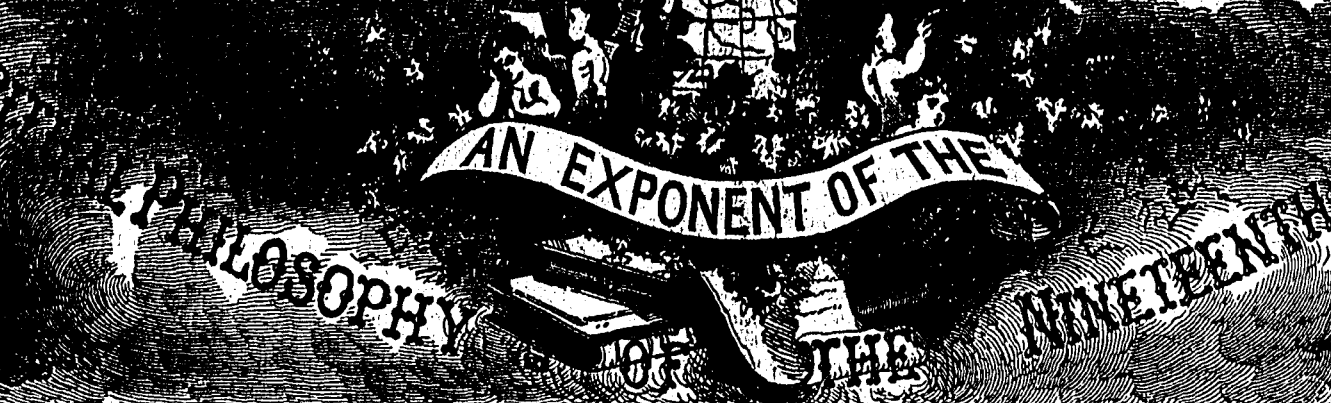


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

Written for the Banner of Light.
VOICES.

BY MARY WOODWARD WEATHERS.

So full is the world of soul and speech,
So full is the world of song.
There is never a day in her open courts,
In her brambly aisles, where the river sports,
But somehow I plainly hear her teach
Love's ethics in measures long.

There's a voice in the storm, and a voice in the calm,
And it speaks till the soul is dumb;
It were all in vain to refuse to hear,
For the sound of its waves beats strong and clear,
And the still, small voice is a holy psalm
When souls at peace become.

There's a song in the spring, till the autumn's gray,
A song that is sweet and wild;
'Tis the song of the bird to the soul of the flower,
At dawn, or at noon, or the evening hour;
Of the shadowy sprite on the river at play,
Like the babbling song of a child.

The world of speech, and the world of song,
From heaven to earth it reaches;
Like mist it enwraps, or a summer shower;
Sea answers the land through this mystic power;
And the heart of a man it leathens long,
And many's the lesson it teaches.
Worcester, 1894.

In Memoriam.

**Tributes in Loving Appreciation of
Luther Colby's Life and Work,
from W. J. Colville, Hon. Luther
R. Marsh, Wm. Foster, Jr., Wal-
ter Howell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W.
Kates, and J. W. Fletcher.**

On Thursday evening, Oct. 11th, at the regular meeting of the Religio-Philosophical Society assembled in Raines's Hall, Baltimore, W. J. Colville, previous to his lecture, called special attention to the transition of the veteran editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and spoke in earnest and affectionate tones of the noble, self-denying life-work of this worthy man and devoted Spiritualist, whose earthly remains were consigned to earth the day previous.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 14th, in the same place, the following commemorative eulogy was delivered, after appropriate hymns, reading and invocation:

W. J. COLVILLE'S ADDRESS.

Dear Friends: It is with sincere regret that the world of letters recounts the transition to the state unseen by mortal eyes of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," author of many of the sweetest poems ever printed, and of many prose works also which will live to grace the libraries and homes of multitudes long after their writer's dust has returned to the earth, whence all material structures must proceed.

Though it would be almost impossible to overrate the services rendered to humanity by this brilliant, kindly scholar and truly warm-hearted gentleman, whose eighty-five years of sojourn on earth were a perpetual benediction, it has become our special duty this evening to chronicle the passing from the scene of mortal labors of a no less conspicuous figure in the literary world, LUTHER COLBY, senior editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the oldest and ablest paper in the world devoted to the advocacy of the Spiritual Philosophy, as it is now being enunciated from the skies.

For thirty-seven years has the BANNER OF LIGHT been floating in the breeze, and for all that time the name of LUTHER COLBY has been prominently displayed on this fearless and progressive sheet. We well know that whenever one worker is called to his well-earned recompense in the Great Beyond, others are brought forward to fill the vacant place; but though our faith be ever so firm in the superintending guidance of infinite beneficence, we cannot feel (on the earthly side) other than sorry to miss the cheery voice and imposing presence of one whom we have learned to love by reason of the tie of sincere friendship which has for many years bound us very closely together. When your present speaker, at the early age of eighteen, commenced public work in Boston, he found LUTHER COLBY from the first a stalwart, influential friend; and through the nearly sixteen years which have intervened from November, 1877, till October, 1894, the friendship thus early formed has strengthened and perpetually increased.

But it is not of personal kindnesses extended to your lecturer that we desire to speak, for in a life so full of kindness as was that of our so recently ascended friend, courtesies and goodwill extended to any single individual constitute but a drop in an ocean of benevolence.

It was our great privilege to know Mr. COLBY, not merely to enjoy a surface acquaintance with him, and therefore are we in a position to speak understandingly of the depth of his nature, the extreme generosity of his character and the uncompromising fidelity with which he discharged every duty imposed upon him.

At sixty-four years of age (in 1878) he was a hale, handsome, venerable-looking man, seemingly in the very prime and vigor of a ripened manhood, and in every way calculated to be at the head of one of the most influential papers in the world. The story of this brave man's boyhood has been eloquently told by his fellow-editors in Boston, all of whom could not do other than highly respect him, even though it is possible that some of them differed from him in his high estimate of the value of Spiritualism.

As LUTHER COLBY was a typical journalist as well as a truly representative Spiritualist, a few glimpses at his personal history cannot be

out of place, for nothing is more edifying at any time than a faithful, dispassionate review of the steps up which great men have trod on the way to the lofty eminences they finally attained.

Like Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and many another illustrious American, LUTHER COLBY was not born to the royal purple, nor were his early days spent in luxury and ease. He was largely what is usually termed a self-made man—that is, he employed diligently the talents he possessed, and trusted not in fate or fortune to lift him into prominence while he drifted away the golden hours of youth in listless indolence. Heredity, ante-natal culture and early surroundings, all exerted a decided influence on our ascended hero's mind and frame. His father was a stalwart sea-captain of unimpeachable integrity; his mother was a vigorous, noble woman, of powerful mind and healthy frame, for whom the gates of transition did not open till she had attained the ripe maturity of eighty-seven years.

A boyhood spent at first in a venerable historic New England town, Amesbury, Mass., (where he was born Oct. 12th, 1814), and later in Exeter, N. H., where he commenced business as a printer when a lad of fifteen, though giving him many sturdy advantages contributing to vigor of constitution and independence of mental action, did not offer him the classical advantages of university life. The distinctly practical and persevering trend of his entire subsequent career was clearly outlined in his twenty years' connection with the *Boston Post*, on which paper he worked from the time of attaining his majority till almost the day when he started the BANNER OF LIGHT.

In these days, when so many people are looking into Spiritualism and all that pertains thereto, it requires no more than a little capital to start a weekly or monthly periodical devoted to the advocacy and elucidation of Spiritual Philosophy and Phenomena; but thirty-seven years ago (in 1857) it needed bravery of spirit far beyond the average to face the violent and reasonless opposition which was then almost everywhere extended to advocates of Modern Spiritualism in the early years of its eventful history. From the very hour when the BANNER OF LIGHT commenced to wave in obedience to spiritual direction, till the hour of his passing to join the innumerable company of friends and fellow-workers who have already greeted him on the "other side," Mr. COLBY's heart, intellect and worldly means were all devoted to the best interests of the Cause he loved better than life. Fair-weather advocates of any cause are numerous as mushrooms after a shower, but those who will adhere, if possible, even closer to the principles they represent when the storm of adversity presses, are rare indeed.

The BANNER OF LIGHT, with LUTHER COLBY at its head, has been like the proverbial Jew in history—fire could not burn it, water could not drown it, though flame and flood raised their fury against it, for it had and still has a heaven-born mission to fulfill; therefore it has triumphed and will continue to triumph over the very elements of nature, and over the misguided passions of mankind. So large and liberal, so widely and grandly comprehensive was our veteran's editorial policy, that the columns of his admirable newspaper were never defiled with insulting personalities, coarse illustrations or ribald jests, and so impartial was his judgment that even those who slandered him and utterly failed to appreciate his worth were given a fair and full representation whenever he felt they were in any way contributing to the spread of the Cause to which all his energies were ceaselessly devoted.

A clean, able family paper, conducted in the interests of a once highly unpopular Cause through thirty-seven years of fluctuating fortune, deserves the recognition and respect not only of Spiritualists, but of liberal thinkers everywhere; and here let us aver that multitudes of progressive thinkers the world over, though they may not have identified themselves in all cases with Spiritualism proper, have had their otherwise thorny pathway greatly smoothed through the faithful, tireless advocacy of the broadest freedom of thought and expression for which the BANNER OF LIGHT has ever stood, and just as widely stands to-day as in the hour when the first issue was published.

True it is that Mr. COLBY has had faithful and talented co-workers; but he has even been the central magnet and efficient nucleus around which the honorable galaxy of assistants have been proud to gather. Were we to express a tenth part of what we could most sincerely and conscientiously utter at this point, we should no doubt be deemed guilty of reckless extravagance in speech, even by our most appreciative friends; but though we forbear, lest too strong eulogy should appear unwise, we urge upon the Spiritualists of the United States the erection of an abiding monument to LUTHER COLBY; not a statue in a public square in Boston, though that would be by no means inappropriate, and certainly not a useless expenditure upon a memorial urn or column in the cemetery where his ashes rest; but the liberal endowment of the paper to which he gave his best years, his time, his thought, his love, his talents, that it may be in future not only what it has been in the past, but even vastly more efficient, and truly representative.

If you have never lived in Boston you can form no adequate idea of the influential position occupied by the BANNER OF LIGHT; and what does this mean but public respect openly paid to Spiritualism and Spiritualists? On almost every news stand, whether at railway stations, or along the streets, you see publicly on sale, in

close proximity to all the dailies, weeklies and monthlies which command the widest circulation, a paper bearing the inscription "An Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century."

Now, are you, as a society publicly advocating Spiritualism, prepared to take the proper steps to compel due public recognition of the Cause you profess to love and honor, in the city where you reside? Baltimore is as large a city and has as great a population as Boston. New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and Philadelphia are larger and have more inhabitants than Boston; and yet there is no other city in the United States, or in the world, as far as we know, where there is anything like the public recognition shown Spiritualism which Boston has accorded for many, many years; and why is Boston, in this respect, so far ahead of other cities? Surely there is but one truthful and adequate reply. Other cities have been the homes of influential societies, the citizens have listened to able speakers and witnessed as convincing phenomena as have ever blessed the "Hub"; but LUTHER COLBY lived in Boston, and the BANNER OF LIGHT was published there. Though we took part with sincere pleasure in the proceedings of the National Association of Spiritualists in Washington, only last week, and though we duly appreciate the good that can be accomplished by such an organization, if well conducted, we do not agree to the elevation of other papers to the highest pinnacle of esteem, while the eldest, and by far the ablest and most influential exponent of Spiritualism, is scarcely mentioned. The National Spiritualist Association did express kindly appreciation of the life work of LUTHER COLBY, officially; but the Spiritualists of the United States, in any convention, are lamentably remiss in duty and lacking in gratitude to their best friend and most powerful public advocate, when they overlook almost entirely a newspaper which for thirty-seven years has championed the cause of Spiritualism bravely despite all difficulties, and made possible the very position which is now cordially accorded to Spiritualism by the public secular press.

The Washington papers, and their talented reporters, deserve every word of praise embodied in resolutions tendered in their honor, which we heartily supported, and the spiritualistic organs in various districts of the country are filling a real want, and doing a good work, for which they deserve all the applause they are ever likely to receive. But honor to the pioneer who has paved the way for those who have appeared later, much later, on the scene of action. The history of Spiritualism in America could not be written with the name of LUTHER COLBY left out.

Now what has been this wise man's policy from first to last? Turn to old files of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and read the eloquent, magnificent sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, published simultaneously with the masterly replies to every sort of question, and the convincing messages from spirit-life given through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant; then follow up year by year the lectures, essays, stories, records of the progress of Spiritualism in all parts of the world, accounts of marvelous phenomena, reviews of books and magazines, reports of meetings everywhere, and you will indeed be dull of comprehension if you do not testify to what is self-evident, namely, that the BANNER OF LIGHT has been the tireless chronicler of the history of Spiritualism, and all connected therewith.

No one who speaks in honest praises of a great and noble worker wishes to indulge in blind unreasoning eulogy. The best and grandest men and women of our acquaintance have all had their weaknesses and limitations; thus it would be easy enough to select here and there peculiarities which might not appear amiable, and equally easy to point to occasional errors in judgment, which may have slightly dimmed the glory of even the most illustrious career.

But though we freely grant that infallibility is not an attribute of any of our heroes, we maintain that in all truly worthy lives the good accomplished so far outweighs the petty mistakes that common fairness, to say nothing of loyal friendship and just appreciation of valuable services, actually demands that we think not and speak not of the little in a long career which might be criticized, but call to grateful and affectionate recollection that which abides forever. How sharp is Shakespeare's satire on human ingratitude when he makes one of his characters say, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." The bard of Avon never intended to state a doctrine or to utter a truth; he did but satirize ingratitude when he reminded people everywhere that too often they forget their custom to remember what may be well forgotten, and to bury out of sight what should be held in everlasting remembrance. Should the arrowy tongue or carping pen of the severest critic undertake to enumerate and perpetuate the memory of the few slight weaknesses which our ardent brother, LUTHER COLBY, occasionally displayed under severe provocation, his words could be but few and his censure mild if truth were told; but should the faithful biographer essay the task of recounting the deeds of beneficence for which our good and generous friend was so justly celebrated, he might fill volumes, and then leave very much unrecorded.

Mr. COLBY never married, and he never accumulated property to any extent. His nature was genial and his disposition social, but his whole thought and energy were devoted to his work.

When the business in which he was engaged permitted him to draw a moderate salary for

(Continued on third page.)

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 X.

MY TEACHERS.

HERE were no playgrounds around the house; for in those days it was not thought necessary for girls to exercise in the open air or to become physically strong; to run, climb a fence, shoot at a mark, harness a horse and drive him, or even to walk five miles, were all considered very unladylike feats; and the more delicately we were reared, the better fitted were we considered to be for the performance of all feminine duties.

The sterner sex, with the exception of a few who were in advance of the age, encouraged this mode of education, and no doubt found women more submissive to their unjust laws, and more contented to be mere ornaments and playthings than now, when woman is learning that she has the same muscles that aid the sculptor when he fashions the marble bust, and as brilliant a fancy to conceive the ideal—that she too has mental power to understand the wonderful mechanism of the human body, and can administer a healing draught or apply the lancet and dissecting knife as skillfully as those who have hitherto excluded her from that profession; and the time may come when the Augean stables of the law, reeking now with the corruptions of the dead past, and full of all manner of unclean things, shall be purified, not by the strength of some Hercules, but by the subtle chemistry of woman's tact and skill. Then the single woman who inherits her father's fortune, because no sons were born to that house, need not be told that she must have some masculine guardian to defend her rights because, from choice or necessity, she remains unmarried; and no lonely widow will have her sorrow aggravated by the taunting remarks from those learned in the subtleties of their own unjust laws, that she has neither the power nor the skill to protect her own rights and those of her fatherless children.

But this freedom for women must be brought about not by assertion of rights or loud denunciation of oppressive laws, but by a patient, thorough training of woman for that place in society and for those duties which rightfully belong to her. We must prove ourselves worthy of freedom by a patient, energetic struggle with the obstacles by which we are surrounded.

But poor little I had no such thoughts in those days. Alas! they are the *after thoughts*, now that the desert is passed. No one can discourse so eloquently of the horrors of slavery as he who, with a soul worthy of freedom, has felt the master's foot upon his neck and the lash upon his quivering flesh; and no woman can fully understand and appreciate that equality which is woman's right, till her heart has lain crushed and bleeding at the feet of some tyrant, whose claim to power is only that he is of the masculine gender.

As I said, there were no playgrounds about the house, only a vegetable garden, running up the kitchen, on the back side of the house—not even a dooryard or shade trees in front; but a little gate at one side opened from the street into a row of cabbages, and thither I entered, as the only escape from the public thoroughfare. These cabbages were about the only vegetables that remained green; everything else was browned or withered by the cold winds and hard frosts. I ran hastily along over the withered herbage, seeking for some hiding-place, when I stumbled over a basket of potatoes, and sent them rolling in all directions over the rough ground.

"That comes of disobeying rules," said a voice near me in no very pleasant tone; and looking up I saw a queer-looking little old man, bending over his hoe and looking rather spitefully at me. "My back aches hard enough now, without having the extra job of picking them potatoes up; but never mind—you'll get your pay for coming in here!"

I was alarmed, and asked him if the girls were not allowed to come into the garden. "You must be a new one not to know that. Why, if we let them harum-scarum critters come in here I should never have a seed come up—they'd be worse than forty hens; and if some things did happen to grow, after all their tramping, there wouldn't be a tomato nor a cucumber to put on the table; and I'm not sartin as there'd be a turnip, either—such master hands as gals are for eating raw trash; they're worse than a drove of sheep. But you can run away now, afore I pick the potatoes up, or you'll have them over again."

"No, I'm going to pick them up myself," I said, and I went to work filling the basket. "You move 'mazin' spy," said he, "and on the whole, seeing you knocked them over, you might as well pick 'em up; it's easier than

for me, for the rheumatiz has took my back dreadfully this raw day."

"I should think it would hurt you to dig potatoes, then."

"Well, maybe it does."

"Then I would n't dig them."

"That's as much as you know about things."

I filled the basket, and the old man stood leaning on his hoe.

"Now," said I, "I can hoe potatoes almost as quick as I can pick them up; and if you will let me have your hoe I'll work awhile, and you can sit down on the old log and rest yourself a bit."

The old man laughed—not a pleasant laugh to hear, but a sort of mocking, bitter laugh, as if he did not believe me.

"Now, you see," said I, "it was only last week I helped our Joe, when my mother was gone to the Dorcas Society, and he and I dug two bushels of great, nice, Jackson potatoes—a great deal better than these."

The old man let me take his hoe, but my last remark hurt his feelings, evidently, for he said, after seating himself slowly and carefully, as rheumatic persons are apt to do:

"If these aren't nice it's not my fault, but the soil: it's dreadful light, dry soil. But the name of your potatoes is enough to spile 'em. I'm an Adams man, and I could n't stomach a potato with the name of Jackson."

"That's what Charlie Herbert is. He says if he was only twenty-one he'd vote for Adams; and he reads enough to know the right side."

I worked fast to show my skill, and the old man laughed to see the second basket filling up. I forgot that I had on my new merino frock, that was to serve for my Sunday dress all winter, and also my new chinchilla hat, with broad blue ribbon strings, bought only the day before. I forgot everything save the wish to fill my basket; and as the hills yielded well I thought I could do it very soon, for the basket only held a half bushel. I had got it even full, and was just about to heap it, when an Irish servant girl came running toward me.

"And are you the miss they've been seeking?" They thought as you had started for home."

I threw down my hoe and stood irresolute what to do, while the girl burst into a merry laugh.

"Arrah, miss, ye can't be afther seeing the mistress with that dirty face and hands!"

I looked at my hands—they bore witness to my work; and when I remembered that my face was wet with tears when I came into the garden, I could imagine how it must look with the dust of the potato hills well plastered on by the moisture on the cheeks.

"Will you let me go into the kitchen and wash myself?"

"That is contrary to the rules, miss," and both she and the old man laughed at my ignorance and perplexity, at which I began to weep. This touched the heart of the Irish girl.

"Now be quiet, darlint, and it's meself will bring ye some water if ye'll wait a bit," and she ran into the house; but she had scarcely disappeared when the garden gate opened, and I saw approaching me a tall, dark woman, with a very solemn face and manner. She wore a mourning calico dress, with large, spreading figures upon it, made very high in the neck, with a broad linen collar, ornamented with a black bow that almost touched her chin. Her hair was black and straight, and rolled on lead in two puffs on each side of her face. I had ample time to examine her, as she made her way carefully through the cabbages and over the rough potato ground.

"Is this Miss Bertha Lee?" looking at my soiled frock and mud-covered face in surprise.

I was ashamed to acknowledge my name when I saw the expression of her face, and did not answer her directly, but looked eagerly for the Irish girl with the water.

She asked again: "Are you the little girl that came from Old-bury this morning?"

"Yes, ma'am," still looking for my water.

"Your mother is waiting for you. She was much surprised not to find you in the parlor, where she told you to remain."

"I'll come as soon as I have washed my face and hands. The girl will bring me some water."

"This is no place to make your toilet, and Bridget has other business than waiting on the scholars. You may come with me."

I was unwilling to go, and remained standing in my place, hoping for Bridget's appearance. Just then the kitchen door opened, and I saw the girl with a bowl and towel; but when she perceived who was with me she threw her water away and went back into the house.

There was no alternative now but for me to follow the stranger, which I did very reluctantly.

The old man had, meantime, watched us in silence; but as he saw my unwillingness to go he said:

"You have done nothing so very bad, miss, and I'm very much obliged to you. There ain't many of the gals as would hoe a row for an old man like me."

"You are welcome, sir; and I will help you a little every day if they will let me."

"Hoeing, Miss Lee! Have you been hoeing potatoes?" said the lady.

"Yes; only see there! I hoed all these," pointing to the basket.

"Have you been in the habit of hoeing potatoes at home?"

"Oh! no; my father and mother do not know that I ever hoed any; but Joe works in the garden a great deal, and I help him when I can. When my mother goes away I stay with Joe. She goes to Sewing Society one day, to Missionary Society one day, to Mothers' Meeting one day and to pray for the Jews another—that makes four afternoons in a week; and so I get a good deal of time to be with Joe. He can sew as well as I can, and we change work."

"Joe? Pray who is Joe? A hired man, I suppose?"

"Who is Joe?" That was a puzzling question, and if she had not added the last clause I might have been a long while in answering it; but I was so indignant at her supposing him a hired man that I answered quickly:

"No, indeed; Joe is not hired at all; he works when he pleases and does just as he wishes. He isn't my brother, really, but I love him as much as if he was."

"Well, I think you will have something else to do here than hoe potatoes. Mr. Mudgett can take care of the garden, and we will find more suitable employment for a young lady."

We had walked on while we were talking, and before I was aware we were at the parlor door, and my companion was leading me into the room; but I drew back and was unwilling to enter. She laid her hand upon me and was using a little force, when I resisted and said:

"I must wash myself first."

My mother saw us, and coming hastily toward me took me by the arm and drew me in. Miss Garland was sitting very erect in her chair; the "licentiate" was lounging on the sofa, and the black-eyed woman, my guide, came in and took a chair near him.

"There!" exclaimed my mother, as she drew me before the teacher, "you have ocular proof of truth of my words."

The face of Miss Garland had seemed so winning to me at first sight, that I ventured a glance now, but to my great disappointment a change had come over it; she looked sterner and less cordial, and I felt at once that her first impressions of me were changed. Disappointment, mortification and a sense of injury came over me, and I burst into tears.

"Your daughter had better go to her room now," said Miss Garland; "Miss Crooks, here, will be her room-mate, and you need have no fear but she will be in good hands, and under a moral influence which we hope will be beneficial."

"Miss Crooks, will you go with Bertha?"

As I turned to follow this lady the licentiate rose and said: "Bertha, I wish you to read this tract," at the same time handing me one, the title of which was "The Sinner Subdued."

I shook my head and refused it, at which Miss Crooks gave a look of astonishment and pity.

"Bertha!" said my mother sternly; but my magnetic repulsion for the licentiate, if I might so call it, was too strong, just then, to be overcome, and I did not raise my hand to take the tract, though he still held it.

"Will you take it, Miss Crooks," said he, "and read it to her?"

With a very gracious look and smile, that ought to have made good to him my deficiency, she took the paper and promised that I should hear it. I followed her up two flights of stairs to a narrow, oblong room, ten by fifteen feet in size, with but one small window. The furniture of the room consisted of two chairs, a toilet table, under an eight-by-nine mirror, a small writing-table, a washstand and a bedstead, with a bed in which the feathers were not numberless. The bedquilt was of dark calico print, and the walls of the room were yellow washed. I went to the window; it looked out upon a narrow lane, bordered on each side with poison hemlock and alder bushes.

"This is our room," said Miss Crooks; "you may have your trunk in this corner, and you may put your books on this side of the table; and remember that I sleep on the front side of the bed." To all of which I made no reply; but seeing that she laid the tract upon the table on what she called my side, I took it up and tore it hastily into fifty pieces.

Her black eyes shot angry darts at me as she exclaimed: "You wicked girl, how dare you do so?"

"Because I hate him, and I'll not listen to him any more nor read any of his books."

"That shows that you are just the naughty girl your mother describes you to be."

"Has my mother been telling you that I am a naughty girl?" I asked.

She hesitated; she had gone a little too far.

"Why, of course she would tell Miss Garland all about you."

My heart sunk within me. And so, I thought to myself, I am left here among strangers, with the impression of my character which my mother leaves. My heart was certainly growing hard and bitter toward others. I was glad to be left alone, to undress and bathe myself as well as I could in the small quantity of water which the ever was capable of holding.

My basket of oranges was with my trunk, and I ate one, thinking, as I did so, of what my friend had said: "Bertha, remember that God is good to all his creatures."

I lay down on my side of the bed and fell asleep. I had, perhaps, slept an hour, when I was awakened by my mother: "Bertha, wake! It is the tea hour."

"I don't wish for any."

"You must get up and dress and go down with me. I shall leave immediately after tea, and wish to see you in your seat before I go."

It was not pleasant to go down stairs into a dining-room where forty girls were assembled, all with eyes and ears open to criticize a newcomer. My mother was so differently constituted that she could not understand this shrinking from observation, and made sport of my sensitiveness. She was a large, tall woman, quite imposing in her appearance, and I walked in under cover of her presence, as she called along in her heavy brocade silk and high turban—much like a sailboat in the wake of a man-of-war.

Miss Garland preceded us, and on taking her

own seat at the head of the table turned and said:

"Mrs. Lee, young ladies, and her daughter—Miss Bertha Lee. Miss Bertha, you may take your seat beside Miss Lane; we always sit in alphabetical order."

Miss Lane—a young lady in dark blue thibet and light brown curls—stepped out and kindly gave me a seat beside herself. When we were seated there was silence a moment, when my room-mate, Miss Crooks, with an assumption of great dignity, ushered in the "licentiate," who took the vacant seat at Miss Garland's right hand. The girls touched each other's elbows, as girls are apt to do when a young gentleman makes his appearance among them, and a little plump, merry-eyed girl near me whispered to her companion:

"Miss Crooks ordered preserves for tea because Mr. Calvin was coming; wish he'd come oftener."

After a blessing was asked by Mr. Calvin—a practice far preferable, it seemed to me, to listening to a chapter read by one person.

The supper was good of its kind, consisting of bread and butter, crackers, and a plain tea-cake, out into extremely thin slices. The preserves were a compliment to Mr. Calvin, and, of course, the scholars were not expected to eat freely; and the little girl who expressed so much pleasure at their appearance, pouted her pretty lips when she saw that there was space to rent in her tiny sauce-plate.

"Oh! dear," she whispered, "I do love raspberry jam dearly, and I shan't get any more of mummy's for one year; she gives me a heap."

She was a Southerner, and thought our Yankee tables lacked the abundance of her own home.

"You may have mine, Addie," said a young lady near me, whom I heard addressed as Miss Lincoln, and whose sweet, grave face I liked very much.

"May I?" said Addie eagerly, "do not you really want it?"

"No, I never eat preserves."

Addie took them, and looking roughly at her friend, said:

"You are so good, Miss Lincoln, you do not need food like other people. I suppose the ravens feed you, as they did Elijah; or you find wild honey in this Rockford desert, as St. John did in the desert of Judea."

The young lady addressed turned to Addie and said in a low voice, not intended to be heard by others, but every syllable of which came to my quickened ear:

"I have meant to eat which you know not of, Addie; I wish I could persuade you to partake."

"There, now, don't!" said Addie; "let us not be solemn now; other good folks are not like you at all. Just look—look quick! see what a heap of jam Miss Crooks has given to Mr. Calvin, and he is eating it as if it was nothing but apple-sauce. He's mighty fond of sweet things, and Miss Crooks thinks, of course, he'll swallow her; but do not you think that huge black bow will stick in his throat, to say nothing of those dear little puffs of false hair?"

Miss Lincoln did not smile, and tried to look displeased, but there was nothing forbidding in her look; that oval face with its fair brow, on which the smooth brown hair, plainly parted, lay in glossy waves, looked so nun-like in its purity and repose that I looked at her, as I have upon some pictures of the Madonna, and wondered if anger or envy ever disturbed her peace.

When our simple meal was closed Miss Garland turned to Mr. Calvin and asked him if he would like to say a word. He was just finishing the second plate of raspberry jam, at which Addie was quite indignant, saying that Miss Crooks had not eaten a particle herself, for fear there would not be enough for Mr. Calvin.

"Poor thing!" said Addie, "she likes it well enough, I know; but she'd live on sawdust bread and cold potatoes if she could secure Mr. Calvin."

Miss Lincoln looked at Addie very gravely, at which the latter said:

"There, now, if it troubles you I'll not say another word; only just let me nudge Abbie Clark, here," a little, thin, sallow girl, who was still eating, though all the rest had finished.

"Stop, now," said Addie; "you are eating more than your sixteen ounces; you'll have to give an account of it to-morrow."

"Oh, dear! I forgot," said the girl, laying her bread down; "but I'm hungry all the time."

"That's no reason you should eat more than the rules of health admit—sixteen ounces of solid food per day and eight of liquid—that allows you for supper only one slice of bread and one cup of tea, with an infinitesimal dose of cake."

"How droll she is," I said to myself, little dreaming that there was no fun in her words.

"Hush," said Miss Lincoln; "Mr. Calvin is speaking."

Addie pursed up her mouth, which was small enough before, and, folding her hands upon her breast, looked as sedate as it was in her power; but I thought the suppressed mirth would burst her little plump red cheeks.

"Young ladies," said Mr. Calvin, "I am very happy to meet you all again, and as my stay is short, I wish that all who desire to be directed into the straight path and narrow way would meet me this evening in Miss Garland's parlor—all who would flee from the wrath to come."

There was a hush all through the room as the last sentence was spoken, and a shadow seemed to fall upon us as we rose from the table. No words were spoken, and we passed out silently and with little noise.

The coach was waiting at the door for my mother, and she bade me a hasty farewell. I went up to my room and sat down by the window. I have said it was a cold, gray November day; there was no fire in the room, and neither stove nor chimney to be seen. I sat shivering, and wishing that I could see Willie or Charlie, or even Joe, one minute.

Before long Miss Crooks came in to put on a fresh collar, arrange her hair and perfume her handkerchief with cologne from a small bottle, which she looked carefully up in her trunk after using a few drops.

She seemed in good humor with herself and disposed to be sociable, and even enlisted my services in arranging her collar and black bow. The latter gave her some annoyance because her dress was so high.

"It troubled me all the time I was eating," she said.

I suggested a brooch. Yes, she said that would be nice, but she had none. I offered her one of the two which I possessed, and when she saw how much better it looked than the large bow, she said she would borrow it just for once.

"Why! poor child," said she, "how cold

your hands are, and no wonder; it is cold here. Come with me to the study-room, and I will give you your seat there."

I followed her down one flight of stairs into a long, wide hall; on the right-hand side a door stood open, and revealed a large room, carpeted with a neat homespun carpet, and furnished with two oblong tables, each running the length of the room, leaving space only to pass around them. These tables were covered with green flannel, and divided into squares by green worsted tape. The chairs in the room corresponded to the number of these squares. There was no other furniture, save a stove in the centre of the room. The room was vacant now, and Miss Crooks ran her eye along the numbers on the squares and stopped at No. 9.

"L," she said; "this is it; it comes directly behind the door, but it is a quiet, cosy place—perhaps you will like it all the better. Here is a drawer for your books, and you can sit here whenever you choose, whether it is study hours or not."

It was warm and pleasant here, and books were lying about, so that I was very glad to sit down in my little corner and get accustomed to it before the evening study hours.

Miss Crooks disappeared and I was left alone. As I said, the door was open, and I was behind the door. The hall was heated by a stove that stood at one end, and near a large, deep window. A group of girls were on the window-seat and around the stove as I passed down, and I supposed they must have seen me. Perhaps they did, but thought I could not hear them in the study-room, for Miss Crooks had scarcely left me when one of them said:

"Well, girls, what do you think of the new scholar, Bertha Lee?"

"I hardly know what to think of her," said one; "she ain't handsome, and you can't call her homely; but she looked half frightened to death."

"I like her frock," said one; "it's real French thibet, and made sweetly; and what a splendid looking woman her mother is! I guess she's somebody."

"Well, now, girls, I guess I know more about her than all the rest of you," said the lively Addie; "come, listen to me, and I'll tell you something, but you must all promise never to tell as long as you live!"

"Tell us! tell us!" they all exclaimed, "you may be sure we'll never tell."

"Look round, girls, and see if anybody is coming."

"Not a soul round," said one; "Miss Crooks is entertaining Mr. Calvin, and the other teachers are out walking, and the servants are all at supper; so tell on, quick!"

"You see, girls, I am to recite Arabia to-morrow, in geography class, and the teacher told me that I must tell her all about the country, and all about Mahomet, who lived and died there. There is not much in the geography about it, and Miss Garland is so good about letting us read her books that I thought I would ask her if I might examine her library. She said yes, and I went in there; you know it is a little bit of a room, opening out of hers, and no other door but that. Well, I suppose she forgot I was there, for it was not three minutes after I went in that Mrs. Lee came into the room, and took a seat close by the library door, and as she moved her chair the door closed. I could not see, then, to read a word; and I did not like to go out, so I sat still, not caring a fig to hear what they said; but after awhile I heard Mrs. Lee say:

"You can't imagine, madam, what a trial I have with that girl; she has an indomitable will, and needs a great deal of curbing. Her father is disposed to be altogether too indulgent to her faults, and it will be necessary to hold a tight rein."

"Is she fond of study?"

"Yes, she likes her books well enough, especially if there is anything else to be done; but she is no genius. Her tastes are low, and at home she spends a great deal of time with the washerwoman, and with a poor, half-witted boy, who is dependent upon my husband for bread. We have a neighbor, also—a poor widow—good enough in herself, but with no position in society, who has one son, a year or two older than Bertha. Now this boy and Bertha are great friends; it is an intimacy that must be broken up. The boy is old enough to choose his employment for life, and now is the time to crush this foolish friendship. He may write to her; but if any letter should come directed to Bertha in a gentleman's handwriting I wish you would open it. I will write once a fortnight; her father will write with me; and, to save trouble for you, I will direct the letters. Here is a specimen of Mrs. Herbert's handwriting, which I wish you would preserve, as her son may write under cover of her hand; she is one of those foolish, fond mothers, who do not know that severity with children is often true kindness."

Miss Garland took the paper, and remarked that Miss Bertha would find a correspondence with gentlemen difficult to carry on at Rockford Seminary; and moreover, that she must learn perfect submission to the rules of the school. While they were talking Miss Crooks came in, and asked Mrs. Lee if it was her daughter that had gone into the garden, for, said she, "there is a young girl hoeing potatoes with old Mudgett, and I thought it was the same one that came in the coach with yourself."

"Likely as not it is her," said Mrs. Lee; "she is always doing something that other girls would not dream of doing."

Miss Garland laughed her pleasant little laugh, and requested Miss Crooks to go for Bertha; and then the ladies talked about Mr. Calvin, and Miss Garland says: "He is my nephew, and comes occasionally to see me, and is a great help in making out bills and posting my books. He is very zealous, as you perceive, and bids fair to be a powerful preacher; he always holds meetings when here, and by his pungent, powerful appeals to the conscience, is very effective in rousing the stupid."

"Yes, I see he is, for all the stubbornness and pride of Bertha's heart manifested itself when he was faithful to her. I hope it will not frighten him from his duty."

"No danger of that," said Miss Garland; "but come, we will adjourn to the parlor, where he will be happy to converse with you."

They both went out, and I had a chance to escape from my hiding-place; but I was so curious to see this little wicked imp, that I curled myself up on the window-seat and watched for her and Miss Crooks to come in.

I did not have long to wait; for, peeping over the stair-railing, who should I see but the child herself, with face and hands dirty as a pig's nose and feet, following Miss Crooks to her room. She was weeping, and the tears made channels in her dirty face; I had to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth till they were out of hearing; it was so droll; but, poor thing!

they do say she is to room with Crooks—a terrible punishment for all her misdeeds, is it not?"

"I shall have nothing to do with her," said one, "if she has such a low taste as to enjoy hoeing potatoes."

"I shall out her decidedly," said another, "if she associates with washerwomen."

"If she is willful with her mother she will be no company for me," said a prim little girl in the corner.

"I shall feel sorry for her," said Addie, "when she finds no letters for her from her boy-lover; poor girl! I know all about that, for Ned Wise, that lives at Green Hill, joining pa's plantation, said he reckoned he wrote me forty letters last year, and I never received one of them!"

During this conversation there was a pale girl, with light hair, dressed in a French calico frock, and seated on a stool, leaning her head against the wall, that had not spoken during the conversation.

I could see her through the large crack in the door, and felt sorry for her, because she looked ill and sad.

"Girls," said she, and her voice was low and clear, and attracted the attention of the whole group, "has it occurred to you that Mrs. Lee may not be Bertha's own mother? I was brought here by my step-mother, and it required a year of hard study, and of forbearance and long-suffering, to live down the prejudice excited by her remarks. I was a thoughtless child, full of faults, it is true, but faults over which an own mother would have spread the mantle of love and veiled from stranger eyes. It may be so with Miss Lee. I thought as I looked into her eyes that I saw traces of similar suffering to that which I have known, and my heart warmed toward her."

[And here let me pause and address you, my dear friend, at whose request I have written this record of my school-life. You can recognize yourself here, and recall the remark; but you never knew how soothingly it fell upon the poor little bruised heart that was yearning so much for sympathy. It was the confidence inspired then that has made me willing to open my heart to you in later years.]

School-girls are swayed by the opinions of others, as the tender herbage is moved by the wind; and those words turned the current of feeling at once.

To myself I had felt hard and bitter while they were talking. Stung by a sense of injustice, seeing my false position, I was hopeless, despairing, and in a fair way to become very reckless; but those words touched me tenderly, and I laid my head on the table and wept.

"There, now!" said the impulsive Addie, "I wonder I did not think of that; how stupid! And I have no mother, either," and she choked and sobbed, and laid her head on the shoulder of her companion and wept.

"I'll tell you what, girls, we will do: in the first place, find out if Mrs. Lee is Bertha's step-mother, and if so we'll treat her kindly, and invite her to join our Secret Club; and if she is not worthy we can turn her out afterwards."

"And you, Anna, must find out for us."

To this they all agreed. Just then one of the girls, leaving her companions, came into the study-room for a book. I heard her step; I felt that she came near me and then glided away, but I did not raise my head. A moment after, and there was a busy whispering in the hall, evidently a hurried consultation, which was interrupted by the sound of the gong—a noise which made me jump to my feet and look around to see if the walls were falling down. But nothing occurred save a gathering of girls in the study room and an orderly taking of the seats, until more than half of them were filled. The rest, I heard some one say, had gone to Mr. Calvin's meeting.

I was not required to learn lessons that first night, and stayed in the study-room only a short time—enough to learn that we were seated here as at table, and that the same girls were near me. There was Miss Lincoln, with her serene face, the roguish Addie, my seat-mate, Miss Lane, and one or two vacant seats which would be filled by those whom I had seen in the chairs of the same number at table.

I liked the quiet of the study-room; no one was allowed to whisper until the recess, at eight o'clock. I took good care to go to my room before that time. I was weary with excitement, and very willingly retired to bed.

I must have slept an hour or more when I was roused from my slumbers by the clock striking ten, and saw a light on the table, and my room-mate, Miss Crooks, sitting near and carefully gathering the torn fragments of Mr. Calvin's tract, which she wrapped in a paper and put in her trunk.

I did not wish her to think I was asleep, as I would not like her to deceive me in that way, and I asked her what time the girls retired.

"Every one is in bed by ten," said she, "and there must be no talking after you have lain down."

Of course I was left to my own thoughts.

[To be continued.]

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistle loud in the wheat-field,
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet dipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They wave from the tall, rocking treetops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest:
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land;
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Orange County Farmer.

The *Sedgwick* (Kan.) *Panagraph* avers that a Salvation Army Captain at Wichita has issued the following circular: "Salvation Land Company, unlimited, established upwards of five thousand years. Free homes, beautifully selected along the banks of the river of life; land of perennial spring; climate perfect. No tears, no pain, no sin, no death. The inhabitants never grow old. Full particulars given every night at the Salvation Army Tabernacle."

Real Merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the kind. Try it.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

Away with the Corsets.

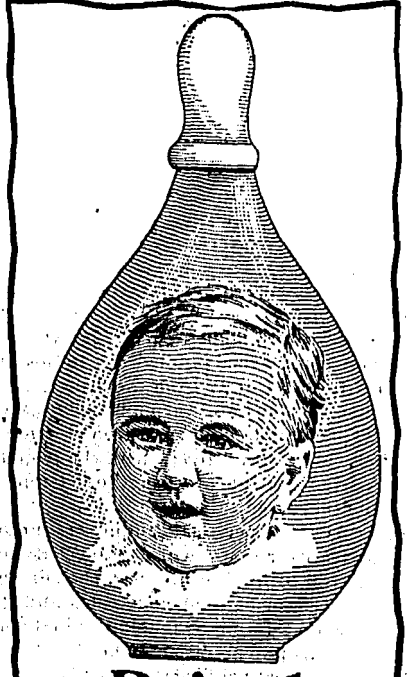
Dr. John Ellis issues an article against the further use of corsets by the female sex, declaring it to be the greatest evil that exists. Tight dressing, at first confined to the waist and chest, is now carried down as low as possible toward the hips. In the symmetrical woman the hips are much broader in proportion to the breadth of the shoulders than they are in men; but when the waist and abdomen are mechanically prevented from expanding, the muscles extending from these structures to the bones of the pelvis being thus bound down, they prevent the full development of the pelvis. In many of our young women the pelvis is not broader in proportion to the shoulders than it is in men. This deformity is far-reaching in its consequences. With the pelvis thus deformed and the bowels crowded down upon the organs within it, what possible chance is there for an orderly development of the unborn child in that freedom which was intended for it in the creation of woman?

The results are, that unnecessary suffering and danger attend child-bearing in a vast number of cases, and premature births are not infrequent. Think of the displacements, and diseases, and functional derangements which so frequently result from tight-dressing; all profitable to the doctors, but, alas! entailing suffering upon so many wives and mothers. Dr. Mary Wood Allen says, in the *Herald of Health*, that the organs within the trunk, or chest and abdomen, "are packed by the hand of divine skill, and to interfere with them is a matter of vital import." Deformity of the shoulders is a common thing, and a remarkable lessening of the capacity of the lungs for breathing is an inevitable result of this evil habit. Dr. Nathan Allen of Lowell, who has carefully studied the facts, said in the *Popular Science Monthly* that while, in 1850, it was an exceptional case for an American mother to be unable to nurse her own children, in 1883, in Massachusetts, it was a question whether one-half of them could do so; and it is safe to say that no improvement in this respect has taken place in the last ten years. The compression of the organs through which the child derives its nourishment, which renders it difficult for it to nurse.

Palpitation and other derangements of the heart's action often result from tight dressing. There is, also, oftentimes a want of lung capacity to properly renovate and purify the blood, and an inability to digest the food required to sustain the vitality of the body, owing to the compressed state of the stomach and bowels. And in consequence of a want of base for the due support of the head, shoulders and arms, resulting from the contraction of the waist and abdomen, it is difficult for our women to take the active exercise and the active work necessary to give the vitality and strength required by a mother of children.

The fashion managers are the chief obstacle to the success of dress reform. The notorious decrease in the number of children in native families may not be due to this habit of tight dressing alone, yet it is undeniably one of the chief causes of the increasing inability to bear, nurse and care for and raise children. Says Dr. Benjamin, in *The Annals of Hygiene*, "The human body contains no useless space. The organs contained within the body are of the proper size, and cannot be increased or diminished in size without impairing their functions and causing their utter ruin. Nor can they be displaced without injury. These are facts admitted by anatomists, physiologists and physicians." Dr. Ellis appeals, therefore, to girls and women to throw away their corsets and tight dresses, stand up as erect as possible, repeatedly draw in a full breath and expand their lungs to their utmost capacity, many times a day, and he engages that they will receive renewed vitality, strength, health and beauty, and our native race may yet be preserved from the threatened annihilation.

At the Panama canal the wharves are falling into the water, and acres of machinery are rusting to dissolution. On the isthmus are nearly one thousand miles of steel track, with locomotives and thousands of dump carts now half hidden in the tropical growth. Seventy-six great steam shovels stand by side in the excavation buried in luxuriant vegetation, so that only the gaunt arms stand up above the green. While two hundred locomotives have been housed, it is estimated that nine-tenths of the millions squandered on this prodigious enterprise are going to waste. Much of the excavated land has been washed back into its original place, and the great scar on the face of the Panama isthmus is rapidly fading from view.



Raised on a Bottle.

Raised from infancy to healthy, happy childhood, upon the only perfect substitute for mother's milk—MELLIN'S FOOD. This food contains all the nutritive properties of breast milk; without any of the injurious farinaceous substances found in many other infants' foods.

Mellin's Food

will make the weakest infant happy, robust and vigorous.

Our Book for the instruction of mothers, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be mailed

In Memoriam.

(Continued from first page)

continuous efforts, he gave it half away, and so quietly and graciously did he dispense bounties, that only they can recite the tale of his disbursements who in times of actual necessity have been secretly aided from his private purse.

The firm of Colby & Rich has always been munificent. "God's Poor Fund" has long been a source of help and support in times of utmost difficulty to many necessitous sufferers whose extreme sensitiveness made pecuniary embarrassment especially trying; but beyond all that the firm has done, and the work accomplished by the Fund, the generosity shown by the senior editor in private ways was one of the most touching features of his life.

Perfect sincerity, steadfast loyalty to conviction alike in sunshine and shadow, unfaltering fidelity to friends and ready reconciliation with foes, were marked characteristics of the noble soul whose transit to a brighter state than earth affords we now memorialize; and ere we close this brief, imperfect tribute to one of the most notable Americans of the century, let us not forget to mention the fact which should indeed endear him to all Spiritualists in particular—the mantle of protection he ever threw around all mediumistic persons in the dark hours of their persecution by pretended friends and open enemies.

One of the saddest sights ever witnessed has been the readiness with which many professed Spiritualists have rushed into print to condemn sensitives whom the outside world in many instances was ready to believe innocent until proved guilty.

The BANNER OF LIGHT for thirty seven years with LUTHER COLBY at the helm, has stood like a protecting wall of fire between persecutors and the persecuted; and now that Isaac B. Rich and John W. Day still remain in mortal form to carry on the good work in which they have played a most important part for many years, the public may rest assured that the BANNER OF LIGHT will continue to be, as long as they are its pilots, what it ever has been through its long and eventful history.

To use an old phrase, let us improve the occasion of our friend's ascension, and how can we so well improve it as by heartily sustaining the work to which all his energies were so long and faithfully devoted. Whatever support you may give to new candidates in the field, and however you may appreciate the usefulness of journals far more recently established, remember that the BANNER OF LIGHT has been tried and not found wanting through all the vicissitudes of nearly forty years.

Nothing is so necessary to the dissemination of truth in these days as a well-sustained press committed to its advocacy. The spoken word is heard by hundreds, but the printed page carries the message to the million. The words of the speaker are not only preserved and circulated, they are presented in such a form that you can refer to them at any time and read over and over at your leisure what you might but poorly digest if you could but hear it once amid the distractions often attending the utterance of a discourse.

The Message Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT has ever been a leading feature, and few can realize, who have not sojourned in the interior of the country, how great a blessing this department is, and long has been, to those who are shut away from the advantages of cities and larger towns, and who have not attained to a state within themselves whereby they can realize direct spirit-communication.

There is not a single excellent feature of other papers devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism which is not a duplicate of what the BANNER OF LIGHT established many years before these newer journals came into existence.

People are not drawn to Spiritualism by abuse of all the world's religions, at all events not such people as constitute the backbone and sinew of an enduring and respectable constituency; and it is with real pleasure that we record the fact that no utterances at the Spiritualists' Convention in Washington, Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th, were so highly applauded as those which favored constructive, not destructive effort.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and many other valiant workers, as well as the one who now addresses you, were applauded to the echo whenever they advocated an upbuilding, not a down-tearing policy. Has Spiritualism a message of its own to give to the world? That is the most important question. Any child or animal can destroy; an iconoclast may be an infuriated madman or a savage animal; but to design, to build, to conserve, to reform, to reconstruct, requires such intelligence and discretion, aided by such heaven-born illumination as only wise enlightened minds can exhibit.

Though Spiritualism may have had to do much rough pioneer work in the past, and many of its faithful missionaries were in years gone by porphyre iconoclasts in some of their endeavors to remove the debris of error, the day is now breaking, yea, it has already broken, when the work of all true Spiritualists will be not to show up the fallacies of the world by direct attack, but to convince the multitude of the truth in such clearness that the clouds of error will be dissipated; as the bright light of the spirit puts every darkness shade to flight. A new day has already begun for Spiritualism; the brave pioneers of former years, though no longer on earth, to share in its external triumphs, are more truly alive and active than when mortal garments veiled their souls.

Among the faithful and the brave to-day stand Oliver Wendell Holmes and LUTHER COLBY, two bright stars in the spiritual sky to shine not only over Boston, not only over America, but over the whole earth, for their work was, is, and yet will be for nothing less than the peace and enlightenment of all humanity.

Not dead; not even sleeping,
These worthies are alive,
In higher joy of living
Their faithful spirits thrive.
Accomplished earthly missions
Bring rest beyond the sky;
What men miscall departing
Is rising far on high.
Commemorate their living
By nobler lives, we pray;
To make mankind the better
On earth 'tis good to stay;
And then when shadows vanish,
And earthly trials cease,
To higher, purer efforts
May we ascend in peace.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" While the great editor is gone, the paper and the Cause remain. Who shall say but that he can help them both now more, and to better

advantage, than if he had continued to occupy the editorial chair! We of the faith, ay, of the knowledge, are full well aware that his transition will not abate his interest, and that, while he may not handle a material pen, nor select from abundant manuscripts, nor indite instructive leaders, nor arrange the type-filled columns, yet that, in many ways, he may advance the knowledge of spiritual truth, and stimulate by the new knowledge he gains in the spirit-sphere. He will rally spirits to your aid. The tired muscle and the wearied brain will be tired and wearied no longer. He springs into elastic life. Fleehy impediments are laid aside: Renewed, reinvigorated, re-vitalized, freed from shackles, he enters on a new career. He looks back upon the thirty-seven years of editorial toil with satisfaction; and forward to the centuries of spiritual work before him, with joy. How small official stations are beside that he fills! He stood like a rock. Contumely, ridicule, aspersion, perversion, banded their powers around and against him.

In full assurance of the truth—conveyed to sight, and hearing, and touch, and inner conviction—he did not quail before their combined attacks. He knew that he knew. He had reliance on himself. He had faith in his own eyes. He believed his own ears. He stood by his own judgment. Hearsay, and speculation, and conjecture were vain in effort to overthrow his conviction, based on knowledge. His courage was heroic. He would front the world. Secular and theologic presses might print and scatter earth-wide their fierce denunciations; they brought to his sanctum only a feeling of pity for their ignorance, and of hope for their future. Standing like a rocky pillar, conspicuous and unremoved, he has looked out upon the waters, year by year receding, and beheld the prospect brightening all around him.

In every country men have come up to his support. An abounding literature fortifies his position. New presses in America, in Europe, even in remote Australia, advocate the Cause. Sensitives start up in almost every family, and throng in every city. Camps gather their thousands in "the groves," "God's first temples." The BANNER OF LIGHT need no longer be sold under cover. The news stands display it fearlessly, and one need no longer go there, like Nicodemus, to buy it in the night. Orthodox ministers turn spiritual lecturers. Old dogmas, man-made, are not laded out to the crowds who seek their leaf-roofed auditoriums. Poets sing in concord. Lips "touched with celestial fire" speak forth celestial truth. In the last half of this man's life, and largely owing to his efforts, has this marvelous change been wrought. Well may he receive the benediction "Well done!"

One of my recent letters from Mr. Colby is dated only Feb. 26th, 1894, and begins, "Dear Bro. Marsh; my dear good friend in the faith, I hope you have not forgotten me." Forgotten you! I expect to remember you through all eternity. He continued, "you wound up your message by saying: 'Stick and bang. It is coming out all right.' Well, it has come out all right. The venerable pioneer, the heroic warrior, the faithful advocate, is given a rest, and the burden is laid on younger shoulders, while in peaceful serenity and clear-sighted vision, he beholds the truths he enunciated and fought for so long, gaining, gaining, gaining, swarmed with new converts, advancing over the globe, and holding forth the augury of complete and final conquest.

I give you a temporary valediction! Farewell, good friend, for a time! for a few months, or a few years, as the case may be. The chain of friendship will not grow rusty. Meantime we here will carry on the war—a peaceful war—in which facts are the weapons, principles the outposts, phenomena and philosophy the guides, messages from celestial ones the leaders, and heaven the victory. Luther sends to Luther, through the interstices of the veil that hangs between the material and spiritual world, fraternal greeting!

LUTHER R. MARSH.

New York, Oct. 12th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When a note from Bro. Day announced to me the translation of my old friend, LUTHER COLBY, I felt a personal loss. Our friendship covered a period of some twenty-five years; and it was a friendship of the soul. Many have been our conferences at the National and Crawford Houses, extending far into the night; also at the editorial rooms. At our first meeting he received me with warm cordiality, and as our acquaintance continued, I was stirred by the unselfishness of his nature, and his devotion to truth as he saw it. It was refreshing to commune with him; there seemed to come a baptism of the spirit—an uplifting into an atmosphere of a transcendental quality—the realm of the ethereal, which made life more radiant, illumined the tomb with more than rainbow glories, because thereby the spirit passes into immortal life.

I loved LUTHER COLBY, as I ever did those large-hearted men who stood on the watch-towers, holding beacon-lights for the race. I was momentarily sad, yet I knew he was only gone behind the veil, and would still be in our midst, the same zealous, untiring spirit, as when in the mortal. I said, as I thought of the pen laid aside, there is a void; but I knew it would be filled; for the spirit forces that for thirty-seven years have maintained THE BANNER OF LIGHT will fill the void; and its work will go on. The one laborer less will be compensated; so let us all take heart, be of good courage, for Eternal Order presides, and takes good care that the hand on the dial of the race's progress never goes backward.

What more can I say? Only this:

"Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be:
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But not cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the best?"

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

16 Peace street, Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your readers were much surprised to learn of the transition to the higher life of "The Veteran Editor," for the public generally were in total ignorance of his illness. His loss to THE BANNER will be great, and many hearts have been bereft of a sympathizing friend; but our loss is his infinite gain, and while we mourn his departure from the world of sense, the world of souls rejoices in his new-born happiness!

Though another will take his place in the editorial chair, the sunlight of LUTHER COLBY's spirit will continue to illumine the pages of that BANNER OF LIGHT he labored so zealously to unfurl in this valley of shadows. May

his mantle fall upon shoulders who shall wear it with honor to the cause he loved so well, and with reverence for him who has laid it aside forever.

Permit me to offer my heart-felt condolence to the near relatives of our ardent brother, and deepest sympathy with the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who with myself sorrow that his genial face no longer smiles upon us in the physical form. While this thought casts a gloom over us, the knowledge of that life immortal into which he has had such an abundant entrance removes the cloud, and brings to sight the transfigured Luther, whose spirit is ever youthful, and upon whose immortal brow the wisdom of age rests as a royal diadem.

Fraternally yours,

Oct. 13th, 1894. WALTER HOWELL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We were surprised to-day when we saw THE BANNER account of the departure to spirit-life of our friend and brother, LUTHER COLBY. Whilst he was ripe for spirit-life, and has earned a glorious heritage, we feel that his earthly presence is a loss—but his great and earnest heart and mind will yet be active for truth.

As the friend of mediums everywhere, he will not lose any opportunity in spirit to extend sympathy and help. As a brother editor, the spiritual fraternity found him helpful; especially so do we now pay tribute to his many kind and generous acts in aid of our work in editing *Light for Thinkers* some years ago in the South.

He will live in the history of Spiritualism, and his works will live in perpetual good to humanity. His earth-life made the world better, and his spirit-life will make the eternal spheres brighter.

Let us not mourn, but pay tribute to his memory by enshrining him in our hearts.

Fraternally,

G. W. KATES AND WIFE.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 14th, 1894.

"A Worker has Passed to His Reward."

The following is a synopsis of a touching and appreciative address, given before the Spiritual Thought Society, 108 West 43d street, New York City, Sunday evening, Oct. 14th, by J. WILLIAM FLETCHER:

Few of you who have come into Spiritualism at this, the eleventh hour, realize the hard work, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, that was demanded by the spirit-world of those who were the early workers in the spiritual vineyard.

They found the world either under the thrall of a hopeless theology, or swept by a tide of indifference as regards things spiritual, and they were compelled to battle against both of these elements. The former condemned them for impiety, while the latter deprecated their endeavors, since they could neither see the value or the use of demonstrations of immortal life. But with a courage born of great conviction, and an intensity of purpose that has only found its parallel among the martyrs of old, a few brave souls went forward, breasting the tide of ignorant opposition that surged around them from every quarter, and placed the standard of this new truth high upon the mountain; and first and foremost in this long and earnest fight for religious liberty and a new truth stands the manly form of LUTHER COLBY. To him, almost more than any other one man, are the present results due; and we should be most remiss in the performance of our duty if we allowed this occasion to pass without laying our tribute of recognition at the feet of this ascended worker.

You who are studying the spiritual phenomena will do well to stop for a moment, and consider how great a debt you owe to some one for the many privileges you enjoy. Instead of deprecating the present condition of the Cause, just consider how much hard work has been necessary to place it upon the platform it now occupies. You who represent the great mass of people who never do anything for the truth except enjoy its fruits, who give not of your time or your money until such moments arrive when the truth can be a helper and a comforter to you, would do well to remember those who have kept the fire burning all these years that you might be warmed by its blaze.

Forty-five years ago the world knew naught of the life beyond. Scientists were powerless to demonstrate, and theology unable to prove; but when the first rap was heard it broke the silence between the two worlds; it spanned the gulf; it brought mankind into a partial realization of what the purposes of life really were. In fact, those first manifestations laid the foundation of a new philosophy which was destined to supersede the old and fast decaying systems then extant.

The spirit-world was brought into relationship with the earth-world, and demanded that means could be employed by which the glad tidings of continued life could be given to humanity. At such a moment the BANNER OF LIGHT was unfolded to the breeze, and from that day until now it has been the advocate of pure, unadulterated Spiritualism, and heaven grant it may long continue as such. LUTHER COLBY, WM. BERRY, WM. WHITE and MRS. CONANT are all names identified with its success; and the astute management of ISAAC B. RICH, so many years associated with MR. COLBY, has done much to make that great journal what it is. A religion that is good to do by is worth having. So Spiritualism proved to MR. COLBY, who after years of labor, and many trials, was called

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MRS. JENNIE STREET

to cross the shining threshold, and enter in upon his reward.

During August we were, by his side for some weeks, at the beginning of the giving up of his work. All that time, although suffering came, he was strengthened by the knowledge that he was living in the still hours of the night he would recollect the many wonderful manifestations he had witnessed, or picture out his plans for the future, and his work.

He has passed on with the falling of the leaf, passed on to meet those with whom he was so closely associated for so many years. Earthly hands lightened his burden by their affectionate attention, and he has now fallen asleep to the care and inactivity of the earth, and awakened to the clear understanding, pure enjoyment and peaceful rest of another and better life. May he feel, if perchance he hears these words, that we send him our grateful thoughts, our loving remembrance, our earnest hope.

Spiritualism blesses him, the sorrowing world blesses him, and heaven will reward him for what he has done.

IN MEMORIAM.

Passed from her home in Hartford, Ct., to the realm of the spiritual, very suddenly, on the morning of July 30th, E. ANNE PARKOTT, wife of Mr. E. E. Hamilton, in the 21st year of her age.

The deceased had been two years married, and left a babe to whose cradle she came with gentle ministrations. In her tender youth, she was a cast-off form lay in its white cradle amid a profusion of flowers arranged by friendly hands—still beautiful in its ruin, pressing home the truth that death in its relentless demand had surely chosen a "shining mark." Love moves us to say of her that she was cheerful in her disposition, generous and unselfish in her nature, and devoted to her home. She had an appreciation of the beautiful, and with deft fingers wrought marvelous designs of use and beauty, many of which will be treasured by her friends as cherished mementoes of her skill.

It was a day of sorrow and mystery, and seemed almost like a sad tragedy so suddenly did the summons come. A little cry of pain, a call for help, a moment of unconsciousness, and all was changed. Then "died this morning" was flashed over the wires, and the sad words were borne from friend to friend and from neighbor to neighbor, and though the tears will fall, we "mourn not as those without hope," for we know that not in the dark bottom of mother earth has the soul found its last resting home. Alas for looking beyond the twilight shades of the mortal, faith sees shining the other side of the veil, and in the fair summer-land of the soul, we behold the silent finger of the spirit trace on our questioning hearts: the jeweled words: "She lives, and we shall meet again." Though her sweet voice in song will be no more heard with us, it will add new melodies to the rejoicings of those who greeted her upon the other side. Here is a sweet and lasting memory most truly said, but infinitely tender and beautiful.

E. ANNE HINMAN.

Kelly's Island, Lake Erie.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From her home at Onset, Mass., Sunday morning, Oct. 14th, 1894, Mrs. Susan E. King, aged 70 years 1 month and 21 days.

Mrs. King was born in Canterbury, N. H., and was one of the first Spiritualists in the State of Maine, having moved there immediately after her marriage. Her present home, the Greenleaf Cottage, on South Greenleaf, was built in 1873, the second year of the settlement of Onset, and was the eighth cottage built.

She was one of the prime movers in the establishment of the Harvest Moon celebrations that have become so widely known throughout the country among Spiritualists. She also for some time lectured on Spiritualism, and was President of the same for many years. She was much for the Children's Lyceum and the Fire Department here.

Mrs. King joined the silent finger of the spirit trace on our questioning hearts: the jeweled words: "She lives, and we shall meet again." Though her sweet voice in song will be no more heard with us, it will add new melodies to the rejoicings of those who greeted her upon the other side. Here is a sweet and lasting memory most truly said, but infinitely tender and beautiful.

E. ANNE HINMAN.

[New Hampshire and Maine papers please copy.]

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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.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

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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.

Phenomena and Philosophy.

Both have their place in the history and service of the modern revelation of spirit-return. The phenomena came first—the philosophy was evolved therefrom—or rather grew naturally out of the revelations made by reverent intelligences.

To undertake to reverse this order in practice, in these days, is to disregard all human experience and contradict the universal law. It is manifestation that awakens the dormant senses and compels final belief. No mere theory, however logically stated and reasoned, ever convinced as a simple fact will convince. No speculation, however elaborate and refined, will carry conviction as will the matter itself that is speculated upon. The human mind craves proof. It hungers for actual evidence. It looks abroad on every side to discover the known. It has always been so with mortals, and it is likely to continue to be so always. At any rate it is indisputably so to-day. The world wants proofs far more than propositions. Spiritualists organized in whatever way—either in committees, societies or conventions—will make a grievous mistake if they treat spiritual phenomena with indifferent interest and respect, entertaining a feeling that the latter have accomplished their allotted work, and are henceforth to be held in secondary, or perhaps little or no consideration. Should such a course be pursued, mediumship itself would inevitably share in the indifference and be set aside as a part of the deliberate neglect. The mediums through whom come the plain and direct proofs of spirit-existence, and the power of spirits to communicate, would be designated "turned off" as having nothing more to demonstrate or prove, and the work of spiritualizing the world of men would crystallize into an exhibition of intellectual address, terminating—as did primitive Methodism—in a continually "drying up" creed!

It is in any but the partisan spirit that THE BANNER sustains the cause of mediums and mediumship against any mere exhibition of the ingenuity of the human intellect. It has for years championed the cause of demonstrated mediumship, and will persist in so doing, for the reason that our belief has become knowledge, as likewise has that of all others, not by reasoning and speculation, not by even the most brilliant and powerful addresses to the intellectual faculties, but by the clear, simple, distinct and irrefragable proofs which have been presented to us for our acceptance, over and over again, through the plain phenomena. Shall we discard them because they have become familiar? Are they now of less account because they are no longer new? Are Spiritualists to be as men born blind who have suddenly recovered their sight, and who after a time come to condemn the evidences of their vision so marvelously restored?

Regarded as a class of persons specially selected for their fitness by the invisibles to convey the thought of the latter to mortal cognitions, they may primarily be said, and indeed it ought to be said, that those who are called mediums have really nothing to do with it. They are chosen because of their various qualifications for the work to be done. Their heredity, their previous education, even their morals,

have nothing to do with deciding the choice of them as fit channels for spirit-communication. True, they are capable of retarding, obstructing and entirely thwarting the efforts of the invisibles to communicate as they would through them; but under ordinarily favoring conditions they are made servants and agents of a power they cannot successfully resist, caught up and compelled to perform a service to which they were never inclined, and doing as they are silently bidden because they are altogether properly combined to execute the purposes of those who have chosen them. All are doing what they are qualified and called to do. All are obedient servants of the power of spirit, which is their master. When the spirit-manifestations shall depart, little will remain in fact by which the great truth of immortality will be known.

Therefore we will continue to advocate the cause of the mediums to the end, and to defend and sustain the great and acceptable fact of human mediumship through all the indifference and neglect, the criticism and reproach, the disregard and opposition that may visit them from any and all quarters. Because they are, if not the authors and builders, at least the agents and servants of the knowledge that surpasses faith and overshadows belief.

Pain in an Amputated Finger.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct. 13th the guides of Mr. W. J. Colville answered (on the sixth page) the query of a correspondent concerning amputated physical limbs, and their persistence in the spiritual body, with an echo of remembrance in the material. The following account, which we find in our contemporary *Light of London*, seems a case in point in proof of Mr. Colville's position, which is that which THE BANNER has always maintained:

"At the Biological Society in Paris they sometimes have strange experiences. This time the experiences concerned a young man—a miller—of twenty-eight, who has had the little finger of his right hand amputated. He is very easily hypnotized, and when he is so influenced he is afflicted with a singular *renaissance* of the amputated finger's sensibility. In other words, if any one stimulates a puncture or an incision of the absent member, the subject experiences sharp pain. But the experiment must be made at the exact spot where the finger would be had it not been removed. The subject's eyes are bandaged, and every precaution is taken to prevent deceit. The miller feels the acute pain at the precise moment when the instrument used reaches the place of the missing finger. When the patient awakes he remembers nothing of what has occurred. Several members of the Society have repeated these experiences with equal success. *L'Etoile Belge*, from which *Le Messenger of Light* copies these particulars, thinks that unless the recently-propounded theory of the possibility of exteriorizing sensibility be admitted, it will be difficult to account for this phenomenon, and it proposes to wait for further orders before discussing at greater length this experiment by Monsieur Luyt.

We may point out that it has been a frequently observed fact that subjects of amputation experience for some time, and without hypnotizing, the sensation as if they still possessed the missing limb, and if experiments such as Monsieur Luyt describes had been carried out in such cases, it would probably have been found that similar results were obtainable. We hope this will not give an impetus to the practice of amputation for the mere love of science."

The Late President Carnot a Spiritualist.

The *Revue de la France Moderne*, five recent numbers of which we have received, is not devoted exclusively to Spiritualism, but it contains in each issue an admirably-written, fair and appreciative article on this subject, from the pen of a contributor who signs himself Ismala.

In the number for August we are told that the late and much regretted President Carnot of the French Republic is to be counted in the first rank of Spiritualists of that country.

Mr. Robert Cooper is authority for the statement that President Carnot, after his election, was asked what was his religious belief. He replied that he was a Spiritualist, and a disciple of Allan Kardec; but that for State reasons he attended the Catholic Church. To this, Ismala adds:

"Spiritualism throws light upon all religions. It is the golden key that opens the most securely fastened doors; it is the invisible thread that guides us through the most complicated labyrinths of Orthodoxy. Mysteries gradually vanish for the Spiritualists, for they have at last found the way of Eternal Life. This belief will become the universal religious belief of the enlightened world. It affirms the great Protestant doctrine of the right that every man possesses to judge for himself, and to reach heaven by whatever way pleases him.

As to the future of this doctrine we are not anxious. Like the sun, it has moved in its course, regardless of the clouds beneath. And the cause of this is evident: It is the hand behind it, the hand of the Great Ruler of the Universe. It matters not whether one believes it or not; whether one attempts to stay its progress. No human power can arrest its march.

It is certain that this evolution of Spiritualism is a part of the economy of the universe, as much so as the light of the sun, and it will consequently continue its work in spite of all its adversaries."

At the annual conference of the National Federation of Spiritualists, held at Darwen, Eng., in August last, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"It is the opinion of the present assembly that the time has come when all spiritual societies ought to provide for the instruction of the children whose parents are members of these societies, as well as all children who are desirous to learn the facts and doctrines of Spiritualism, and other subjects related to it. That it is incompatible with the interests of our Cause to fill and sustain Sunday schools whose teachings we reject, by sending to them the children of Spiritualists."

At the meeting of the Boston Spiritual Temple, at Berkeley Hall, last Sunday evening, Dr. H. B. Storer called attention to the memorial number of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and enforced its claims as the standard-bearer of an intelligent Spiritualism. For which not of kindly friendship and justice we return him our earnest thanks.

Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington, who has "remained over" in Boston since the Onset Camp—being engaged in bringing out his new book, "How to Get Well and How to Keep Well"—made us a farewell call last Monday, being then in full preparation for his return to his home at the national capital.

We call the special attention of the Spiritualists of the country to the stirring appeal for the sustenance of THE BANNER which W. J. Colville makes on the first page of this issue.

Prof. Alexander Wilder will contribute a telling letter on medical freedom, etc., to our next issue.

The Invisible the Only Real.

The world we know, the world around us, is bound in the fetters of the seen. Traditional standards and external models and maxims conform human thought and action to themselves. The things which are seen, says Paul, are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. Physical organisms are built by their invisible occupants and not for them. It would prove a boon of untold value to humanity to recognize the fact that all primary causation is mental or spiritual. Even the church is so materialistic as to mistakenly locate an important part of the causal realm in matter. Materialism is the bane of humanity; its malaria has subtly enveloped philosophy, science, theology, therapeutics, religion, creeds and ethics. Its sordid, hypnotic dream is the fatal spell which holds the world in thrall. Its great current of selfishness, avarice, pride and conventionalism sweeps the multitude along by an irresistible momentum. The seen world is only a sensuous veil covering unseen reality. The visible is a painted canvas which represents the landscape, but the invisible is the living scenery itself. Our notional materialism confers substantiality upon gold, silver, iron, houses, lands, railroads, but as they are not real forces we are guilty of unconscious idolatry. They are nothing until acted upon by the unseen. A thought-wave, idea or doctrine can transform nations. But for the subtle force of the unseen, the earth itself would disintegrate and dissolve into mere vapor. The human soul contains an unseen universe within itself. Man is a microcosm. He can cognize nothing objective except its counterpart and correspondence exist within him.

Buried Alive!

Hardly a week passes that the daily press of the country does not chronicle an instance wherein this sad fate has been visited on some suffering fellow mortal—and frequent close escapes from such inhumation are also recorded as achieved. We have always urged the greatest caution in the matter of earth burial, where suspended animation may exist. The latest instance we have met with is from the *New Orleans (La.) Picayune*, and narrated as follows:

"Jules Carle, of Juneau, Alaska, is one of the few men who are able to tell how it feels to be buried alive from experience. He was living at the time at New Westminster, B. C. One morning he had gone into a restaurant, and ordered his breakfast, when all of a sudden he fell dead. At least, that is what the doctors said of him, though he was conscious of what was passing around him all the time. He was laid out for burial, and his friends kept the usual vigil over him; he was put into the coffin, and borne to the cemetery, all the time realizing the terrible fate that was about to overtake him, but unable by word or sign to do anything to prevent it. He was lowered into the grave, and happily, as the first cold rattled on his coffin, he began to feel the blood pulsating at his heart, and his powers returned to him. He found that he could move his hands, and began to hammer on the coffin lid, and call for help. The startled pall-bearers stopped shoveling dirt into the grave, while the majority of those gathered at the grave fled away as for their lives. He called again, and one courageous friend jumped into the grave, and unfasting the coffin lid, Carle was taken out, feeling as well as he ever did in his life."

While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality.—Prof. S. B. Brittan.

The contents of THE BANNER's sixth page "Department" this week—the messages by individual intelligences through Mrs. B. F. Smith, and the answers to questions by the guides of W. J. Colville—are of spiritual interest and practical value.

THE BANNER will publish in its next issue the tributes of Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS and Mrs. LOVE M. WILLIS—also a poem by EDITH WILLIS LINN—to the memory of its late senior editor.

THE BANNER returns its warmest thanks to the *Progressive Thinker* of Chicago, Ill., and *Light of Truth*, Cincinnati, O., for the kindly and sympathetic references made by them to the decease of its late senior editor.

Bro. J. W. Dennis's letter from Buffalo, N. Y., will appear next week.

World's Food Fair.

A few days still remain in which to make an inspection of the World's Food Fair, now open in Mechanics' Building, Boston. The attractions are many and gratifying. Some of the exhibits are well worth an hour's examination. The ladies will find the cooking lectures a most taking feature of the Fair. Do not miss seeing all the wonderful things which are presented.

Dr. W. L. Jack—who has been in the public work for Spiritualism since his fifteenth year—called at the BANNER OF LIGHT establishment on Tuesday, Oct. 23d, accompanied by Mr. H. A. Vallancourt, Springfield, Mass., an earnest friend to Spiritualism and THE BANNER in that city. Dr. Jack (formerly of Haverhill) now makes his home in Springfield, where he may be addressed by all needing his valuable mediumistic services by letter-diagnosis or the spoken word.

Mrs. W. F. THAXTER has gone on a visit to the country, seeking a recuperation of her bodily forces after her prolonged efforts as a "good Samaritan" at the bedside of the late Senior Editor of THE BANNER. She hopes to return to Boston about Nov. 1st to recommence the discharge of her duty as trance and test medium at her office, room 8, 3½ Bowditch street.

Mrs. Mott-Knight, the medium for independent slate-writing, visited this office Oct. 18th, having returned from New York to Boston, where she will remain for the present; her address is 408 Shawmut Avenue.

Miss M. E. Wheeler of 12 Spring street, Belfast, Me., is a trance speaker and test medium, and would like to make engagements for the winter in that State.

We have, since last report, received the following sums in aid of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain: Sympathy, \$5.00; Columbus Wells, \$1.00; Cambridge, \$2.00.

Every Day some new method is devised by which the advantages of Electricity over former ways of treating disease are abundantly demonstrated. The later form of its application, in the form of the Electric Light, has been employed to signal advantage in the various Heart and Lung Troubles, Rheumatism, Catarrhal Disorders, Diseases of the Skin and Blood, Nervous Affections, and we do assert that many, many cases have been cured that did not yield to other methods. Wise patients will visit the Electric Light Medical Institute, "The Pelham," 74 Boylston street.

A Veteran's Endorsement—and Protest.

PUBLISHERS BANNER OF LIGHT:

Kindly forward me a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct. 6th. A stinging soul, and yet hungry for the truth, has borrowed my copy, and forgot to return it. My set must not be broken. The BANNER OF LIGHT is a clean, ably-edited, neatly printed paper that no Spiritualist need be ashamed to put into the hands of the most cultured Orthodox family.

It carries with it the spirit of candor and spirituality. It is constructive rather than grossly destructive; and its Message Department from week to week gives us a reasonable and philosophical view of the spirit-world and the employments of its inhabitants. The communication in the issue of Oct. 6th from my old friend Thomas Gales Forster, sounds just like him. Its very words carry the aura of identification. And how true that William White, William Berry, A. S. Hayward, S. B. Brittan, William Denton, A. E. Newton, Henry Kiddle, Owen, Edmonds, and a host of others stars in the constellation of Spiritualism, "stand by you." Memory is immortal, and pure friendship is undying.

And the inspirational communication from W. J. Colville in this October number on the "Astral Body" is worth its weight in gold. There are, he wisely says, "no living animated, intelligent astral bodies floating about in space, any more than there are intelligent perambulating corpses on earth. . . . Whenever human intelligence is exhibited, there is a human spirit manifesting, and it would be greatly to the advantage of many Occultists and Theosophists if they would get rid of their exorcises and set to work intelligently and fearlessly to secure evidence of the spiritual world as it actually exists." Excellent advice! And permit me to add that, for unreasonable, unphilosophical, hazy dreams, commend me to Theosophical Occultists, a class of men and women hating Spiritualism, and yet gaining all they know about a future life from Spiritualism.

Theosophy—the name itself is a misnomer—was rooted and nurtured in India. It is Blavatskyed Hinduism. Take as a sample this dogma, that our communicating spirits are shells—"astral shells," in process of dissolution. Southern India—Madura (Col. Olcott's "Posthumous Humanity," pages 294-95)—"Kama Loka" is no place, it is simply a state of existence of the shells until they are disintegrated in the ordinary course of nature. This disintegration is only a matter of time. All the ceremonies performed by the Brahmins during the ten days succeeding the death of a person are calculated to aid the disintegration of the shell. There you have the authoritative theory of shells, fresh from India. Now I ask in all seriousness can Spiritualists afford to give up their beautiful belief, their grand knowledge based upon tangible facts, coupled with the deepest intuition and the highest inspiration, for the vague, visionary dreams of disintegrating spirit-shells and other equally indefinite and, I may add, monstrous Hindu dogmas? Nineteenth century scientists and all really intelligent Spiritualists must answer in thundering tones: No!

J. M. PEEBLES.

San Diego, Cal., Oct. 13th, 1894.

IN MEMORIAM.

Publishers of the Banner of Light:

A sadness steals over my spirit at the thought that Bro. COLBY's visible presence has been withdrawn from our midst. We may feel assured, however, that his spirit will linger near, and his interest in THE BANNER and its corps of workers will still continue, and will also be felt by them.

My personal sympathy goes out to you who have been associated with our dear brother in the work of enlightening the public regarding Spiritualism and its mission to mankind. May a double portion of the Spirit be vouchsafed to you, and to all who are the "army-bearers" in this great Cause, which is destined to revolutionize the world.

KATE R. STILES.

354 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Oct. 12th, 1894.

Dear Friends of the Banner of Light:

Spiritualists throughout the world will unite in their sympathies, expressed or unexpressed, to the BANNER OF LIGHT workers since the passing away of Bro. LUTHER COLBY. In the realm of spiritual thought his was a wonderful mind. As a friend to mediums there never lived a more true and faithful one. How honest, earnest and effectual his work has been! His love and work for humankind will still continue.

As our great spiritual workers pass on to swell the ranks of grand and noble minds in spirit-life, others come in to fill their places, and the work will continue until all shall truly know that there is no death.

The memory of LUTHER COLBY will live for generations yet to come.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE.

White Water, Wis., Oct. 15th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was pained to learn from THE BANNER that our good friend, Bro. LUTHER COLBY, had been translated to the realms of spirit. I remember him as a kindly soul, having some faults, which were far over-balanced by a gentle, sympathetic nature and a desire to see others happy and prosperous. I have no doubt that he has found a beautiful home in the land of effects, for he has been loyal to the great truth delivered to him, and has manfully defended it, in season and out of season, for many years.

MEREDITH B. LITTLE.

Glens Falls, N. Y., Oct. 13th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I said of my most cherished friend—the late Prof. Henry Kiddle—so I would say of LUTHER COLBY, that the Spiritualists cannot too much commemorate his heroic service for their Cause!

But the glowing record of years in his and our well-known "BANNER OF LIGHT" is a monument to continue as a testimony to his credit such as might not through any earthly memorial of him be surpassed.

H. CLAY STEVENS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Accept my sincere condolence for your loss and the world's in the departure of the faithful and true friend to Spiritualism, LUTHER COLBY.

MARIE L. WHEELER-BROWN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

With the many others who have for years taken THE BANNER, I fully sympathize with you in the loss of the visible presence of dear Mr. COLBY; still, we know him to be the same true defender and helper in all that is good and noble in mortal life, and an active power for the paper he so long and faithfully edited.

Utica, N. Y.

MRS. D. J. DEAN.

Whitlock Facts Convention

Met at Abbottsford Hall, Sunday, Oct. 21st. The subject "Man's Condition After the Death of the Physical Body," brought out interesting remarks and questions by both spirits and mortals. Mrs. M. A. Moody, Mrs. Elia Whitney, Dr. Sanders, Mr. Shudd, gave psychometric readings and tests.

In the evening Mr. Whitlock exhibited his stereoscopic pictures of independent writings and drawings. Repeatedly the Facts Convention meets at Association Hall, Everett Square.

WEASY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

In scarlet clusters o'er the gray stone wall
The barberries lean in their autumnal air!
Just when the fields and garden-paths are bare
And ere the green leaf takes the tint of fall,
They come to make the eye a festival!
Along the road for miles their scarlet flare;
Ah! if your deep-sea coral were but rare
(The damask rose might envy it withal),
What hard had sung your praises long ago—
Called you fine names in heart of flowers books—
The rosy tumps of turnip and of lane,
October's blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
Little Red Ridinghoods, for your sweet looks!
But your pebbled beauty is in vain.

T. B. ALDRICH.

The *Harbinger of Light* (Australia) is dealing with a large variety of subjects, the September issue being noticeably strong in variety. "Materialization, the Fact and Its Meaning," "Mediumship and Its Development," "Spiritualism in Ancient Greece," "A Woman's Message to Men," "Spirit Identity," "The Divine Healer," and "Sketches of the History of Religion" being among the number.

A French doctor has just discovered why some fishermen catch cod, and others do not. He found that on the northerly side of high submarine peaks the cod would not bite, while on the southerly side they did. By attaching thermometers to fishing lines he further found that most fish were taken at a temperature between forty-five and fifty degrees, and that at forty-five degrees, with a depth of about fourteen fathoms, the catch was best.

The second volume of *The Impres*, with Charlotte Perkins Stetson as editor, and Helen Campbell as her associate, opens most auspiciously. No wonder the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association have adopted it as the official organ, as brightness, progress and common sense are everywhere displayed upon the sixteen pages of this entertaining weekly. Besides being a club paper, it is essentially a home paper, and many life topics are discussed. The office is in San Francisco, but it has much readable matter pertaining to all parts of the country.

Physical force must never be divorced from moral force; where power goes the law to regulate and restrain that power must go. The laws of force and moral must proceed by step.—Thomas F. Bayard, at "Chicago" Banquet, London.

It is averred by *Book News* that Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who has sounded so often the praises of sleep, is reported to have remarked that he had been giving throughout the West a lecture on sleep, with illustrations by the audience.

The first painting of Napoleon was made under peculiar circumstances. He was a mere youth, a second lieutenant, and utterly unknown to fame and wretchedly poor. The famous painter, Greuze, happened to be passing through Valence, where Napoleon was stationed, and Madame du Colombar, a lady of prominence into whose circle Napoleon had been admitted, ordered the painter to make his portrait, saying that, if no misfortune befell him, he would play a great rôle. The portrait passed from Madame du Colombar to her daughter, Madame de Bressieux, and at the death of the latter it was acquired by the uncle of the present owner, who is the Marquis de Las Cases. A reproduction of this now famous painting is the frontispiece to *McClure's Magazine* for November, and is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the fifteen early portraits of Napoleon in that magazine.

Maybe the trees turn red because, losing their summer dresses, they have n't any more just now in their trunks.—Philadelphia Times.

Dr. Baer of Washington, who probably knows more about turtles than any other man living, has just returned from the Galapagos Islands. He brings news of the almost entire extinction of the gigantic tortoises for which that little archipelago long ago became celebrated. There are none of them left on any of the isles except Albemarle and Duncan. About a dozen remain on Duncan, and a very few survive on Albemarle, high up in the mountains.

Alas! faint hearts, ye are longing ever
On the lofty mountain tops to stand,
Instead of making a brave ascent,
To climb the hills that are close at hand.
If we brighten one life that had been dreary,
If we help one soul to be strong and true;
Our hearts may sing though we get weary,
We are doing the work that is ours to do.

—The Indian Helper.

THE LYCEUM BANNER for October.—Capt. William Bath continues his memorials of the sea; Hudson Tuttle relates "How to Make a Lyceum Successful." The character sketch this month, by Prof. Timson, is all the more interesting for the reason that it tells about Miss Florence Morse, associate editor of the LYCEUM BANNER. All the departments are well maintained. J. J. Morse, London, Eng.

One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.
(Notices under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Frank T. Ripley is having large audiences at Van Wert, O.; he goes to New Orleans, La., for November and December, and will be engaged for January, February and March upon reasonable terms. Address all letters to 2762 Broadway, Cleveland, O.

Dr. S. H. Nelke of 32 Milford street, Boston, had a surgical operation of a painful character performed on Wednesday, Oct. 17th, which has proved thus far successful.

Mrs. E. Cutler, platform trance medium and psychometric reader, spoke in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 21st; Nov. 4th, will be in Lowell, Mass.; Dec. 2d, will hold memorial services by reading from flowers, Lawrence, Mass.; will read psychometric readings on societies on liberal terms. Calder House, 393 Essex street, Lawrence, Mass.

Dr. C. P. Drisko has now changed his location to 145 North Common street, Lynn, Mass., where he can be addressed for lecture engagements.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter is, on Sundays of this month, and will be on all those of November, engaged in lecturing and giving sances in Chicago. The week-end sances of this week he is in Kalamazoo, Mich., discussing and delineating. His present address is 181 35th street, corner of South Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine (White Rose) will serve the First Society of Spiritualists of Indianapolis, Ind., during November, and the Union Society of Cincinnati, O., (during Mrs. R. L. Little's absence) in December and January. He has, we are informed, some new developments, and will give automatic writings, clairvoyant tests and psychometric readings on the rostrum. Societies in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois wishing his ministrations during these months for week-day meetings can procure his services. For terms, address him at Concord, Ill.

Dr. McLean, 902 Washington street, Boston, will answer calls from societies to lecture on Sundays or week-days, on Modern and Oriental Spiritualism. Terms reasonable.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham was at Stoneham, Mass., for the Ladies Aid Oct. 18th, to a good attendance; will be in Brockton, Nov. 18th; Fall River, Nov. 25th; Salem, Feb. 17th; Meriden, Conn., Mar. 3d and 10th. Has a few open dates. Address for engagements, 247 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Miss J. Ruben has returned to Boston, and is located at 1008 Washington street, opposite Chapman. She is ready to answer calls to lecture and give psychometric readings from articles; also visions with descriptions of spirit friends.

A Card.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
This summer I made the acquaintance of Dumont O. Dake, M. D., of New York City, who is so well known as a reform physician. I received the greatest benefit and relief by his skillful treatment, and wish all the sick could realize the efficacy of his treatment. Many of my friends have also been benefited by him.

I wish to emphasize this by endorsing what Dr. J. R. Buchanan says, 4 & 6 Oct. 18, to a good attendance; will be in Brockton, Nov. 18th; Fall River, Nov. 25th; Salem, Feb. 17th; Meriden, Conn., Mar. 3d and 10th. Has a few open dates. Address for engagements, 247 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

It is the wish of Dr. Dake's many friends in the East that he could make this city his permanent home; but New York claims him, and those needing his services should see him without delay.

MRS. M. W. LESLIE.

887 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Oct. 20th, 1894.

Certified Milk.

Every dairy supplying our condensers is under supervision. Milk is produced under rigid hygienic rules. The company's reputation is therefore a certificate of absolute purity of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

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

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

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Oct. 5th, 1894.

Once more, oh! Spirit of Life, we seek thy blessing and thy presence here in our midst. Once again we would become receptive to the teachings of these angel ones. May we understand thy law of wisdom and truth, that we may be guided aright. May our lives be acted upon by pure and beneficent influences that we may render helpful service to our kind. For these things we pray that our souls may be softened as angelic lives are softened by the holy influence from celestial spheres.

From a contemplation of the things of time and outward sense we turn to those which are of the spirit. We ask for light from thy ministers of goodness who come from worlds beyond to help those still on the mortal side. We give welcome to these returning souls, and we ask that not only may they be best in their ministrations and mission to earth, but that they may be uplifted by their presence and inspired to live better and holier lives. May we at this time extend to each other an atmosphere of sympathy and kindly peace which shall be beautiful to the souls that come to us from beyond the veil, and may we receive from them affectionate ministrations and assistance in every hour of need.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Eddie Cooke.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, the spirit-gentleman said I could talk, and I want you to tell my people that Eddie Cooke is here.

I lived in Saratoga, N. Y. Grandpa says to tell you the last place I lived in was Rouse's Point, N. Y.

When you come to the Summer-Land, I want you to see my pony, for we have horses and doggies and kitties, and everything nice.

My throat hurt me just before I went to heaven, but it don't hurt me now.

I'm getting to be a big boy. I go to school, and Miss Annie Thompson is my teacher. She's never cross, for she's a lovely lady. When we gather at school, she says prayers to God, and we recite our lessons, then we sing; then we go out into our pretty playgrounds. Isn't that nice?

[To the Chairman:] I want you to tell all the people that I go to school.

I'll be nine, next time, Grandpa Stewart says—not Grandpa Cooke. I was only five when I went away, and my throat hurt me so I could not get my breath.

I'm glad to come. Ollie comes with me. His grandpa lived at Rouse's Point, too.

Maria Merrill.

I have been waiting and wishing from the depths of my spirit that I might have the privilege to speak, but according to the rules here we must never step in front of a little child. I am grateful, however, to be given the opportunity now.

As I gaze at the many spirits assembled in this séance-room to-day I am impressed with the eagerness and earnestness of the spirit-world to send forth comforting words to their friends on earth, and to let them know that they are near. You will notice often how grateful the spirit seems to be for the privilege of voicing a few words. We cannot express our thankfulness to those who have opened this avenue of communication between the two worlds.

Joseph, some time ago you were feeling tried and troubled very much, but those clouds that gathered about you were only temporary. It is the prayer of my heart that you will sit alone for us so that you may learn the meaning of our coming to you.

[To the Chairman:] Years ago I came here, and gave a message, which was a great satisfaction to me, and to others; and I came again to-day asking permission to speak, which was granted me.

I have some friends in Newburyport, and there are many in the western part of the country who will be glad to learn that Maria Merrill has reported. Some there are who doubt, but their doubts will disappear in the clear light of evidence, and they will be eager to investigate and learn, and make the truth their own. I would admonish them, however, to use their own reason, and not allow others to think for them; sift the wheat from the chaff, retaining the one and rejecting the other.

I have friends in Oshkosh, Wis., and some nearer home, to whom I send these words.

Lydia Gage.

I always said if it were possible for me to return, and give a message, after being freed from that body which caused me so much suffering in material life, I certainly would come, and speak.

Edmund used to say to me, "Lydia, I know they are with me (and so do you)—those who have gone before." I had no reason to doubt it, although many of my own people and acquaintances had no faith in spirit communion. I enjoyed conversing with my spirit-friends, and I always made it a point in getting a communication to meet them a little more than half way. In these days of enlightenment we have no excuse to say we know nothing of spirit-return.

There is one, W—, to whom I would say: I have asked God and the good angels to take care of you, to turn you in the course you are pursuing. Frank has been constantly with you as a guide. I know there have been times when you have missed "Aunt Lydia," and you have missed me in more than one way. When I have not been able to reach out my hand to aid you, my spirit has hovered about you, ever hoping, as I did while in the flesh, that you would see the error of your ways, and turn from them. With your intellectual powers and mediumistic gifts why do you not heed the warning that has been given you so many times? If you do not do so your stay upon the earth-plane will not be long. I would that you so live here that when you pass on you will be happy, and I would also that you so live that when we visit you we too can be happy.

I made a solemn promise to myself before I passed on that as soon as the opportunity was granted me to return I would certainly avail myself of it.

Henry is with me, also Edmund, Elmira and Mattie, whose brain is all right in the spirit now; that condition only affected her physically. How glad they all were to welcome me. Dr. Spofford did all in his power—or others through him—for me, but at last I heard the voices saying, "Come, all things are ready," and I was glad to learn that the veil had been removed.

The good friends in Haverhill and Bradford, Mass., still hold me dear in memory. Lydia Gage.

Philander S. Briggs.

When I heard the words, "He is gone, he is dead," I was glad in the depths of my heart, and said, "If this is dying, I am glad to be dead."

Do not think, Mr. Chairman, I was not well versed in the subject of spirit-communion. Many an hour have I whiled away, talking with my friends who I felt had only gone into another room—not far away from me, as many think. I thank God from the depth of my soul that there is spirit-communion and there are some mortals who live such good lives that they are fitted to voice our thoughts. We should live pure lives, we should live near to the kingdom and seek to know more of the relationship that each human being bears to all others; then as mortals and immortals should we endeavor to realize more of the relationship we bear to the Great Spirit.

I delighted in visiting the old camp-grounds. I mingled with many campers during the last season, but they did not realize my presence as they formerly did.

I am familiar with the old streets of Charlestown, which I know is now called Boston, yet I like the old name better.

What I learned in regard to spiritual things while on earth, has been a great help to me in spirit-life. I did not seek to learn these things for myself alone, but in order that I might help others also. Frank has found it a reality; and as I am speaking here to-day, I see Brother Mahoney come into this room and his son with him. He says his people who are left here don't want to hear any such "nonsense," but if this is "nonsense," give me more. Every circle which he could attend in the Circle-Room below he visited while in the flesh. He said it was meat and drink to him. Zilpha is here.

I send warm greetings, not only to the handful of friends that are left on earth, but to all who are ready to receive these truths taught by returning spirits, that they may not only grow in spirit themselves but that they may aid others.

I reported once before, years ago, in your former Circle-Room, but I am grateful for the privilege of coming again. Philander S. Briggs.

Orissia A. Melville.

How pleasant it is to listen to the words that are sent forth here, and yet it is much pleasant when we know we are to speak for ourselves. How oft it has been said, "So near and yet so far." It is beautiful to realize the presence of loved ones, I know from experience, and yet how few can do so.

I never made the attempt to control the organism of a medium before, yet I have been anxious to learn, and have often watched the spirits talking in this Circle-Room.

I passed away at Detroit, Mich. I know of no death, but have found life eternal everywhere. Oh, that we might bring more proof to mortals of the immortality of the soul! Many who believe in the immortality of the soul, do not, however, believe in our companionship and presence with them. What consolation it is to those who sorrow and refuse to be comforted to learn that their loved ones are still with them, aiding them in every possible way!

Hannah and George have been into what are termed spiritual meetings, yet that gives them very little knowledge. You must go to school more than one day in order to gain an education, and I am pleased to say that a feeling to know more of us and our lives pervades the hearts of the people to a greater extent than at any time in the past.

Lydia Maria Child.

I will add just a few words, Mr. Chairman, hoping they may reach some honest heart, and carry an influence which will be convincing in its nature of the presence of their own loved spirit-friends.

I know I live in the hearts of many to-day, and that my memory is kept fresh and green. I was a worker here, and I continue to be one, not only with you here in good old Boston, but wherever my mission leads me. I desire that mortals may come into a knowledge that we are workers with them, although at times it seems as though we work alone.

I am grateful not only to Mr. Pierpont for giving me the privilege of speaking here to-day, but I would clasp hands with you mortals here, feeling that we are all the children of the Great Whole, our Father God.

Spirit Messages.

The following Messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER Circle, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith, who will appear in due order on our sixth page:

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

Oct. 18—Horace M. Richards; John Smith; Bertha Margaret Peterson; Jeremiah Hall; Walter S. Phillips; Elizabeth Dawson; Henry W. Passaworth; Charlotte Tubert; Richard Dubois; Harriet E. Parkhurst; Dr. Charles J. Shaw.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By S. W., Bradford, Pa.] Will you kindly state definitely whether we can gain all necessary experience in the spirit-world, including any earthly experience that we either have missed or that we could not acquire because we passed out of the body in childhood?

Ans.—We have always taught that every state or condition possible as an expression of the soul has two sides—the subjective or inner, and the objective or outer. We cannot undergo those precise experiences which pertain to the subjective side while on the objective, or vice versa; therefore there is a reasonable view of reëmbodiment, which compensates itself to all deep thinkers, and is never flippantly dismissed except by the shallowest of superficial assertions.

We declare, and have always declared, that every embodiment on earth is the beginning of a definite soul expression; that this expression does not end with the dissolution of the material frame, but continues in the spirit-world until it is completed there. With every new embodiment there is a new mental or intellectual state, and this is carried over—continued—and eventually completed in the realm of exocentric entities, whence spiritual communications usually come. There is no illusion or deception in the psychic realm; it is a real world of actual experiences, and the dwellers therein continue their favorite occupations and enjoy mutual relationships pertaining to that state until it has reached its culmination.

It is quite true that there are homes, schools and all the institutions imaginable in the spirit-world, which awaits any one of us between one earth embodiment and another; and the intervals between embodiments usually extend through hundreds and sometimes through millions of years, according to earthly time. This is regulated by the degree of advancement mentally, morally and spiritually attained by the spirit before dropping the earthly garment.

It is furthermore true that in many instances friends on earth are so closely associated with those in spirit that a sort of dual life is lived on both sides, the one on earth becoming cognizant of the experiences of the one in spirit, and vice versa. These interminglings of kindred minds are freely recognized by many who do not accept what they call the reincarnation hypothesis at all. We take the ground decidedly that though all such experiences are real, and naturally helpful, they are not substitutes for the direct personal experience attainable only by actual contact with external things, and the consequent meeting of such trials and temptations which the material world alone affords.

The argument in favor of all possible experiences being gained hereafter in the spirit-world would be less weak than it is if all human beings were born into earthly conditions of an equally degraded or exalted state here and now; but the past is entirely overlooked by those who deny successive embodiments, except by a few authors who endeavor, on the basis laid down in "Ghost Land" and "Art Magic," to explain how the spirit develops through various elemental stages of growth prior to reaching the human status.

Our teaching is uncompromisingly as follows: Every soul needs the same or equivalent experiences, and will at some time acquire them through direct contact with the scenes where temptations are laid. Every new embodiment is a fresh link in a complete and continuous chain, and the continuation of an embodiment in the subjective state or spirit-world exists until the mission of it is fully accomplished.

Q.—[By the same.] In the Message Department of THE BANNER of Aug. 11th, 1894, Mr. W. J. Colville, in answering a question, is made to say: "One year in spirit-life for any one who is capable of realizing the power of thought-action may be more productive of actual result for himself and others than one hundred years spent in business on earth." Is it meant by this that progress in general is in the same ratio?

A.—We were replying to a question which contained what we considered a grossly materialistic inference, consequently we spoke forcibly on the other side, and we see no reason for modifying a syllable of our reply. We do not, however, intend to teach that progress is in any given ratio except you can determine the status of the individuals whose especial progress you are considering.

The error involved in the question to which we replied was the groundless assumption that one year on earth was worth more than one hundred years in spirit-life. This statement was made boldly, without qualification or reference to particular necessities. We declare emphatically that such an assertion is unwarranted, and that as we become more and more alive to spiritual realities the reverse may be true, one year in spirit-life may be worth more to ourselves and others than one hundred years spent on earth in ordinary business or pleasure-seeking.

There seemed to be in the question referred to the unwarrantable insinuation that life in the spirit-world is inactive and comparatively profitless, and that the only way of working is exclusively physical. Now there are myriads of exocentric intelligences to-day actively engaged in conjunction with people on earth to promote the highest good to humanity on all planes of expression.

The ratio of development in any state can be only determined accurately if you can detect the motives which prompt to action and measure the good influence exerted through a career.

The silent force of thought is greater by far than any physical word or act, and the power to think certainly does not die with the physical organism. Thought rules the world, and has ever ruled it. Everything is in mind before it is in matter; therefore a physical body and material tools of all kinds are useful only for the most external purposes. The thought-action of the spiritual world, which includes the interiors of all humanity, is the true inventive, directive and renovative force in nature.

Funeral of Dr. Charles Main.

THE BANNER last week contained the announcement of the transition to spirit-life of this veteran (physician at his home, 47 Union Park street, Boston, Oct. 10th; also a brief word concerning the obsequies held at his residence on Saturday, Oct. 13th. Excellent and appropriate music was furnished on that occasion by the Ruggles-street Quartet. Rev. H. M. Torbert, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Florence street, read the Episcopal service, after which Mrs. B. F. Smith, under control of Spirit John Pierpont, then offered the following

INVOCATION:

Oh! thou Divine Father, in whom we live, move and have our being, we would invoke thy presence at this hour, and also the presence of thine angels from celestial spheres who delight to return to earth at thy bidding to minister to the spiritual needs of thy mortal children. We ask thy blessing to rest upon all mankind; we ask that light may be extended to those who sit in darkness, and that comfort may be given those who mourn the absence on earth of their loved ones, and who, like Rachel of old, refuse to be comforted because they are not.

Our Father, bless the mourning ones here assembled to pay a loving tribute of respect to the memory of our arisen brother who is now freed from the encumbrances of material life, and for the new-born spirit may give us smiles instead of tears, and say, "It is well!" May a realizing sense of the nearness of those who have passed on only a little before be given to thy children present; may they learn that the ties of love and sympathy which bound them one to another while here on earth have not been severed by the change called death; and unto thy name would we render all praise and thanksgiving, not only now but evermore.

Mrs. Smith, still in the trance state, then spoke substantially as follows:

ADDRESS.

To us of the spirit life who have gathered here to-day with our dear arisen brother, this is indeed a most joyous occasion. As he entered the spirit-world, and we bore him to his "paradise home," I saw, warmly, we welcomed him who for long years has been your teacher, counselor and friend. With what happiness and joy he gazed upon the faces of those with whom he had held such sweet communion in that inner chamber. Relatives and friends who had gone before gathered about him with expressions of love and gladness; and his spirit-guides and teachers blessed him, and said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; greet shall be thy reward!"

I knew him personally, therefore do I speak in these glowing terms. I do not say to you, dear mortals, that he was perfect, for no one upon the earth plane is that; but even you who knew him best, who knew his great kindness of heart, his generosity, his charity for all, and his goodness, do not realize the great spiritual power he possessed and exerted over those with whom he came in contact. His heart was high and true, and he was well fitted to enter the home which had been prepared for him by loving friends who had long awaited his coming.

Long hours did he spend in prayerful meditation. Many times have I visited the little inner chamber, and found him communing with those bright, unfolded souls from celestial spheres who were his guides and teachers. He lived over and over the spiritual plane than upon the material. He knew his spirit companions were ever beside him, ever ministering unto him, and spirit-life was as much a reality to his highly spiritualized nature as was the earthly, above whose turmoil and confusion he had gained the power to live.

You who knew him well remember his exceeding kindness to little children, who loved him dearly. That was one of the finest attributes of his truly great and loving personality. You to whom he was so dear can well serve him even now by emulating his example, giving a smile and a gentle word, if no more, to the little ones, upon whom kindness has so great an influence.

Do not think, dear friends, that he has left you forever. He will come frequently into your midst as you assemble in these rooms. He will take his accustomed place here in this quiet home he loved so well. You will miss his physical presence; you will miss his familiar form upon the street; you will miss his kind, gentle words, the smile upon his lips, the hand of charity extended to the needy; but his spiritual influence will be greater than ever; having cast aside the body, with its many limitations, he will gather to himself new power, which he will gladly expend in aiding those of the earth who have departed as was our own his never-failing counsel and spiritual support as a beloved physician and revered friend.

Those of you who realize the relationship you still bear to those who have passed on, and to the Father of us all; and also that death is only a blessed release from the form of clay, must surely smile and rejoice that the new-born spirit is free and with us to-day. As I said, he will come to you, "It is well!" We who leave our beautiful homes beyond to aid you mortals dwelling here in darkness and error, to teach you of the living God, of the truth of immortality which it is so difficult for your hearts to accept in times of trial and doubt, were indeed rejoiced when the summons from the Father of us all, "Come up higher," came to our brother dwelling in this mortal vale. Little can our words picture to you the glory of the home which is now his who was ever faithful to our call, and whom we ever found at the appointed hour with head bowed in prayer, and heart and soul uplifted in aspiration to the Creator. In our Father's house are many mansions awaiting you, dear friends; and when the time is ripe for your own new spirit-life, may you be as ready and fitted for the change as was our dear brother. You know not at what hour Death—no, the Angel of Life—shall come for you; but if you are prepared as was he, you will have no fear, but you will rejoice with exceeding great joy that you are to take another step onward in the path of progression.

I have spoken of the mansions that await you in the Summer-Land, the gift of the Father above, but they are not furnished as yours. Your lives here, your deeds, and still more your motives, are the materials used in adorning those homes in the spirit-world, which are as tangible to us as are your houses here to you. As we unfold in spirituality we may add to the beauty of our abodes, and each kind and loving deed there brightens them in just the degree that our motive is pure and unselfish. There we wear a form fashioned after the one in which we were clad here. St. Paul has truly said that there is a natural body and a spiritual body; we dwell in the natural body of flesh on earth, and when we cast it aside we are robed in a spiritual garment fitted to our needs in spirit-life.

It behooves us, then, to live the best and purest life possible here, that we may enter the condition of peace and happiness when we pass to the land beyond. The best religion which we can accept to live by here and hereafter is that of the angels, which teaches us no creeds and dogmas but to do good, to be good, and to be charitable, kind and loving to all with whom we come in contact.

Many of you who are now Spiritualists may feel as once I did when on the earth-plane, that if our friends can return and communicate, why do they not come directly to us instead of coming through a medium, who is usually an entire stranger. In answer to this query I would use the following illustration: If you wished to send a telegram to a friend in New York City,

would you retro to your chamber and write your message following your friend would receive it without the aid of the telegraph? No, you would go where the message could be looked out over the wires. So we send our messages to our friends by aid of the instrument termed a medium, who receives them over the wires from the unseen world. Then be lenient and charitable with those sensitives who, by living upright and pure lives, are fitted to receive our thoughts, realizing that they are placed in peculiarly trying positions; and by your sympathy you will strengthen them in their determination to be honest and true, and so increase their usefulness and power to do good.

In the services held here for weeks and months our dear brother has had a foretaste of the joys that are now his. The emblem of this brotherhood and sisterhood to which he belonged is not merely an outward token, but it carries with it an influence to hold you safe from earthly temptations and wrongs.

Dear friends, mourn not. The shadow that has cast a gloom over this home has a silver lining. You have the promise of the Father; you have the consciousness within your hearts that he who has entered spirit-life is with you. He will take his accustomed place here; he will still be your brother and counselor. Although you cannot look upon this form as of old, and watch him as he moves about among you, be glad that your loss is his gain, and that it has pleased the Father to call him higher, where he is released from the bondage of flesh. Be thankful that you have had him as long as you have. Relatives and friends, dry your tears; mourn not for the one released, for he is here to-day, and as he clasps his hands in an ecstasy of joy he exclaims: "My 'paradise home,' for which I so longed, I have reached at last!"

BENEDICTION.

Thou divine and loving Father, who art in heaven, unto thy care we commend the arisen spirit of our brother; and may thy blessing rest upon all sorrowing hearts here assembled, bringing that consolation which thou alone canst bestow.

A beautiful rendering of "Oh! Paradise," by the quartet, concluded the services. The remains were interred in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TRIBUTE TO LUTHER COLBY.

BY M. S. WOOD.

Mustered out:
No longer to work in conflict and strife;
In the battles of thought, for the glory of life;
No longer to wave the proud BANNER abroad
Whose folds have been marked with the pure love of God;

Where Charity's principles ever were taught,
And truths, all divine, by angels were brought,
Whose messages went far away o'er the sea
As proofs of the soul's immortality:
A valiant old soldier; with heart ever brave
To stand for the right, though tempests should rave;
And now, with thy mission accomplished below,
Thou hast passed where the flowers of eternity grow.

Mustered out of earth-service to labors above;
And crowned with the blessings of Infinite Love;
How thousands will meet thee, and welcome thee there,
Who have read in THE BANNER their answer to prayer;

Who have passed from the mortal, and found it all true—
That each one receives what in justice is due.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, oh! long may it wave;
Sustained by true natures as earnest and brave
As he who has gone from the scenes of earth-strife
To join the grand army in spiritual life.
May charity breathe through its pages to all,
While love weaves the mantle that ever must fall
O'er weak ones who struggle through sorrow and sin,
Through the tempest of life with discords and din.

Mustered out; but we know he will work with us still,
And help us each duty of life to fulfill,
And will wave a new BANNER from mansions above,
With its motto of Peace, and its teachings of Love;
With its columns of messages, coming to bless,
From our loved, who have gone to that sweet land of rest.

We mourn not to day for this soldier so brave;
No spirit like his can be held by the grave,
But onward and upward, forever and aye,
He will march in the light of eternity's day!
Stoneham, Mass., Oct. 13th, 1894.

October Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for October, has the following among its table of contents: "Philip and His Wife," Margaret Deland (concluded); "Retrospect of an Octogenarian," George E. Ellis; "Recollections of Stanton under Johnson," Henry L. Dawes, an interesting historical sketch; "Heartsease," Alice Brown; "At Hakata," Lafcadio Hearn; "Land of My Dreams," Louise Chandler Moulton; "A Playwright's Novitiate," Miriam Coles Harris; "The Philosophy of Sterne," Henry Chittie Merwin; "Our Quixote at La Salette," Anna Pierrepont Molivane; "The Railway War," Henry J. Fletcher, etc. These, with articles not here named, and the regular departments, make a strong number of this famous New England Magazine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

St. Nicholas.—The frontispiece this month is timely—"Gathering Autumn Leaves." The trials of a captured bear are told by Tappan A. Adner. "Deceit and Sorrow" comes to us from Howard Pyle continues "Jack Ballister" with much interest. Sea lions and seals are written of by W. T. Henshaw. "The Horse that Didn't Eat his Head Off," is by Sophie Sweet. Charles F. Lummis has another of his Pueblo Indian folk-tales. Elbridge S. Brooks has a narrative poem, "The King of the Samoyed." Goddard H. Orpen describes "Sir Walter Raleigh's House at Youghal." Ernest Ingersoll tells the thrilling story of "Corra's Puma Rug." "Tiger's Merry-go-Round" is by Frank Deland. "Jack's Literary Effort" is by Tudor Jencks. "The Disappointed Sportsman" is a poem by Will Davis. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.


McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—One of the most talked-of newspapers of the day is The Sun of New York; therefore the pages of this magazine devoted to a recital of the life of the editor, Mr. Dana, will be read with marked interest. The article brings out many fresh things, and illustrates not only his home-life, but presents portraits taken at various stages. "Sweethearts" is a story by A. Conan Doyle; Ben Teal is very funny with "Palmer Cox's Brownies on the Stage"; O. Warman has a railroad story, "Flying Through Flames"; E. Jay Edwards furnishes a succinct account of the work now going on at Niagara Falls; "A Deal on 'Change'" is a tale of revenge by Robert Barry; "Recent Advances in our Knowledge of the Moon's Surface," is from the pen of Edward S. Holden, L. L. D., Director of the Lick Observatory; Bret Harte contributes "Young Robin Gray," which is a pretty love story. S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

RECOVERED: The Independent Pulpit. J. D. Shaw, editor, Waco, Tex.

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Forever Young; Gathered Home to God; Gathering Flowers
in Heaven; Grandmother's Waiting; Heavenly Music
Fills the Air; Home of My Beautiful Dreams; I Shall
Be Satisfied; Just Beyond the Gates of Gold; Just Over the

Love's Golden Chain; Little Baby Fingers; Lifting of the
Vell; Loving Angels Everywhere; Little Bird's Gone;
Rest; Loved Ones In Heaven; Only a Thin Vell; Open the
Pearly Gates; Our Beautiful Home Above; Only a Whisper
Our Native Land; Some Day We Shall Meet; Sad Memor-
Come, Oh! Heart; Sometime We Shall Know; Sleep C-
Comrades; They Are Waiting for Us Now; The Garment
We Make We Shall Wear; The Old Man's Spirit Welcom-

The Golden Gates Are Left Ajar; Truth Shall Save the World; The White Immortal Shore; The City Just over the Hill; The Here and Now; That Beautiful World; Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair; There's a Home of Bliss above; When the Dear Ones Gather at Home; When I Go Home; Weary of Watching and Waiting; What Shall Be My Name? When We Pass through the Beautiful Gate; When

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