "Hotel Hodges," 24 Shepard street, Lynn, Mass.

Next Sunday, Oct. 14th, Mr. J. Frank Baxter will conclude his present work in Lynn, speaking for the First Spiritual Association in Cadet Hall, afternoon and evening. The week following he starts for the West. On Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 18th and 19th, he will lecture in Waukegan, Ill.; on Sunday, Oct. 21st, afternoon and evening, in Chicago, Ill.; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th, in Kalamazoo, Mich.; on Sunday, Oct. 28th, in Chicago, Ill., again, as also there all the Sundays of November. The special dates of his engagements in Milwaukee, Wis., Benton Harbor, Sherwood, Gratiot, Mich., during his Chicago visit, will be announced later. In Chicago he will be heard in the Auditorium Hall, 77 3rd street, and his address from Oct. 15th to Nov. 23d will be 181 35th street, corner South Park Avenue. A few week-evenings are open in November to Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois.

Miss Georgianna Reynolds, clairvoyant trance test medium, will answer calls for engagements from November 1st. Address, 2 Vandyndyke street, Troy, N. Y.

G. W. Kates and wife desire calls to lecture and give tests on route for the West during December and January. Address, during October, 26 5th street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., lectured at West Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 7th. Will lecture at Williamstown, Conn., the 14th, at Meriden, Conn., the 21st, and at Portland, Me., the 28th. Only a very few dates disengaged for the season. Address No. 7 Mason street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. E. M. Shirley having returned from Lake Pleasant, is ready for platform work. Address 13 Dover street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding has a few open dates for the years 1894 and 1895. Societies wishing her services will correspond with her at 14 George street, East Somerville, Mass.

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 A new invoice received of the choicest
CLOTH GARMENTS AND CAPES
 from the leading
Parisian, Berlin and
New York Makers.

Our stock of **RICH FURS** cannot be excelled.
 Orders for remodeling
FUR GARMENTS
 should be placed at once to avoid delays later in the season.

To our **LADIES' TAILORING** we have added a
DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT,
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 39 & 45 Summer St.,
 Adjoining C. F. Hovey & Co. BOSTON.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss,
 121 WEST CONCORD STREET, BOSTON. Seances also Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30 P. M.
 Oct. 13. 1w
R. L. GREEN, Manager.

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 A POSITIVE cure for all forms of Female Complaints, A ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, irregularities, Leucorrhoea and Menstrual Growth. Mon Vita remedies, sufficient for one month's treatment, sent by mail, prepaid, to any part of the country on receipt of \$3. All communications strictly confidential, and promptly answered, by enclosing three 2-cent stamps. Address 105 E. & A. L. RIGOT, 97 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass.
 Oct. 13. 1w

R. L. GREEN,
Spirit-Photographer,
 121 WEST CONCORD STREET. Sittings daily, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Send 2-cent stamp for my Circular.
 Oct. 13. 1w

MRS. E. M. SHIRLEY is ready for business. Will hold circles from home, if desired. Call at 13 Dover street, Boston. 1w

SPECIAL NOTICES.
Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 6.

John Wm. Fletcher, 108 West 43d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Oct. 6.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 56 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

Send for our Free Catalogue of **Spiritual Books**—it contains the finest assortment of spiritualistic works in the world.

My Blood
 Became overheated, causing pimples all over me, developing into large and dreadful running sores, the worst on my ankle. I could not sleep. Soon after I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and two bottles entirely cured me and gave me renewed strength and health. Mrs. C. H. FULLER, Londonderry, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
 Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness.

LECTURE, GHOSTS, APPARITIONS, SPIRITS, WM. Q. JUDGE,
 One of the Founders and Vice President of the Theosophical Society.
Hollis Street Theatre,
 Sunday Evening, Oct. 14th, 1894, at 8 o'clock.
 Reserved seats 50 cents. For sale at Box Office of Theatre, Banner of Light Office, and Theosophical Headquarters, 21 Mt. Vernon street.

World's Food Fair
MECHANICS' BUILDING, BOSTON,
 Monday, Oct. 1st, to Saturday, Oct. 27th.
 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.
 Entire building filled with beautiful exhibits. Two Musical Festivals daily. Best Bands in U. S. Montana's Silver Statue. World's Fair Official Exhibit. The Home Department—Cooking Lecture—daily. Electric Creamery in full operation; 3,000 pounds of Butter made daily. Exhibits from Mid Winter Fair, San Francisco, Cal., Russia, Japan, India, Spain and other Foreign Nations represented. Finest Exhibition ever given in this country.
 ADMITTANCE, 25 CENTS.
 Sept. 29. 1w

DR. G. A. PEIRCE,
 The Spirits' Healing Medium
 BY the Magnetic, Rotative, Clairvoyant, Trance, &c., thirty-three years, in successful practice of the system, and also by Seances, for Spirit Messages, Information, Advice, &c., Mental or Metaphysical, Christian, Seances, Faith, or the Homeopathic System, as his large circle of spirit guides, controls and helpers, include all needed assistants. Either method of treatment consists of a written diagnosis of the person's disease, if curable, &c., Prescriptions of needed advice and remedies, and two or more Magnetized indicated Healing Papers, prepared for each case, which will be mailed to order by Letter upon receipt of a lock the patient's hair or recent writing, statement of full name, age, sex, residence, description of illness, and \$1.00 for a trial, which may be all will need to cure, or \$2.00 or more, as is thought fitting services will be required. Letter Address 174 Pine Street, Lewiston, Maine.
 1894. Sept. 22.

Mrs. M. T. Longley
 GIVES Sittings by mail for advice on health, business, &c., mediumistic development and psychometric delineation. Prescribes for disease under spirit influence. Prof. J. R. Buchanan endorses Mrs. L. as a Trance Medium and Psychometrist. Fee, \$1.00. Address, 66 Sydney street, Dorchester District, Boston, Mass. 1894. Oct. 6.

Miss Georgianna Reynolds
 FROM Lansingburgh, N. Y., Clairvoyant Trance Test Medium, is located at present at 824 Washington st., where she will give daily sittings from 12 A. M. to 9 P. M., (except Monday and Wednesday evenings and Thursday afternoons, Oct. 13.) 2w

The Right Knock.
A Story.
 BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.
 The author, in her preface to the fifth edition, says: "It seemed such a small, simple thing, this little book, and the best that could be said of it was that it came from a heart full of eagerness to be the Master's messenger, and do something toward preaching the glad gospel of healing and true living."
 The unnumbered letters of gratitude, the kind words, the warm hand-clasps, the many testimonials of sick beds forsoaken, depressed spirits revived, vices discontinued, of physical and moral strength regained, prove that the work of the Spirit is not to be measured by puny human standards of judgment, prove that simple things—the things from which we expect the least, in which we put the least ambition or worldly desire, may be those which will yield the "hundred-fold" of real blessing.

CONTENTS.
 Mrs. Hayden; The Girls at Home; A Fire and a Retro spect; Beginnings; The Old Doubts Again; Too Good to be True; A New Hope; What the World Said; A Struggle with Self; Hints of Help; Leaving Home; Mrs. Pearl's Lecture; The True Foundation; Questionings; What is Not True; Studying and Proving; What is True; It Must be So; The Spiritual Birth; Ranges and Talks; Inspiration and the Bible; A Church Committee; Prayer; Every-day Practices; Understanding; A New Problem; Undercurrents; The Power of Thought; An Unexpected Meeting; Practical Application; Conferences; Practical Application; Grace; Practical Application; Practical Application; Found at Last; After Three Years.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its aid and our behalf.
COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

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Mrs. Caroline H. Fuller
 Londonderry, Vt.

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Message Department.

SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held June 29th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou who art all wisdom and truth, be present with us this hour. Give us spiritual strength, that our lives may bear the promise of a full fruition of love and grace. To thee, thou Grand, Eternal Presence, we come, asking for the sunshine of thy love to illuminate our hearts, for as the flower turns to the sunlight for life-sustaining elements, so do our spirits turn to thee, thou who art all life and intelligence, permeating the universe with thy mighty forces. To thee, the God of all peoples, we render our homage to-day, and ask of thee and thine angels from celestial spheres the highest inspiration, that we are capable of receiving. Fill us with new light and knowledge; make our spirits purer and better; give us the power to overcome all selfishness, greed, and the desire for self-aggrandizement; and create in our hearts, oh! Father of all, the desire to spiritualize ourselves, that we may be fitted to minister to and teach those who may be a little lower in the scale of development than ourselves.

At this hour many all returning spirits who are gathered here with the desire to communicate with their loved ones on earth, be given the power and opportunity so to do, and may their words go forth bearing an influence for the uplifting as well as the comforting of the hearts of those to whom these messages may be directed.

Grant our petition, our Father, and unto thy name would we render our praises now and evermore.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

David Dale.

[To the Chairman:] I asked permission of your good Spirit-President, Mr. Pierpont, to speak here to day, and he said all were welcome. I thought perhaps a few words from me might help some lad or lassie.

My name is David Dale, and it is many years since I donned the white robes of immortality. Robert Dale Owen is my grandson.

I bring to you to-day my sympathy, and I would gladly bring knowledge to you upon the earth-plane that will be of use when you pass on to the higher life.

I am an active spirit, one who has been willing to learn and progress, or I should not be here to speak these words this hour.

My mother loved me dearly, and oft when a lad she said to me, "David, be truthful, be good, and you will reap your reward." I have found every word true in the land beyond.

[To the Chairman:] I ask the divine blessing to rest upon thee and thine, and all humanity now and ever.

In Glasgow, Scotland, I passed away.

James Woodworth.

A sensation as of being surrounded by water comes over me as I take control of the medium. I have never controlled the organism of a medial instrument before, although I have visited halls where spiritual meetings were held, in London, Eng., and in Boston and Philadelphia. In the latter city, my name, James Woodworth, was spoken by a medium on the platform.

I am very much pleased to announce myself here, and to say that the water had no power over the spirit. I return here in a form perfectly adapted to my use.

So many people here care nothing about informing themselves on matters of a spiritual nature, thinking it will be easy enough to take up the other life when the time comes for them to vacate the material body, and that they can return whenever they choose. Oh, no! There are laws by which we are governed on the spiritual side, and by most delicate laws in controlling a medial organism.

I am pleased to say to the friends who mourn me deeply, that I am happy, but through progression I shall advance to a more perfect condition. Our work as immortal spirits is never finished. We have a desire to aid those upon the earth-plane. We have our places of amusement, our places of worship and our schools. The physician there is found in consultation with his brother physician, not to devise methods for the cure of the denizens of the spirit-world; (for we have no sick there,) but for those who dwell here. That the time may come when medicine will be relegated to the past by the success of the magnetic healer, is the desire of the doctors on our side of life.

Charlotte Colson.

I did not know when in the flesh that spirits could return and speak in this way.

Mary, Katie, Charlotte and Elizabeth, my girls, are with me in spirit-life.

In Darlington, Eng., there are many who will remember Charlotte Colson, although many years have passed since I was called up yonder. I did not understand when here that

we were going to be so conscious of what was passing on the earth-plane. I see now that life in the spirit-world is only a continuation of life here, for I cannot see where it ends on earth or begins in heaven.

Mary is close beside me, and wishes to be remembered to the family there in Bradford and those in Darlington—the family of Wintergill. It is pleasant to know there is a hand full of it, but the old people have joined us in the spirit-world. Sarah Hutchinson is with us.

I wish to say to mortals that we live, and we shall live throughout eternity; we are living people, more active even than when we were upon the earth-plane.

All the near kin have passed on, but distant relatives will remember us.

Dr. Beck.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning. Your Spirit-President, the Rev. John Pierpont, has given me permission to speak, and I am pleased to announce my presence here in your Circle-Room.

This Spiritualism that people talk of as "new" and "modern" is not new at all—it can be traced down through all the ages since man's spiritual perceptions were first awakened. I was pretty well versed in the teachings of this new dispensation before I passed out of my material form.

Many who knew me will be glad to hear from me again, and will testify to the fact that I was very outspoken when here. I was President of the State Association of Spiritualists of Delphi, Ind., and my name is Dr. Beck.

I am interested in all good work, no matter whether it is in the North or the South, in the far West, or close beside you. In regard to the phase of materialization, which has been touched upon by those who have spoken from your platform, I would add my own testimony. I know it is true. I know there is fraud, but that does not change the fact. If there had never been a genuine materialization, there never would have been a counterfeit one.

I would say to my friends that I am present often in their meetings, and take even a more active part than I did here. I was an earnest worker then, and I am still a worker in the good Cause. I would say to those who are investigating the subject, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek, and ye shall find"; for we who have passed beyond the valley of the "Shadow of Death" do live again in a happier and more perfect state; and we can return to the loved ones left on earth, minister to their needs, and through the exercise of the gift of mediumship, bring them knowledge, and that consolation that naught on earth can bestow.

John Pierpont.

Mr. Chairman and Friends: As this is the closing address of the season, I feel it is fitting that I address a few words to you on this occasion.

As we turn backward and review the work of the past few months we feel that much good has been accomplished, not only on the material side of life, but on the spiritual as well. The many spirits who have returned and voiced their messages of love to their dear earthly friends have here gained a strength from the noble band having these meetings in charge, that has enabled them to advance faster in spirit-life. Some have identified themselves more satisfactorily than others, but all have done the best they could.

We of the spirit-life certainly appreciate the kindness of those who have made it possible for us to return through this avenue and bring what light we could to mortals seeking knowledge of celestial truths. We also thank the kind friends who have contributed flowers for our Circle-Room table.

Many hearts have been gladdened and many homes blessed by the messages that have been sent forth from this place. We, who can behold the spiritual results as well as the material, are more than pleased with what has been achieved during the season just closed.

We ask the divine blessing to rest upon you all; and may the companionship of pure angels be yours until the season rolls round again for us to begin our labors anew.

John Pierpont.

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. 5.—John Pierpont; Mary A. Donnell; Daniel S. Flagg; Ruth Burlingame; Eddie Cooke; Maria Merrill; Lydia Gage; Philander S. Briggs; Orinda A. Melville; Lydia Maria Child.

October Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—The portrait of Edmund Clarence Stedman opens the current issue, followed by letters of Edwin Booth, with an introduction by his daughter, Mrs. Grossmann. Julia Schayer writes a story of the civil service, "Brookes." "Beauty's Dower" is by Frank D. Sherman. "The Eternal Gullible" is by Ernest Hart. "Commercial Bookbinding," with seventeen cover designs, is by Brander Matthews. "Poe in New York," contains selections from the correspondence of Edgar Allan Poe to and from eminent persons. "Folk-Speech in America" is one of Edward Eggleston's best. Mrs. Burton Harrison continues "A Bachelor Maid" with deep interest. "Across Asia on a Bicycle" appears in a liberal installment. "A Robbery on the French Coast" is by André Castaigne. "McClellan and his Mission" is a study by Maj.-Gen. James B. Fry. "Sophie Germain" tells about an unknown mathematician. The "Open-Letters" are interesting and instructive. There is a large variety of poetry sprinkled throughout the current issue. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

THE ARENA.—The opening paper of the current issue is by Henry Lathford, entitled "A Social Reformer." "The New Education" is a sure to cause comment, and is from the pen of Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D. Annie Elizabeth Cheney has a poem on "Yosemite." Editor Flower describes several military armories in an article entitled "Plutocracy's Bastilles; or Why the Republic is Becoming an Armed Camp." The illustrations add to the merit of the paper. A syndicate of women have taken up "The Land Question," and throw out many weighty and convincing arguments. Heinrich Heinsdorf, Ph. D., continues his paper on "Occult Science in Tibet." In the lighter vein is a story, "The Men in the Storm," by Stephen Crane. "Frenetic Influence" is by Sydney Barrington Elliot, M. D., and is very readable. "College Debating" is by Carl Vrooman. B. O. Flower contributes "In the Will Realm." "The Unemployed" is by T. E. Will. Prof. Frank Parsons and James M. Brown, who present the subject under three appropriate divisions. The Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square, Boston.

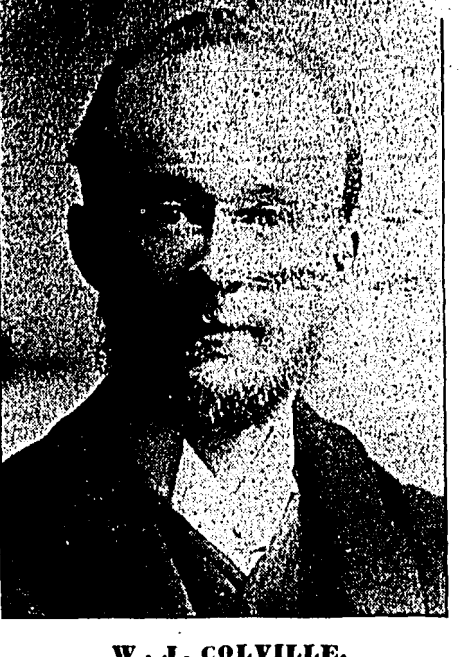
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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By C. H. North, Tonawanda, N. Y.] In a late BANNER a question was submitted to Mr. Colville's guides regarding spiritual limbs after amputation of physical limbs, to which the following answer was made: "We, however, take the ground that when a physical limb is severed the spiritual limb still remains," etc. Why this uncertainty on the part of the spirit-guides in dealing with what must necessarily be to them a simple matter of fact?

ANS.—There is no expression of uncertainty in our teaching on this subject, but owing to the great number of questions constantly pouring in upon us, and the very limited time and space available for replies, some of our answers to wide-reaching inquiries are far less extended than we could desire. Then again, many of the interrogations are of so comprehensive a nature that they require whole lectures, and sometimes even courses of lectures or volumes to elucidate.

The point where vagueness or uncertainty may have appeared to some readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT is here: We teach emphatically that no two spirits can have exactly the same experience or sensations with reference to the material body, unless their status is exactly equal in all respects. It is from this cause that various and seemingly contradictory communications arise, while in reality there is but a record of diversified experiences, and no contradiction whatsoever.

All questions relative to the effect of any surgical operation upon the feelings of the spirit must be answered, if answered correctly, from the special plane or state already reached by the entity whose experiences are called in question. If a physical limb is amputated, and the thought of the individual is constantly reverting to it, this is sufficient to induce a degree of rapport with the whereabouts of the amputated member, so that the disposition made of it may cause annoyance, and even suffering, to its former owner. The spiritual limb cannot be severed from the spiritual body by a surgeon's instrument; therefore the continued possession of the psychic member is always sure, but curious semi-psychical, semi physical experiences of sensitive people concerning amputated limbs have long ago found place in the literature of accepted orthodox medicine and surgery.

In the quotation made from our previous answer through these columns to a somewhat similar inquiry, we utterly fail to detect a ring of uncertainty in our declaration that "the spiritual limb still remains." We cannot well use plainer or terser language, and in again referring to the subject we can only reiterate the statement.

Q.—[By the same.] In the book "As It Is to Be," by Cora Linn Daniels, "The Voices" state unequivocally and repeatedly that there are no evil spirits; that evil belongs only to earthly conditions, and is left behind when the spirit leaves the body—its effect upon the emancipated soul being shown only in differing degrees of spiritual development, according to the moral status of the life on earth. Is this true?

A.—As we have never advocated a theory of evil spirits, and those who have harped perpetually upon "obsession" have never derived any satisfaction or support from our utterances, we have very little to say concerning the tenets put forward in "As It Is to Be" under this heading, except to declare that "the voices" that speak to Cora Linn Daniels have told her what we regard as true in the main, though we are not quite so extreme as are some of the teachings in that book on this subject.

We have always claimed that power is in good, not in evil; that discordant conditions are ignorant and unenlightened; and therefore as knowledge increases the shadow of error will no longer fall across man's way.

In spirit-life there is no material eminence to be reached by fraud, as there often is on earth. There are many worldly incentives to crime, particularly to dishonesty and all that accompanies it, which belong solely to an earthly state of society. It is quite true that as far as moral and mental calibre is concerned, those who drop the mortal form are not immediately improved; nevertheless, as many great inducements to wrongdoing which now exist on earth do not obtain in spirit-life, there is not the same motive for attempted injury to others.

We disagree in toto with all who believe that human nature is so depraved that people do wrong usually from love of wrong; our contention is, that undeveloped men and women, like most children, are largely selfish, and until they can see that self-interest does not require that they should deal treacherously with their neighbors they will continue to lie and steal, and otherwise transgress the moral law.

In spirit-life there are states of darkness, impotence and dejection, which are the gloomy sequences of unjust careers on earth; but the misery of such states consists largely in there being realms of consciousness where a sense of deprivation and powerlessness oppresses those who are immersed in them. Nothing can be further from our philosophy than the assumption that all are good directly they cross the border, and that it makes no difference to our condition in the hereafter what kind of a life we have lived on earth.

We declare that all power, influence, joy, and everything that goes to make up a life of happy usefulness, is the outcome of noble, unselfish character; and that, lacking such character, post-mortem states are for the time being very desolate. The way out of any state of darkness is to exert one's self for the good of others; and only through honest, earnest at-

tempts to help others who are in darkness can benighted spirits raise themselves.

Q.—[By the same.] In a recent inspirational address upon the subject, "How Shall We Bury Our Dead?" the controlling intelligence said: "The body holds for a long time attractions for the spirit, which are not absolutely broken until the spirit is released by the disintegration of the former, which may not occur for years. Indeed, those who pass out through accident do not gather their magnetic forces perhaps for centuries." We have been led to suppose that there was some degree of magnetic attraction referred to above, differing in different individual cases, but these statements as regards the time involved seem exaggerated in the extreme. Are they exaggerated or are they true?

A.—As the inspirational address referred to was not one of ours and does not voice our sentiments, we must advise the questioner to apply to the intelligences who delivered it, if he wishes further information from their standpoint.

We do not deny that there are rare instances where attachment to the physical body is so great that even centuries may elapse before the departed spirit is fully emancipated from the thrallhold of devotion to a material locality, which may be a mausoleum, or, as Florence Marryat declares on the basis of her own experiences in "There is No Death," after hundreds of years earthbound spirits may find release from attachment to old feudal castles or other places where they spent not very exalted earthly lives.

Many Theosophists insist greatly upon the detention of suicides in the earth's atmosphere, which they term in Sanskrit *Kama loca*, and while there is a measure of truth in such statements as are common to prevailing Occultism, suicides are comparatively rare, and even with suicides motive and general condition must in fairness be taken into account.

A philanthropic nobleman in Europe very recently committed suicide, and though his life had been devoted to benevolent deeds and he had been extremely pious, he was buried as an outlaw and spurned by the church of which he had been a devoted member. This spirit can afford to dispense with what are called the consolations of religion; and though his end was sad and his act rash and unwise, the results of his noble, useful work for others carried on for a number of years, will speedily open for him the gates of a veritable paradise.

There can never be very much addition to the statement that our affections are the ties that bind us to persons, places and things here and hereafter; therefore if the predominating love is for the physical organism, a strong affection for it constitutes a point of contact with it.

We are advocates of cremation, and we prefer burial at sea to entombment in massive sepulchres on land. In millions of instances the spirit has entirely severed its connection with the physical frame before the breath finally leaves it, and the only reason why spirits attend funeral exercises and visit cemeteries is because their friends are there, and thus a mental chain of sympathy is established.

[From The Harbinger of Light, Sept. 1st, 1894.]

On the Wing.

NOTES OF TRAVEL, BY W. H. TERRY.

I left Washington by the night train, Nov. 27th, and awoke the following morning at the beginning of the Shenandoah Valley, in Northern Virginia. It is the prettiest country I have traveled. There are numerous foot-hills all along the valley, which are backed up by high and fertile ranges, whilst running streams and rivers abound all along the line; though there was ice and snow to be seen in the early morning, as the day advanced the sun was quite genial.

Further south we pass Greenville, a pretty little town backed up by a fine range of hills. A monument, marking the tomb of Andrew Johnson, Vice-President, and afterward President, is pointed out to me by the conductor. A very pretty sunset over the hills on the border of Alabama with Georgia to the east; it is a fine undulating country about here.

The following morning the country had changed in character, less undulating and well timbered, with numerous saw mills; some of the deciduous trees had not lost their foliage here, though there was a light frost in the early morning, which somewhat surprised me, as the country had a much more tropical look. We enter the cotton country here, and I understand it is the principal product right down to New Orleans. Entering Mississippi, we get the cotton again, less numerous, but the trees are pretty, and the bright green of the pines is refreshing—these are as straight as spars, and have no branches near the ground. The change of temperature is very agreeable after the cold of the North.

Reached New Orleans at 2 P. M., on the 29th of November. First impressions were anything but favorable. I got on the Pacific Coast railway ferry, and crossed the Mississippi en route for San Antonio. There was a long line of steam vessels at the wharves on both sides of the river, and several ferry-boats and small steamers plying in the vicinity; but the afternoon was hazy, and the smoke from numerous factories up the river limited the view.

By morning we had entered Texas, and made our breakfast stop at Houston, a thriving manufacturing city, not far from the port of Galveston. Saw the first "cow-boys" I have met with shortly after leaving here. There is nothing different in their appearance and those of the Australian boundary rider, save that they use Mexican saddles, and carry a short rifle slung beside them.

Arrived at San Antonio about 4 P. M., and found Dr. Peebles at the depot, on the look-out for me, ready to grasp my hand in the old fraternal way. Time had dealt gently with him since last we met, which must be nearly fifteen years ago. His form is as upright, and his gait as active and lithe as ever, whilst his countenance is lighted with the same benevolent expression. He had driven down in a buggy, to meet me, and after a hearty greeting, he drove me to the Sanitarium, which is situated on the western outskirts of the city, on a pleasant rise overlooking it. The Sanitarium is a large and handsome two-story building, with broad verandas, balcony and a tower, the rooms large and plenty of windows. It is surrounded by a large garden, and the pillars of the veranda are festooned with roses. Though it is winter here there are quite a number in bloom whilst in the Northern States the ground is covered with snow. My room is a large corner one, with two windows facing the city, and one to the south. The night was quite warm, and the sun went down with a glow, but in the morning a north wind made a fire tolerable. They have open fireplaces here, which was quite an agreeable change after the stoves and hot air pipes of the North. Spent a very pleasant evening with the doctor, exchanging experiences and recalling incidents in his Australian campaigns. In the morning went over the buildings, and made the acquaintance of the patients, of which there were quite a number, attendance to whom absorbed a large part of his time and energy, notwithstanding which he makes time for a little study and literary work; still it seemed to me that though the work he was engaged in was benevolent, his talents could not find scope for their fullest expression in it; and I was pleased to find in the course of conversation that he was yearning to minister to the souls of men, and leave the bodies to the care of others.

San Antonio is a pleasant city; in the centre of it is the Alamo Plaza, a garden square, surrounded by a high wall, and a high square, surrounded by a high wall, and a high square, surrounded by a high wall.

[* Since utterly destroyed by fire, as stated in THE BANNER.—Ed.]

rounded with substantial places of business. At one end is the post-office, built of light stone in a gothic style; the "Alamo" building, which was formerly one of the Roman Catholic missions, was the scene of a tragedy in 1836, when the Texan garrison, after a heroic defense, were overwhelmed by a Mexican army under General Santa Anna, and every man massacred. The San Antonio river, which takes its rise in a number of springs about twenty miles north, winds to and fro through the city, adding much to its beauty, and is spanned by numbers of substantial iron bridges.

At the solicitation of the Rev. N. J. B. Schultz, Unitarian minister of San Antonio, I consented, with some reluctance, to fill the pulpit for one Sunday, and spoke on "The Harmony of Spiritualism with Primitive Christianity and Liberal Unitarianism"; got through comfortably, and apparently to the satisfaction of the congregation.

In the evening, attended a meeting of persons interested in Spiritualism, who were desirous to organize and investigate; gave an address on the seriousness and importance of the matter, and instruction how to proceed. Mr. Schultz is a liberal-minded man, with the courage of his opinions; he is giving some attention to Spiritualism, and is not afraid of his congregation knowing it. I attended his service the following Sunday; the service was generally interesting, and the discourse illustrated how behind the evils we bewail are often blessings which more than compensate for them.

Whilst at San Antonio I visited some of the old Spanish missions, accompanied by Sergeant Ford (brother of Dr. West Ford, formerly of Melbourne), Texas. These missions, a few miles all along the river, en route to Mexico, and served in the last century as churches and forts; they are mostly built of "adobe" stone being scarce, and somewhat after the Moorish style. There are a few of the old Spanish buildings still extant in the city, notably the residence of the Spanish governors, with the combined arms of Spain and Austria over the door. An old ring to which visitors fastened their horses is in the wall; still it is a low building, and has nothing of a palatial nature about it.

Brother Peebles is sad as the time of parting draws nigh. With him friendship is very strong, and we have been fast friends since his first visit to Australia, twenty years ago. He has many friends in San Antonio. He is full of love and desire to enlighten his fellows; his wish evidently is to devote the rest of his life to spiritual work. Bade a farewell to him at 8 A. M., Dec. 24th, with a sad heart, and was met on the way by Mr. Schultz, who accompanied me to the depot, and twenty-four hours after reached "El Paso," at the extreme corner of Texas, on the Rio Grande.

Spiritual Phenomena.

In Re Oliver Watkins.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The readers of THE BANNER will probably recall the message of OLIVER WATKINS, printed Sept. 1st, also my recognition of the same, printed Sept. 8th. I there gave quite a detail of the events of that memorable August day, closing with this paragraph:

"I sense the presence of the spirit communicating, and am assured that sometime he will visibly appear, and take my hand. Should he do so he shall have a hearty greeting and a warm welcome."

Well, my impressions were correct. Oliver Watkins came, in materialized form, at a séance of Mrs. William H. Allen, in Providence, on Sunday evening, Sept. 22d. The materialization was strong and perfect. As he appeared at the curtain he reached his hand toward me; as I stepped forward, he grasped my hand, and shook it with quite a pressure, his countenance illumined with pleasure. For a moment the emotion of the meeting was overwhelming, for there was another evidence of the truth of the basis of Spiritualism—the continuity of life, and the possibility of the return of the so-called dead. Though by a judicial decree he was declared a murderer, and was judicially murdered, that fact, under the circumstances, was nothing—for though a denizen of the spirit-spheres, he was a brother, redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, and free from the stains of earth-life, whatever they may have been.

I said to him, "Oliver, I am right glad to greet you, and am thankful that you came into my sphere. We all welcome you. Shall I announce you, and detail the facts as they were?"

"By all means," said he; "let there be no concealment."

I then announced his name, stated the fact that he was a condemned man who had paid the penalty of the law by hanging more than sixty-three years ago. He then, in a strong voice, made a short address, not exculpatory, in any sense, neither self-condemnatory, saying substantially as follows:

"Whatever may have been, all is past. I have gone through a terrible ordeal. I have passed out of darkness, and in the light which has flooded my pathway I am a laborer for humanity on both sides of life. My mission I carried upon, when prepared, with joy, and henceforth shall be a zealous worker. The world needs enlightening. Spiritualism is the sun, and let us all see to it that we do our duty and clear away all clouds. I thank you for this reception; it will renew my strength and nerve me for future action."

He then dematerialized, after bidding us good-night.

Watkins, so far as I know, was not a specially vicious man. He became ensnared in the toils of a sinuous, seducing woman in his neighborhood, (Sterling, Conn.), and it was supposed that she had more or less to do with the taking off of Mrs. Watkins, though there were no overt acts to compromise her. On a recent visit to my old home, Brooklyn, I learned that Watkins, on the night preceding the execution, was free and communicative with the deputy sheriff who watched with him in the jail. The sheriff had known Watkins when a young man in Ashford, of which town he was a native. He declared that the strangling of his wife was done by the woman before mentioned, a cord being drawn tightly around the neck, causing suffocation. When he saw what had been done, he attempted to obliterate the livid mark by using camphor, a fact testified to by the daughter, and was the main one on which the conviction was predicated. This confession was not generally known—the sheriff keeping his counsel, scarcely mentioning it beyond his family. If the shrewdness which now follows crime had been applied to the case, possibly the more guilty participants criminals would have met the fate which fell to Watkins.

The message, coming as it did after the long interval of sixty-three years, is more than presumptive proof of the mediumship of Mrs. Smith. Oliver Watkins and the two tragedies he was connected with, long ago faded from public recollection. A few, a very few, contemporary with them, retain them in their minds, and when they are revived, as they were at the BANNER Circle, the message is stamped as a verity at all points. And the materialization too possesses remarkable verities, especially as the form bore a striking resemblance to Watkins, as I remember him.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.,

16 Peace street, Providence, R. I.

Watertown, N. Y.—Meetings held in the Spiritual Temple every Sunday of October at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M., Oscar A. Edgerly conducting.

W. M. PEEBLES. **Saves pamphlet. Postage free. 25 cents a copy; five copies \$1.00; twelve copies, \$2.00.**
For sale by COLBY & SICH.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1894.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Boston Spiritual Temple, 103 West 10th St., Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lectures by Mrs. Wm. W. Woodbury, Secretary, 63 Marlborough street, Roxbury.

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of prehistoric ages with the groanings and thunders of transformation; and the cruel passions in man may express the warring in the jungle that have molded century after century through the nerves of sensation and the arteries of history; and at the same time point with prophetic certainty to the evolution from these passion-beds that hold the molding energy of a creative warmth of nature—the sweet and tender sympathies and spiritual affections that blossom into an eternal summer of love, charity and fraternity.

A beautiful bouquet adorned the speakers' desk, and Miss Dodge rendered an exquisite and sweetly spiritual solo, accompanied by the rich, inspiring music of the great organ. A fine spiritual aura pervaded all.

At the close Mr. Ayer announced the transition of Bro. Luther Colby to spirit-life; he was deeply affected as he spoke, and the presence of the spirit seemed tangible, certain; while a tender emotion thrilled the hearts of the audience.

Mr. Howe speaks next Sunday at 2:30 P. M. The morning lessons for children and adults are attractive and instructive, and highly appreciated by those who share them.

The Wednesday evening meetings convene in the lower hall at 7:30 for interchange of thought and exercise of mediumship, and are lively and instructive, and free to all.

Hollis Hall, 780 Washington Street.—The Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture, Bible-Spiritualists, held Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, the meeting in recognition of our dear children. Sermon, reading and remarks were given by Dr. Brown; duet, by Mrs. Lovinger and Mr. Baxter; poems, read by Miss Vaughn and Mrs. Lovinger; spirit control by Sally Jones' spoke of the significance of the day; Mrs. John C. Coombs, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. H. B. Storer, and Mr. Kirsch spoke earnest words; the meeting closed with remarks by the President, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson.

A prayer, after song, Bible readings were given by Miss Vaughn; invocation and remarks by Frank Brown; Madam See of New York made an earnest address; Mrs. Wm. S. Butler spoke enthusiastically, closing with several striking tests. Miss Georgianna Reynolds of La. Church, N. Y., then came forward, and for thirty minutes presented full names, and often the disease and condition at the time of so-called death. This gifted medium will be in Boston for the month of October, and will occupy the platform at Hollis Hall every Sunday.

The evening service opened as usual. Mrs. Nutter's Indian guide gave tests, followed with an address from Mr. Charles Abbott. Miss Georgianna Reynolds again gave wonderful tests, every one recognized. Mrs. W. H. H. Burt closed the meeting with convincing tests.

Miss Reynolds will be present at the Tuesday and Saturday afternoon meetings, and on the latter day, Tuesday evening, the 16th. The promise is given of full-form materialization of Indians at that occasion, through excellent mediums.

Entertainment.—The Society of Ethical and Spiritual Culture gave their first supper and entertainment at Hollis Hall Monday evening, Oct. 1st. The collection was served under the direction of Mrs. Alexander, assisted by a corps of lady helpers. The evening was a literary and musical entertainment by the following talent: Inspirational poem, Mrs. Dickey; song, Mrs. Smith; recitation, Mrs. French; song, Mrs. Lovinger; recitation and song, Mrs. Patrick; recitation, Mrs. Mattie Milken; song, Miss Lamb; recitation, Dr. Neike; remarks by the President, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkins and her control, "Sally Jones"; recitation, Mrs. Piper; song, Mrs. French. Then followed the grand work of the Society, the mediumship of Mrs. M. P. Jenkins, who gave tests, followed by Dr. J. Morse, on the occasion of his birthday, by his friends of the Society. The entertainment was under the direction of Mrs. Chapman; Mr. Plummer, master of ceremonies; Mr. Weston, pianist.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street, Corner Kaeeland.—Thursday, Oct. 4th. N. P. Smith, Chairman. There were remarks by Mr. C. W. Quimby and Mrs. C. H. Clarke; readings by Mr. H. Lindsay; tests by Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mrs. M. A. Chase; Miss Annie Hanson, psychometric readings and delineations; Mrs. Mary F. Lovinger sang; N. P. Smith gave readings.

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Oct. 2d and 4th services were interesting. Mr. Quimby answered questions from the audience; Mrs. Callahan gave remarkable tests; Mrs. Nellie Holt Harding presented remarks and excellent tests; Dr. Heath was entertaining in remarks and tests; Dr. Franks, psychometric readings; Mrs. Locke and Mr. Shied, remarks. Mrs. Nellie Carlton, organist, remarks and readings. Dr. White of Boston; Mr. Thompson, remarks and original poems; Mrs. Williams, poem; Chairman, psychometric readings and tests. A large audience present; perfect harmony prevailed. Mrs. Armstrong, pianist, C. B.

Engle Hall, 610 Washington Street.—Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 3d, a large and interesting meeting was held. Remarks, tests and readings were given by Mrs. B. Robertson, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Dr. O. C. Grimes, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mr. Tuttle. Mrs. Chase answered mental questions.

Sunday, Oct. 7th, the morning circle was one of the best of the season. Afternoon, piano solo, Mr. H. O. Grimes; invocation, Chairman, excellent remarks; tests and readings were rendered by Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Dr. White, Mr. Tuttle.

In the evening an invocation, remarks, tests and readings were given by Mrs. J. E. Woods, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Dr. White, Mr. Tuttle.

The testimonial to be tendered to Dr. Huot in this hall on Sunday evening, Oct. 15th, tickets fifteen cents, should not be forgotten.

Meetings are held Sundays, 11 A. M., 2:30, 7:30 P. M.; Wednesday afternoons at 2:45.

The BANNER OF LIGHT for sale each session. E. H. TUTTLE, Leader.

Harmony Hall.—The United Spiritualists of America held their semi-annual meeting in Harmony Hall Sunday, Oct. 7th. The hall was crowded to overflowing. The President opened the meeting, followed by an invocation by the Chaplain. The music was under the management of Vice-President F. W. Alden; remarks, by Pres. A. E. Courtney, reading, by Mrs. M. Knowles; correct tests and readings, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. B. Robertson, Dr. O. C. Grimes and Mr. E. H. Tuttle; piano solo, Mr. H. O. Grimes; inspiring remarks, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Dr. White, Mr. Tuttle.

Mr. Farman gave tests; remarks were made by Mr. Quimby; song, by Mrs. Bogan; Miss Katie Butler gave a recitation, "Dressed to Sea"; Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Mollie Bates, Mrs. Levett, also gave recitations.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at this hall. G.

Montgomery Hall, 735 Washington Street.—The mediums in this hall grow more interesting each session. The mediums prove themselves worthy of their avocation, and are an honor to our city. A great many new believers are added to the fold of Spiritualism every Sunday at this hall.

The last Sunday by the following mediums: Mrs. J. A. Woods, Mr. E. J. Bowtell, Mr. C. W. Quimby, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Miss C. W. Knox and Mr. Quint. Miss Sadie H. Lamb, as usual, sang and gave tests, and the evening was a good amount present at each session, and delights the audience with his wonderful voice.

The BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at these meetings, and covers the ground to perfection as a promoter of Spiritualism. Also for sale at Dr. S. H. Neike's office, 32 Milford street.

[M. P. Jenkins's article in re Dr. Neike's work will appear next week.—E.D.]

Garfield Hall, 1125 Washington street, corner of Dover.—Sunday, Oct. 7th, the meetings were appreciated. Dr. Stiles opened with invocation and remarks, followed by Mrs. A. Woodbury, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Dr. White, Mr. Tuttle. Mrs. Chase answered mental questions. Music by Miss Page.

Unity Hall.—Thursday, Oct. 11th, 8 P. M., a Facts and Experience meeting will be held in this hall, 742 Washington street. Dr. Lowe, on "Materialization," Madam See, Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. J. M. Fields and others.

Chelsea.—Meetings have again started in this city—the fourth one being held Oct. 7th, when we had with us Mrs. J. E. Logan, invocation and remarks; tests, Mrs. Mason of Everett, and Mrs. C. A. Buttermann of Malden. Meetings will be held every Sunday evening at 7:30 P. M., 190 Chestnut street, corner of 4th.

Spiritual Thought Society, 108 West 43d Street.—Mr. J. W. Fletcher opened his season's lectures on Sunday evening, and was greeted by a large audience. After a few introductory remarks, in which the future work was outlined, Mr. Fletcher passed the platform and delivered a highly entertaining and dress upon "Demonstration and Realization." The time has come when man has so far freed himself from theological trappings as to be able to consider all things relating to his own life dispassionately, and to seek truth where it may be found, by utilizing the only demonstration of man's continued life, and brings the human mind face to face with that higher phase of existence that lies just beyond the borderland of material city.

The body is but the moving out of the spirit into a more fitting habitation. As the spirit has the power of acting upon the matter called the body, it still has the power of acting upon the matter called the body, and is able to produce results visible to the external sight upon material objects. Thus the table is made to move, sounds are produced, individuals are affected, and many evidences given to prove that the spirit still exists, and as well as the body, being established into what the realization may mean; when they do they will then realize that side by side with knowledge comes the responsibility that knowledge imposes.

There is a demand for some united effort that shall place the people of this world on a higher plane of public mind, and it can never be done until a realization of the purpose of Spiritualism follows in the footsteps of the marvelous demonstrations of spirit-return.

The lecture, which was requested by the audience, and the test séance that followed, held the audience until a late hour.

Mr. Fletcher will continue every Sunday evening until further notice.

MEETINGS IN BROOKLYN.

The Progressive Spiritual Association, Amphion Theatre, 100 Broadway.—Sunday evening, Oct. 7th, a large and interesting meeting was held. Remarks, tests and readings were given by Mrs. B. Robertson, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mrs. A. M. Ott, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mrs. S. E. Buck, Dr. O. C. Grimes, Dr. J. T. Coombs, Dr. White, Mr. Tuttle. Mrs. Chase answered mental questions.

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