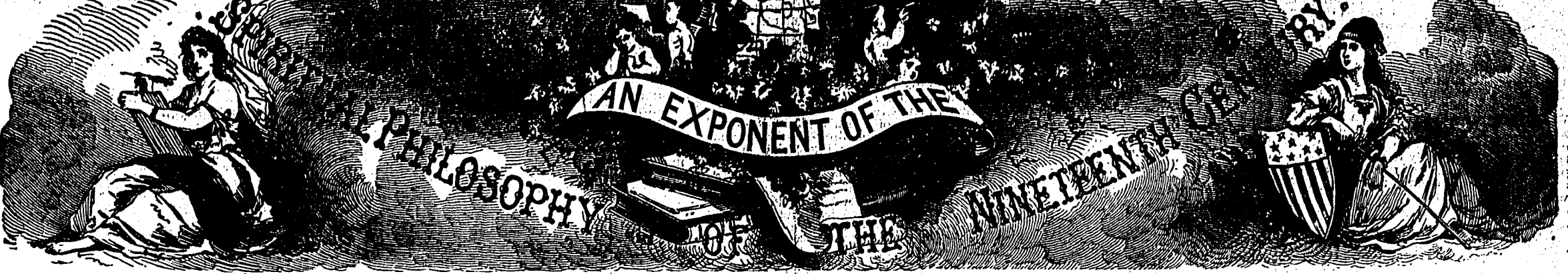


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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 7.

OCTOBER FOR DYING.

When poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
And breeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of snow,
And maples bursting into flame set all the hills afire,
And Summer from her evergreens sees Paradise draw nigher—
A thousand sunsets all at once distill like Hermon's dew
And linger on the waiting woods, and stain them through and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng—
He comes in pomp, October! To him all times belong!
The frost is on his sandals, but the flush is on his cheeks;
September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he speaks;
The elms lift bravely like a torch within a Grecian hand—
See where they light the monarch on through all the splendid land!
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold,
In honor of the very day that Moses saw of old;
For in the burning bush that blazed as quenchless as a sword,
The old lieutenant first beheld October and the Lord!
Ah, then, October let it be—
I'll claim my dying day for thee! B. F. TAYLOR.

Amid Flowers and Song.

The Tribute to Luther Colby.

Impressive Services at the First Spiritual Temple.

THE weather, the audience and the occasion had a sympathetic analogy on Wednesday, Oct. 10th, when the last rites of respect were paid the late senior editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Luther Colby.

The rain, which had been very severe during the forenoon, had lost much of its force as the hour designated for the time of holding the exercises drew near. It seemed as if the elements and the friends who had lost a dear associate were drawn in a common bond of sympathy. The Spiritual Fraternity Society, through the person of Mr. M. S. Ayer, kindly loaned the Temple at the corner of Exeter and Newbury streets, in which to hold the services, and it is safe to state that no more eminent gathering ever convened than upon this occasion. Spiritualists were the more prominent, although there were many of other shades of religious belief.

It was a most interesting assembly of men and women, and it was the easiest of all things to discern that all had lost a friend. As the heart-touching words of the speakers were pronounced many an eye was moistened and many a head was bowed in grief.

The only surviving brother, Moses L. Colby, and other relatives, were in attendance.

Among prominent people present were Isaac B. Rich, partner of the deceased, and Mrs. Rich; John W. Day, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, an associate with Mr. Colby for the past twenty-seven years; Mr. F. F. Morrill of Amesbury, son of his old friend, the late ex-Senator George W. Morrill; Charles McArthur of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thaxter; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Bradley; Mr. Charles J. Rich; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Mountford; Mrs. B. F. Smith, medium of the Message Department; Mr. and Mrs. William S. Butler; Charles G. Wood and wife; W. N. Eayrs, foreign translator for THE BANNER; Mrs. J. K. D. Conant; William Harris, manager of the Columbia Theatre; Mr. Simeon Snow; Mr. J. Frank Baxter; Mr. M. S. Ayer; Henry Goodwin of the Crawford House, where for thirteen years Mr. Colby has made his home; Charles W. Sullivan; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Loring; Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer; Mrs. Dr. Shaw; Mr. Alonzo Danforth; Mr. C. Frank Whitaker; Dr. J. A. Shelhamer; Dr. W. A. Towne; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, President of the Ladies' Aid Society; Mrs. A. E. Barnes, of the Ladies' Aid Society; Prof. and Mrs. Longley; Mr. and Mrs. Jones; L. L. Whitlock; Mrs. Hattie Stafford-Stansbury, et al.

There were present about forty members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and a goodly representation of the various spiritual bodies meeting in Boston and vicinity.

The exercises began at 2:30 o'clock. After a voluntary on the organ by George H. Ryder, organist of the Temple, Dr. H. B. Storer conducted the services, and Lyman C. Howe offered the following invocation:

INVOCATION BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

Infinite Love, on whom we lean in all moments of grief and trial, as we have assembled this afternoon to pay our last earthly tribute to the worth, works and memory of a veteran in the cause of spiritual love and truth, wilt Thou reach our hearts, conscious of our own weakness, that we may feel the infinity of Thy presence and receive consolation from the throne of grace. May the angels who surround the centres of wisdom and of light cooperate in this hour of commemoration and of blessed anticipation, sweet and glad, in the feeling that there shall continue a communion of thoughts and sentiments with each and all who have journeyed forward, and keep company with those who have passed before us. May these bright blooms of autumn typify the beauty of the life beyond, and may we have a higher comprehension of life and death and immortality. May we feel in this sacred hour the sanctity of natural beauty, as the emblem of immortality—sweet tokens of Divine love and human purity. May we duly appreciate and appropriate the opportunity, the influences, the uplifting realities which lie beyond the darkness and invite our gaze while we linger in the valley; may we realize the consecration to truth that is made more apparent and evident to us by the example of such a life as this which we commemorate, and by every individual epoch in which the soul passes out of the visible and tangible into the immaterial and unseen. May the lives of those who minister to their fellow-

MEMORIAL NUMBER.

men, who spend their energies in the sacred mission of humanity, be a guide and inspiration to us; and may we be guided by the inspiration and direction flowing from Thine infinity, modified by the varying conditions of human life and the capacities and understandings of men. Help us to realize the blessedness of life, the blessedness and beauty of death, and the blessedness and beauty and the infinite significance of such moments in our lives, when we feel in our human consciousness the infinite sympathy, and that we are under Thy love and guidance, and so sustained that we may fully perform the duties of our daily lives, each and all, and constantly enlarge the sphere of our usefulness, and thus may our continuous labors execute Thy will. And with these aspirations and longings, realizing Thy love in our consciousness, oh, Thou, whom men call God, we lean on Thee in rest and trust and hope, and feel the consecration of the perfect satisfaction in saying, Oh, Father, not our will, but Thine, be done. Amen.

Miss Hattie E. Dodge, soloist at the Temple, sang most beautifully "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," after which Dr. H. B. Storer rose, and in tender accents, his utterance almost choked by emotion, said:

REMARKS BY DR. H. B. STORER.

By increased years and growing feebleness, and in preparing for the final exit from the body, our friend might well have expressed his thoughts in the language of Victor Hugo: "I feel in myself the future life. Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts, but I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work'; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare; it closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn." Dr. Storer then read the following original beautiful spiritual service:

The body sleeps, the symbol of our friend,
Free from all sense of weariness and pain;
Death drew her restful curtains round his bed,
And though we call he will not wake again.

Brother, we all rejoice with thee that thy mortal life is o'er, that the long weary days and nights have merged at last into the dawning of a peaceful day. Thy worn and weary form is laid aside, the burden of the mortal hinders thee no more.

Faces of friends, familiar once on earth, but gone before these many years, shine a glad welcome to thee, and send the nature of their greeting through thy heart. All thy being quickened with this new life, disease and pain have passed away, and lo! the sense of pure and perfect health is thine.

And is this death? This change from weakness into power, this clear, bright vision from the dull and clouded mind?

My heart must sing, for in this rapturous delight the past seems but a gloomy dream, and this awakening in eternal day but the beginning of immortal life.

Thou art not gone from us; thy presence still shall aid the cause thou lovedst so well; the love which death cannot destroy or mar shall hold thee faithful to these loving friends, who of thy life so long have been a part.

A little longer 'mid the shadows of this mortal life we shall move on in duty's path, with cheerful hearts learning the lessons of that discipline which life involves for all, and looking forward with calm confidence to the glad meeting in the spirits' home, where love finds full fruition.

ADDRESS BY DR. H. B. STORER.

The old, old fashion of death has passed upon our friend, and the body that has served him well, having become at last an encumbrance, may be put away. Less enduring than the shadow of it cast by the camera upon the plate, it is the least valuable of all the spirit's possessions. We think of it as wonderfully made, passing all human skill or human knowledge, and yet destined at the last, as all mere instruments are destined, to pass away after its uses have been served. And therefore, concerning the body, matters little how it shall be bestowed; if it be buried as has been the custom for ages, beneath the soil, and there be dissolved into the elements by the process of decay, away from the sight of men, or whether it be

dissolved more speedily by cremation, as was the wish of our friend, it shall be regarded at last into imperishable powder, and it is a matter of little concern what the process may be. It may be a matter of sentiment, with many it is a matter of choice; but whatever the disposition of the body may be, it is less than nothing as compared with the resurrection of the man himself from the encumbrance of the body. And therefore to-day, dear friends, if any of you feel like going down into the grave with the body, it is only because your mortality hugs you close; it is because you have not yet become accustomed to separate those thoughts of yourself from this garment you wear—from this body that serves your uses. It has been a clear perception of seers that so far as the outer garment was concerned, it is less than nothing as compared with the development of those interior graces that pertain to the spirit. How different the significance of this event in the public mind from that which prevailed four-score years ago, when our friend was born. Then Death was the king of terrors; then the spirit-world was an undiscovered country then the condition of the soul was problematical, and in the absence of all knowledge, human speculation drew its pictures of the future life in the most sombre colors, because men took counsel of their fears rather than their hopes. Being in perfect themselves, they felt that the Being whom they professed to believe was the author of all good was himself capable of petty passions and the imperfections of our human nature, and therefore they could see nothing beyond the grave except the possibility of torture; perhaps, mercifully perhaps, annihilation; but they could not look up trustfully and see the beauty of that Being, typified in the loveliness which we find in nature, and the affection which is manifested in so many forms. No, they had not attained that sweet confidence in the infinite goodness of God which we enjoy in these latter days. It was simply a belief that in meeting God they were to meet a great judge who was perfect; that with all their imperfections on their heads they were to meet a perfect Being. Under such circumstances who could do otherwise than to dread death? It was into such an atmosphere and into such a sphere of belief that our friend was born eighty years ago.

Fortunately, he does not seem as a boy to have inherited any tendency to superstition, to dogmatism and theological conceit. Marked out, as he undoubtedly was, for a career of usefulness, which is illustrated by his whole life, he was permitted to be undisturbed by any such burden upon his spirit. He was of a genial nature, loved by his comrades and loving them. After leaving the public schools, where the rudiments of education were taught, he entered upon the study of that profession, if I may so call it, in which he engaged in after years. He entered the best college that exists among men, the printing office; because in the printing office less care is given to the mere technical details of acquisition; it is not the memory that is cultivated only, but especially the printing office develops a knowledge of events of human life, and every process of the compositor is a constant criticism, and he is steadily being educated upon the very sentences that he is putting in type. As they pass before him his mind discerns the imperfection, if there be such, and when a thought is felicitously expressed, some idea bursts upon him, and as he proceeds, he enjoys fully whatever is presented; his mind enlarges, his sphere of thought increases, he is led to study and investigate. The printer and the editor are the best types to-day of educated men. And I say this, because I realize that our friend's education was not after the standard methods. He constantly rose in this profession from the time he first entered it, when he was fifteen years of age, until he came to the great city—came here to Boston as a compositor, and gradually rose to the editorial chair. In this process of education he had to deal with current events, to discriminate between the truthful and the false, to give attention to matters that pertain to human interests, to be familiar with many things; and therefore his education was broad; the tendency of his mind was to discard narrowness, and he was prepared to see things as they were and to judge righteously. Now this preparation was all necessary in the work to which our friend was appointed; and when I affirm my conviction that our lives are planned and arranged in the minds of those who are to assist us in our work, I affirm what has been confirmed in the life of our friend, that those who are most truly spiritual believe that these events that occur in our daily lives are not merely the product of chance, the result of a combination of circumstances, but were ordered, and are a

part of a perfect system that pervades the entire universe.

Our friend came at last incidentally to notice the reports of manifestations from the spirit-world, occurring somewhere, occurring in many places, cumulative, week after week, month after month, new statements of what occurred in different places, manifestations essentially similar, curious and mysterious at first, but of no spiritual concern. But his mind kindled to the subject, and he was led to



LUTHER COLBY, LATE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

investigate. In doing so he was fearless; he didn't apprehend any trouble from the censure of his friends; he didn't anticipate any adverse criticism. He entered upon the investigation as he had opportunity, and that investigation brought him to conviction that there is indeed communication between that sphere of light above and around us, the spiritual sphere and the mortal state here on earth. He came to perceive that to be a great truth that must revolutionize the thoughts and opinions of mankind, must touch every community, and must eventually make man better known to himself as a spiritual being than he ever has been able to know through his senses. Therefore he at once proposed that there should be a paper started. First of all, it was to be an literary paper, and have a department in which Spiritualism should be represented. But the very first issue of that paper indicated the courage with which the work of presenting the truths of Spiritualism was to be carried forward. He said distinctly in the first editorial: "We shall not necessarily believe all that its advocates say, but we shall not refuse to listen to what may be said. We shall publish nothing that is not well authenticated as reports of phenomena." The record of the BANNER OF LIGHT has been a record of the fidelity of its editor to the maintenance of the principles first enunciated. I wish you to feel that it is impossible for me to speak of Luther Colby without speaking of the BANNER OF LIGHT. It

editor; and he has continued to perform his duties in the editorial chair, nearly all the matter that has been published passing under his surveillance. As I have said, he was true to this: Articles that could not present evidence of the phenomena narrated were set aside, and those sentiments that were not in harmony with the fundamental principles of Spiritualism were set aside. THE BANNER has been cautious, conservative, bold, courteous, distinct, and never has been subservient to anything but the right, never could be prevented from uttering its best thought, and it is that which has secured for it the continued approval and appreciation of the people; and wherever it has gone—and it has gone all over the world—the name of Luther Colby, a personal stranger to the multitude who associated it with the BANNER OF LIGHT, has been a synonym of that devotion which he ever manifested to the truth, and that firmness of conviction which from the first he felt in the revelations of Modern Spiritualism.

Oh, dear friends, could I gather all the tributes from loving hearts all over this world to the memory of Luther Colby, could I gather the tributes from those who have been educated in the Spiritual Philosophy, largely through the instrumentality of himself, the tributes of hundreds and thousands of hearts that have been warmed and quickened by his influence and which have come into welcome association with the higher life—what a wealth of appreciation of his labors would this indicate; not because he was altogether a perfect man, but because he, according to his ability, performed the duty entrusted to him, unflinchingly, with serene courage, never disturbed, always calm, quiet and peaceful. Our friend made hosts of friends. When I said our mortality hugs us close, I felt it in my own case. A Spiritualist ten years in advance of Brother Colby, when I came to Boston it was to meet and greet him and to be associated with him and his associates in an enduring friendship ever since. I am conscious that when I walk—and I may walk here a few months longer through these streets—and pass into the editorial room of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, I shall see no more this body; my mortality hugs me close. We miss our friends because we do not see them; only the spiritual enables us to perceive them. Fortunately we are growing out of the body, depending more and more upon our spiritual intuition, upon the voices that we sometimes hear, upon the evidences of the presence of our friends which they are enabled to manifest to us; so we are growing steadily from year to year. This great truth which our Brother Colby has advocated so long and to which he devoted his life, is taking root among mankind, affecting its thought, modifying the harshness of the old theology, turning people from their dependence upon meaningless forms of worship, and placing men where they shall be worshippers and respecters of God in their own souls.

It is a revelation to man, with God regnant in His own spirit, enforcing the idea that only goodness and virtue, those noble attributes of humanity, will stand us in good stead when we pass into the realm of the spiritual world. It is not profession merely, but it is that warm grasp of the hand which signifies the heart's friendship, and is worth more than all the prayers ever uttered.

Our friend did not discard religious forms; he respected them as helps to others, but he had no need of these crutches; he could not understand the necessity of forms and ceremonies; he lived the simple life of a man, was



BIRTHPLACE OF LUTHER COLBY.

well acquainted with himself, and desired to be better acquainted with human nature. He had the gentleness of a man of goodness and kindness which contributed to the happiness of others, and sympathized with their sorrows. He rarely was appealed to by any one in distress—and mediums are often in distress—whether the person belonged to the spiritual fold or not, that his hand did not automatically seek his pocket, that he might minister to necessities. According to the testimony of Luther Colby, a most generous man; his heart was sympathetic, and everybody felt its goodness. Why should I speak of a blot upon the sun? Unfortunately he was impetuous, and his impetuosity came of an exalted temper, and sometimes reason had hardly time to act before impulse to speak manifested itself, and sometimes a thoughtless word escaped; but how quick he was to apologize if he felt he had injured any one. He was not easily imposed upon; he was a man of clear vision; he knew men when he met them, and did not allow them often to succeed in deceiving him. That was one of his marked characteristics, and in his giving he seldom gave unwisely. But these are incidents. We are not to analyze each other, we are to make the best of each other under the circumstances; and how much better it would be if, following the lead of this dear friend, we could bring about such genial companionship, so it would be a little taste of heaven, and so, doing good so far as in our power lay in this world, having no fear of the future, and having discharged all our obligations, go forward to the future opportunities of the spiritual life. What do we know? How little, and yet our minds are reasonably active; they seem to be limited, and we can grasp but a few subjects. Well, the time is coming when every subject shall be within our purview, and a state of understanding where our education may be complete. In that sphere, in the world immortal, we shall be deathless, and go on toward perfection. I see the folds of that banner, that BANNER OF LIGHT. It seems to illuminate those who are walking in the dark valley of the shadow of death. It has never been fulfilled, and I hope and trust, and believe that it never will be fulfilled. I must say of it, that it has never been published as a financial speculation or investment, but simply and always for the cause it advocated. If it had been published merely as a financial venture, the vicissitudes of the past, fires, and other misfortunes, would have prevented the flowing of that BANNER; but whatever it might cost it was resolved that this BANNER should be sustained, and I trust it will be so in the future, and that it will be carried forward as in the past; and in memory of our dear friend let us pledge our assistance that it shall be sustained.

Miss Dodge gave a beautiful rendering of "The Lifting of the Veil."

Mr. Eben Cobb of the America Hall Society was then introduced, and said:

ADDRESS BY EBEN COBB.

If enclosed in this casket were a tiny form, with golden locks and little clasped hands of pearly white, and a mother's warm heart, ever bleeding with real, true sorrow, I could not for the life of me say: "Dear mother, look up; there is no death, and if there is, the golden tie of love is broken, and only time can assuage your grief." But coming here, sorrowful as I feel for the absence of our good old friend, I can only smile; his absence seems to give a new light; I feel a joy in being here. In the last BANNER was an editorial clipped from the New York Herald, which I will refer to in a moment later. The so-called dead, as they had adieu to this earth, are welcomed with a glad "good-morning" as they reach the higher birth. So I feel that our good friend has not gone, but is translated. Our brother died of old age, and is taken up by angel hands. How blessed is this thought, and how truly we might say of him as he said, "Good-by for a time," and then he passed on, and friends on the other shore clasped him in their arms, saying: "Good and faithful servant, enter in."

Dr. Storer modestly and with great consideration said perhaps he was not a great man. I thought, with an electric flash, perhaps not; and then again perhaps he was a gigantic man in one sense, a truly great man. Now, I wonder what constitutes a great man.

It has been erroneously said, and is to-day, that every man thinks it ought to have included women—is born free and equal. It is no such thing. We all believe, I assume, that in every human being there is a soul, and the heart of that soul, the inward spark of glory, is from the dear God above. But there are possibilities on earth that that spark for a time may be so covered and corroded and enshrouded, even at one's birth, that the individual is far from free, but on the contrary is imprisoned, fettered, manacled, and the tender light in the soul is hidden in the glare of its environment. I allude to no particular creed, to no particular sect; I have a hard word for no one

Now, I am not going to be scurrilous, but I remember, year after year, going up into that little sanatorium of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, and taking others up there, and how that genial, broad-shouldered man ever gave us a kind welcome, full of love and benevolence; and I show no disrespect to the Nazarene when I say that if I ever saw any likeness of man that followed out the principle of love, our dear friend whose mortal remains lie there in this casket, was a fit symbolization of that glorious higher law taught by him: The greatest law that we can recognize as coming from that beloved old prophet of Nazareth, the law above all others, is the law of love, and there is not a man or woman on earth whose life is controlled by that great guiding star who is not entitled to be called great. Year after year has our dear friend been, as it were, buried in his sanatorium, in order to test and send out what? Light, freedom, and a broader field of investigation for the soul, and under this benign influence has humanity been steadily advanced.

I have not for years been called upon to attend and officiate at a funeral, in connection with good ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of all denominations, but what I have found that their earnest endeavor was to impress upon the hearts and souls and minds of the mourners present that their dear friends, gone, by the permission of a kind, overruling Providence, were allowed to return and hover about them, and sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows.

I cannot refrain from mentioning in this connection, the Boston Globe of Monday last, which I bought to see if it said anything about our friend Brother Colby. To my surprise I found, side by side with the account of the transition of our beloved brother, an account of the same journey started upon by the universally beloved poet and philosopher, Dr. O. W. Holmes. What more did I observe? This: That a tender strain of pure spiritual consideration permeated every line of the reportorial summary of the character of one as well as of the other. There was nothing in the way of ridicule, as there might have been in the earlier days. As Dr. Storer said, the greatest educator is the printing office. And do you know that the public press of America has been headforemost and far in advance in the matter of education? It feels the public pulse. How it has been watching Brother Colby, and when the summons came for him to go, they felt they had no heart to ridicule him as of yore, but to sincerely praise.

From that recent editorial in the New York Herald this deliverance of thought did his yet clear eyes peruse: "We must either throw the Bible overboard as a tissue of imaginary events, or believe, as every generation has believed, that the great falsehood of history is that there is a bourne from which no traveler returns." Ay, from all over the civilized world, from lofty palace and humble hut, warming with tender life in fane and cathedral, came to the veteran's ears breathings of earnest orisons, freighted with heart-assurance gained by intercourse with departed loves. Glorious thought! That after long years of ceaseless toil and heroic contest toward a victory for the Higher Life, the dauntless champion would calmly survey the field and say within his soul: "Truly the battle is won!" A fit time that his liberated spirit should join the welcoming throng beyond.

Are we sincere? Is this manifestation of memorial regard a mere service of form, or springs it from the united throbs of deep, abiding love? If the latter, remember that the old General has left tried and trusty marshals still at his wonted post of duty. Let us generously aid them with a patriot's zeal, for yet will it be Luther Colby's greatest joy to see the glorious old BANNER OF LIGHT waving freely over a regenerated world.

Dr. Storer then read the following resolutions, which had been forwarded for the occasion by the Washington Convention:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20th, 1894.

The delegates of the NATIONAL SPIRITUALISTS' Association, in Convention assembled, have heard with profound emotion of the transition of our venerable and much beloved brother LUTHER COLBY, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT: Therefore,

Resolved, That in his birth to a higher condition we recognize a great spiritual truth, that while we are permitted to mourn his passing, his mortal activity one of the noblest workers in our glorious Cause; one whose life-long labors for the great truth of Spiritualism have made it possible for this Convention to assemble.

Resolved, That words are inadequate to express our appreciation of the generous heart, the ever ready and active brain, the hand extended in charity always, and the unflinching fidelity to and defense of the Cause that was dear to him.

Resolved, That we cannot fail to recognize the irreparable loss, in his removal from the duties that he so loved to perform; still do we know that he has joined that noble band of spirits who aided the great work performed by him, as editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT from its inception, and that his influence and pres-

I have known him personally over twenty years, and I gladly add my tribute to his memory; and the best thing I can say of him is that he was a man, with an inheritance of infinite possibilities; and in his four score years of life he has impressed those superior qualities of mind and heart upon many thousands for the healing of the nations.

He has come in touch with millions through his public ministrations, with thousands personally; and every one who has felt the life of his touch retains the impress of his individuality still. That impress is, and will continue to be, a modifying influence in the direction of character and its development. He was strong in convictions, and ready to carry out, according to his best understanding, the highest ideals of his life; and in his departure we shall miss all these outward, tangible expressions, and none can take his place from this time, though others, perhaps, are equally as well qualified to give direction to the work he so vigorously and successfully prosecuted; and yet others will now move in his shadow and personality, will be affected by the psychic influences of this master in their impressions, tendencies, thoughts, feelings, emotions and affections.

The best that can be said of any man is that he is loyal to his convictions, and his heart warms with love and devotion to his fellows. This can be said with emphasis of Luther Colby. He was tender, sympathetic, impulsive, and generous to the helpless and needy. In Spiritualism he found an ample field for the play of his genius, and the application of his high ideals and generous instincts to the improvement of the race. His soul was in his chosen work. For it he lived and labored. A happy enthusiasm inspired his efforts, and carried his convictions to the hearts of the people. He loved, thrilled, suffered, enjoyed, wept and smiled, with and for humanity. Such a presence carries the tide of emotion with it in all the works of life; and, now that he is arisen, we may expect to realize the value of

draped with white, relieved by amilax, roses, pinks, etc.

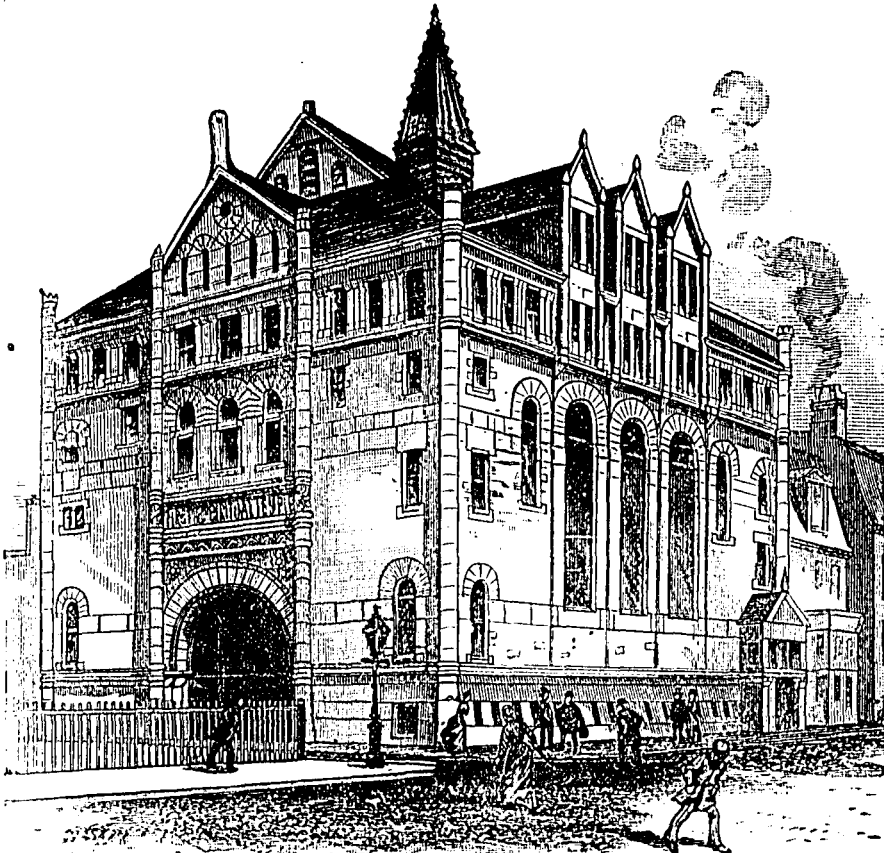
At the close of the services the large congregation passed by the remains, which were enclosed in a casket of black cloth. The features bore a peaceful appearance. Many a heart was touched at looking on their deceased friend. Arranged around the body were the following gentlemen, who acted as pall-bearers: Isaac B. Rich, John W. Day, Charles Morris, Arthur, Moses T. Dole, M. S. Ayer, Frederick G. Tuttle, Charles F. Fay, David W. Craig, William C. Tallman, W. S. Butler and William F. Nye.

The ushers were Charles T. Wood, Marshall O. Wilcox and M. L. Wilcox. The funeral appointments were furnished by Mr. J. Tinkham, undertaker.

Mr. H. W. Pitman—associate editor of THE BANNER—made all the arrangements for the funeral, and carried them out, to the very door of the crematory, with highly gratifying harmony and success, which were the legitimate results of extended practice on legitimate occasions.

The body was taken to Forest Hills, where it was cremated, at the expressed request of Mr. Colby.

The service was not witnessed by any of the friends, owing to the lateness of the hour in which the cortege arrived at the cemetery. The cremation was successful, and on Thursday the ashes were deposited in a large urn, and were subsequently buried in the Conant family lot at Forest Hills.



THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

these qualities continued in the same line of work whose visible agents will be his successors in the conduct of his beloved BANNER.

Such influences, reflected through our individualities, are the strongest motors of the world's progressive element. If we can feel the thrill they awaken, the tender memories; if the quick tear will start from the eye, responsive to some expression of pain or pleasure, or sound of familiar name of much loved friend, it carries with it a power uplifting, an influence which bears us into sacred relationship with the supernatural world, and opens the soul to feel the sweet fragrance and beauty of those tender blooms of immortal life, symbolized in these beautiful banks of flowers, which rightly represent the adornment on that gateway of life which opens to the infinite day.

I gladly offer my tribute to the memory of Luther Colby. He was my friend. Our relations were always pleasant, though we did not always see alike. I shall remember him as long as my individuality remains. Soon I shall follow him through that shining gate, and again we shall clasp hands and rejoice. Whether he be sitting here, listening and looking on, or not, that we feel that his individuality survives the physical decay, and puts on a stronger armor, a higher significance, a more impressive symmetry, a more expansive expression of intelligence, a still finer and deeper manifestation of those impulses that thrilled him when his heart prompted him to deeds of love and charity unseen and unknown by the world.

May we feel his presence when we sense and recognize his nearness to us; may we look up hopefully, trustfully, not only to him but to others like unto him whose service has been for human emancipation, and has been fearlessly and faithfully performed; and through these may we form a closer union with that world of light which lies beyond, and become familiar with those visions of beauty and glory, and those translations of knowledge and truth that come to the soul, and thereby swing the gate somewhat wider between the two worlds. May we feel more and more the shining presence and the stimulating, quiet power of that life which is in touch with the infinite, a presence which we can appreciate, approach and speak to, interchange sentiments with, thrill with the common expression of loving emotion, and rejoice that we are brothers and sisters moving with one common purpose to one common destiny before us, with one infinite hope before us, with perpetual visions showing us what life is, what death means, and what all our relations to each other here and now signify, while we are trying to work out the problems which hold infinite possibilities in their grasp; and in those consecrated moments when our loving souls be in tune with the pure promise of these words of nature, whose white lips reach toward heaven, inviting shadows and sunshine; and may we realize in this blessed association that our prayers are accepted in heaven, and answered by the Infinite Soul, whose holy blessings pour down upon us as we are ready to receive them, making our lives beautiful and sweet, and blessed for each and all.

The floral tributes were elegant and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Rich sent an Ivy wreath and roses. The employees of the BANNER OF LIGHT, a large scroll of white carnations, roses and pansies. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Butler, a basket of rare roses and other flowers. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, a large mound of roses. The Boston Spiritual Temple Society, Berkeley Hall, gave a large banner, on which was inscribed "Banner of Light," and a pillow of roses with "Rest" on the face. The Boston Investigator sent a broken wreath. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rich, a wreath of Ivy. Miss Mackintosh a bunch of roses and pinks, tied with lavender ribbon. The Crawford House sent a sheaf of wheat, bound with white ribbon, on which was the word "Rest" in letters of gold, a skein of white, and purple immortelles lying on the sheaf.

The very life-like portrait of Mr. Colby which has graced the editorial room for a long time was placed in front of the speakers' desk.

LETTERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I cannot say with what a sense of relief I realize that this great Spiritualist and true friend of all mediums has at last passed on to the higher life; for during the two weeks I was with him in August, before he accepted the possibility of a change, he experienced so much of discomfort that one can but feel grateful that the tired eyes are closed.

I have known of few indeed who, by a long and unselfish devotion to the truth, was better fitted to take up the home of the higher spheres. During the long hours, he would talk of the old days, old friends, and the many hard struggles that he endured to carry on his work, which now stands as an enduring monument, and which should incite us all to more determined action.

Of him it can truthfully be said: He was brave; he was true to his convictions; he never wearied in well doing. The poor blessed him; the afflicted sought him, and he has earned the sweet reward of a life well spent. A noble spirit has passed on to meet its reward. Faithfully,

WM. FLETCHER.
108 West 43d street, New York.

BRO. ISAAC B. RICH: Dear Sir—Allow me to tender my heartfelt sympathy to you in the sad hour of trouble. With much sorrow I learned of the transition of our beloved Bro. Colby. I have been attending the Convention at Washington, D. C., where all were in sympathy with the loss of our dear friend. Baltimore, Md., 514 Dolphin street.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Coming home from a brief absence, I opened THE BANNER this morning, and read first of all the announcement of the decease of the veteran editor, LUTHER COLBY. It took me by surprise; I had never reflected that such a calamity could occur. He had seemed to me a personal character, to whom there might be autumn and winter, but certainly would always be a springtime. So far as I knew him, he was awake to oracles whatever he felt to be wrong and oppressive; and on the alert to point out danger, but never vindictive, unkind or unforgiving.

As an editor I admired him for his sagacity, tact and excellent sense. While making a journal adapted to the tastes and minds of the readers, he was always aiming at the same time to exalt them to higher views and conceptions of the true and the right.

THE BANNER, in his hands, was the vigorous adversary of abuses and wrongs in the department of government and general affairs. Oppressive legislation was pointed out, both as its immorality and resultant mischief. Not a journal in the medical world was so outspoken and clear in utterance in regard to the modern resuscitation of the former methods of regulating the Healing Art by law where their constitution have been ruthlessly violated, and the safety of the citizen mortally imperiled. The voice of Mr. Colby was heard like the clarion sounding the alarm: nor did he die till Massachusetts had ceased to be a free State! He did not live to see the Court House in Boston put in chains to hold fast a fugitive doctor, as it once was to keep from rescue a fugitive slave.

I honor him, too, for his repeated utterances against the vaccination enormity. I leave it for those dear to him to praise him as they knew him; I speak for his efforts in behalf of pure blood and pure bodies. The bow of Jonathan turned not back!

Verily it seems as if the nineteenth century as it is passing to its midnight, is carrying with it its representative men; those who gave form to its advancing thought seem to be almost all of them departed. In the world of letters, from August, Holmes, the stalwart ones are gone; the able men of our American politics, whom we have looked to for a half century, are mostly in their graves; of the anti-slavery galaxy only Parker Pillsbury, and one or two others, are still here; and so we may pass around the circle.

In all reformatory matters Luther Colby always spoke manfully. Hence to his name, may he prove to have been but an Elijah, to be speedily followed by an Elisha, endowed by a

double portion of the prophetic spirit with ability while exterminating the house of Ahab to save our Israel for a better career.

ALEXANDER WILDER.
Newark, N. J., Oct. 18th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to express my deepest sympathy for the loss sustained by the cause as well as by the late spiritualistic world, in the passing away of our tried and true standard bearer, Luther Colby.

Yet, thanks be to the angel world, you and I, as Spiritualists, know that "to die is gain," and that Mr. Colby, after a long life of good deeds in the body, has passed on to the land of joy and reunion, fully ripened for the beautiful, heavenly harvesting that awaits him.

For my part, no words can express what he has been to me; in soul development; in sorrow, assuagement! But his priceless BANNER, which I shall always take, will keep his dear memory forever fresh. ED. S. VARNEY.
Lowell, Mass., Oct. 11th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is with a feeling of sadness that I address you at this time, for all these many years I have always corresponded with our true and tried friend, BROTHER COLBY; and I wish to extend my sympathy to his associates at THE BANNER office, for I know you will miss his mortal presence and counsel so much.

But what a glad welcome his spirit must have had as he entered his spirit-home! What he felt as a knowledge of spirit-life must have had a glorious revelation for him. We know he has earned a generous reward, and we will make our faith, as steadfast as he desired his should be—truly ripened for the harvest of the new life. SARAH A. BYRNES.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 11th, 1894.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Though he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every fort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress—Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
Marred the promise of his youth.

So he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim;
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might;
Hard the blows and long the battle
Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave;
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black sulphurous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
Custom, the old Giant, rose;
Yet he, too, at last was conquered
By the good Knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and, flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great King, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
And, though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his falling ear reechoing
Came the shouting round her throne;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hard-fought battle,
Slowly ebbed his life away;
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned and reigning in her pride;
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

*By ADRIAN DE PROCELS, from a volume of her poems issued in 1853 by Excelsior Publishing House, New York City.

A Reminder of "Robinson Crusoe."

Those who in childhood found pleasure in this singular narrative of DeFoe, and those who, now in the hey-day of their youth, still enjoy the attractive volume, will be pleased with the subjoined extract, giving additional particulars not generally known concerning the island home, the memorial tablet to Selkirk, etc.

A unique distinction is that enjoyed by S. McKimley, a Charlestown sailor, now living in Portland, Ore.

Armed with a camera he invaded the famous island of Juan Fernandez, and photographed a tablet set up there in memory of Robinson Crusoe.

To do it he was compelled, in company with others, to climb the steep cliffs, that rise sixteen hundred feet in the air, and it required several hours to get to the top.

They found the tablet, set in its lonely casket high up among the rocks. It is three years since this happened.

The United States man-of-war Froquois, on which McKimley was a seaman, lay in hiding during the windy season behind the island.

An exploring party started to hunt for the tablet, of which they had heard in a vague way.

Fifteen of the men had lost heart, and had turned back soon after the trip was begun. The remaining five, after two hours' climbing, their progress, meanwhile, being eagerly observed by the officers and crew on the ship, succeeded in scaling the last ledge, and there before them was the tablet and the lookout, with its parapet over the side, where Selkirk looked out at sea, with hope almost dead, for the ship that was to take him back.

This tablet was executed in 1868 by Messrs. J. Child & Son of Valparaiso, but the fact of its existence was never widely known. At the point where the ship lay the island ran up to a height of at least one thousand feet in almost a perpendicular line from the shore. Juan Fernandez island abounds in rocky peaks, which reach a height, in some instances, of four thousand feet.

The inscription reads as follows:

In Memory of

Alexander Selkirk,

Mariner.

A Native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland.

Who Lived on This Island in Complete Solitude for Four Years and Four Months. He Was Landed from the Cinque Ports.

Galley, 20 Tons, 18 Guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the Duke, Privateer.

He Died Lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, A. D. 1723, Aged 47 Years.

This Tablet is Erected Near Selkirk's Lookout by Command of the Admiralty, 1868.

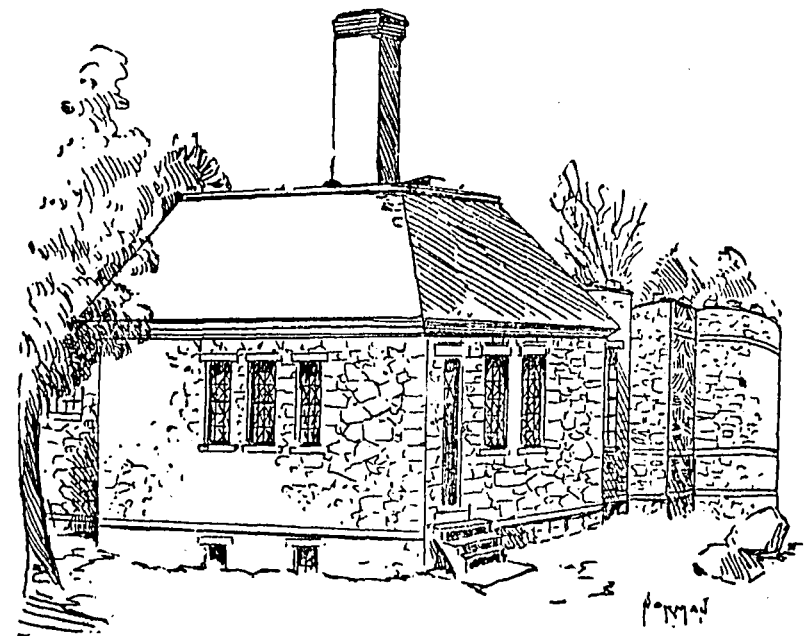
H. M. S. Topaz, A. D. 1863.

Selkirk's name originally was Selorag, and he was the seventh son of John Selorag and Euphan Mackie. He was born in 1676, and went to sea in 1695, changing his name to Selkirk.

He left the ship at Juan Fernandez because of frequent quarrels between himself and Captain Flockering, and because he feared the ship was not seaworthy. All his effects and some necessities were put ashore with him.

From September, 1704, to Feb. 12th, 1709, he remained on the island alone. On the latter date the privateers Duke and Duchess, Captain Woodes Rogers, arrived. Selkirk shipped as mate on the Duke, and arrived in England on Oct. 14th, 1711. His story made a great sensation.—Boston Post.

The best way to avoid scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, is to use the best preventive known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer



VIEW OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CREMATION SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

to-day, for I know there is true religion and true goodness and whole-souled belief in every creed that the world has known; but hand-in-hand with that goodness, that charity and benevolence, what hard, cruel, rigid, adamant chains have clanked and have been wound around the young tendrils of the budding soul to hold it tight lest it get away from some sanctified altar.

Now, who is the great man? Were the Cæsars great? Ah, Rome went down in despair and degradation under their tread. Go to the Forum to-day and see what they have exhumed at the very foundation of Cæsars' palace, and gaze on the ruin and desolation which that great man Cæsar wrought. Was Cromwell a great man? Cromwell crushed the monarch for a time, and he started on a new race for himself; but another soldier immediately arose and tipped Cromwell from his high estate and restored the monarchy. Come to our own land, to our beloved Washington. Was he a great man? Ah, he stands truly as a great man. What makes us love him so? Because he stands as a symbol, heart and soul, of the love of patriotism. Washington represents no haughty pride of the individual who would trample over the human affections for his individual gain. He only stands as the incarnation of a great national heart and soul to whom hundreds and thousands turned as their guide, who was to render actual the consummation devoutly to be wished, and which was accomplished by united effort.

There is no greatness in the world to be created by the sword, or by the clashing of steel and the spread of ruin and desolation. If we look for the greatest man the world has known or can know to-day, let us remember that Spiritualism does not ignore the blessed and glorious memory of Jesus. When they would call him great, "Call me not great," he said, "there is only one great, the Father of the world, who is not I, but your Father, the blessed one in Heaven."

ence will still be the abiding and controlling power of its future usefulness.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to his associates of the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing House, and to his relatives and friends, though we realize that their loss is his gain.

Be it further Resolved, That these Resolutions be inscribed upon the minutes of this Convention, and a copy of same be sent to the Spiritualist papers for publication.

W. H. BACH, St. Paul, Minn.
M. E. CADWALLADER, Philadelphia, Pa.
CORA L. V. RICHMOND, Chicago.

DR. I. T. AXIN, Blooming Valley, Pa.

Miss Dodge then sang "Beautiful Life," after which Mr. Lyman C. Howe of the Temple spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

We live in a wonderful age. Death for millions now is not a king of terrors, and not more a mystery than life. Whoever knows all of life knows all of death. Professor Lodge has said that a live animal has no whit more energy than a dead one; but a live animal can do what a dead one cannot. Life, then, is the directing power, and, associated with intelligence, utilizes such combinations of matter as it can manipulate and direct for its purposes. In going out of the body it has been demonstrated that life takes with it all it needs of the sublimated elements of physical nature to accompany it in its upward journey.

To fully appreciate this is to see death of its still, and light, "the valley of shadows" with an inviting charm, which softens every sorrow and "sets a voiceless eloquence in clay." Death comes to all; and those who precede us may be a light in the valley to guide our trembling feet. Our brother, Luther Colby, has left his mark upon this world, and taken with him the love and blessings of millions who have shared in the consolations of Spiritualism, brought to their knowledge through his instrumentality.

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 IX.
SCHOOL DAYS.

It was a cold, gray day in November when I left home to commence my school life in Rockford. This school had been selected by my mother because the discipline was very strict, and the religious views of the teachers agreed with her own.

"There will be no staying at home from school now," she said, "and no hiding in secret places to read; there will be enough to watch over you, and the least disobedience will be severely punished. You are to write home once a fortnight, that will be often enough; you are always scribbling letters, but it is of no use; one a fortnight to your father and myself is sufficient, and remember there is to be no correspondence between yourself and Charles Herbert. That silly habit must be broken at once; the laws of the school forbid all such things, and your own good requires it. I give you due warning now, that if you venture upon it, you will be severely reprimanded before the whole school."

I made no reply to these remarks of my mother; I was learning to keep silence, but it gave me such a dread of the school, that I was pondering in my own mind some mode of escape.

The stage was to come at nine; my trunk of clothes and my little box of books were packed, and my father was waiting to see us off. I ran over to Mrs. Herbert's to say "good by" to her, but met her coming to me with Charlie, who had a little basket of fruit and confectionery.

"Oh! Charlie," I began at once, "isn't it too bad? We can't write any more letters. My mother says that the teachers will not allow it."

He stopped short, and looked quite dismayed for an instant, then broke out hastily—"They're a set of tyrants there, and we'll see if—"

"Stop, my boy," said his mother, "you are wrong to judge hastily; Bertha should have added, 'without the consent of your parents.'"

"Oh! ho, is that it then; all right. Here, Bertha, I hear they do n't give school girls any too much to eat, and I brought you a little supply in case of need."

Nothing more was said about writing, and we walked into the house, where my mother, who was to accompany me to Rockford, sat rather impatiently awaiting my return. My father was reading the morning paper. Willie and Eddie were rolling a ball upon the carpet, and Joe was looking out of the window for the appearance of the stage.

As Mrs. Herbert entered my father rose to greet her, and give her a seat; and Charlie, as soon as he had bid them "good morning," walked toward my father, his cap in hand, and standing erect, his curls brushed from his forehead, and the slightest blush upon his fine open face, said, "Mr. Lee, will you give me permission to write to Bertha while she is away?"

I shall never forget his look at that moment; the frank, manly boy, grave and earnest just then, looking up to my father for his reply. My father had not heard the remarks of my mother that morning; moreover, Charlie was a great favorite with him, and he often said—"That boy bids fair to make a fine man." I can recall now that twinkle of the eyes, and that peculiar expression of the mouth, as he looked at Charlie. Mrs. Herbert smiled, rather approvingly, I thought; an ominous frown gathered on my mother's brow, and she tried to catch my father's eye, but whether purposefully or not, he avoided the glance; Joe was rubbing his hands, and looking eagerly at them; Willie stopped with his ball in his hand in half wonder at Charlie's banishment.

"Yes, Charlie, I see no objection to it; you may bring your letters to me, and I will envelope them for you; it will be an amusement to Bertha when she is away from us."

This was in the days of high postage, and Charlie's supply of pocket money was rather limited. At this moment Joe exclaimed—"The stage is coming." I rose, and accidentally caught my mother's eye. Never shall I forget its expression. I quailed before it, for I read there the future vengeance of a stern, implacable woman, and from that moment I believe she hated Charles Herbert.

The ride of sixteen miles that chilly morning was not agreeable to me. I was packed away in a corner of the stage, and could only get glimpses of the road now and then, between the heads of the passengers on the middle seat. But I knew when we were on the turnpike with its rows of Lombardy poplars, and its broad level road, looking upon the fields and orchards and swelling hills on either side; then came stretches of stone fence, and here and there an antiquated farm-house; and now the stage stopped at the post-office, which was in a little store close to a square, pea-green house with white trimmings, with a sign in front, "Entertainment for man and beast." Opposite on a hill was a large old-fashioned meeting-house, and near by the great elm where I was to be waiting for the appearance of Charlie with his uncle's old horse and chaise.

The men in the stage got out and went into the post-office, or tavern, and I had a fine opportunity to make my observations of the locality. There was a theological student in the coach, with a black coat, white neckcloth, and a very glossy, black hat, all showing that, though still a student, he was a "licentiate," or a preacher, though not yet ordained. My mother had a strong predilection for clergymen, and she entered earnestly into conversation upon the controversy then going on between Stuart and Channing, and from her remarks I gathered that the latter was a very dangerous and bad man in the community. "I never open his books," said my mother; "it is enough to learn his views from our own papers; I consider all his writings as so much moral poison, to be carefully guarded against."

"It is my opinion," said he, "that it is daub-

ing with untempered mortar to have anything to do with them. Is this your daughter, madam?" turning to look at me.

"Yes; I am taking her to Rockford school."

"Ah! indeed; you are doing a wise thing—good discipline there. I am going there myself to visit a friend."

My mother smiled, and he observing it, added, "The students are allowed some privileges in consideration of our profession."

I wondered what this meant, as I supposed "Rockford Female Seminary," as it was called, (the word female meaning by implication, I suppose, the feminine of the human species,) was guarded as strictly as the famed garden of Hesperides from all intruders, especially from men whose brows were not silvered over with age; but I was not left long to study upon the subject, for the gentleman, with a very grave visage, as if he were about to announce my execution, said, "My young friend, have you made your peace with God?"

I was taken by surprise, and hung down my head like an awkward school-girl that I was, and began twisting my pocket handkerchief into knots.

"Bertha," said my mother sternly, "answer the gentleman, and tell him the truth."

"I do n't know, sir."

"Ah! if you do n't know, then I am afraid it is not well with your soul."

"No, indeed," said my mother, "she is an alien and a stranger from the commonwealth of Israel—still in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity."

"Then remember," said he, as he changed his seat, and was about to lay his hand upon my shoulder, but I shrunk into the further corner, at which he bent over his head, and tried to get a glance at my face, which was, however, bowed too low for him to see, and said, "Then remember you are in danger any moment; one turn of this stage, or the ceasing of your heart to beat, will plunge you into endless torment; into that place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

His manner and his words, falling as they did upon a nervous, susceptible temperament, that had that morning felt every nerve strung to its utmost tension, were too much for me; I trembled all over, and burst into tears. At that he seemed encouraged, and moved nearer to me, while I crowded myself almost through the side curtain, and had half a mind to leap out; but a voice like a pleasant bass tone in music, said—

"No offense to your profession, sir, but that little girl is under my special protection. Good morning, Bertha; you hardly knew me, I suppose, but I am your mother's old friend, John James. I came on in the other coach that started a few moments after the other, and learned from your father that you were here. Good morning, madam," turning to my mother, and raising his hat as he did so, "happy to meet you."

"Excuse me a moment," said the minister; "I have a few words to say to this young lady, and then I will resign my seat."

"Bertha, you are in danger; a rebel against your God—a sinner without hope—no good thing in you by nature—stop now in your career of sin—repent and be saved from the eternal fire which awaits the impenitent."

I was so agitated that I trembled and shook so that all around me perceived it. Mr. James looked at me, and turning to my companion, said—

"The driver has taken his box, and we are about to start; I will trouble you to resign your seat."

My mother looked angry, and the minister returned her look with sympathy; but my friend placed his portly self beside me, put up the strap, and whispered, "Here, child, is a noble orange; isn't it a beautiful one? It was raised on my own plantation. I always have a number of boxes sent on to me."

I took the orange, and tried to smile and acknowledge the gift; but I was so much agitated that I could not command my voice. I was afraid that the stage would turn over, and I met a sudden death; and once it seemed as if my heart was going to stop beating forever. I held the orange in my hands, unconsciously to myself, turning it over and over.

"I think an orange tree is a pretty sight," said Mr. James. "Did you ever see one with fruit upon it?"

"I saw one that belonged to our minister's wife," I said, "that had three ripe oranges on its branches, and some blossoms also. It was very beautiful indeed."

"But if you could see a grove of them—their beauty and fragrance would delight you! I never walk amid them but I admire the wisdom and love of God. Take one tree, for instance, and examine it minutely. The delicate bud, with its folded petals just peeping from their green covering; then the unfolded flower, with its delicate petals, its golden centre, and its rich fragrance; then the large, perfect fruit, like great golden balls, glowing amid the smooth glossy leaves—a perfect picture and a rich feast, offered by our great Father to his children. You never have been in the tropics; there the fullness, and richness, and beauty of God's works are more fully seen than in these northern latitudes. But here we are not forgotten. Just see that apple tree yonder, near that old farm-house—the one near the well with the long sweep. That apple tree must have battled with the northeast storms for fifty years. See how rough the bark looks, and the moss is gathering on its trunk; but every bough is laden with fruit, and those ruddy-cheeked apples peep out from beneath the brown stems and rough leaves like the pretty children from the doors and windows of these old, weather-beaten farm-houses."

"Yes, God is here with his tokens of love, as everywhere—a father to all his children, folding them all in his kind arms, and giving each a portion in due season. It makes us very

happy, you know, to have somebody to care for and love; and if we can lift a burden from some poor, suffering heart, how much happier we are for the act. It is as Jesus Christ said—the more we give, the more we receive. If it is so with us, how happy then must God be, who has all this world to care for, and many more beside."

"Hollo! wait a bit, driver."

The driver had been watering his horses, and just as he was about mounting the box, three or four little girls, with baskets in their hands, came out of a little red school-house by the side of the road, and outstaid to us. My companion took off his hat, and returned their salute very politely, and happening to think of his oranges, he wanted the driver to hold on a moment, till he could throw some out. What bright eyes, and what an overplus of "kirchies," as the children called them, followed; and as we rattled away I could not help putting my head out of the window to look after the group. There they stood, with the oranges in their hands, apparently astonished at their good fortune, and looking after us, as if eager for another sight of the broad, jovial face that had shone so pleasantly upon them for a moment. They were made happy for one-half day.

As I turned back to the group within the coach, I noticed my companion was paring an orange with a little silver knife, and insisted upon my enjoying the fruit thus prepared. My mother and the "licentiate" were not forgotten; and while we were eating my friend told me about the fruits of the West Indies, of the graceful tamarind tree, the sugar-cane, the pine-apple, and so forth; and of the little colored children, running round without any clothes, as happy as birds and chickens, if they could only have the sun and sugar enough. Time passed rapidly, and, without my being aware of it, my little pale face was turned to his broad, somewhat weather-stained visage, but ruddy yet as that of a school-boy, and I was drinking with eager ear every word that fell from his lips.

I was sorry when the driver, by his horn, announced that we were at Rockford, for here we must part. This was the old stage road to Boston, and Rockford the dining-place; and Mr. James alighted at the hotel, and after giving me a basket of oranges, whispered, as he glanced roughly at the licentiate, "Do n't forget that God is good, and loves all his creatures."

I replied only by returning with childish warmth the kiss he impressed upon my cheek.

Ten minutes later we were ushered into the parlor of the boarding-school—a stiff, formal room, like most parlors of its kind in that day, and my mother said to me, "We will see Miss Garland (the name of the principal) here, and you will then be shown to your room."

The door opened, and I turned with anxious look to the lady's face—it was no lady, but the "licentiate," our companion of the stage-coach.

"I thought, Mrs. Lee, I must see your daughter one moment before the day closed," then turning to me—"I came to warn you that there are those who cry 'Peace, peace!' when there is no peace. I have seen the smile upon your face to day, when there should have been the sadness of an alarmed sinner, or the tears of a penitent one. I had fastened an arrow in your heart, but a false friend has extracted it, and sought to heal the wound. God is not good to the rebellious—to them he is a consuming fire and a flaming sword; until you can bow that stubborn will and rebellious heart, there is no peace for you, but an endless looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."

As he spoke his face wore an expression of intense sternness, as if he were already my accuser and my judge. It was strange what power he had over me; I felt like a wand in his hand—a wand with human feelings, that he could twist and turn and roll up, I mean while, conscious of the torture, but with no will to resist. He came near to me, and took one of my hands, and though I shrunk from the contact, and felt a shiver of repulsion run through my frame, I could no more have drawn that hand away, than I could have passed through the walls of the room, and taken wings for home.

"I leave you," said he, "perhaps never to see you again till the day of judgment—there, perhaps, to see you upon the left hand of the Judge, listening to the sentence—'Depart from me into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

He pressed the hand which lay in his, but no answering pressure was received, and I stood like one stupefied, or, as I have seen a frightened bird, unable to move. The floor seemed giving way beneath my feet, and I sinking into a deep gulf of liquid fire, and yet, unless he helped me, I would sink sooner than ask his aid, for that last pressure of his hand gave me such a loathing, that I would have recoiled if I had the power; but, unable to move, I felt stifled, oppressed, as if in a heavy, poisonous atmosphere. I was suffocating, and unable to draw a long breath. The door opened—the noise was a relief, and on the instant my hand

was released, and the gentleman bowed to a tall, graceful woman, apparently about forty years of age, and then introduced my mother and myself. My first impression of Miss Garland was very agreeable; she had a fine, bright eye, and a sweet smile; and, though I was suffering keenly at that moment, I remember a pleasant sensation of disappointment in my teacher. After a little general conversation, Miss Garland asked my mother into her own room, and requesting the gentleman to excuse them a few moments, adding, that she hoped to meet him at the tea-table, they passed out, while I, seeing that he remained also, rose to follow my mother.

"Wait here a few minutes," she said; I hesitated, turned, and would have still gone on, but my mother said, hastily, "Bertha, remain here."

I sat down. The gentleman, as soon as we were left together, said—"You shrink, perhaps, from my warning, but better suffer now than eternally; kneel, and I will pray with you."

As he spoke he went toward the door, with the intention of turning the key, but a sudden impulse moved me, and I sprang before him, opened the door, and ran out, I knew not whither.

[To be continued.]

"Mitigation" Substituted for "Protection" as to Vaccination.

The death of the aged Lord Ebury recalls an interesting episode in the early history of vaccination. It is probable that this nobleman—says *The Vaccination Inquirer*—was the last surviving patient whom Jenner himself vaccinated. The vaccination took place in 1801; and in 1811 the young Lord Robert Grosvenor (as he then was) took severe smallpox, and was in danger of his life. Jenner himself attended him in his illness, and the "MITIGATION THEORY" of vaccination took its first rise from Jenner's plea in extenuation of a failure that could neither be denied nor explained away—the plea that the patient would have died had it not been for his vaccination. Begotten of a failure, this Mitigation Theory has had a history prosperous beyond expectation or desert, and has now for some years bid fair to entirely supplant that theory of absolute protection to which it was for so long merely a humble subordinate and adjunct.

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SOME INSIDE FACTS.

Such Matters Always Leak Out.

This Time it Carried the Great News Far and Wide.

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There are many things in the lives of persons and families which, when they are known, become matters of public interest. People always want to know those things which personally concern them, which add to their welfare, their looks or their comfort. Here is a piece of news which, coming from such high authority, makes it of more than ordinary interest:

Mrs. Charles H. Heaton, residing at 143 State street, Montpelier, Vt., is a most lovely and accomplished lady. The family has the very highest social standing. Her husband has held many offices of trust in the city and in politics, and among the Masonic fraternity stands at the head. Her husband's father is President of the Montpelier Savings Bank and Trust Co., the largest bank in the city. Her father is a prominent railroad man. She writes as follows:

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

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BOSTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

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

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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.

Life in Death.

The visible departure of the honored and venerable founder of the BANNER OF LIGHT from the scene of his earthly labors cannot be regarded as an event so unexpected as to forbid us all to temper our mortal grief at his loss with assuring thoughts of its influence on the future progress and growth of Spiritualism in this country, and all over the world. Such a character, such a man, cannot go from our midst, and thus create a void for which the event is not in itself a full provision. He is now spirit, divested of his mortal part, and as spirit is in a condition to perform service for our sacred Cause which he regretfully had to confess was beyond his eager reach while engaged in the tasks and beset with the hindrances of his human vocation. Whether great or not in intellectual stature, he was of truly great measure in the spiritual estimate. The work he performed was immense according to any consideration of labor. He delved as well as aspired. He brought spirit power into active and constant cooperation with present earthly demands. His industry was matched only by his patience, and his unshaken belief in ennobling and enduring results. It matters little what were his passing moods, his varying impulses, his changing impressions, in all and through all he wrought faithfully, unflinchingly, joyously, as if in the centre of the illumination that filled his being with its brightness. After he had put his hand to the plow for the highest good of his fellow-men, he never looked back, but stayed a worker in the field to the end.

The reflection that rises to the surface of all minds in contemplating so useful, so benevolent, so thoroughly sacrificing a career, involuntarily takes the form of the serious inquiry whether it is to become only a spectacle for the admiring and grateful appreciation of us whom he has left behind, or whether we are to take up his work at the stage in which he committed it to us, and carry it forward to still more advanced limits, consciously reinforced by the certainty of his presence and active cooperation. If what he did was obediently to the spirit summons for others, for humanity, for all sorts and conditions of men, and if he was baptized in the inspiration of an exalting faith to which knowledge was but the minister, and, clothed in the shining garment of such an inspiration, he devoted his long life to trusting obedience to its ceaseless calls of work and sacrifice, of patience and sympathy, then the Spiritualists of the world indeed become fatally forgetful of example and duty alike if they do not hasten to assume the burden of the task he left still unperformed and the duty that he was not permitted to wholly discharge. By precept and example, by the never-dying memory of his faithfulness and

devotion, by his uncounted and unknown acts of benevolence and steadily generous impulses, and by the crown he wore of a long life spent only in doing good, we are all of us, Spiritualists and Liberals of every name and grade, called at this time, now and at once, without hesitation or calculation, to join hearts and hands in a symphony of energetic and inspired effort for sustaining the BANNER he carried so long, and marching on under its folds to a still larger victory.

Luther Colby, the editor, may have passed from us to the "choir invisible," but the inheritance he left behind was that of continued service and devotion to duty. He is gone, but his task remains unfinished. And not his task specially, but that which the loving denizens of the spirit-world have laid upon us all alike. As he was himself but a deputed servant, a selected agent, so too are we who still remain.

If we linger behind for a purpose, it is for the active, the incessant spread of the truth as it is confidently delivered to us from the heavens where all life is. Let us be true to the summons which the impressive event of his death sounds with so loving a solemnity in our spirit-hearing. Let us not allow the BANNER he lifted so high before the world for a rallying standard for all men, to trail in the mire of indifference and neglect, nor suffer the wealth of its nearly two score years of teaching to run to waste, from a fatal hesitation in guarding and distributing it as a priceless treasure for our fellowmen. The old BANNER is contemporaneous with the purest and noblest men and women, and with the most wonderful events of this or any preceding century. Shall such a journal, the primer and catechism, the bible and prayer-book, the missal and companion of uncounted thousands the world over, be left now to forgetfulness and decay, because its venerated founder has been called, in obedience to divine law and ordering, to a higher place, a wider field and a larger service? We are in no true sense Spiritualists if we credit the suggestion. Rather does the event of our honored colleague's departure inspire afresh those who, as Spiritualists, are capable of viewing it in its real light and meaning. He appeals to his friends in the mortal, in even stronger terms than before, to make ready instantly to advance the Cause that is dear to all hearts by upholding his much-loved BANNER, and continuing his chosen work before men.

It is for Spiritualists everywhere—Spiritualists in fact as well as profession—to answer these questions to their own hearts and consciences, each one separately for himself. And it is for genuine Spiritualists to come together in unbroken union, and go forward while life lasts here on earth with the work which the dwellers in other spheres, not distant but ever near, once gave solemn assurance should be continued until it was completed by the world's salvation. Are there many, or are they but few, who fully conceive the purport of this assurance and promise? THE BANNER will not cease its faithful ministrations because its founder, long incapacitated by pressing years for active work, is a laborer on the other side instead of on this! No cause stops in its destined progress because of the removal of any of its leaders; else would the divine purpose among men be thwarted by those whom it was set to benefit and bless. Much as the loss of a leader or a counsellor may be mourned, it does not constitute a reason for turning the back upon it, and leaving it to chance and fate. Not thus have we Spiritualists learned the profound lesson of these many past years. As we have formed a united circle and an affectionate family and a devoted company in the enjoyment of THE BANNER as a cooperative agent and power in awakening men's minds to become more widely receptive to heavenly truth, the truth that indeed passes all merely human understanding, so let us draw more closely and devotedly together now, rally in a resolutely firm body around THE BANNER, so long carried with honor by our departed leader and his trusted associates, and march on undismayed by chance and circumstance till we come triumphantly into the still clearer light which we so well know is to become in good time the acknowledged light of the world. Hold up the old BANNER! Rally to its inspiring folds! Strengthen those who carry it at the front! Let it be the symbol and the voice of Spiritualism to all men.

Thanks, Friends.

The uprising in the hearts of the community in memory of Mr. Colby has been spontaneous and universal. Those who do not write for the press evidently feel the event of his decease as keenly as others who do. And to both classes we are deeply grateful. Space falls for more "Memorial" matter in the present issue, but next week we shall give our readers sketches in earnest appreciation of the translated one from W. J. Colville, Hon. Luther R. Marsh, Wm. Foster, Jr., Walter Howell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates, and others.

As in the past, THE BANNER hopes for the future by the energy and intelligence of its management to deserve the support of the public; and by its promptness in serving the general desire for the latest news to win popular approbation.

Miss Abbie A. Judson has a letter on our fifth page, which all should read. Few there are, we predict, who can peruse its uplifting and soul-cheering words without feeling the eye moisten with the tear of responsive sympathy!

Those credentialed as "physicians," and the more if practical druggists or chemists, may find a want of such in New York City interesting to them, as advertised in this issue on page five.

Read the contents of the "Banner Correspondence" department this week.

David Swing.

Rev. and Prof. David Swing of Chicago, a preacher who had long deservedly enjoyed a national reputation, died on the 18th, after a week's illness. He had lived sixty-five years. He was of German ancestry. His father was a steamboat man on the Ohio river, and a man of ability and reputation; his mother was a devoted Presbyterian, and the impress she made upon the boy shaped his course in life. In 1800 he was called to the pulpit of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Chicago. From that time till his death he held a high place in the popular favor of the metropolis of the West. The great fire of 1871 destroyed his church, his valuable library and his residence, leaving him, with thousands of others, shelterless on the open prairie during the memorable night of October 9th. He preached in a theatre until the church was rebuilt. The creed-worshippers of the denomination took offense at the liberality of his views, and some of the doctors of divinity were bent on destroying his influence as a preacher. Rev. Dr. Patton brought formal charges of heresy against him. Being arraigned before the Presbytery, he was tried and acquitted. His popularity grew and his fame spread. His congregation stood bravely by him, but he declined to be a source of discord in the church, and he withdrew from the Presbytery, but retained the pastoral relations.

The Church itself soon came under the ban of the creed-worshippers, and then he resigned the pastorate. His congregation refused to be separated from him, liking his character and believing in his liberal doctrines. Most of them followed him out and attended upon his ministry. After a few years members of his congregation determined to build a church of their own, or rather a fine block, containing a most commodious auditorium, with galleries and stage constructed on the plan of the finest modern opera house, and supplied with a mammoth organ. This is called in Chicago Central Music Hall, and it is the home of Prof. Swing's Central Church. The rest of the structure is given up to offices and rooms for business.

Prof. Swing in personal appearance has been called painfully plain; but he had a nature that overflowed with charity, his thought was poetic, his diction was remarkable for its beauty and grace, and his views of Christianity were so liberal, so broad, so high, and he discoursed on life and its affairs with such a wealth of wisdom, that it was perfectly easy for one who listened to his preaching and understood well his character to believe him beautiful as he discoursed. He was a spiritual as well as an intellectual power in the West, and his name and fame will always be identical with that of Chicago. A great light has gone from the sight of men in his untimely decease.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LUTHER COLBY.

Good soul and blest, whose one delight and praise
Was work for those who in high regions dwell;
Whose messages thy BANNER brave would tell,
And fill with golden light the passing days;
Upon thy work for years on years we gaze,
So proud to see it grow and all excel;
Brave veteran, thy work indeed is well,
And of itself a monument will make!
Go to thy home on high; all there are friends;
Glad welcome wait thy footsteps in that land;
Each worker here to thee his greetings sends,
And by thy purposed aim would faithful stand:
How blest was earth because of thy true love,
More blest I yet for it the life above!

The angel-world is not so far from ours;
Through thee we learnt its friendliness divine;
Its dawning light upon our world did shine,
Its kindly hands bestowed our way with flowers;
Thy soul pursued its path to Eden bowers,
It heard sweet voices speak in tones benign,
It knew what influences true entwine
Our lives, what force of love their love imparts!
For all thy help to struggling truth and worth,
For all thy sympathy in hours of need,
For all the good thy labors brought to birth,
We bless and praise thy honored name indeed;
And evermore the Cause the past will scan
To prize thee, worker wise—true, noble man!

WM. BRUNTON.

The World's Food Fair.

The World's Food Fair continues to impress itself upon the people, and excursions are coming thick and fast. As the days pass on, the attractions multiply, and the interest bids fair to continue until the closing day, Oct. 27th. It will take more than one day to inspect the many things, useful and ornamental, which the able management has placed in such a tasteful and pleasing manner. There has not been an occasion which has drawn so strongly on what the fair should be composed of and how it should be carried out, as the present World's Food Fair; and yet every detail of arrangement, discrimination in selection of goods and the conduct, eclipses the most sanguine expectation. It seems needless to suggest early and repeated visits. The Fair is in the commodious Mechanics' Building, Huntington Avenue, Boston.

W. J. Colville.

W. J. Colville is still actively engaged in Washington and Baltimore. In Washington his lectures on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, at 8 p. m., at Woodmont Hall, 1223 I Street, N. W., are very largely attended. He is also instructing a class in Spiritual Science at 1211 10th Street, N. W., on the same days at 4 p. m. On Thursdays, at 8 p. m., and on Sundays at 4 and 8 p. m., he lectures in Baltimore, at Ralme's Hall, and has a class at 111 West Franklin Street Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 8 p. m. Address all letters, etc., to 1211 10th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

L. Maclyneth writes: "Miss Roxana L. Grosvenor, the veteran Spiritualist, is slowly improving from her very critical condition. She retains all the brightness and activity of mind that characterized her when in health."

She returns thanks to the Veteran Spiritualists' Union for its donations, and to all who may have given her a thought of sympathy.

Her address is No. 227 Elm Street, West Somerville, Mass.

Owing to the life-work of Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND being a larger book than was at first anticipated, the price for same will be \$2.50, instead of \$1.50 per copy, as before announced. Mrs. Richmond desires to say that the National Spiritualist Association contributes no funds for its publication, but is to receive one-half of the net profit of the sale of the book, after the expenses of publication are paid.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.—A party of about forty of the friends of the popular trance test medium, Mrs. M. A. Brown, assembled at her residence, 375 Columbus Avenue, Boston, on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 18th, to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of her control by Spirit "Julia." Speeches, songs, social converse and refreshments made the order of exercises, Spirits "Blackberry" and "Henkew" were incorporated with the medium's band of controls.

Dr. Charles McLean is advocating what he terms "a progressive movement in Spiritual Philosophy," in the form of a Spiritual College in Boston, where, he says, all the phases of ancient and modern Spiritualism will be taught systematically. He claims to have the endorsement of some of the best Spiritualists in Boston in this work.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Boston Investigator of Oct. 18th, in the course of an article on his transition, thus speaks of Mr. Colby and his life work:

LUTHER COLBY.

We regret to record the death of Luther Colby, the veteran editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, which occurred last Sunday, Oct. 7th, at the Crawford House. The funeral took place Wednesday, at 2:30 p. m., from the Spiritualist Church, which was largely witnessed by the many friends of the deceased in this city and vicinity.

Mr. Colby lived in Spiritualism. Whatever it was to others, to him it was everything. He was a loyal advocate, and for the advancement of the Cause which he believed so true and loved so deeply, he pledged "his life, his fortune and his sacred honor."

Mr. Colby was a man of broad mind, and was warmly attached to all work of a liberalizing character. He was especially the friend of the former editor and publisher of the Investigator, Horace Seaver and J. P. Mandum, having served with the latter in former years as a printer in the office of the Boston Daily Post.

From private notes sent by their writers on hearing of Mr. Colby's decease, we quote the following extracts:

... Mr. Colby has been a staunch, good friend to me ever since he found me in the spring of 1887, crushed and broken in body and mind by the injustice heaped upon me by the Harvard College Faculty.

The first words he said to me when he took my hands, on the occasion of my last interview with him, were the moral words: "My God, Willie, what magnetism! I wish I had it. I would do ten years more of good fighting on it."

I was glad that it was my privilege to be with him again so short a time before he left, and thank him for all his kindness to me.

In spite of all his peculiarities he had a kind, true, generous heart, and he revealed to me a side of his nature that he manifested to but few.

DR. FRED L. H. WELLS.

Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y., Oct. 11th, 1894.

I cannot now write of our translated friend Mr. Colby. His personality was so strong, his impress so marked, his heart was so large, his friendship so true, where he felt it was equally reciprocated, that I cannot realize he has gone, nor measure the sense of my own personal loss. Yet I am glad that he is free. With him it was well.

GEORGE A. BACON.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 10th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Early in the week (9th) the unexpected intelligence reached Cleveland, through friend Wm. F. Nye of New Bedford, that the veteran Spiritualist and senior editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Luther Colby, had left his many friends on this mundane sphere to join the multitudinous ones who had preceded him to spirit-life.

Certainly no man was better prepared for the journey, for in the last half of the eighty years of his earth-life he had had a most wonderful experience, proving on all occasions faithful to the sacred trust reposed in him by the spirit-world. He was indeed a record to be proud of. Nobly and courageously he has stood during that long period, that BANNER OF LIGHT, the symbol of all that is grand and good in Modern Spiritualism, that he and Bro. Berry flung to the breeze in Boston in 1857.

While THE BANNER's staff especially and his friends generally throughout the world will sadly miss him from his late post as editor-in-chief, his departure (to all who think aright) will be no great cause for tears, for it may be truly said with the poet:

"'Tis beautiful to die, when life
With all its duties done
Drifts on, as drifts a summer cloud
To greet the setting sun."

So let us rather rejoice with those who no doubt were anxiously waiting to greet and welcome him at his birth into spirit-life.

It is Gerald Massey, I think, who says:
"Of such as he was, there be few on earth;
Of such as he was, there be many in heaven;
And life is all the sweeter that he lived,
And death is all the fairer that he died,
And heaven is all the brighter that he's there."

Permit me, in conclusion, as an admirer of Spirit Colby and his work, to extend my condolence and sympathy to his worthy business partner, Mr. Isaac B. Rich, the co-workers on THE BANNER, and to all his more intimate friends in and around Boston.

FRATERNALLY, THOMAS LEES.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 12th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Although Luther Colby was, as the Bible says, "old and full of years," and I may add, fully ripe for the spirit side of life, yet when I think of his having gone to the "great majority," I feel a wave of sadness come over me.

He was a good editor in our Cause, when came tremblingly into it to take me by the hand and give me a word of cheer. He was ever true to the Cause we loved and to its workers.

He will be missed particularly by the old veterans, who are being so rapidly thinned out among the workers here. The few who are left of us are getting lonesome; yet amid our loneliness we rejoice to know that we are and to stand true to it, through long years of battle, contempt and social ostracism, stamps any man or woman a hero of the loftiest kind.

The revelations of spirit-communion are so strong a corrective of the prevailing religions of this planet, that the mind educated in the traditions of the past could not at first accept them. Only the few of most receptive attitude, early perceiving their naturalness, Bro. Colby, with admirable courage and noble sacrifice of worldly praise, was one of the first to accept and to proclaim openly the New Philosophy.

What struggles he had with obtuse or obstinate bigots! What a gigantic task to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT at the mast-head, in such a sea of opposition! But he won! and he glorious will be his life in the higher world! He has now gone where his devotion and his labors will be appreciated.

H. A. BUDINGTON.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 13th, 1894.

ISAAC B. RICH, and all Connected with The Banner.

My deepest sympathy in this hour of trial in parting with the mortal form of one with whom you have so long and closely been associated. I feel his loss very keenly. He has ever been a true, kind friend to me. I first met him when I was only fifteen years old, and stopping at Daniel Farrar's. He came there with Mr. Berry, and I think Mr. White also, to attend some of my séances. He was a good place, and has since always been an advocate of my mediumship. It seemed to please him, and I am glad it did.

In the early days of his sickness he wrote me a kind letter from the Crawford House, which I shall always highly prize.

He has done a good work, has been true and

faithful, and now his spirit has gone where it will receive a just recompense.

Luther Colby will never be forgotten.

In sympathy,

ANNIE LORCH CHAMBERLAIN.

Mattapan, Mass., Oct. 12th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists sympathize with the business partner, Mr. Isaac B. Rich, and with you all in the loss of our grand old champion, Luther Colby. Farewell, old friend of freedom! He is with thy soul.

F. B. WOODBURY, Sec'y.

Washington, D. C.

National Convention.

The National Spiritualists' Association met in convention, in Masonic Hall, Washington, on the 9th, 10th and 11th insts. President Barrett presided.

The first business after the President's able address was the adoption of resolutions on the death of Luther Colby, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave the address of welcome, and Hon. L. V. Moulton of Michigan replied for the delegates. The committee on credentials reported forty-four delegates. The sum of one thousand dollars was raised for the President's traveling expenses. During the three-days' session, remarks were made by Mrs. Rachel Walcott of Baltimore, Md.; G. W. Burnham and Dr. G. C. B. Ewell of Connecticut; Mrs. Effie Moss, Mrs. M. N. Nickerson, Mrs. E. C. Griswold of New York State; Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Massachusetts; Mrs. A. M. Glading of Pennsylvania; Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Mr. P. M. Locke of Philadelphia; Mrs. Kate Rowland, Mrs. J. D. Compton of Washington; F. P. Phillips of Cincinnati; Milan C. Edson of Washington, George A. Bacon, and others.

There was a large amount of business transacted. The reports from the different committees and delegates showed the Association and the Cause of Spiritualism to be in a very flourishing condition. Miss Maggie Gaulle gave a test séance to the satisfaction of all. Miss Hattie Klein, the blind pianist, gave solos. Miss Maddon, Mrs. Dickerson and Miss Mamie Jullén also gave musical selections, vocal and instrumental.

It was proposed to erect a Temple for the First Society, and a large amount was subscribed. President Barrett gave notices of camps at Pensacola and Lake Helena, Fla., early in December, with reduced rates over the Louisville & Nashville railroad.

At the election of officers, the following were chosen: President, H. D. Barrett of New York; Vice-President, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Illinois; Secretary, F. B. Woodbury of Massachusetts; Treasurer, T. J. Mayer of Washington; Directors, M. C. Edson of Washington, B. Hill of Pennsylvania, J. B. Townsend of Ohio, L. V. Moulton of Michigan, and Mrs. Olive A. Blodgett of Ohio.

At the close of the final day's session, a banquet took place, at which a hundred persons took part. Mr. Frank Walker was toastmaster. Several prominent persons responded to sentiments.

Added details of the convention will be printed later, from the pen of Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader.

We are under obligations to Geo. A. Bacon and Mrs. M. A. H. Chamberlain for newspapers forwarded containing reports of Convention.

Decease of Dr. Charles Main.

Dr. Charles Main, the veteran Spiritualist medium and electric and eclectic physician, passed away at his home, 47 Union Park Street, Boston, Wednesday morning, at 7:10 o'clock.

He visited the late Luther Colby Thursday evening, Oct. 4th. He was taken with apoplexy the following morning, and gradually grew worse until Sunday, when he was stricken with paralysis, and passed away as above stated.

CHARLES MAIN was born in Wigtownshire, Scotland, July 4th, 1815, coming to America at an early age and settling in Philadelphia. He had a remarkable youth, and at the age of eighteen began his first medical treatment, curing a young child of croup. His parents died when he was less than fifteen, and his life began to be one of hardship.

His first inclination was to study for the ministry, having exerted as a Methodist and preaching to convicts and sailors.

Dr. Main came to Boston about forty years ago, and entered upon a practice which has been lucrative and successful—his patients being scattered in all parts of the world.

Dr. Main had been twice married, his first wife passing away when the Doctor resided in Philadelphia, and the second when he lived on Davis Street, Boston, about thirty years ago. Since that time his home-maker and housekeeper has been Miss M. A. Cary, who was with him when he passed away on Wednesday.

The funeral took place from his late residence Saturday, Oct. 13th. Rev. H. M. Torbert, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Florence Street, and Mrs. B. F. Smith, officiated.

There were beautiful floral tributes. The remains were deposited in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Dorchester.

The pall-bearers were John W. Day, editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Charles F. May, Moses T. Dole, Frank N. Davis, Hebron Libbey, O. M. A. Twitcheil, M. L. Wilcox and Leon Dion.

The Ruggles Street Quartet sang several selections. The funeral occasion will be again referred to in a later issue.

Dr. A. B. Dobson,

One of the most popular Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast, passed away in San José, Monday afternoon, Oct. 1st. His taking away will be deeply regretted by many friends in all parts of the country. He was sixty-one years of age, starting life as a poor boy, and possessing a large fortune at his death. His skill as a physician began when he was twenty years of age. Velocious cures were wrought by him. During the war his services were very able, and the camp séances astonished his fellow-soldiers greatly. Early in the seventies he began diagnosing and treating patients by mail, and since 1870 he has treated over two hundred thousands of persons.

Besides his urgent medical business he found time to be the mayor of his city, carried out as personal expense many public improvements, shed poor children, erected fountains for the thirsty.

In social life he and his interesting family of wife, daughter and son, have been prime factors.

His funeral took place Oct. 3d, and called together a large concourse of people. Many paid tribute to this noted medium and philanthropist.

Married.

First wedding at Lake Pleasant; Sept. 27th, Thomas A. Gordon and Mary A. Hawley were united in marriage by A. G. Cary, Esq.

M.

"Cleveland, O., Notes," next week, by reason of pressure of Memorial matter. Bro. Thomas Lees, in the course of his favor, says of Mr. Moses Hull:

"This veteran in the ranks, well known all over the country as the most eloquent spiritualist by a scholar, has been engaged by the Cleveland Spiritual Union, a new society recently organized by Mr. Thos. A. Black, as the speaker for the months of October and November."

Mr. Hull gave his initial address on Sunday, Oct. 7th, in Webster's Hall, where the meetings are to be regularly held. Mr. H. is also engaged to speak before the West Side Society of "Progressive Thinkers" Sunday afternoon, and also holds himself in readiness to lecture in towns near by during the week. Oct. 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, he was to speak in Elvira, under the auspices of Mrs. O. C. Bacon and others."

Dr. L. Freedman (from Australia)—a successful magnetist—is now located at 247 East 87th Street, New York City.

SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

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

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published Messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact of publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our séance-table, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requesting to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, appearing in this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held October 5th, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Ohi thou Divine Father, we ask thy presence at this hour and the presence of thy bright angel ones who go from home to home on earth on their errands of mercy. May the spirits who congregate here give expression to their love for the dear ones left in the material sphere in messages freighted with love and consolation. May each one who manifests give evidence not only of continued life and activity in the world beyond, but convince all who perceive the columns of the Message Department of the Banner of Light of the aid the denizens of the higher life may render to suffering humanity. May light be imparted to those who sit in darkness, and to those who mourn for their dear departed ones may a knowledge of their continued love and presence be brought.

We thank thee, oh! Father, that the doorways of spirit communion are kept open; we thank thee for thy mercies, which are many; and may thy blessing rest upon each one here and upon humanity at large. We come in love, and we would have all mankind know that we are sending them in every way possible, and unto thy name shall all praise be rendered, both now and evermore. JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

John Pierpont.

Friends: After a season of rest and recuperation during the summer months, we gather here with the purpose of renewing our labors in this department of THE BANNER OF LIGHT. We shall not make an extended speech on this occasion, but we desire to send forth an appeal for aid that our work may still be carried on with the degree of success and beneficence which has marked it in the past; therefore we solicit the cooperation of not only the numerous outspoken Spiritualists throughout the land, but of all who have an interest at heart in the dissemination of liberal ideas and those truths which tend to the uplifting and spiritualizing of the nature of man.

Little do mortals realize the anxiety which pervades us as spirits to teach those yet upon the earth-plane the fact of the immortality of the human soul and of the responsibility that rests upon us as individuals to accomplish what is possible in this direction. It is our earnest desire that all upon the earth plane may become more and more cognizant of our continued presence and the interest we still take in their spiritual welfare.

How vast is the number of mortals who have been convinced of the truth of immortality through the instrumentality of the Message Department of this journal, which should be widely circulated, especially among those who call themselves Spiritualists, and whose duty it is to make a great effort to spread the light. All such we ask to come forward, and out of their store, aid in sustaining this grand and glorious establishment, organized long ago by the denizens of the spirit-world.

From our spiritual standpoint the good which we see can be accomplished in this direction is inestimable, if aid financially is forthcoming. The several departments of THE BANNER are each equally important in the work of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism, and in the prosecution of which we feel that we are doing our Father's bidding. The outlook is bright from a spiritual view; the opportunity to impress the sorrowing ones of earth of the fact of the life beyond in which their dear departed ones take an active part, is now ripe; conditions favor us in helping to disperse the clouds of error and to bring knowledge where ignorance now prevails. All we need, friends of humanity, is your material support and encouragement, and these, we have confidence to believe, you will not withhold from us. JOHN PIERPONT.

Mary A. Donall.

[To the Chairman:] Your Spirit-President has invited me to speak to-day. I made the request long ago, on four different occasions, to send a message to my friends, and asked Mr. Pierpont if the place from which we passed away made any difference in our coming. He answered that it was permitted to speak in proper time, and so I have waited patiently to send a few words to my friends, who know very little of spirit-return and communication. I have often felt that if only they knew we whom they call dead were with them daily and hourly, it would lift the burden of doubt and sorrow from their hearts, and enlighten and encourage them on the uneven journey of life on the spiritual plane.

Joseph understands considerable of spirit-return, although his privileges have been few. I have been in this Circle-Room often in the past, and have gained a great deal of informa-

tion by so doing that has aided me greatly and given me courage to speak for myself.

I well remember dear Grandmother Donall reading to us of heaven. Sometimes it would seem to me it was so far away that I did not see how many people were going to get there. I did not tell her so, for she was very strict.

Since I have entered that great school of life, the other world (for it is truly a school), I have tried in every possible way to make my friends know I was not dead, but that I was alive, and more active, even, than I was in the few weeks before I passed on; or, as they used to say, and say now, "before I died." That term seems inappropriate to me, and it casts a feeling of sadness over us when we hear it used by mortals.

It is quite a number of years, as mortals reckon time, since I entered the spirit-world. I want to say to Joseph and Mary that I am very happy, and I have never for one moment wished myself back on the earth-plane.

I was Mary A. Donall of St. Stephen. N. B. I am so thankful this Circle-Room is open to all, no matter of what race or nation they may be. Your Spirit-President tells me that all are welcome here, and that our messages are taken down and printed in a paper which goes all over the world.

Daniel S. Flagg.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I am pleased to greet you here this beautiful morning. How true are the words we often hear, that God is no respecter of persons. He sends the sunshine and the rain upon us all, the just and the unjust.

I am very grateful for the privilege of sending a few words to Santa Cruz, Cal., which is a long distance from the place the lady hailed from who preceded me.

I knew of the joy and comfort of holding sweet communion with those who had passed on before me when I dwelt here upon earth. I take no credit to myself, but I have often heard these words spoken since I left the old material form: "Daniel S. Flagg was not a selfish man." I will tell you how, sir, in a few words. When I first learned that I could commune with those who had walked with me here in the mortal form, I felt as if I wanted the whole world to know it and enjoy it.

I often make this remark, and made it before I passed on: "How much mortals miss—not lose, for you cannot lose anything you do not have—by not trying to investigate the claims of Spiritualism." I used to say many times, "Your Bible teaches spirit-communion and spirit-companionship all the way through." As regards annihilation, I never could see the comfort or consolation to be derived from that belief. In regard to the Judgment Day, I always said, as soon as I learned my lesson, that it was every day and every hour, and that a man's conscience is his only judge.

[To the Chairman:] Through the kindness of your Spirit-President I am permitted to speak to you here to-day. I have been a constant attendant at these meetings, and I will add that these private séances are an improvement on the public circles, as far as exhausting the nerve-aure of the medium, and making it easy for the spirits to control, is concerned. I have attended both, so I think I am competent to judge.

I send my warmest greetings to the family, whom I need not say I love, for they are conscious of my affection, and sense my presence often.

Ruth Burlingame.

Rest, sweet rest, they said would be given me when I was passing over, yet I found it a life of activity. It is true that we rest from material labor, but we are anxious to aid some mortal or immortal whenever we see the opportunity.

When my spirit was taking its flight I heard these words: "Ruth is past suffering." Yet I realized all, and my spiritual vision was opened, for as I gazed I saw dear grandfather and grandmother Burlingame beckoning to me as they approached. I then realized that I was passing through what mortals call death; yet there was no suffering—the suffering was all before that time.

I have often visited the halls where spiritual meetings are held, and I have frequently heard these words, even from mediums: "They are in heaven, awaiting your coming." Let me modify that statement a little: It is but a step from us to you; we are so near that it seems as though there can hardly be a door between mortals and immortals. We are so near that there is really no "coming back." I truly feel that we are upon the earth-plane much more than we are upon the spiritual, for mortals need our aid so much, and in respect to assisting others there is much difference between mortals and immortals. Here we all wear the cloak of selfishness more or less; we are a little reader to do for our kindred and our friends than for others, as a general thing; but in spirit-life we desire to uplift and benefit whomever we can. I would say to mortals, Learn to wear the silken garment of charity; then will you live nearer to the kingdom, and nearer to us who have preceded you to the better land.

I have learned that my words will be printed in the paper called THE BANNER OF LIGHT, of which I heard before passing away.

I lived in Somers, Conn. My name is Ruth Burlingame.

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 (Continued).—Eddie Cooke; Maria Merrill; Lydia Gage; Philander S. Briggs; Orisla A. Melville; Lydia Maria Child.

Oct. 12.—Moses Aldrich; Milo Porter; Caroline Louisa Tower; Leander Holmes; Lewis D. Wilson; Charles C. Dudley; Sam Small; Marion Haynes.

Sudden Whiteness of the Hair.

The jet-black locks of Oscar Pfeffer, who died at Vienna in 1887, were suddenly changed to pure white, through fright at falling into a deep well.

Dr. Herbert tells of a woman, a witness in the celebrated trial of Lovell, whose hair blanched to pure white in a single night.

King Ludwig of Bavaria's hair became almost suddenly white upon learning that a person whom he had put to death was innocent of the crime charged.

The hair of the great Duke of Brunswick whitened within twenty-four hours upon learning that his father had been mortally wounded in battle.

The hair of both Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette whitened within a few hours of the time of their execution.

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By C. P. P. Philadelphia.] Do "coming events cast their shadows before"? or, in other words, can there be any unknown principle in nature by which an accident or circumstance about to occur could so far be projected into the future as to impress sensitively, either awake or dreaming, with a real presentiment of such event?

ANS.—As quite a number of remarkable instances are on record proving that the adage quoted is far from foundationless, all thinkers are compelled to admit that there must be a scientific explanation of the predictive faculty or it could have no place in human economy.

The Bible narratives are substantially sustained by modern experiences. Pharaoh saw events for fourteen years to come, and though his visions were in symbols, Joseph interpreted them and was the means of saving a large population from famine by his wise husbanding of resources during seven years of plenty, in preparation for the necessities of seven years of dearth to follow.

Storms are now foretold a few days and even months ahead of their arrival, quite frequently. Astrologers in India can often foretell events with amazing accuracy, and we know several who cast very accurate horoscopes in this country. The practice of consulting astrologers is now greatly in vogue among business men, of the greatest sagacity, in New York and other large cities. While the subject lends itself to superstition in the hands of the credulous and ill-informed, astrology is unquestionably a science and its true tendency is not fatalistic.

Coming events are the offspring of past and present occurrences. Calculating ahead is essential to business success, unless one is amazingly intuitive and capable of immediately grasping a situation and acting instantly with wisdom and efficiency. Individuals, as they progress toward perfect supremacy over their surroundings, can so conduct themselves in trying situations as to conquer fate instead of being conquered by it; but this victory of the individual over environment does not in the least invalidate testimony to the effect that conditions have been foreseen and were inevitable.

A rain and wind storm can be foretold to the day, hour and even moment of its arrival in any district, provided the weather prophet is sufficiently an expert; but such prognostications, even when literally fulfilled in every minutest detail, do not entail belief in the fatalistic fallacy that the people in the region visited by the storm had no power to modify its influence upon them and their belongings. To be forewarned is often, though not always, to be forearmed. If you know it is going to rain, you provide yourselves with umbrellas and waterproof garments; if you know the weather will soon grow colder, and you are going away from home for a short visit, you take with you thicker clothing; if you know the temperature will speedily rise you put thinner dresses in your trunk; and if you can foresee that a vessel will be delayed on its route, and you in charge of it, you stock it with an unusual amount of provisions. Thereby you have learned to use prediction, to turn foresight to account, and rise above the need of submitting to painful inconveniences which you would otherwise necessarily experience.

Events are more clearly foreseen by advanced intelligences in the unseen state than any barometrical changes are foreseen by meteorologists on earth. The relation between what has been, what now is and what must necessarily result from what is and has been, is far more perfectly known in the heavens than on earth. Therefore, while we are not prepared to say that everything is foreordained in the fatalistic sense, everything is foreseen by those minds who are far enough advanced to calculate the inevitable results of causes already set in motion. When sensitive people are peacefully sleeping or enjoying calm reverie, they are invariably in the best state for receiving information from wise intelligences who are greatly desirous of helping humanity.

Q.—[By an Investigator.] What is the difference in condition, after entering the spirit-world, of a person who passes away from natural causes, one who is killed by accident or otherwise, and one who takes his or her own life?

A.—We have often said, through these questions and answers columns, that mere methods of discarding the mortal form do not evidence the condition of the spirit who accomplishes his exit from the mortal frame by means of one or other of them.

Very few people leave their physical bodies naturally, in the strict sense. Diseases are no more natural than accidents. Disorders are abnormal, irregular, and would be impossible were people to live universally in accord with natural order. Liability to disease or accident is an evidence of spiritual shortsightedness and lack of control over environment. If any of you understand much of the law of health you do not get sick; or, if you are already ailing, your increased knowledge, as soon as it comes to you, enables you to take at least one step toward conquering your illnesses. If you are psychically perceptive you are prescient enough to keep out of danger's way; therefore you do not meet with accidents any more than you become victims of diseases.

As suicide is an act of desperation and madness, an utter loss of control over one's own feelings, no matter whether brought about by right, disease, sorrow or any other cause, it represents a great lack of spiritual control over

the body and earthly conditions. But as weaknesses are not necessarily criminal, we regard the wholesale condemnation of individuals who commit suicide as utterly unwarrantable. Happiness and elevation in spirit-life can only be an outgrowth of noble desire. The amount of good done during an earthly lifetime is what really counts; the simple circumstance of transition by a special mode is entirely secondary. Spirit-life will be just as much of a joy and reality to every one of you when you enter it as your inward condition at the time permits it to be.

Q.—[By the same.] Have any spirits within your experience ever found the Christ in the Bible?

A.—The Christ of the Bible is not a person, but a spiritual power, manifest through many persons. The Christ of the fourth Gospel is the platonic Word, the uncreated Logos, enlightening every man born into the world. The Christ of Paul's letter to the Corinthians is the great united family of souls who have expressed truth through complete conquest over carnality, and who now constitute the body in which all the members are like precious stones, each one polished and prepared for its place.

This body of the Christ, in which there is membership in particular, is not a person, except in the sense that Swedenborg's Maximus Homo, or greatest man, is a person. The Christ of the Bible is the Christ of those friends who say with their early leaders, "There is a Christ in every man," and of Whittier, who speaks of the Christ "long sought without, but found within." This is the Christ of Fenelon, of Mme. Guyon, and of all the truly spiritual mystics who have redeemed the Christian religion, by their inspired influence, from degenerating into utter materialism.

The Christ of the Bible is the divine life in the human soul, and any great illumined teacher who is specially entitled to be called a Christ is one through whom the essential divinity at the core of universal humanity shines forth with unusual clearness. Each one of you can be a Christ to your neighbor. The theological atoning sacrifice to appease the wrath of offended Deity is a fiction, and therefore cannot be found in heaven; but Jesus, as well as all great guides of the human race, is known and loved by multitudes who have seen him and reverence him.

Banner Correspondence.

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

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—M. P. Jenkins (200 Columbus Avenue) writes: "I have been a Spiritualist for over twenty years, and can truly say I have never derived so much benefit as within the past year, when I have been attending the Sunday meetings and weekly test circles of Dr. S. H. Nelke, who I believe is an honest, earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism. He is a great invalid, suffering constant pain and hemorrhages, yet it is truly wonderful that he stands upon the platform each Sunday, hours at a time, giving to skeptics and believers alike most wonderful tests."

There is a spirit of harmony pervading the meetings which makes them restful to the suffering and weary soul. May he long have strength to continue his good work."

BOSTON.—E. J. Bowtell writes: "Why are there so many divisions in the Spiritualist ranks? This may be partially answered by the statement that Spiritualism is so broad, so wide in its scope, that it takes into its embrace men and women of all possible opinions on all subjects outside the fact that the spirits of deceased human beings may hold intelligent communion with those still in the flesh."

Mediums are mortal beings, subject to the same earth-conditions as the rest of humanity, and compelled, like others, to struggle for existence here under a competitive system which insures the survival, not necessarily of the best but of the fittest, by physical and mental qualifications to defend their own rights in the great battle of life.

But perfectly true as are these statements, they do not entirely cover the ground. Spiritual Philosophy teaches us to look for spiritual causes, and especially must we search for such causes in matters of a spiritual nature. Theists and Atheists, Christians, Buddhists, Jews and Mahometans may all communicate with the spirit world, and unless they are themselves sufficiently developed in spirituality to see truth in all systems, and admit the existence of errors in their own, they will attract around them spirit dogmatists of their own particular schools of thought who will endeavor, with more or less success, to exclude the broader and more advanced thinkers, and intensify the antagonisms which they find already existing. Spirit communion is grand, noble, beautiful and exalting; but like meat and drink, which in themselves are beneficial and necessary for the support of the body, but become injurious if unwholesome in quality, or received into disordered stomachs, its results are dependent upon the spiritual development of the communicating intelligence, that of the mortal receiving the communication, and also largely upon the environment surrounding the latter.

Thus in its early stages the knowledge of spirit-communion may increase the number of opposing methods of thought and practice, and render their opposition more acrimonious; but in time as the spiritual ear becomes trained and its powers developed, it will detect the harmonious notes in all this discord, and a grand melody of universal peace will be the result.

So with jealousy among mediums. If it exists to any great extent, it is among the members of other professions, it is because each medium engaged in the struggle for bread has guides whose love for their instrument is too great to permit that instrument to suffer where they can aid, and it is owing to our own imperfect social system that the engagement or the sinner gains entails pecuniary loss upon another. It is only the highly developed sensitivities who can even partially realize the affection that the spirit feels for the medium of his choice. If, however, as I hope and believe the professional feeling of mediums for each other is no greater than to be found between lawyers, physicians, lawyers or men of business, we may find the reason in the comforting assurance that dealing more with things of the spirit, many of them are on the upward path, and listening daily to the voices, or yielding to the impressions of those who have cast off the flesh, they feel themselves drawn to that approaching condition when they too shall be released from earthly bonds, and at least be one step nearer the time when jealousy shall be no more, for all efforts will be directed toward the increase of universal happiness, and the only divisions will be those which will place each spirit in the work to which he is best adapted, and which therefore he best loves."

Connecticut.

WINDSOR.—C. M. C. writes: "Mr. Cordingly was persuaded to appear before the Spiritualists of Hartford. He was welcomed by a very large and appreciative audience, who were highly pleased and much gratified by the evidences of the power of the spirit that were given them."

The lecture and poems were given by the medium from subjects taken from the audience, and were well and quickly answered.

The tests and spirit-rappings were equally pleasing. Mr. Cordingly was assisted by Mrs. Eva Hill, a musical medium of rare ability, singing in

five different voices, and nine different languages."

New Hampshire.

SOMERSWORTH.—W. S. Pierce, President, writes: "The First Spiritualist Society here held its initial public service in its hall after its long summer vacation, Sunday, Oct. 7th, afternoon and evening. Bro. F. Alexis Heath of Boston was our speaker and test medium. While he did not try to talk to us very much, his excellent reason, his liberal and open mind, some very remarkable clairvoyant tests, and his full names and wonderful accuracy—astonishing his audience at almost every test given. We believe that Bro. Heath has excellent powers as a test medium, and would recommend him to those who are in need of this line of work."

The New York Psychical Society.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Society resumed its public meetings for the seventh year, at Spencer Hall, 114 West street, Wednesday evening, Oct. 3d. In addition to the exercises already mentioned in last week's BANNER, Ex-Rév. Henry Frank, the well-known author and lecturer, was present, his meeting most acceptably. He disclaimed the merit attributed to him in the eloquent opening address of the President, and was compelled to say frankly that he and his hearers were in agreement in some things, but not in sympathy, ambitions, and aims, as fellow students of ultimate truth. He would speak his honest and sincere sentiments. For indulging this disposition he had gotten into trouble with the church, as soon as he discovered there were bounds even to the conscience of a Christian, and that the Christian church, though boasting of being the pupil of the Lord God, and of course the shekinah of eternal truth, did not permit an honest investigation of that truth which it purported to give to the world.

Long since, therefore, he had turned his back upon the church and the pulpit, not in disgust, anger or hatred, but in pity and regret. Having once deeply loved a cause he could not disclaim or ignore. He loved the church, the gospel, and the doctrine of Jesus Christ as taught him in the catechism and in pulpit discourses; but having passed beyond it all through independent reasoning, he had found the position of the church was absolutely false in its claims to be right, authority or truth; for the church was no more than a human organization.

He had discovered, also, as a student that the Bible, claimed by the church to be its divine authority, was nothing more than a book manufactured by the unity and inventions of the human mind, and that just as Shakespeare's masterful volume, and the Bhagavadgita, the Zend-Avesta, the Bhagavad-Gita, and all the great books of past times, were the utterance and their poetry, have come to us through the inspirations of the human soul, so has come to us the Bible of the churches.

The Bible, however, might be said to be superior to other volumes of so-called inspiration in that it has reached in certain portions a very exalted altitude of moral preaching, a lofty height of spiritual precept, a sublime altruism, that seemed to have settled upon the writers as they indited the most precious of their souls. So that, when he read the Psalms, or the Sermon on the Mount, or passages in John, his feelings welled up with a spiritual glow such as only divine poetry mingled with human sympathy can inspire.

He would not say to the churches down and out! Scholarship and scientific progress would not allow it. Nature demolishes that for which it has no use, and every instrumentality in the natural and human world, so soon as it ceases to be useful, declines, under the law of the survival of the fittest. The fittest does not always mean the best, but that which is best adapted to the conditions according to that materialistic Darwinian law, that is fittest which is best adapted to the environment, and the churches will continue to exist so long as they are adapted to human and progressive needs, and only when humanity shall rise to the higher strata of intelligence and the physical progress of an enlightened individuality and scientific apprehension, will it be ready to do away with the churches. Demolish them to-day, and you would destroy in a twinkling the only support and degradation. He was simply a man, an American, and yet he must say that the world in his judgment was not yet ready for the abolition of many of its useful institutions; at the same time he had no interest whatever in any secret organization of the physical kind in this nation to establish any religious bigotry. Down with all such bigotry, with all such mutual criminality and religious internecine warfare, and let each American citizen stand upon his own platform of universal toleration!

No one who lives within the church, and thinks, can continue to be a sincere believer in its doctrines. There was no necessity for entering into proof; too many heretical examples are already furnished by the most eminent pulpits. The speaker here happily related some of his experiences as a Methodist minister, when he used to meet in confidence with other preachers for comparison of views and declaring their subjection to bishop or elder, and his own objection to their insincerity in disbelieving the doctrines they taught, none of them pretending to understand, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity, but still contending for it as correct divine mathematics, and thus contributing to human figuring, made one of one, two, three.

But the world moves, and intelligent people are disgusted with antique theology. He had been very candid with the church, and so much so that he experienced the weight and momentum of its opposition, and now he must be as candid as ever with his present audience. He understood this to be a Society for Psychical Research; that it invited investigators and investigation, and accepted of the most reliable facts to believe is the truth through actual scientific demonstration. From this point of view the orator proceeded to present both sides of his own experience in the investigation of spiritual phenomena, in which he had found both truth and falsity. Long before the advent of the pulpit he had begun to examine the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy, and there is to-day no agency in the world that has such a tendency to liberalize and liberate the human mind.

Mr. Frank next addressed himself to a consideration of mesmerism and hypnotism, with a distinction. Hypnotism was mesmerism scientificized. The magnetic force of the operator are thrown over the subject without any effort to change the physical condition or molecular constituency of the sensitive. Mesmerism was psychic mechanics applied to the human organism; hypnotism was intellectual psychology applied to the physical organism.

The speaker recommended the establishment of a Board of Experts for the examination and endorsement of the claims of public psychics, and in cheerfully contrast with some of his less satisfactory investigations related a number of very remarkable facts, as given through the mediumship of a slate-writer, through whom he obtained many messages from departed friends, independently written under test conditions, and more recently, and more remarkably, his wife, child, servant and himself, had been made the object of the attention of some insistent and invisible intelligence that produced powerful and demonstrative were the manifestations, they were obliged to remove from the house, but the determined forces had continued their attentions in their new abode for many days and nights, greatly to their mystification. What was it? J. F. SNIPES.

October Magazines.

THE HUMANITARIAN.—"Village Sanitation in India," by Florence Nightingale, opens the latest issue, following her portrait. "The Christ of the Past and of the Future" is by Rev. Alfred Momerie. "The Position of Italian Women," is by Evelyn M. Lang. "A New Religion" is by Rev. J. Rice Byrne. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's interview on "The Painless Extinction of Life in the Lower Animals" is to the point, and is able. The other articles are: "Higher Powers in Man," Hewes T. Edge; "The Stride of a Sex," George Noyes Miller; "An East End Haven of Hope," Rev. T. C. Collings. The Canon Press, 20 Vesey street, New York.

INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF ETHICS.—The opening article, "Luxury," is one of the best papers of this magazine, and is from the pen of Prof. Henry Sedgwick. "The Limits of Individual and National Self-Sacrifice" is by F. H. Bradley. "Women in the Community and in the Family," by Mary S. Gilliland of London, will attract as much interest, undoubtedly, as it did when it was given as a lecture before the East London Ethical Society. It is one of the most readable and convincing articles ever written on the subject. "Rational Hedonism," by E. E. Constance Jones, is in keeping with other class literature for which the writer is noted. "Ethics and Biology" is by Edmund Montgomery. There are several other instructive papers well worth perusal. The International Journal of Ethics, 115 South 12th street, Philadelphia.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—William Cullen Bryant's portrait serves as a frontispiece for the current number. "Middlebury College," by Clarence E. Blake, is finely described and illustrated. "Bryant, the Poet of Nature," is by Forrest F. Emerson. "At the Battle of Bull Run with the Second New Hampshire Regiment," is by Francis S. Blake. "A Summer Campaign in Virginia" is a story by G. G. Bain. "Gleanings in Carlyle's Country" is by Henry Charles Shelley. "Samuel Longfellow," brother of the poet, is described by Oscar Fay Adams. Dorothy Fresscott continues her story, "A Castle of Ice." Renoboth and "Theodore" is a tale by E. E. Constance Jones. George Randall. Frances C. Sparhawk has a short story, "Jalia." The editorial department is well maintained. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston.

