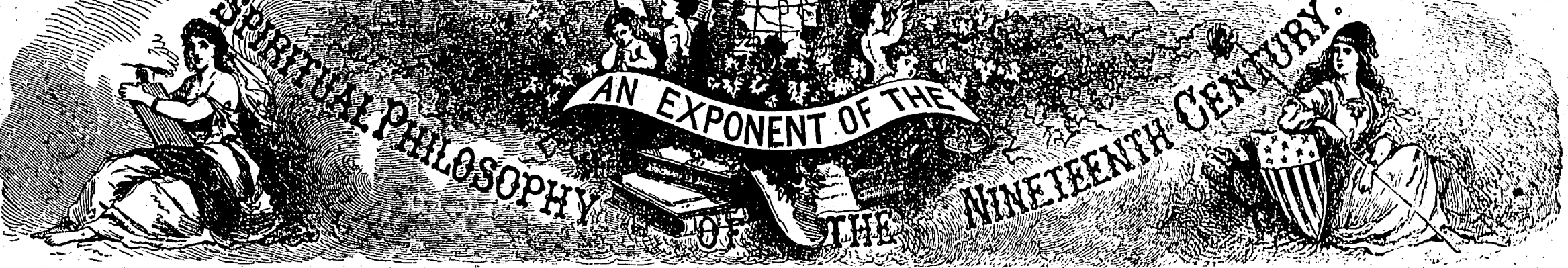


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Poetry.

For the Banner of Light.
IS HE DEAD?

BY MARY DANA SHINDLER.

Dead? No, he is not dead!
The putting off our mortal forms,
All battered by life's ceaseless storms,
Why should immortals dread?
The world invisible surrounds
These earthly homes, these prison bounds,
And the lone graveyard's verdant mounds
With only mortal dust are fed.
Not seen—and that is all;
No more earth's thorny paths to roam,
The weary traveler has reached home,
Has heard his Father's call;
And while we drop the secret tear,
Let us rejoice he is not here,
But that, with mind and vision clear,
He sees through things terrestrial.
Yes, and rejoices now
At things which, seen through earth's disguise,
Seem'd only mournful mysteries
At which, resigned, to bow;
But, seen through heaven's pure atmosphere,
How chang'd they are, how full of cheer,
Because the Father sent him here
Our souls with child-like faith to endow.
Then dry the starting tear,
And hush the frequent, heavy sigh;
Let us remember that to die
Is to leave sorrow here;
Yes! when the loved one's body dies,
His soul, alive, unfetter'd flies
Away from earth's dark, threatening skies,
To heaven's unclouded atmosphere.
Oh think not that our dead
No longer love, no longer know
Those they have left in tears below;
No, never be it said
That human sympathies were given
To be at death all rudely riven,
To be forgotten in God's heaven,
Where souls with naught but love are fed.
Our dead are with us still;
And who can tell how near they come,
Or how they fly to cheer the home
Their presence once did fill?
God has removed them from our sight
To a home where all is pure and bright—
We dwell in darkness, they in light,
And blessed be God's holy will!

"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

NUMBER TWO.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"The sage is a very circumspect man, and is never seen reading Spiritualist papers," said Artemas to himself, "but he seems to have the current facts at his command, like a good many people, interested, but unwilling to own it. He notices items in the secular papers, admitting their unfairness often, and reads thoughtfully the items found favorable there, and coming to this article about death, written by his model minister, the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, where he says: 'It will give us new aspirations for and opportunities of growth, but that it will be any growth in itself we are not persuaded. * * * It brings no change to us; it gives no new direction to our movement. It will be a gain because of what it brings us to, not because of its influence on ourselves. There is no reason to fear it, therefore. We should fear sleep just as much as we do death, had we never experienced it. If it be, as sleep we need not dread it, for we shall all awaken out of it if we have enough of the divine life in us to wake us. 'Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?'" He turned to Artemas and said, "I do not see where Mr. Murray gets his information. The Bible is his 'Word of God,' though he kicks it over as the Chinaman does his god when it does not suit him. But suppose him to be sound on the goose—excusing the slang phrase—where is there anything in it, from Genesis to Revelations, that gives him that information that he utters with all the confidence of an experience, or reliable information? That is what puzzles me. Has he got any private source of information? Of course not. If he is a Spiritualist on the sly, why don't he say so? That is what bothers me, for a gifted, or thoughtful man to be so careless, or illogical, or hypocritical."
The sage was disposed to be sociable, and rather expected Artemas to come to the defence of Mr.

Murray, for his liberal utterances, but the latter seemed inclined to let the sage work it out, who then said: "If there be a divine revelation, in the evangelical sense, or a plenary inspiration, and in it there be data for his information, or assurance, then there would be consistency in what he says of death. But the authority is at least debatable, and no one knows it better than Murray does—and drifts away from it in his wisest moments, though he always goes back on his heresies and patches up his fractures. I must own that I never like him better than when he is himself and unbiblical, and in that is his genius and popularity. If the authority was unquestioned there is no passage that can be twisted into his rational assurances on the subject of death, or the 'to-morrow of death,' in which we all have an immediate interest. If he is to be definite and not speculative, he should have authority for his utterance, either by having talked with returned travelers from the land of souls, or by the teachings of Divine Revelation. The latter he has not, for it is not so written; the former he has not, for he would then be a Spiritualist; for whatever may be said, there are but two sources of light on this subject—one is by communication with the spirit-world, and the other is the bible, and the latter cannot be tied to as rational, or reliable, and certainly it does not give any such light as Murray teaches in the item referred to. Now, Artemas, what have you got to say to all that?"

"Well," said Artemas, "if you expect to find a minister logical or consistent with the letter of his creed, or the bible, you will be disappointed. Every smart man who preaches is a drift, and on general principles it is of no consequence; it is only when the minister comes down to details, of which he knows nothing about and pretends to know everything, that the shoe pinches. The bible was founded on fact, and is a fact and not a fiction, when properly interpreted. When a man looks at it to-day, or pretends to, as he would if contemporary with it, he has got to be inconsistent if he has any brains. The evangelical who is logical and consistent with creed or bible, would be like a man looking at a comet in the nineteenth century with the eyes and knowledge of an observer a thousand or two years ago. A comet to-day is a phenomenon subject to law, light in density, often transparent in its nucleus, as harmless as a soap-bubble; science has weighed and measured it, knows its pathway and predicted its return to a day after long and even centennial absences. In an ignorant age they were wandering stars, came blazing suddenly on a terror-stricken world; they were evil omens; they presaged war, pestilence and famine. Divine Revelation, like the comet, must be looked at with the eyes of to-day; the former is not plenary inspiration, the latter is not an evil omen, or fraught with danger. The records of the former were intended to be the records of facts; the records of the latter were facts also to the age referred to, and many things attributed to their influence we now know are mistakes. We see no reason to doubt that the wonderful occurrences recorded in holy writ all had a foundation in fact, but the paternity of the occurrences, their miraculous character, was to a great extent a misapprehension. Modern Spiritualism is the key to that book of books, and will yet restate it as an object of respect and instruction, but never as an object of worship or authority. God having no more to do with its authorship than he had in building the Coliseum. In the light of science, and positive knowledge the minister of the gospel, in the shadow and not in the light of Modern Spiritualism, is obliged in his heart, if not openly, to reject the records of scripture, for modern knowledge knows no miracles. Those who have the light of Modern Spiritualism are alone able to explain the ancient records rationally, and they do it in harmony with scientific knowledge, for they are witnesses of phenomena which are natural, that is, that are under law which in ancient times would have justified the testimony that claimed them as miraculous. In a word, holy-writ is no fiction, the comets contemporary with it from Genesis to Revelations were no fictions, the change from then to now in the aspects of both is in us, not in them, and scientific knowledge and intellectual progress have done it."
"Now, my dear sage, this, you may think, is not answering your question, 'Where Murray gets his information from,' to say what he does about the 'to-morrow of death,' but it will lead to it. Mr. Murray may be a Spiritualist, as Henry Wilson was, and the public not be aware of it, or he may be, which is more likely, a light in the world, and not know it in the sense to which I refer; that is, he may speak from his intuitions, and intuitions are always heaven-born. He gets his information just where Andrew Jackson Davis got his 'Divine Revelations,' and knew it; just where Mrs. Tappan, the trance speaker, gets hers; and knows it; blessed are they who, like Saul and the woman of Endor, obtain heaven-born information, and know from whence; but better have it and utter it, if they know not its source, than to be speechless when full of heaven-born ideas, because heretofore from an evangelical point of view. 'Where does Murray get his information?' Where Nehemiah Adams got it, when returning from a funeral of a child who had died fulfilling the prophecy of a father who had died two weeks before, when he said 'the curtain between the two worlds was thinner than it used to be.' A Spiritualist knows that fact, but Nehemiah Adams is not a Spiritualist, and he did not get the idea from the bible. He had no authority for it but his 'impressions,' and it was truer than his bible to him, though it need not have been if he had waked up to the truth that was so nigh unto him, but

which he had no literal authority for, but which Modern Spiritualism teaches, and Longfellow, or some other poet, expresses in the following lines:

"The spirit-world around the world of some
Flows like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Waits through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

"It is these vital utterances from men like Murray, Beecher and others, that make their popularity; they are inviolably heresies from an Orthodox standpoint, but the hearers need the warm words, and the heresy is uncriticised and the pastor's salary is raised. When there are sages among the listeners, they begin to think and inquire as you do, when you say, how is this?"

"My dear sage, Murray got his information on the 'to-morrow of death,' that so disturbs you, where Mac Donald, the Presbyterian novelist, did, when he so heretically and unscripturally, but so truthfully said that 'death is but the waking up for the first time in our lives.' Did the bible say so to the novelist? Did he ever so 'wake up' for the first time, and so give an autobiographical fact? Not much, as 'Cabbage John' said to Bro. Ward. He got it where Moses and Daniel, Jesus and Paul and Socrates and Plato got their illuminated thoughts. It is the light that has ever shone into the world's darkness whenever it could find an entrance, but the darkness comprehended it not, then or now. It is a question whether Murray comprehends or knows its source; he feels its truth—all thoughtful people do. What a pity that all who are open to the reception of this inner light are not devotees of Modern Spiritualism. The time will be, and it is not far off, when the foreworld of thought will be reproduced again, with this difference: men shall walk by sight and knowledge, and not alone by faith, and the church will have lost the gap between the death of the seer of Patmos and the modern spiritual manifestations, and will insist there has been no break in the record of the inspired writings from the first century to the nineteenth. We can wait, always placing truth before scripture, whether Murray utters it or one of the saints of this later light."

"When I have heard Mr. Murray utter a spiritual, but evangelically heretical truth, he seems to feel before he gets through as though he had made a mistake, and makes some qualifying remark, and thus disperses his light, instead of diffusing it, except what thoughtful souls catch by the rifles in their own minds before the counter-current of evangelical consistency sets in. Perhaps he does more good in the way he does it, gets a hearing perhaps when he would not, if he came to a self-knowledge of the truth. You, my dear sage, even might not be open-eyed if you thought you were listening to modern inspiration instead of ancient inspiration. Many a modern truth gets planted in the human mind sugar-coated with scripture, like Dr. Cullis's spiritual influences, that the world gets, but he does not get the full benefit of, by being literally a 'shut-eyed,' or rather, a shut-minded medium. My friend, the 'Sage of Galveston'—no relation, however, of yours—says in a late letter: 'Beecher preaches a Spiritualism almost good enough for him, and I don't know but he is wise not to call it Spiritualism yet,' and the same may be said of Mr. Murray for a rose by any other name will smell as sweet, at least, to those like you and me who have a taste for roses, or truths."

"Now, without answering your question either categorically or directly, I think I have given you to understand that his thought was an 'impression' wholly unwarranted from any information obtainable from the letter of the word which kilth, the spirit alone maketh alive, but was an intuition in harmony with the spirit of Scripture, and as liable, yea, more liable to be true than the intuitions of Elijah, or the other prophets who lived and uttered their bright thoughts three thousand years ago. I am inclined to think the whole quotation states actual truth, and evidence from the spirit-world corroborates it, and when Mr. Murray 'wakes up' here or hereafter, he will find he was giving reliable information, though to him it was only a speculation, or what seemed in his mind ought to be truth; and to be square and honest he ought to have said so, but if he had said so perhaps the effect would have been lost. I think even the closing passage substantially true where he puts the awful 'if,' in, thus, 'if we have enough of the divine life in us to wake us.' He evidently thinks as I do, that the primordial, or pre-Adamite man, was not immortal, and that a large minority now are not destined to fully 'wake up,' or then not into permanency, the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest' being spiritually as well as scientifically true. But, my dear sage, I will not begin on that subject now; when the opportunity offers and the conditions are right, we will extend our councils into that domain."

Labor Exceeds Capital.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Hon. George S. Bowen, ex-mayor of Elgin, Ill., in speaking of the extensive watch manufactory in his city, made the following statement:

"The labor pay-roll amounts to \$42,000 per month, two-thirds of which is for women's labor. One pound of steel, costing seventy cents, produces four hundred and fifty thousand screws, which are worth \$6,000. One pound of steel makes ninety-three thousand pallet-arbors, for ladies' watches, the work passing through thirty different persons' hands, and are worth \$30,000."

Who will say that steel and labor are not more valuable than gold after knowing these facts?

The last words of the San José Advertiser were: "We entered the journalistic field on a business proposition, and on the same proposition we leave it. We know when it is time to die, and we are dead."

A Splendid New Serial.

DAISY DOANE:

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook;" "A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life;" etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the pen; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Joan and Aunt Margie.

It was a beautiful summer evening. As Peter had said, "the garden was a laughing" all over with flowers. This garden was Uncle Joe's peculiar domain; he planted and tended it, and almost every shrub and plant had been placed there by his hands. In one part were what we call old-fashioned flowers, though why that term should be applied to flowers I know not, but as such the family spoke of one particular plot where white, sweet briar, York and Lancaster, cinnamon and Burgundy roses grew, where southernwood, thyme, lavender, night-molette, perfumed the air, and pinks, poppies, marigolds, china-asters, four-o'clocks, sweet peas and scarlet runners gave rich coloring in early autumn. "These were my mother's favorites," Uncle Joe said; "she taught me their names, and among my earliest memories is that of standing by her side and seeing her put in the seeds, and hearing her say, 'Now, my darling, watch, and in a week or two you will see them come up, tiny things at first, but if we care for them they will give us beautiful flowers.' So every year the sun sows them in memory of his mother. There is another part watched with equal love and care, where ten roses, heliotrope, lilacs of the valley, violets and geraniums grow in great beauty and profusion. These were the favorites of the wife who died in her youthful beauty. During her short married life not a day passed that she did not find some of these flowers by her side at the breakfast table. Their sight always recalled her to him, and kept her memory green. Daisy had learned to love the garden from being there so much with Uncle Joe, and after service on Sunday evenings they always resorted there in summer. A little arbor overhanging with climbing plants gave shade and shelter, and here they read and talked till twilight and evening dews warned them in."

"Now, Uncle Joe, for my little story," said Daisy, as she curled herself up in one corner. "What made Miss Joan say she didn't want me beside her because I looked so much like a Lee?"

"Well, Daisy—but that is not your true name."

"No, my name is Alice. I learned first to spell it from the monument."

"Yes, and there I first met you, my treasure. It has always seemed as if you were sent to me by the Alice whom I laid there, or that you sprung up, like the flowers my mother loved so well, from the ground."

"No, Uncle Joe; I was born somewhere."

"Yes, Daisy, you were born in a little Hindoo village in India, where your father was stationed as a missionary."

"My papa's name was Paul Sewall, and that is his picture which hangs in my room, Uncle Joe."

"You are right, Daisy."

"And mamma has often said to me, 'Alice, your father was almost too good for this world,' but she never talks much about her life in India, nor much to me about my papa. After I came here, you know, she went away to Europe with Uncle Sam, and stayed a long time, and that is why I forgot so much about the time when I lived with mamma; but we pass the old house sometimes, and the mill near it, where Grandpa Lee used to live. I remember one day I went with mamma to the little brown house where she said she lived when a little girl, and there was a funeral there, and they told me it was grandpa that was in the coffin. When we came away mamma cried a long while, and said we would see grandpa no more, and in a little while the woman who was grandpa's wife, but not my grandpa, went away from there with her son, and now mamma never goes there, only sometimes when I ride out with Uncle Sam and mamma they like to stop under a great tree that grows close to the little house, and talk about the mill, and the brook, and the old house; one day Uncle Sam dug up a white rose bush that grew by the door, and brought it home, and set it under their window here."

Uncle Joe smiled, and laid his hand gently on Daisy's head, and said: "Uncle Sam and mamma are very happy."

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Joe, and now little Richard is come Aunt Margie says they are so happy that she feels as if she was 'looking all the time at a picture of the Garden of Eden,' and she said, too, but to herself—I think she did not mean I should hear her—it is the peace after the storm, and I bless God that my old eyes are permitted to see it!" Tell me what she means, Uncle Joe, and why Aunt Margie should love me so well, and Miss Joan say that I looked so much like the Lees she didn't like to look at me. Oh, stop a minute," laying her hand lightly on his arm,

"grandpa's name was Lee; did she know grandpa?"

"Uncle Joe raised Daisy, and placed her on his knee, then gently parting her curls he looked earnestly at her a moment. "Yes, Daisy," he said, "you look very much as your mother did at your age, and yet you have Paul Sewall's mouth. It is a very firm little mouth. I don't know what would happen if you and I should not agree, Daisy."

"If you and I should quarrel, Uncle Joe, do you mean?" That would be funny; that will not happen; don't you be afraid of that, Uncle Joe; only remember, if you should ever go off to Boston, as you did the other day, before I am up in the morning, and not awaken me to bid you good morning, and put your lump of sugar into your coffee, and walk almost to the depot—if you should ever do that again, Uncle Joe, I should have to punish you by not giving you a kiss for two whole days," and the child put her lips tight together, as much as to say, "I would do it."

"Ho! ho! you're turning the tables, are you? I thought it was Uncle Joe that was bringing up his little Daisy."

"Why, Uncle Joe, you have no mother to take care of you, and no wife to see that you look nice, as mamma does for Uncle Sam, and so little Daisy must do it, and sometimes I feel that it is a great 'sponsibility,' as Peter says."

"Well, well, I think it must be hard to bring up such a stiff old fellow as I am; and I must confess that, if you should steal away from me sometime without saying 'good bye,' I should call it very cruel."

"That will never happen, Uncle Joe, never; so mean a thing I would not do." And now tell me what Aunt Margie meant, and why Miss Joan said those words."

"I will do so, Daisy, for you might as well understand it now as at any time. When your mother was a child she lived at the mill, and your Grandfather Lee was a poor, hard working miller. His little daughter, Millie ('that is my mother,' said Daisy, I was a very lovely child, and used to come with her father in the wagon twice a year to pay rent to my father, who owned the land and mill. Sam and Millie were warm friends, and continued, to be after they became older. But Miss Joan was very proud, and did not wish her brother to marry the poor miller's daughter, and after Sam went to Calcutta she managed to break up the match, and to almost break Sam's heart. Your mother, who believed that my brother had forgotten her, finally married your father, Paul Sewall, a noble, good man, who gave his life to the poor, miserable Hindoos who know not God. He died when you were a mere baby, and your mother came back to live in the old parsonage, which once belonged to your Grandpa Sewall."

"Now I know all the rest! I know all the rest, Uncle Joe!" said Daisy, clapping her hands. "I met you by the monument, dear Aunt Alice's monument, where I learned to spell my own name, and after that everything came all right. It was you, Uncle Joe, that brought it all right."

"No, my little one, I think it was yourself; at any rate, I thank God every day that he sent you to me."

"Miss Joan likes my mother to come and see her, Uncle Joe."

"Yes, your mother has made a great conquest. I think Aunt Joan's conscience troubled her some, and she wished to make reparation for wrong, (that may have had something to do with it,) but your mother's unwearied patience and gentleness have made Joan a firm friend, and now 'Sam's wife' is, to her, the embodiment of all that is good and lovely."

"And poor little Daisy is not loved a bit, Uncle Joe."

"Miss Joan has been a great sufferer, Daisy. She is my only sister, and I want to make her life happy if possible; but jolted to a disposition naturally harsh she has the trial of a long, hopeless illness. We must forgive much. I think it annoyed her that I should adopt you as my child. You know you are mine now; no one has any right to take you from me. You bear the name of my Alice, the wife whose memory is so precious. Your mother named you for her in that far-off land, where you were born, and love for her friend, and compassion for my loss, led her to make this gift to me. I cannot give you up to please Joan, for she has no right to dictate in this matter to me. But we will try to do her all the good we can. Perhaps by and by you will win her love as your mother has done. Will you try, my pet?"

Daisy was looking very thoughtful. After a moment she said:

"Aunt Margie, who is very wise, says if we wait some one to love us we must try and get them to do us a kindness; isn't that funny?" But she says, "we seldom love people to whom we are of no use." Now I can wait on Miss Joan, and read to her, if she will let me, and comb her hair, and I would do anything else that you can tell me to do. But there is one thing I wish she would do for me; I wonder if she would, Uncle Joe?"

"What is it, Daisy?" I can tell better if I know the nature of the favor."

"Why, Uncle Joe, she has the beautifullest great white canvas sampler that ever you did see, and there's a strawberry border on it; there hasn't a girl in town got the pattern of it, and I do so want it! The sampler is locked up in a bureau drawer in her room. She showed it one day when I was in there to Mrs. Tracy, a friend who went to the same school with her many years ago, and I wanted so much to copy it that I had a mind to ask Mrs. Coffin to get it out for me when Miss Joan was asleep and let me copy it, but that was so mean a thought I put it right out of my head."

"That was wise," said Uncle Joe.

"I wouldn't think it the second time, of course, but I am afraid to ask Miss Joan for it."

"Let us see, let us see," said Uncle Joe, "we must study this matter—lay low, the parallel. I see that the brig, Tarita, came in this morning from the West Indies. Captain Brown may have some West-Indians. There is nothing Miss Joan likes so well, and I heard her say yesterday that she had not seen one this season. I will go down early and get you some to give to her."

"Uncle Joe, if I could make Miss Joan love me, I wouldn't care for the strawberry border. I want to have folks love me; it is so disagreeable to live with any one whom you know dislikes you."

"Not so bad as to *love* them, my pet; the person who hates makes his own life a burden to himself. Make up your mind to *love* patiently. If it comes to it, however humbly we may bear prosperity, there are those who will envy us for it, and envy leads to hatred; however meekly we may bear chastisement, there are people who will rejoice in our sorrow. Learn to make your own happiness. Some good writer tells us that we can in time 'roll ourselves warmly in the cocoon of our own thoughts and dwell a hermit anywhere.'"

"I wouldn't like to be a hermit, and I would prefer to be loved by everybody. All the people I know are kind to me but Miss Joan, and now you are going to help me, I think perhaps she will forget that Grandpa Lee was a poor miller."

"Perhaps she will, Daisy; but remember that Miss Joan never had the habit of loving. She never owned a pet in her life. The cats, and the dogs, and the cows, and the horses always knew Aunt Margie's step and voice and waited for her to speak to them, but they used to run away when Miss Joan came. It is her nature, and perhaps we ought not to blame her; we must take people as we find them, Daisy, and not expect from them that which they have not to give."

"Perhaps, Uncle Joe, you never tried so hard as I am now to do, to love Miss Joan."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not, Daisy. I always stood a little in awe of my sister. She ruled the household after my mother's death, and ruled it well but sternly. Sam and I used to find refuge from her displeasure in Aunt Margie's room. Aunt Margie was a servant, but so faithfully has she served us that we look upon her now as a friend."

"I never tried to love Aunt Margie—the love came of itself," said Daisy; "I think it is so nice to have a dear, good old woman like that in the house. Did you know, Uncle Joe, (lowering her voice to a whisper) that she prays for us all by name every night? I learned that when I slept in her room the two nights I was so sick, when mamma was gone away. She thought I was asleep. Oh, I can't tell you how safe it makes me feel at night when I wake in the dark, to think that Aunt Margie has prayed for me, a little girl, and I go to sleep thinking about it."

"Suppose we go and see her from time to time now," said Uncle Joe. "She is getting so old that we cannot have her with us long."

The sun had just set, the perfume of the flowers came upon the evening air and mingled with the soft lullaby of a mother's cradle song. Betty sat at the open window of her room, wearing a clean white apron and her best turban. Jenny had gone over to Mr. Tracy's house to talk about the christening with her friend and gossip, Dinah, and Peter was fast asleep in his chair by the kitchen window, wearied with the cares and labors of the day—the work of eating being among his foremost duties. In one of the largest and pleasantest chambers of the house a large woman with prominent features, and an abundance of straight gray hair, confined under a muslin cap with a very high crown and a broad ruffle, lay upon the bed. One arm hung by her side, and the other could see that she never moved this arm or hand—that though a part of her, it was without life or power of motion. The side of her face seemed also a little drawn and out of proportion with the other. With what cruel forthrightness does death sometimes remind us of our mortality! He lays his cold hand on some one part of our frame and bids it cease its functions, and henceforth we carry about with us a dead member. No more will it ache with pain, weary with toil, or quiver with pleasure. As it is now so will it be in the grave! We shrink from it one moment and look with tender regret the next. We wonder what this which had such power to take life from one part and yet leave us a conscious, living being still. There is a name by which the doctor calls this, but the name is no clue to the mystery. It seems as if Death were playing us fantastic tricks—Death, so grim and horrible, laughing at us poor mortals, when we vainly try to move the arm he has frozen with his breath, or speak the words that come to the tongue which he has bidden to be mute. Our will is there and strong as ever, but its servants refuse to do its bidding. It is a terrible blow to a strong man, and Miss Joan, though a woman, was of a masculine temperament and born to rule. Stricken thus in middle life, when she had confidently reckoned on a long career of activity—she who knew not the sickness and weakness which usually falls to woman's lot, to be thus laid aside and made more dependent and helpless than the very women whom in the pride of her strength she had looked down upon with more contempt than pity! It was hard; she who had made her own will the rule of others was now like a stranded wreck, spars, and masts, and sails gone, lying there in sight of the ocean on which it once went back and forth, bravely breasting the tempest,

or flinging back from her spread canvas the sunlight of summer skies. My comparison is almost too close, for grim and dark as that dismantled hull on the white sands, this stern, bearded woman lay on her bed, wasting slowly away. There was solid, heavy timber in her frame, she was made to live, and but for that terrible ecclon which comes sometimes to tranquil seas, and against which no craft is safe, Miss Joan would be ruling that household still.

On this Sunday evening her window is open, and she can see a part of the garden—that containing the flowers her mother loved so well. Miss Joan never loved flowers, and thought it a waste of precious time to cultivate them; but somehow or other, this summer she had looked at these so much, and they were such meek, unobtrusive flowers that do not flaunt their beauty in your eyes and demand admiration like tulips and dahlias, and the brilliant salvia, that she has learned at least to tolerate them, and I am not sure that she will not feel some regret and pain when the frost shall come and destroy their beauty. Beyond the garden the green fields, where corn and oats and barley are ripening for the harvest, and beyond these, a long stretch of low-lying hills, partly wooded and partly bare. On the latter, cattle are feeding, and a few scattered farm-houses can be seen; brown and low many of them, as if they had grown from the ground like the trees. From the corner window Miss Joan has another view. She calls upon the nurse two or three times daily, to turn her that way. It is her favorite window in winter, because from there she can see the ocean; in summer the foliage of the trees is so dense that she only gets a glimpse of the water, but her brother Joe brings, that nearer by adjusting a spy-glass and raising her head. No one else but Joe can do this, and whenever a vessel is coming from that point, he is sure to go up and give Joan a view of it. This woman who loves so little in this world, in whose eye human beings are divided into two great classes, the one to serve, the other to be served, between whom she would draw a Chinese wall of separation; whose ruling passion is family pride, and who would as soon crush a heart as a flower, if it came in the path of her ambition, who has no smile for a babe, and no story for a listening child, yet loves the sea with a love almost human, a love so strong that her happiest hours are when, storm-frenzied, the great sea moans loud in its pain, and she, the poor, stricken woman, can lie in the still midnight and listen. Perhaps because she has been so strong and self-reliant, this only has seemed strong and untamable. Royal in its will, she yields to it; grand in its pain, she has sympathy for it; never resting in its mighty strength, she bows to its power; reckless, unsparing in its wrath, she stands in awe before it.

Whatever it is, I never could fully understand Miss Joan's love of the sea. Had she been a man she would have made it her home. Till her helplessness came to her, she was often upon it, and always fearless of herself in its roughest moods. She liked to go in a boat and row for hours alone. It was for years almost her only amusement. She kept a record of the coming and going of all the larger vessels that left port, and if there was human sympathy in her heart, it was for a sailor. This very Sunday she had sent a liberal sum of money to a poor woman whose husband had been lost in a storm at sea. She lay now looking into the garden, and saw Uncle Joe and Daisy pass hand in hand into the house. "I can't see what there is in that child to make my brother so fond of her," she said slowly, and with great effort. "Strangers could not understand her, but Nurse Coffin had, by long habit, learned to interpret her half-spoken words and imperfect enunciation."

"Indeed, ma'am, she seems only a common child." (The nurse was too polite to differ widely from her charge.) "But men are often as foolish; they will worship and bow down to a slip of a girl like that, and have neither eyes nor ears for sensible people as is nearer their own age in life. It is like the Catholics, a worshiper and a bendin' down before the picture of a woman; it's nothing more nor less than downright idolatry—not as I would mean to imply that Mr. Joe is an idolater, but he does love that child so much I shouldn't wonder if God takes her away from him."

Such was poor Mrs. Coffin's idea of our Father in Heaven who gives us human love, and capacity to enjoy it. Such a creed, blessed be God, is with those who believe in it only lip-deep. To Miss Joan at that time the thought of losing Alice was not painful, but she felt guilty the next moment that the suggestion gave her pleasure. The invalid should have lived in love with her fellow creatures, if care and kindness could win it from her. The whole household ministered to her wants; her room was the largest and the sunniest, the furniture was antique and rich, the best pictures were hung upon the walls, the daintiest food provided for her palate. The morning paper, which she thought as much of as breakfast, was brought first to her, and her slightest wish regarded. All this had not altered the natural sternness of her temper. Only in one thing was she altered. "To Mrs. Sam," as the youngest Mr. Doane's wife was called, she was kind and gentle. Miss Joan was a decided, positive woman, who never did things by halves; she had made up her mind that she had been unjust to her sister-in-law, and owed her reparation. This reparation should be made heartily, without reserve, and Mrs. Sam being of a noble, generous nature threw away all memory of wrong, and studied day by day to make Miss Joan's hard life more tolerable. It was amusing to see poor Miss Joan's efforts to be kind to the baby for the mother's sake. A baby was a very awkward little concern to her. She never fondled or caressed one, and if she had had the use of her arms would have handled it much as a rough boy handles a cat. Fortunately, family pride came to her aid in this case. She was glad that Sam had a son, that the family name would be perpetuated, and therefore the child's life was precious; too much care and tenderness could not be lavished upon it. Once a day he was brought into her room, generally after his bath, when he looked like a little cherub, the tiny curls of his moist, brown hair shining still with water, his dress white and pure, his cheeks flushed, and eyes sparkling from the frolic which he usually had with his mamma while dressing. Miss Joan would do her best to welcome him with a smile, and put on her one strong hand to pat his cheek, and tell him that he looked worthy of his name, a true Richard Doane. But the child was not conscious of the dignity, and probably if both his grandpas had been living, would have taken as kindly to Grandpa Lee's mealy frock and white hat as to Squire Doane's broadcloth coat and immaculate shirt frills. At least he had little regard

for Miss Joan's night-cap ruffles, which Nurse Coffin starched and ironed and crimped with such care, for whenever he could get near enough to them, he gave them such a pull as often took the cap from his aunt's head. If deprived of this pleasure and put down upon the carpet, he would aim for the large china vases on the hearth, and before he was eight months old managed to crack one, and make a notch in the other with a sea-shell. When brought into this room, his bright eyes always roamed about for some new experiments on glass, china or pictures. It was a new experience to Miss Joan, this indifference to her treasures, held so sacred by all her family heretofore; if it had been any other child save a Doane, and he a Richard Doane too, sentence of banishment would long since have been pronounced. But it was a good thing, nevertheless, for her, the daily sight of this baby, full of vitality, grasping the pleasures of baby-life with both hands; it was as good in its way for the woman as the sight of the flowers in Joe's garden, and unconsciously helped to soften her heart. She had been thinking of him this Sunday evening, and regretting that her father could not have lived to have welcomed a grandchild, a boy to keep up the name and bring new honor to it. As these thoughts were passing through her mind, she heard Daisy's voice in the hall, at the top of the broad staircase, saying: "Oh, Uncle Joe, I wish you would take down that dreadful picture and put something nice in its place! It always makes me shudder when I look at it. That poor man lying there, while that great serpent winds itself about him and the boys! Oh, Uncle, how full of pain are their beautiful faces! I do not like to look at it, and yet I cannot help doing so—it *hurts* me to look! Please take it down and put the beautiful picture of the mother and child in its place!"

"I agree with you, Daisy. I never liked it myself when I was a boy. I do not like painful sights even in a picture," said Mr. Doane.

"Just hear that!" said Miss Joan to the nurse. "What a bold child that is, and what a fool she makes of my Brother Joe! Take down that painting of the Laocoon that has hung there ever since my father brought it home from Europe, in 1780! I believe he would go to the world's end to get something to please her fancy. Change the pictures at the bidding of a child like that! We will see about it, Miss Sewall!"

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the anger which she had excited, Daisy had run on to Aunt Margie's room. It was a chamber in the back part of the house, full of old-fashioned furniture, clean and bright as the hands of the old woman, always used to labor, could make it, and she herself, with her white hair very smooth, tied up and fastened by a queer, old-fashioned shell comb. She did not take kindly to caps, which Daisy regretted, for they would have softened the brown face, wrinkled with toil and time. Her dress was a stiff black petticoat and a white short gown. She was sitting at a little round table, with her Bible and hymn-book by her side, when Daisy, running on before her companion, tapped at the door.

"Come in, Daisy Doane," and as the bright face and curly head appeared, she added, "I was just wishing you would come and sing a little to me. Do you see the clouds up yonder, where the sun has just set? They are all red and gold and full of glory. I have been looking at them and thinking they were maybe given me to look at as a reflection, faint and weak I suppose, of heaven; and I thought if you would just sing me two verses of 'Jerusalem the Golden,' I should go to bed and have beautiful dreams of our home up above. Good evening, Mr. Joe. This has been a great day for us! If your father, the old Squire, could have seen the young Richard borne off to church, carrying himself so grandly in his cap and feather, he would have been a happy man. It is a baby to be proud of, Mr. Joe."

"One of a thousand, Aunt Margie," said Uncle Joe, as he seated himself in a flag-bottomed arm-chair by the window.

"Now please sing, Daisy," said Aunt Margie. The little girl never refused this request from her old friend. She was sitting in a little chair, and, flinging back her curls and sitting erect, sung in full, sweet tones:

"Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed!
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What bliss beyond compare!"

Uncle Joe joined in the song, and, when they had finished that, they sang:

"I'm marching through Immmanuel's land,"

and then:

"When I can read my little dear,"

and so on, three or four more of the old-fashioned hymns which Aunt Margie liked so much. Her wrinkled face beamed with delight. The beautiful clouds faded slowly away, but she forgot them as her ears drank in the music and her eyes the pleasant faces before her. They were very dear to her—these two—for they were linked with all her pleasantest memories of life.

"I was thinking," she said to-day, "that God gives us great joy almost always after great suffering. Yes, sometimes joy comes out of suffering, the sweetest out of the bitter, as Samson said in his riddle. Now, Joe, you wouldn't have had this child to comfort you if a great trial had not happened unto us; and, thinking this all over, I begin to feel as if we would be good for nothing were this life all sunshine. I never will fret any more when I'm disappointed in my plans. It all works round right in the end."

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Joe, "but I like prosperity—the pleasant things of life, and I think we may be very good and happy, too; do not you, Daisy?" he said.

The little girl had changed her seat, and sat on his knee.

"Yes, Uncle Joe, I do, and I hope you will never have any trials such as Aunt Margie talks about. We will not talk about them, will we?"

"And yet you have your one trial, my pet?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe; but we are going to get over it, are we not—you and I? Nothing is very bad if you and I bear it together, is it?"

"No, Daisy," said Uncle Joe, with emphasis, as he looked into her bright face. "Nothing will be very hard to bear if you and I can bear it together. I will hold up one side of the burden and you the other, and we will trudge along like old Sam Long and his wife with their big kettle, when they go down to the beach to make chowder; you have seen them, with a long pole run through the handles?"

"Yes," said Daisy, "but you would have to lift most."

"Not in proportion to my strength, Daisy."

How little wisdom had these two! The heaviest burdens are not always laid upon the strong, and how many a sufferer has blessed God that the loved ones are safe, at rest where no trouble

comes, willing rather to endure their shame and agony alone than share it with them.

Aunt Margie was wiser than this man and child; she had been longer at the school of life, and had the presence which wisdom gives.

"Well, children—for you are both such to me—enjoy to-day, open your hands and take the happiness which God sends to you, and leave the future to him. God bless you both!" she added, as they made her good night.

The shadows had deepened and the entry lamp was lighted when Uncle Joe and Daisy went to their own rooms. Soon the household was wrapped in slumber. God's love was over all—the woman verging on ninety, the infant of a year, on Betty whose first look at the world was under the burning sun of Africa, on Daisy whose first welcome was from a Hindoo nurse.

[Continued.]

"GIL."

A ragged, sad-eyed boy, aged nine or ten, stopped me on the street the other day, and said: "Have you anything to eat this whole day? I won't you please give me ten cents?" I gave it to him. I'd have given him the money if it had been necessary to pawn my hat.

"Do you let impostors swindle you in that manner?" inquired an acquaintance.

A journalist who has knocked about for a daily paper a dozen years has seen every phase of human life. Men, women and children have swindled him, or sought to; people have lied to him; his money has been given to whining, lying vagrants, who told direful tales of distress, and he ought to be able to correctly read human nature.

"I'll bet that boy is a professional beggar," continued my friend, chuckling at the idea of my being swindled.

None of us care for the loss of a shilling on the street, while every one feels vexed and annoyed at the idea of being swindled out of a single penny. I could not say that the boy was not a swindler, and yet I would have divided my last shilling with him.

"Why?"

"I told my friend why, and I will tell you. One day last year, when the wild wind blew the snow over the house-roofs and around the corners in blinding clouds, and when the frosty air cut one's face like a knife, a boy of ten came up to me as I waited for the car. He was thin and clad, his face betrayed hunger and suffering, and in a mournful voice he pleaded:

"I'm hungry and cold!"

"Why don't you go home?"

"I haven't any!"

"Have you any relatives?"

"None!"

"How long have you been here?"

"Three weeks."

The boy spoke in that drawl which professional beggars assume. I believed, too, that I had seen his face on the streets time and again. I hardened my heart, and said:

"Boy! I know you, and if I catch you asking any one for money again I'll have you arrested!"

He moved away quickly. I argued that this proved his guilt, forgetting that a homeless, friendless wail might evince fear, when entirely innocent.

But hours later, when night had come, and the wind had grown to a fierce gale, the boy halted me again as I plunged through the snow-drifts. I did not see him until he called out:

"Mister! I'm almost starved, and I'll freeze to death if I can't get some place to sleep!"

The same thin, ragged clothes, hardly comfortable for a human being—the same whine to his voice. I felt like giving him money, but the fear that he had been sent out by his parents to beg restrained and softened me. Catching him by the arm, I yelled out:

"See, here, boy! if you don't own up that you are lying to me I'll take you to the station!"

Through the blinding storm I saw his white face grow paler, and he cried back:

"Don't take me—don't! Yes; I was lying!"

I released him, and he hurried away, while I walked on, flattered myself that I had played a sharp game, and done the generous public a good turn.

An hour later, when the night had grown still wilder and colder, some one knocked at my door. It was a timid knock, and I wondered who could have sent a child abroad on such a night. When I opened the door, that same boy was on the step, his face blue with cold, his whole form shivering, and a look of desperation in his eyes.

"Please, Mister—" he began; but stopped when recognizing me.

I was puzzled to know why he should have followed me home—why he had selected me for a victim and trailed me so persistently.

I might have argued that the storm had driven people off the streets, and that the freezing, starving boy had, in his desperation, called at the house, but I did not. Had it been any other boy, or any person asking charity, I would have given promptly and freely. But I was angry at his trailing me—angered that he thought he could swindle me, and I grabbed at him, and inquired:

"Boy, what is your name?"

He leaped back, and standing where the furious storm almost buried him from sight, he answered:

"Gil!"

"I know you, sir!" I shouted, and he moved away without another word.

May the Lord forgive me for that night's work; but you might have acted the same. When morning came, after a night so bitter that policemen were frozen on their beats, I opened the front door to find that boy dead on the steps, frozen to death! I knew, as the dead white face looked up at me through the snow, that I had wronged him, but my suspicions, but it was too late then—the angels had opened to him a gate leading to a place where the human heart and its unworthy thoughts can never enter. Poor Gil! A warm meal or a shilling would have saved his life, and I drove him out to his death!

This is why I give when I am asked now. I know that I sometimes give to the unworthy, but it would be better to give all I possessed to an impostor than to have another homeless wail creep back to die on the spot where I had unjustly accused him.

Mrs. E. L. Watson in California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This gifted lady is once more before the public dispensing the blessings of spiritual truth. Seeking health at the "Golden Gate," she offers her soul to the work for which the angels prepared her twenty years ago. She will bless all who come into the sweet shower of her thrilling inspirations. Her impressive eloquence, rare imagery, poetic sublimity, and rich originality of thought, and subduing tenderness of feeling and spiritual power, reach and rivet every heart, while the pulses of heaven beat tangible echoes in all the radiant air. To be appreciated she must be heard and felt. Her words are never empty. There is nothing hollow and formal to freeze the soul and mock the sweetest sentiment of love divine, but a rich tangible reality that is fully moved and intensely and wonderfully inspired from on high, her whole life carries the weight and worth of earnestness, candor and devotion to all good. Her character is without blemish. No public worker has a better record, no private life a fairer claim upon the confidence of society and the world. She is a model woman, and her private and public influence perpetual blessings. She is one I can freely commend to all societies who want the truth unadorned with vulgarities, selfishness or any immoral bearings.

I volunteer this deserved tribute with the hope of blessing the public, honoring and helping the true gospel dispensed by the angels, and doing justice to a noble and efficient co-worker.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

Spiritual Phenomena.

From the Democrat, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. E. Parry's Seances.

In the Democrat's issue of November 4th is an article giving details concerning Mrs. Parry's seances in Saratoga. One of our best and most respected citizens, who was present, says that but two of the large batch of statements were correct. The writer was not present at the Saratoga seances; but having attended fourteen of her seances in this city, and one in Rockford, desires to present to your readers an account of her last, but by no means most successful seance, held there on the evening of November 4th. Your space would not admit a description of the events of these fifteen seances, with their variety of forms and faces, features, complexions, eyes, etc. It is sufficient to say that we have seen the skeptic stand amazed and overwhelmed in the unexpected presence of his dear departed ones; and convictions, not only of the genuineness of this medium, but of the great truth of an immortal life, where faith in a hereafter, before seemed a very dim.

At this seance there were nine persons present. The floor test was used, which consisted in filling the medium's hands with flour. The usual cabinet, and its opening about eighteen or twenty inches square, for a window, covered with a curtain of black cloth. A brief description of Mrs. Parry will here be of interest to the reader. A lady quite short and thick-set in figure; short, square face and features; swarthy complexion, some wrinkled with care and the struggle of and for life; eyes grayish blue, exhibiting signs of weakness and decay; teeth imperfect, only two of the upper set; prominent nose; naturally moves quickly and a little confusedly; is about 45 years of age, and always dressed in black when she goes into the cabinet.

Singing by the friends and muffled raps inside, announce that the effort to materialize has begun. The curtain parts, and a beautifully formed arm, bare to the elbow, and encircled by a golden bracelet, is gracefully waved and then quickly withdrawn. The muffled raps are heard again, and a form robed in purest white and finer in texture than the finest lawn or tulle, low neck and short sleeves, presents itself at the aperture. We, who have been here in attendance, recognize "Katie's" well-known figure; while strangers are requested to come up to the cabinet for a view. She motions for the dear presence of Mrs. Doane, and, kneeling and lovingly she passes her arm around the lady's neck, where it rests a moment in beautiful relief against her dark dress, the finely formed hand also in relief against the dark curtains at the side. I have seen beauty in art; have admired the exquisite proportions of Powers's Greek slave; but Katie's form outshines these because of the living grace of motion which animates it. She is of medium height, features rich in fullness, and very expressive, eyes full and light, nose slightly aquiline, complexion pale, with cheeks rose-tinted. The more skeptical concede the great dissimilarity between her and the medium. She appears and disappears till all get a view, and retires for the evening.

During these movements the stillness is profound; no rustling of a dress within the cabinet; no sound is heard save the deep breathing of the seances. More muffled raps, and a brother of Mr. Doane appears. This being man is attired in black clothes, with white shirt front; is slender in form, small in feature, with a long brownish beard. "Dear Brother Joseph! glad to see you again," says Mr. B. With a pleasant smile of recognition he lays his hand gently on the head of the mortal brother for a moment and quickly withdraws.

Mr. Taylor was next summoned to the cabinet, and soon another form, aged in appearance, presents itself at the aperture. Uncertain at first, Mr. T. asks, "Is this my mother?" "Yes," "Come and see," says Mr. T., turning to his wife, and together they gaze, the gentleman saying, "It is—it is my mother!"

Snowed, dressed in black, with strongly defined and manly features, skin slightly tawny, hair coarse and straight, and a beard like Mr. Taylor's friend. A pause of a few moments, and Mrs. B. is called to the cabinet. She advances slowly and cautiously, but suddenly starts back with the exclamation, "My God! Mary Fallis!" a well-remembered acquaintance of her girlhood days, who passed away more than twenty years ago. This young lady, whose physical beauty was of the rarest type, and whose mental endowments were equally rare, must still live in the memory of many of the old residents of Kent county. She was dressed in white, high neck and low sleeves. "Beautiful, beautiful spirit!" exclaimed one who saw her. She remained long enough for a full view front, then turned for a side view, and Mrs. B. on the cheek, and inquiringly closed her eyes, "to see if it was really white." "Where's 'Fleda'?" asks Mrs. B., meaning a younger sister. She responds with a bow and a smile and drops the curtain. A lady medium present requests Tamara, her usual control, to materialize for her. She comes with the peculiarly distinct marks of her race, attired in a fine, soft, white wool blanket, of more delicate fabric than any woven in earthly looms. A spirit of rare intelligence and penetrative power, whose broken tongue of "braided" Indian and English hides little of her spiritual and mental make-up from the ordinary observer. "She belonged to the tribe of Six Nations, and claims to have been in spirit-life three hundred years. Her materialization is the last, and the seance closes. "EYE WITNESS."

The Eddy Mediums—Corroboration of Hayward's Statement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On reading the communication of A. S. Hayward in the Banner of Dec. 13, 1875, I see my name in connection therewith, which may make it proper that I should endorse the statements of Mr. Hayward, which I cheerfully do.

The Eddy brothers (Horatio and William) were the first to materialize in a room, and dark; they had other fixings with them but their musical instruments, an iron-ring, and some bells. There were no other members of the Eddy family present. After their arrival at Mr. Sargent's they sat in a room with the family, Dr. Coon and his daughter, Mr. Farr and his wife, my wife, and myself, and a few other persons, until they were ready to receive (what are by some called) "spirit manifestations." They then invited the strictest investigation, and submitted to the strictest test conditions, and I am quite sure that there were no double chimneys, trap or slide-floors, or confederates, and the manifestations were quite as remarkable as a large number of those at the "Eddy household."

My wife and I distinctly saw something that exactly resembled the form of a deceased clergyman with whom we had been acquainted. Other forms were seen and recognized by different members of the circle, and others were not sufficiently distinct to be recognized.

My home has ever been within three miles of the Eddy household, and I have consequently had an opportunity of knowing that the Eddys have from time to time held successful meetings in private families, away from their "double chimney, slide-floors, and materialized sisters," and have cheerfully submitted to any reasonable tests, and our country papers are acquainted with these facts, and still they persist in publishing what they know to be bogus "exposés," always confining them to the Eddy household.

Pittsford, Vt. CAPEN LEONARD.

THE BETTER WAY: An Appeal to Men in Behalf of Human Rights, thought, and Viser Penitence. By J. E. Newton. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

This little work deals with topics of the utmost importance, and treating of the most delicate and free from indecency. It teaches and enforces laws which underlie the welfare of society. We wish that a copy of it were sent to the hands of every man, woman, child, and that it should appear in the young man's eye and heart. Some radical notions about marriage crop out here and there, but they are not the main matter. It is a book that we must begin by reading, not by resolutely ignoring it. It is a book that will open the eyes of the spirit and certain ruin of those who enter it unworthily. —Christian at Work.

For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Price 25 cents.

We like to see a man hanged, because then we are sure he will never come around to beg exchange which we have not even looked at ourselves. —Inter-Ocean.

The Rostrum.

THE UTILITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture Delivered at Falmouth, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, December 10th, by Prof. William Denton.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

When the fact was first announced that communication was established between the spirit-world and our own it was met almost universally with jeers and denials. One party said: "It is impossible! Between us and the world of the spirits there lies a great gulf that no voice direct messengers from God can cross, and all who pretend that communication is opened between the spirit-world and our own, and that messengers are coming to and fro, are only speaking that which must be of necessity false." Another party told us that when the man died it was the end of him; that we put the man into the ground with his coffin, and that all talk about communication with the dead, or concerning life after death, was but the evidence of the wildest hallucination which could be the offspring of the human mind. To-day all this is greatly changed; the most skeptical who are aware of what is taking place around us, and who have given the slightest heed to the matter, are now compelled to acknowledge that there is something in it, though they may not pretend to say what it is; while the great body of the people, who do not wish to identify themselves with Spiritualism, and yet see the force of the evidence that we have received within a few years, are now saying, "Well, if it is true, what is the use of it?—of what benefit is it to mankind?"

All that I wish to know concerning anything is, is it true? And if it be true I know that its practical experience will justify its existence. If Spiritualism is indeed a truth, it is a child of the universe, and there must be a good reason for its existence. If true, it is one of the most important facts ever discovered by man. Many years ago, when Spiritualism was in its infancy, and the question was asked, "Of what use is it?" some one replied, "Of what use is a baby?" Babies are of use to make men, and he rightly judged that this child had a purpose as much as the children of humanity, and in its manhood would justify its existence as a child, for behind that child lay the spirit through which the multitudinous manifestations have been made, from the birth of Modern Spiritualism down to the present time.

When Galileo went into his garden on the 8th day of January, 1610, and saw the three little stars in the vicinity of Jupiter with the first telescope through which the astronomer's eye had looked, and subsequently discovered the four moons revolving around that planet, some people said, "Of what benefit is it for us to know that four little stars spin round a larger one?" At first this benefit was not observable, though in process of time it became demonstrated, and from the eclipses of these little stars that spin around Jupiter, the mariner was able to form his calculations and sail with safety over the boundless deep to the port of his destination; and by this discovery the old Ptolemaic system of the universe was ground to atoms, and the new theory taught by Copernicus, whereby a rational and consistent view of the heavens and the earth was set forth, was established on an immovable foundation.

When the circulation of the blood was first discovered and announced by William Harvey there were but few physiological believers in it, and it is said that no physician of the time above forty years of age ever did believe in it; but to-day, the very first thing which a physician does when summoned to the bedside of a suffering patient is to endeavor through the pulse to ascertain the condition of that patient's circulation.

So with Spiritualism; it seemed a very trifling fact that raps were made in the presence of an humble family in Western New York, but behind that rap was the spirit that made it, and behind that the law by which it was done, and by which a thousand varying manifestations were to be made. The child then born has grown to a lusty manhood, and already justifies his babyhood and our Mother Nature that produced him. Spiritualism proves to be a fact out of which proceed uses incalculable.

First of all, Spiritualism gives us the true philosophy of life, the knowledge we have all longed so much to compass, and without which it would seem we could never by any possibility arrive at a satisfactory solution of the uses or significance of human existence. What is the meaning of this little, helpless children growing to increased stature and powers day by day? What is the meaning of these men and women around me, the blood pulsing in their veins, the hopes incident to existence burning in their hearts? What is the meaning of this life, which to so many seems a burden of recompenseless toil? See the trapper boy in the bottom of an English pit, pulling a string when the wagons come through, and closing the trap again when they have passed; sitting in that underground dungeon ten hours a day, and six days in a week, and striving by begging or stealing when outside to obtain bits of candle with which to cheer his solitary gloom; what is the meaning of life to him? By-and-by he becomes a tolling, grimy hewer, with a candle in his hat, hewing away at the black wall, breathing constantly the foul air, death the most fearful staring him in the face, and then comes the veritable death itself and puts an extinguisher upon the man. Is this all that there is for that poor wretch in the coming eternity? Then his existence does not pay; life to him is a terrible failure. The light of the spiritual philosophy illumines these dungeons, and makes them shine like radiant palaces, and places their inmates on the road to knowledge, to bliss, to perfect manhood! The time is yet to come when in the light of comprehending development this man will not complain of the trouble met with along his earthly road.

Here is a girl, born of poor parents in a crowded alley in this crowded city; surrounded by poverty and filth, and contaminated by breathing the air of obscenity from her infancy. Married at seventeen to a tobacco-smoking, rum-drinking brute; surrounded in time by six terribly hungry children, who demand of her what is essential to their development, and fighting her way through the world with poverty dogging her footsteps every moment, and at last dragged down to the grave in the very midday of her years, before she has hardly tasted one drop from the great fountain of bliss which nature pours out to humanity on every side. Apart from Spiritualism and its revelations what is life to her, if this is all? It is hell, and its happiest day is that on which it ends. But view it with spiri-

ual eyes, and the body, weary, way-worn, haggard, wrapped in rags, is gone; and in its place the spirit with the rose of health on the cheek; and laughter in the eye; the wretch who died in a garret is gone, and an angel, fair as morning, has made its appearance in the land of the immortals! The time will come to this soul in the future when she shall be led to cry in gladness, "All is well! when the darkest hour will be the brightest, when the bitterest draught that sorrow ever put to her lips would not be exchanged for the sweetest goblet that joy ever presented to her gayest child!"

I have noticed among those who have no faith in the spirit's future, a dissatisfaction with life and humanity that appears to be caused by the necessarily one-sided and imperfect view of it obtained from the merely material standpoint. Could the worm be made aware that at some future time it would be a fly and mount on silken wings and flit from flower to flower, sipping honey, it would enable that worm to bear the ills of the present, in anticipation of its future, and give it a philosophy of worm life quite impossible without it. The persons who have no belief in future existence, feel frequently that life is a poor, mean affair, and hardly worth coming into the world for; while looking at their fellows as mere creatures of a day, they feel and sometimes express a contempt for them that neither adds to their own well-being nor the happiness of others. Spiritualism gives to such, as to all, the true philosophy of life. It teaches that man here is in the chrysalis state; life, what is it to him compared to that great eternity which stretches before every human soul? It tells us that the love means that throbs in young hearts and leads them to unite in marriage, finding in each other for the time being all the heaven that they desire. It reveals to us the meaning of these children, crying, prattling, growing up into boys and girls around us. It translates into language that we can understand the smiles, the tears, the comforts and the troubles of life—all so many threads out of which are woven the beautiful garment that the soul shall wear in the hereafter. It solves the enigma which is presented in the low, ignoble and seemingly wasted lives of so many, and the mass of humanity. Without the explanation it furnishes, existence is apparently to most people without an aim; and the wisest feel how little they can ever learn, how little they can hope to accomplish. With souls that are as wide as the celestial ocean in which the universes swim, life pours out for us only a single drop! Are we to be extinguished forever, and all these capabilities die with us? It is not possible! Why all the wonders of that vast system of preparation, stretching backward through the long gone ages, the great eternity of the past, by which earth was fitted for our reception, if at our coming we move but transitory atoms upon the great tide of being, and the very traces that we have planted are to wave their garlanded branches over our great-grand children's graves while we have gone out into the absolute nothingness out of which it is supposed we originally sprang? Spiritualism gives us the meaning of it all, and bathes the long vanished past with beauty and glory, as the commencement of that system of development which has culminated in the splendors of to-day.

For what came into existence this blazing globe rushing from the glowing bosom of the sun? Was it merely to light and warm this moon that revolves around it and rejoices in its beams? Ages pass, and rocks arise pile on pile in grandeur to the skies. Was the planet born that granite and quartz, slate and trap might be? No, for life appears, and the waters swarm; sea-snails cling to the rocks that are carpeted with sea-weeds, and trilobites like water-beetles skim over the surface by myriads, crinoids expand their living blossoms and make gay the sea-bed like a garden of flowers. But even these fail to give us a key to the riddle of creation. Not for the long, sealed fishes flashing through the water, or the birds with varied plumage, the lower mammals, the higher mammals, or even the low-browed men who lorded it over the young world by brute strength, was this stupendous scheme originated and developed. All these fail to tell us why the earth endured for ages incalculable, and life advanced from the monad to the man. Has man come upon this grand stage of action but as a bubble to be exploded at the chill breath of dissolution? Did this planet cohere into an orb in the eternity of the past, and develop all these varied forms of life through the ages only that man might come forth to shine for an instant and then disappear in the gulf of eternal darkness? It is not possible that this should be! When in the light of the grand truth which Spiritualism reveals, we read the verity of the present and the promise of the future, we behold man heir to a grand destiny which the coming eternities shall work out for him; we become cognizant of the fact that the man lives after death, that the earth came into existence that human souls might be clothed in physical forms through whose disciplinary processes they might take the first lessons of existence, and lay the foundations for the great superstructure of spirit-life and development. And in the light of this sublime fact we learn that all our sorrows, disappointments and trials, are but so many steps toward that triumph of eternal unfoldment in which the soul forever goes marching on.

Spiritualism not only gives us the true philosophy of life; it gives us also the philosophy of death. What is death? To the materialist it is the skeleton grim, the antagonist of life, the end of all existence; it is the night that comes to all, but without a star, or dawn of returning day. Death to him reaps all, and the grave is the granary of humanity, and holds its contents forever! We are so constituted that we never can be satisfied with this, and the people who are so unfortunately circumstanced mentally that they feel that they must believe it shrink from the fate that their faith assigns to them, for in it there is no philosophy of "death or life. Why this instinctive and unutterable longing for life, and the all but universal belief in a future existence, if death is the extinguisher of the soul? In giving us the philosophy of death, Spiritualism takes away the fear of death which has hung over humanity like a thunder-cloud, ready to burst and let destruction down. Paul writes of persons in his day, who, through fear of death, had been all their lifetime subject to bondage, and of this class hosts still remain. The fear of death, and the horrors that succeed death, according to the teachings of the popular theology, makes cowards of millions, who become the ready slaves of those who promise them deliverance. Spiritualism comes and points to the radiant morning even now gilding the heavens with its glory, foretelling the magnificence of that broadening day which is yet to dawn on every human soul! It

teaches us the philosophy of death, in that it shows to us that this life is but the preparatory state, a primary school where lessons are learned whose widening application reaches to the eternities; that the soul cannot attain all the growth which it is possible for it to compass under its present bodily condition; that the time comes at last when that body—valuable and worthy of honor while it is available for the spirit's uses—becomes a clog and a hindrance—a cross rather than a blessing; then death comes as the greatest of all possible good, and lays away the weary frame, giving the free man wider scope for the attainment of his capabilities and the doing of justice to himself than he could ever have known while within it; then the soul enfranchised from what is really at last a prison, leaps forth from its confines, and bathes its wings in the empyrean, and soars away into the heaven of heavens, seeking its sublimer heritage! We are to live in the future, and therefore we must die in the present—death is no legacy of woe inherited by us, as taught by a false theology, because of the sinfulness of the primitive pair; man is immortal on account of his own birthright, and death is but the open door to grander attainment, and in the light of this truth we begin to dry our tears and are led to look forward to the future, instead of mourning over the past. When a man dies we are led to say, "Blessed death! you have delivered him; instead of being a monster you are an angel. That little baby has fallen into the fire and so burned its physical body as to unfit it to fulfill the uses for which it was intended—it is no longer able to do justice to the demands of the indwelling spirit, and death comes and calls the little sufferer home. Blessed death again! You are an angel of deliverance! you have come to take that baby from a world of pain and trouble, and set it free from the load of misery which it else must have known. That young lady, eighteen years of age, blushing with the dawning loveliness of developed womanhood, and filled with the glowing dreams and delicate fancies of her opening prime: consumption seizes her; she fades slowly away; day by day she grows thinner and thinner, and the hectic flush displays the rose of dissolution upon her pale cheek, and we are sad; and we may well be as we look upon her. But when kind death comes to our darling, it is a blessing. She could never again have enjoyed the sweets of life with her frame racked with anguish and her lungs three parts gone; her hours in this state would have been but a constant series of woeful days and sleepless nights, in which not only herself but her friends must share. Death! blessed angel! you have come again! you have put your arms around our darling and borne her to a home where she shall have a form as beautiful as an angel, where her voice shall transcend the harmonies of earth, and the robe of sleekness and sorrow shall unfold her no more!"

"Not long since I sat at the bedside of an old lady, a Spiritualist; all was calm, all was radiant with hope; no fear of what should come, no regret with regard to the past; she said to me: 'I long to go; my body is now but a burden to me, and I long to be free from it.' When I told her that she had but a few hours to live, she said, 'Do not deceive me, for it seems too good to be believed.' Then she joyfully laid that worn-out body down, and went into the spiritual home of the spirit, and since then I have heard from her often, and over and over again have I been assured that my friend is still alive and enjoying existence in that radiant land into which her ripened soul has gone. Truly the demonstration that death is to be loved, not feared, is a blessing, not a curse to humanity—is one of the brightest points that scintillates in the crown of Spiritualism's utility!"

But this is not all that Spiritualism has bestowed upon the race. It is destroying the old ideas of hell and heaven which have for so long exercised such a disastrous and depressing influence upon humanity. I know of nothing that gave to me such horrible and dreadful dreams, nothing that made God look so awful, and death so fearful, as the old Methodist notions of hell and heaven that in my youthful days were taught in the hymns I sang, the catechism I committed at school, and the doctrinal sermons preached in the pulpit on Sundays. There were defined the positions of two classes of people, the righteous and the wicked; there was depicted the wild drama of the Judgment day, when an assembled universe should tremble before a Judge, who, seated upon a great white throne, would proclaim to those on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," and to those on his left, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" Many and many a time in youth I viewed in thought that mighty congregation, stretching further than eye could reach, and yet not so far but that each could hear the voice of the omnipotent Judge; often have I viewed the crowds departing on the right hand to unutterable bliss, and on the left hand to inconceivable woe! I know of nothing more glorious that Spiritualism has done than the releasing of humanity from this horrible eclipse of fear and despair! Wherever its doctrines have been received, these old ideas have gone out to return no more. Who are these that come to us from the spirit-world; who reveal to us their presence, whose voices we can sometimes hear, whose hands we can sometimes grasp within our own, whose messages, written under the most remarkable and satisfactory circumstances, we have no trouble in recognizing as executed in the well-known chirography of our friends once with us denizens of mortal existence? They embrace every order of intelligence, every state of virtue or its opposite; they are from among those whom Orthodoxy would call righteous and true "inheriters of the kingdom," and also from among those whom Orthodoxy would call sinners, and consign forever and forever to the fellowship of devils in the pit which blazes with unquenchable fire!

We have by experience found them, not to be miraculously changed to angels on the one hand or to incarnate devils on the other; we have found them to be our neighbors, our friends; as they left the sphere of earth, so do they return, bringing with them their marked personal characteristics, opinions and methods of action; unchanged as to nature, without added knowledge, save as their position in the spirit-world has bestowed upon them better opportunities of observation. The old adherents of Orthodoxy still cling to their pet dogmas, and earnestly look—though in vain—for God, and the wondrous retinue of elders and archangels that to them is to proclaim his presence. One of the very first questions I asked my father when I was satisfied of his identity as a spirit, was, "Have you seen God?" and he replied, "No!" "Have you seen

Jesus?" "No!" Horror upon horror! my father had never seen God or Jesus, and the good, pious people who have returned make the same answer to the same query. Ask of them, "Do spirits discuss the existence of God in that world as here?" and they answer in the affirmative. Men know no more of God, and see no more of him there than here, only in proportion as they learn more of the operations of his laws, and see more of the universe through which he manifests as the Great Spirit of Life, whom no man hath seen and no man can see. From the first hour of my investigations to the present time my experience has been this: that spirits are the same there as here, only changed in as far as their development is acted on by the new conditions in which they are placed. I have talked with Indians, and found that while their changed sphere of life has not been without its influence upon them, yet the aboriginal peculiarities cling to them still. I have talked with men, the lowest of the low, as far as humanity goes; and though they seemed to be in the company of those higher than themselves, they still manifested their old peculiarities, and their word—unless direct evidence could be gained of the truth of their statements—was no more to be relied upon than the word of similar men living among us from day to day. All this we have learned and now as we become more and more familiar with the spiritual side of life, more and more familiar with its characteristics and its demands, we find that in so doing we are but gaining added knowledge of the highest philosophy of nature as well.

Death never changes us; you will die to-night when you lie down and lose yourself in sleep, as much as you ever will; you seek repose for the weary frame, and rise in the morning refreshed for the duties the day may bring; and so you will lie down in death and wake in spirit-life, the same individual. There will be no devils to drag you to an abyss of unutterable woe, on the one hand, no angels to wait you to a heaven where no cloud will frown to mar your sky and no star can come to you. Wrong-doing is, in my opinion, just as much in existence in the spirit-world as in this, but just as sure as the results of sin in the mortal realm upon the sinner, so they will come to the wrong-doer in spirit-life, and your faith in Jesus, Mahomet, Buddha, Vishnu, or any other deity—namely whereby men "hope to be saved," cannot possibly change the relation of your wrong-doing to the direct consequences which must naturally follow in its train. If you do wrong anywhere in the scale of life, you will suffer the result of that wrong, and the God of the Universe himself cannot save you from it.

Here Spiritualism reveals the true incentive to right living, teaches man self-respect, and gives him the foundation of a rational and soul-satisfying religion, so much needed when one portion of the race was rushing into a dead materialism that reduced the spirit to a clod, and another portion was reading humanity's future in the light of a lurid hell, fed by the fury of an angry God; and looked upon the world as a floating wreck of which the devil was the captain, and the only worthy thought concerning which was to get safely ashore, and thus escape the dangers which surrounded its unfortunate passengers. What incentive to purity of heart and life has the man who is taught by a bigoted theology that he can do nothing for himself—Jesus will pay it all! What motive for right doing has he who is taught to say: "I the chief of sinners am!" when of a hundred who may sing that line, ninety-nine of them at least are singing that which is not true, since if one of them is the chief, no other can be. It is well that we should know how ignorant we are with all our knowledge; and how much remains to be done to be perfect when we have done our best. But it is not well for men to have low, base, ignoble views of themselves, for the tendency of such views is to keep them in that very condition. Tell your son every morning that he is a little wretch, unworthy of your slightest regard, and the tendency will be to make him what you are so constantly declaring him to be. If

—as taught by old theology—what need of a virtuous and exemplary life, when a man can be freed from the consequences of a whole lifetime of crime and iniquity by one moment of repentance. How natural for man to put off the hour of repentance, and go on adding crime to crime, to the very latest limit of his life on earth, regardless of the rights of others, or the demands even which the laws of the universe impose upon every living creature. But teach man, as Spiritualism teaches him, that for every deed shall come its recompense—that "as ye sow so shall ye also reap," that weeds sown will produce only weeds, and that if he hopes to fill the soul's granary, which it carries with it wherever it goes, with the true wheat, he must plant the proper seed, and what an incentive you give to him to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." Spiritualism in demonstrating this fact, therefore, makes a true life to be the greatest necessity of the soul's happiness, both here and in whatever sphere of experience it may be called to enact its part.

How truly does Spiritualism enhance man's self-respect. If for us the planet did indeed "emerge into an orb," if for us the tree of life took root in the old silurian seas, leaved in the fish, blossomed in the mammals, that we might be the fruit, how great and how glorious we must be that all this eternity of preparation should have been made for us! For us, also, the great eternity of the future opens its door; all possibilities are ours! How lame and impotent in the light of this glorious revelation are the palsy-tremors of old theology! Man is not, as taught by them, a worm of the dust, a dastardly wretch, fit only for the flames of hell. It is true the old religion teaches a future life, but it is nothing that man deserves, but something that is given to him as a favor; it is "the gift of God through Jesus Christ." You do not deserve it, says God; death and eternal death is your due, but I will give you life since my Son has died for you.

Spiritualism teaches that we live again because it is our nature, and this makes us one with the universe, never cast off, and therefore never needing to be brought nigh; we have never had any quarrel with God, and hence an at-one-ment was never necessary. How all this emboldens us. Shall we idle away our time, neglecting the development of our intellect that shall outlast the stars, and upon which so much depends? Shall we destroy our bodies with poisonous drinks, these bodies that hold such close relation to our spirits, and upon whose organs the spirit must, while in this life, depend? Let a man have true respect for himself, and he will not make himself idiotic with liquor, beast-like by licentiousness, or defoul his mouth, that should be the bower of

haste, with filthy tobacco. No, he will say, I will live the life that commands itself to my soul, in the light of the highest prompting of my nature, that I may be worthy of that glorious life hereafter which the great Soul of the Universe has prepared for me.

When a man receives this idea into his heart, he begins to live the true life. Spiritualism teaches him charity; he feels indeed that he has no angry God to propitiate, that he has no objection to Jesus—for Jesus from the life-sphere whether he has gone is looking down with pity on the shortcomings, and grievous errors, and unwarrantable conclusions of those who preach in his name—but feels that each man for himself must work out the salvatory problem, and abide the consequences of his attempt at solution; he has no objection to any form of religion if by them any good may be attained to by his fellow-men. Spiritualism teaches him that life brought him to the plane of individual responsibility, and death does not take him out; that his true relation with his Father is not to curse them for not accepting his faith, but to help the race to behold the truth; not to condemn, but to raise his fallen brother from the dust, and set him once more upon his feet, and send him self-confident and hopeful along the path of progress; it teaches him that just in proportion as he assists the development of others, so does he himself grow into the greatness that crown the man with excellence, and draw more near to the attainment of those blessings which are so many angels to sing in the soul when we do that which is right!

We have no curses for those who do not accept of Spiritualism. There are some persons whose organs of credulity are small, and to each narration to which they may listen they instinctively answer, "It may be so to you, but it is not so to me; I must see it with my own eyes." And if so be they come in presence of spirit phenomena, are alike distrustful of the testimony of their own senses. I know of good people, honest people, people who want to know what is light, who reject with scorn everything relating to spiritual conditions, and have no faith whatever in a future life; and I know of persons to-day who have no interest in a future life; but had rather lie down at death and end it all. I have no curses for such, but I have sought, and shall still endeavor to put before them and others the proofs of the truth of Spiritualism, so that they can no more doubt of it than they can doubt their own experiences in daily life; that they may at last attain to a just conception of the glorious fact that this life is but the prelude to a higher and better existence, and from which no power in the universe can exclude us; where the priest stands on the same footing as every other man, and can do no more for us than we can do for him; a life for whose highest enjoyment the practice of dead rites, and superstitious ceremonies while on earth is a wholly unnecessary preliminary. Spiritualism takes poor humanity by the hand in its most trying hour, and shows the meaning of the wasting body, the tottering limbs, the dim eyes, the drowsy senses, the second childhood of the aged. They are the result of the spirit losing its hold on the body, preparing itself to dissolve its connection with the grossly material, before it is borne into the spiritual. It reveals to us what the saddest events in our history mean—the cold stark corpse, the grave, the last fond look as the earth closes over all we can see of those we love; it comes to us in this our darkest night, and shows us that it is followed by a glorious day, and that without this night the day could never shine!

Science and Spiritualism.

The Tests of the St. Petersburg University—A Full History Inside a Locked Box.

Translated from the New York Sun.

SIR—Your readers, and the general public are aware that the Imperial University of St. Petersburg, the chief governmental educational institution of Russia, had decided upon a thorough scientific investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, and that the most eminent Professors of the nation had been assigned to the duty. It is also known that Madame H. P. Blavatsky, an erudite Russian lady resident in this country, and I, have been honored with a commission to test and forward such mediums as we might consider best fitted to exemplify the nature and potency of the occult forces designated as "mediumistic power."

I have the satisfaction to announce that the work is already in progress, and that satisfactory results have been attained with the first medium tested. A letterhead just received by Madame Blavatsky from Mr. A. A. Akouf, Comptroller of State in the Imperial Chancellery, in which these facts are stated. Mr. A. A. Akouf and Prof. Bouthor, of the University, visited England in September, and selected from among English mediums two boys named Petty, of whom one is thirteen and the other seventeen years old. He describes the experiment as follows:

"We placed the eldest one, well dressed, behind a curtain, stretched across the corner of a room. Behind him stood a table, and on this we laid a wooden case about the size of a box, which could be opened by means of a key. In the way of the case the opening was so large that it would admit of the insertion of a head and neck. Inside the case a hand felt was placed, and the door was locked. The key was removed, and the room darkened. The bell was rung loudly and repeatedly. It was a splendid success."

With respect to the personnel of the committee and its plans, Mr. A. A. Akouf says:

"I am extremely well satisfied with our scientific committee. Nothing more could be desired in this respect. Without exception the descriptions of the phenomena were completely with any reasonable explanation demanded, that it would be a great misfortune if Spiritualism were not to point by the light of its own evidence to the great truth which it has discovered. They have adopted a resolution to hold forty of the most important investigations, beginning about the 15th of October, and continuing until the 15th of the next summer vacation. They will select about twenty of the best spirits to be tested, and will have them tested by the most prominent and famous mediums, and will consider those who are selected from undertaking any further inquiry into the subject."

He adds a fact of interest to those who have taken exception to what I have advanced concerning the probable agency of the "elementary spirits" of the Rosicrucians in producing the physical phenomena of our circles:

"Perhaps," says he, "it will be interesting for you to know that Prince A. Dolgorouki, the great authority on mesmerism, has written me that he has ascertained that the spirits which play the most prominent part at séances are elementary—gnomes, etc. His clairvoyants have seen them and described them thus."

One eminent correspondent truthfully adds, in concluding: "We are crossing a real epoch here." Yours respectfully,

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1875.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

Please allow me space in your valuable paper to introduce Miss Sophia A. Cross to your numerous readers and patrons. Having tested her magnetic powers for several years, I can confidently recommend her as a healer. In relieving acute or chronic suffering I have never found her equal in my family. She is now located at 27 Norman street, Salem, Mass., where she will answer all calls.

Yours for the truth,
LIZZIE MANCHESTER.
West Randolph, Vt., Dec. 19th, 1875.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

In putting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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TON, MASS.

1876.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, on this the dawn of the centennial year of the nation, greets all mankind, and womanhood as well, with its best wishes. May the new year open brighter than the past; may General Intelligence take the field, and frown down all attempts to settle national differences by the sword; may the brotherhood of the several States be so firmly cemented in the bonds of friendship, as never to be wrenched asunder; may the enlightening and liberalizing tendencies of the Spiritual Philosophy permeate and fructify all religions, to the end that error, and bigotry, and superstition may cease—then, indeed, every succeeding year will bless its predecessors, and all humanity blend their voices in one universal anthem to the Father and the Mother of us all.

And while it blesses the whole human family, the BANNER would not forget the millions in Spirit Land who are dear and dear to those upon the earthly plane of existence. It cordially sends out its love to them as well, and asks their assistance and counsel to aid it in overcoming evil through the influence of its good works.

Judge Edmunds in Spirit-Land.

We return to our citations from our comments on the experiences of Judge Edmunds in spirit-life, as given in New York, through Mrs. Cora Tappan, and published a few weeks ago in the Banner. In our former reference to it editorially, we urged the earnestness of these experiences by our readers many times.

The Judge says he finds condition in the spirit-life greater than law. He says he used to think that "to have the law right" was almost paramount, not accepting the heart and spirit of man as most important. He devoted his life to the codification of the laws, whereby he hoped that both State and nation would present a system of laws that would be "absolutely perfect in the civilized world." He is not changed in his opinion now that such a task can be accomplished, but he is altering his method, because of his opportunities for a wider knowledge. He firmly believes in the plan of the American Government as the best, and the judicial department of it he holds to be the most important.

Yet he makes what is equivalent to a revelation, in saying that these laws, which have absorbed so much time, are "intended to be superseded by simpler methods and spiritual principles." He says he commenced his work in life at one end—he intends to commence now at the other. He is going now to work from the spiritual outward. "I accomplished," says the Judge, "a few things, working in external matters, for the amelioration of the condition of prisoners, for the amelioration of the condition of woman, for the amelioration of the condition of mankind. I believe that I can accomplish greater results spiritually." He is to occupy himself, in the next stages of spirit existence, in consulting with those of larger experience, who are able to give him a profounder decision.

From these councils of legislative and judicial minds assembled in spirit-life are the inspiration of legislative enactments and judicial decisions on earth. From these upper sources of wisdom the laws are to emanate that will uplift and benefit mankind. He says he believed this when he was on earth, but that now he knows that the minds hereafter to assemble in council will be those of wisdom, of justice and of love. He reiterates it—"I know this to be the case." He says he has been admitted into those assemblies, and taken his humble place among them, "which is in the outermost circle of the Councils of the Nations," and there he says he found "such wisdom, such surpassing knowledge, and such power of dealing with the great problems of earth-life, that all the petty turmoils and the great variety of schemes which in his earth-life he supposed to be important sink into insignificance."

The noble legislative and judicial minds of our own and other countries, especially of England, which have passed into the spirit-life, he says he has seen assembled together in solemn concourse. He has listened to their discussion of the affairs of the nations of the earth. He has observed that whenever they have moved toward a nation, "some mind receives the thought and straightway expresses the inspiration." He has seen, too, that these movements, call them attractions, take place in obedience to certain fixed laws, and that nations advance as rapidly as is possible for them without leaving any portion of mankind very far behind. All laws in all nations, he says, are subject to this same kind of control. In these legislative councils in spirit-life he witnesses diversity of opinion, but it invariably leads to higher views by the presentation of truth. None are forced to see the truth, as among men, but the tendency is always to hold to the better phase of it when once apprehended.

The Judge declares this a better way than even that which restrains men until they do see the truth. For this reason he has large hopes of humanity, namely, because men can generally see

that which is better than what they have when it is presented to them, and in time they accept and hold it. Therefore he believes that when many of the conditions of material life have changed, "The tendency of human thought will always be toward that which is just and best," and he declares his expectation that "Spiritualism, with its uplifting power and the knowledge it brings of the laws of the spiritual life, will make it possible for these methods to be adopted on earth." These conditions are supplied to humanity as the soil is given for the seed to take root in and establish a standing; their improvement cannot of course, but be its own improvement, and it is for that we all look.

He expects that "the social and moral condition of earth-life will increase proportionably." The method of reform he discovers to be the very simple one of "endeavoring in all things possible to become perfect ourselves." He finds no "great agitation" in spirit-life, but rather the working of a profound desire to become individually worthy of the companionship of those who seem so far above. In the presence of the higher and purer spirits, those who became his teachers, he says that he felt a humility he could not have conceived of before. The pride of virtue, he says, is an entering spirit-life that which brings the most humiliation. He warns all against cherishing this pride. Charity, he finds, is the chief virtue in the spiritual life, as it is here. No self-consciousness of uprightness and honesty on earth will enable the emancipated spirit to escape the searching moral experience which is necessary before entering the abode of those who are really good.

Banner of Light Message Department.

On our sixth page will be found the regular installment of spirit messages, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, of Baltimore, the following named individuals, though disembodied entities, finding voice: Dr. Samuel Seaver, from Newcastle, Pa.; Henry Keller, who was lost at sea; John C. Quay; Patrick O'Leary; Emily Hoffman; and Carrie Pell Will.

We shall print next week, in addition to the messages received through Mrs. Danskin, a series of five communications which were incidentally uttered at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, in Boston, on December 23d, through the organization of a fully developed medium and lecturer then present, who would be at once recognized by our readers were we to state her name. The parties desiring on that occasion to send word to their friends yet in mortal veils: Nellie G. Simonds, who says she lived on Ingalls street, Providence, R. I.; Robert Dinsmore, who claims to have been a resident of Richmond, Va.; Antoinette (Nettie) Leavitt, from Bangor, Me., who reports that she was nine years of age at the time of her decease; Emily Follet, of Memphis, Tenn., who says he died of yellow fever; and Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Cleveland, O.

Sargent's Reply to Tyndall.

We have published a neat pamphlet edition of Epes Sargent's Reply to Prof. Tyndall, which we are selling at a little less than cost, namely, *two cents*. As the postage is only a cent on two copies, we hope it will be liberally ordered by many Spiritualists, who would like to send this conclusive vindication of Spiritualism and its investigators to any friend or correspondent in this country or in Europe. The pamphlet has been issued for the accommodation of such persons, and for the cause of truth, and with no view to profit.

We have the most commendatory notices of this reply. Dr. J. R. Buchanan, of Louisville, Ky., says of it: "It is such a flagellation of Tyndall as we are all glad to see." Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, says: "It is a crushing reply." And we have similar words of commendation from all parts of the country. To our friends, then, we say, CIRCULATE THE DOCUMENT. It will cost you, with postage, only eleven cents for two copies; thirty-three cents for six copies, with postage. We can mail from this office to any address you may send.

Mrs. J. H. Conant's Reception in Spirit-Land.

We have been requested by the spirit of the lady who for many years so acceptably occupied the chair at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Room—the result of whose mundane life-work has permeated every nook and corner of the inhabited portions of the earth—to inform the public that it is her intention to give through the lips of a noted medium, already selected for the purpose, an account of her reception in spirit-life, which was participated in by her numerous Indian friends, by spirits who from time to time controlled her at her public and private seances on earth, and by her special Spirit Band, of which Mr. Parker was President. She hopes to be able to narrate her reception, as best she may, about the middle of the present month, shortly after the Circle Room is opened as formerly for regular public seances.

Murder and suicide, the result of bigotry in religious matters, occurred in Flatbush, N. Y., Dec. 10th. It seems that the parties, Mr. Martin Riffe and wife, middle-aged people, differed in their religious views—she having been an enthusiastic and prominent member of the Methodist Church, which she regarded as the only expounder of correct doctrine, while the husband was a regular attendant at the Reformed Church, in whose tenets he was a firm believer. Mrs. Riffe desired her husband to attend a prayer meeting in the neighborhood with her, but he refused. This highly incensed her, and she severely reprimanded him. Warm words followed, when he seized a hammer, exclaiming, "We might as well die as to live in this way any longer," and, suiting the action to the word, beat out her brains, and then cut his own throat. Comment is unnecessary.

It has not been without reason that the prevailing opinion in the United States of politics in San Domingo has proved anything but flattering. The experiment in self-government which the people of that island have made has not been a vindication of the democratic idea, or satisfying to the friends and advocates of popular sovereignty. Revolutions, civil strife, turmoil and bloodshed have been some of the distinguishing features of social and political life there, and perhaps not a few have considered the place and its inhabitants beyond political redemption.

The woman suffrage question is receiving a marked degree of attention in Oregon, at present.

Read the announcement made by Mrs. A. G. Wood in another column.

Physical Manifestations in Boston: Mrs. Seaver; Mrs. Boothby; Mrs. Thayer.

While our contemporaries in other parts of the United States, and also in countries "over sea," are filled with tidings of the increased activity of the invisible workers on the physical plane of the spiritual phenomena—which is after all the foundation upon which rests all that has been accomplished since the advent of Modern Spiritualism—we have to report that the indications are that Boston has not been a neglected field, but that, if we may give credence to the narratives related to us by personal witnesses whom we believe to be reliable, much is taking place of interest and importance in this vicinity. In our last issue our readers will remember that Thomas R. Hazard, Esq., a prominent citizen of Rhode Island, and a writer upon spiritual topics whose name is familiar wherever the cause is known, gave the result of his visits to Mrs. Seaver of this city, and we have within a few days received corroborative testimony concerning her from an intelligent gentleman connected with the mercantile fraternity in Boston. This gentleman asserts that he visited Mrs. Seaver's circle held on the afternoon of Sunday, December 19th, and was much pleased with what he was privileged to witness. During the sitting the light was sufficient for him at any moment to distinguish the time by his watch. While present he saw several of the spirits—as "Honeymoon," "Matooka," and others mentioned by Mr. Hazard; they came out freely into the room; and he was particularly impressed by the minuteness of the details observable in their (Indian) costumes. Matooka at one time during the seance advanced plainly out from the cabinet, grasped a lady present by the hand, put one arm around her waist, and kissed her, in full view of the people assembled, then in company with this lady crossed the room and shook hands with our informant, seeking in these ways to demonstrate her for-the-time-being objective existence; she (Matooka) then returned to the cabinet, raised the curtain to its full length which veiled the corner of the room used as a cabinet in these seances, and discovered the medium, Mrs. Seaver, to the people, sitting in the chair in which she had been left, fully entranced; spirit and medium being in sight at the same time.

The same gentleman states that he recently made a visit to the home of Mrs. Boothby, 49 Appleton street, Boston, for the purpose of witnessing the phenomena reported to occur regularly in her presence. The company numbered twelve, he being a perfect stranger to all. Though he had been reflecting for some time upon the propriety of attending one of these seances, he had not definitely decided to do so, but on the evening in question had obeyed a sudden impulse and went to the house without informing any one of his intention. As a stranger, he was invited to see that everything was in proper order in the audience-apartment and cabinet-room, to prevent the possibility of deception by confederates or otherwise. He proceeded to fasten strips of paper which he marked with his pencil over the three doors connected with the two rooms, so that the slightest effort to open them would be registered by a corresponding fracture; and took other precautions which he believed to be sufficient to satisfy himself, and those attending, of the reliability of whatever might be witnessed. While he was thus securing the best test conditions he could think of, the remainder of the visitors seated themselves before the curtain which covered the front of the cabinet room; at the conclusion of his task, and even before the medium had had an opportunity to seat herself in the cabinet—she being at the time engaged in arranging a fold on one side of the curtain, and in full sight of the audience while doing so—our informant states that himself and others distinctly saw a spirit shape which darted out the side opposite to the medium, thus giving a simultaneous view of both. He saw no materialized forms during the circle which he recognized, but several that appeared sang in audible voices and some gave their names. The apparitions also furnished tests of a personal nature to individuals in the party. From eight to ten distinct forms appeared during the sitting, each of which differed from the others in height and material details, and the voices speaking seemed to him to vary in a distinct degree. At the conclusion of the seance he examined for himself the marked papers and other precautionary tests which he had prepared, found everything secure and as he had left it, and retired from the house with the fullest satisfaction of the genuine character of what he had witnessed.

The friends of Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, held a largely attended meeting, which partook of the nature of a congratulatory gathering and a seance, at her residence, 12 Pembroke street, Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, December 22d. The floral tributes furnished by the invisible agents, we are informed by one of the circle, were many and exquisite, and in aggregate amount surprising to the beholders, embracing roses, japonicas, smilax, ivy, the lily of the valley, branches of fern, etc., etc. It is announced that Mrs. Thayer will soon leave Boston to take up her residence in Philadelphia, where she will remain till the conclusion of the Centennial season.

A New Book.

Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have in press, and will issue in a few days, a new work by REV. W. F. EVANS, author of "Mental Cure," and "Mental Medicine," under the title of "SOUL AND BODY; OR, THE SPIRITUAL SCIENCE OF HEALTH AND DISEASE." It is written in the usual clear and eloquent style of the author. It is scientifically religious, without being offensively theological. It explains the principle of the cures wrought by Jesus and his early disciples, and how the same cures may be effected to-day. The fourth chapter, on "Communication with the Spiritual World in Harmony with the Laws of Mind," is one of great value. Among other themes treated of in its pages may be instanced the following: "The Spiritual Idea of Health and Disease," "Faith and Fear, and their Relation to Health and Disease," "Prayer as the means of Spiritual and Bodily Health, and the Principle of Meditation," "The Imposition of Hands, or the Magnetic Movement Cure, and the Rationale of its Efficacy," etc., etc.

It is the crowning work of the present century, and cannot fail to make a profound impression upon both the religious and scientific world.

The spring session of the Eclectic Medical College of the city of New York, of which Joseph R. Buchanan, M. D., is professor of Physiologic Institutes of Medicine, will commence February 5th, 1876.

Rollin's Bower.

This is one of Boston's most worthy institutions; and the indefatigable lady management, with her rare executive ability, her unselfish devotion to the necessities of her sex, her moral heroism and unflinching zeal, is an honor to the city; and the citizens of Boston, for the credit it reflects upon them, ought to see to it that she is always sustained. The proportionate suffering she alleviates and the comfort she bestows, are not excelled if equaled by the doings of any other philanthropic society in the country. The benevolent and charitably inclined cannot put their surplus dimes and dollars into a more deserving and meritorious channel than by placing them at the disposal of Miss Jennie Collins. Even to read of the good she is doing, is next to getting an inspiration to do something like it one's self.

Her present object is to get up a Fair, the financial results of which will be devoted toward furnishing free dinners to needy sewing-girls. The Fair will probably be held early in January. Many articles for sale will be given by the sewing girls whom the Bower has benefited, and, indeed, factory and work-girls all through the State and New England, to whom the Bower and Miss Collins are known, are at work for it.

The plan for furnishing free dinners was inaugurated last winter, and good dinners were furnished at a total cost of \$1150, or about fourteen cents a meal. None but girls in actual need applied, and not one was turned away. In addition to those fed at the regular meal times, much provision left from the tables was sent out to the homes of the deserving poor, and hundreds of women who happened into the Bower during the day were also fed. Such is the acquaintance Miss Collins has with the working girls and their wither, and so great is her influence with them, that she has never been imposed upon. Every cent given to her will be well applied, and will reach the object for which it is given. The distress among the girls for whom Miss Collins labors will be even greater this winter than last, hundreds having been thrown out of employment by reason of the dullness of the times. Nearly \$100 has already been received by Miss Collins. She acknowledges the receipt of \$200 from four of her friends, in sums of \$50 each; \$5 from a gentleman in Pennsylvania, and several donations of \$5 and one of \$2.

Last week a public meeting was held at the Bower, presided over by Hon. Frank W. Bird, and addresses made by the chairman, Miss Collins, John Webster, Mr. Legrand Wetherell, editor Boston Plover, Mr. George A. Bacon, and Miss Anna Oliver, when a committee, consisting of a goodly number of well-known ladies and gentlemen of public spirit, was appointed, to assist Miss Collins in her humane efforts.

Contributions in money, or articles of usefulness in aid of the Fair, may be sent to Macaulay, Williams & Co., or to the Bower.

A Pleasant Reunion.

On the evening of Sunday, Dec. 26th, a party of friends assembled at the residence of Mrs. Frank Campbell, 14 Indiana street, (suite 5) Boston, Mass., to witness the execution of a remarkable request, which was no other than one made by a disembodied intelligence, who desired to express from the other side of life the high appreciation in which she held this refined lady and excellent medium. The circumstances attending the request and its fulfillment are as follows: For a number of years previous to her demise, Mrs. Campbell was a valued friend of Mrs. J. H. Conant, who so long and faithfully occupied the post of medium for the Banner of Light Public Free Circles; at the time of Mrs. Conant's decease, Mrs. Campbell was absent on a visit with friends in San Francisco, Cal. On the return of Mrs. Campbell to Boston, it was distinctly impressed by Mrs. Conant upon the brain of one who had known her well in life, that she, the physically departed medium, desired an elegant bouquet of wax flowers and its globe, which had long ornamented her parlor, to be given to this medium yet in the form, as a token of their olden acquaintanceship. Accordingly the meeting convened, a presentation speech was made by George A. Bacon, and feelingly responded to by Mrs. Campbell, and the happy evening closed with social converse and the partaking of a fine collation.

Religion should be Free.

If free from the schooling of priests, it would not concern us how, when or where they worshipped God, says the Merrimack Visitor. The same liberty should there be to go up to Jerusalem, Rome and Geneva; but when politics interfere, and a Bishop, even in so strong a government as Prussia, refuses to obey the laws because the Pope bids him otherwise; and in France the priests refuse to pray for the Republic; and in Spain Protestants are exiled and the Pope demands control over the boy king; and all over the world—the Babylon of the Apocalypse contends for dominion and threatens to open and empty upon the earth the seventh vial of her wrath—then it is time that Americans should ponder the situation and ask, What meaneth this demand to interfere with our free schools? What this threat that heretics have no rights where Catholicity prevails? What this talk that we should hear and not instruct—that we should express no opinions, because the people are not capable of forming them?

Gone to Her Spirit Home.

The Rockford (Ill.) Gazette of Dec. 6th, contains several columns in commemoration of the late Mrs. Margaret George, wife of the late Levi Moulthrop, M. D., and mother of Mr. L. Moulthrop, the well-known dry goods merchant of Rockford. Mrs. Moulthrop was a daughter of Sampson George, Esq., of Richmond, Yorkshire, England. She passed to spirit-life the week previous. In his funeral discourse, the Rev. C. S. Percival said:

"It is supposed by some that for a good many years she has entertained views not common in the church in regard to the intercourse of the spirits of the departed with the souls of the living. It is right that in this last public tribute of respect to her memory, it should be stated plainly to what extent. * * * She believed, then, in the possibility and the fact of spirit communion. She believed that she herself had received visits from departed friends, who came to her with messages of hope and of consolation."

Our Baltimore friends will doubtless be pleased to learn that they are about to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Hardy of Boston, as this prominent lady medium has decided to give a course of seances for the obtaining of molds of spirit forms in the Monumental City at an early day.

Meetings at Paine Hall, Boston.

On the morning of Sunday, December 26th, Robert Cooper lectured at this hall on "Continental Europe." In the course of his remarks the lecturer described what he met with in his travels, specially mentioning Holland, Belgium, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Saltzhammer, the Tyrol, Munich, an ascent of Mount Stelvio, one of the highest of the Alpine range, etc., and traced his homeward route by way of Switzerland. His delineations of the habits and manners of the people, and the objects of interest encountered, proved to be very satisfactory to the audience present. A discussion on "Materialization" will take place at this hall on the morning of Sunday next.

Prof. William Denton closed his present engagement in Boston, before the course managed by Dr. H. F. Gardner, on the afternoon and evening of the same day at this hall. His subjects were, in the afternoon, "A Sermon from the Buddhist text, 'Thou Shalt not Lie,'" and in the evening a conclusion of his remarks on "The Lives of Men and their Destiny." We hope to refer to these discourses more fully in a subsequent issue. Prof. Denton goes to Minneapolis, Minn., and will lecture in that city and vicinity during the month of January. Our Western friends have a rare treat in store for them.

Prof. R. G. Eccles will deliver the opening lectures of his first course in Boston at Paine Hall, next Sunday. His topics will be—afternoon, "Anarchy the Curse of our Race;" evening, the first lecture of the scientific course; subject, "The Physics and Metaphysics of Sensation," with optile, electric and acoustic experiments. During the week evenings he will speak as follows: Wednesday, Jan. 5th, on "Modern Scientific Pessimism, or the Debt we Owe the Sun," with physical, chemical, magnetic, thermometric, optile and electric experiments; Jan. 6th on "Oxygen the Monarch of Matter," with brilliant experiments in chemistry and electrolysis; Jan. 7th on "Matter and its Polar Forces," with experiments in optics, magnetism, and crystallography. Prof. Eccles brings with him from the West a brilliant reputation as an orator and scholar, and deserves a kindly welcome on the part of the liberal element in this city.

Maj.-Gen. Pope's Report.

To get the truth about the condition and treatment of the Indians from the pen of an army officer is generally admitted to be a fortunate matter; for the reason that such officers are not tempted by the circumstances which so easily swerve the testimony of ordinary men, and because the standard of truth-telling is absolutely higher among military men than among traffickers, overseers and politicians. On the subject of the Indians that are found fighting away from their reservations, Gen. Pope, who at present commands the Department of the Missouri, has to say as follows: "It is with painful reluctance that the military forces take the field against the Indians, who only leave the reservations because they are starved there, and who must hunt for food for themselves and their families, or see them perish with hunger. It is revolting to see such things done, and far more so to be required to be an active party to commit violence on the forlorn Indians who, under pressure of necessity, only do what any man would do under like circumstances." And the General then adds:

"I desire to say, with all emphasis, what every army officer on the frontier will corroborate, that there is no class of men so disinclined to war with Indians as the army among them. The army has nothing to gain by a war with the Indians; on the contrary, it has everything to lose in such a war. It suffers all the hardships and privations, and is exposed to the charge of assassination if Indians are killed, and to the charge of inefficiency if they are not; to misrepresentation by agents who fatten on the plunder of Indians, and to being misunderstood by worthy people at a distance, who are deceived by agents; and thus the soldier has but little to expect from public feeling."

Here we have in few words the cause of the Indian outbreaks—first, they are forced by starvation to hunt beyond their reservations, and then they are fought back by the army. And the work of starvation is simply the work of plundering agents.

The Centennial Combination Culinary Apparatus.

Mr. A. J. Randall, of Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.—the home of the enterprising Belle Bush and her sisters—has originated a very ingenious arrangement under the above title, which is destined to economize much of the energies now wasted in the difficult operations of cooking, etc. The following, from a late number of the Scientific American, (which paper publishes a cut of the apparatus,) will serve to give a hint of the usefulness of the invention:

"In the one device there is an ice box and a heating apparatus, which last may be used for any culinary operation or for clothes boiling. There are several useful drawers, besides a receptacle for a constant hot water supply, while the top may serve as a table. The invention is, in fact, a kitchen in itself, and is well suited for the wants of small families living in limited apartments. It obviates the use of the cooking stove, and thus the heat and expense of the same are avoided. It is compact in size, requiring no more room than an ordinary table, and its construction is quite simple. * * * The inventor states that the cost of burning kerosene in his apparatus will not exceed one cent per hour. Of course heat can be generated or extinguished in a few minutes, and readily adjusted to any required degree, by simply regulating the lamps or gas. The invention may be found useful for camp meetings, picnics, etc., and might prove especially convenient for families who occupy small apartments in Philadelphia during the Centennial."

Read the eloquent discourse by Prof. Wm. Denton, entitled "The Utility of Spiritualism," which will be found on our third page. The concluding section of his remarks was made up of a brief review of his experiences with Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, of Boston, as a medium for obtaining casts of spirit forms—re-stated at this time for the benefit of some in the audience who were not present on a former occasion, and who were about to witness a seance by her at the close of his lecture. As these experiences have appeared in *extenso* over his own signature in "different numbers of the Banner of Light," they are not reproduced in the above-mentioned report.

We have received several letters of late endorsing Mrs. Morrison, the medium, from the implied charges of Mr. Leach, of Kansas, as published in a recent number of the Banner of Light. We consider, however, that the endorsement of her mediumship by William Foster, Jr., our old and valued correspondent in Providence—which we published December 25th—amply covers the ground, and therefore decline to devote further space to the subject.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SKETCH.—Glorious, like a shadow, fleeth him who pursueth it; but it follows him at the heels of him who would fly from it. If thou comest it without merit, thou shalt never attain unto it. If thou deservest it, though thou hide thyself it will never forsake thee.

A great battle took place on Thursday, Dec. 23d, near Nitzitz (in Herzegovina), lasting nearly all day; 15,000 troops were engaged, and the Turkish forces claim a decisive victory. The fighting on both sides was desperate and the losses severe.

Truth may reside at the bottom of a well, but the well sometimes may be so dark and feld and unwholesome, that every healthy man that looks over the border becomes sickened with the glimpse he gets.

A good many people put the Bible over human nature, to keep it down, as a man would put a board over a thistle. It is the Bible that is destructive. The Bible is good. It is to be kept, loved, cherished, used, but only as a counselor, not as a dictator. It is contrary to the spirit of religion that there should be any dictator to the soul. Let the book be meat and drink, but not a jailor.—*Ex.*

"ELEMENTARY" PHILOSOPHY.
If one is a Diak, we'll give him a crack;
If two are Diakka, we'll give 'em tobacco.

The Royal palace at Barcelona was destroyed by fire Dec. 27th.

The earthquake shock in Richmond, Va., on Friday night, Dec. 24th, a quarter of an hour before midnight, was a severe rattle and startled the entire community.

An Irishman informed *Diak*, yesterday, that the horse-cars in Paris were now run by steam engines.

The British General, Colborne, now in Malacca, has called for reinforcements, and matters look "squalid" for him.

Migratory scandal-mongers, both male and female, are the curse of every civilized community. Boston and vicinity, it is said, at this time are the hot-beds of such questionable characters. Blessed is he who escapes their pestiferous breath.

Thursday, Dec. 23d, was the shortest day of the year—the sun rising at 7:21, and setting at 4:33.

THE MOTHER'S DARLING.
I have within my humble cot
A laughing, blue-eyed girl;
A child of wondrous purchase not
That priceless little pearl.
She is the sweetest little thing,
With limbs and mind so true,
And freckles and dimpled chin;
Her cheeks are rosy red.
We've begged a favor from above,
That she may with us dwell,
And laugh and play and love—
Her name is Little Nell.

It is rumored that the Khedive is negotiating for the sale of Egypt's founder's shares in the Suez Canal. The government of Great Britain, and M. De Lesseps, representing a combination of French capital, are the bidders. The latter has offered nine million dollars for the shares.

There is a man in Buena Vista, Alabama, who has eleven daughters at home. It takes one hundred and ninety-eight yards of calico to go round. What a bustling family that must be!

At the funeral of the New England Soldier, of Washington, on Forefathers' Day, (Dec. 23d), Postmaster-General Jewell made an address especially complimentary to New England. The day was especially celebrated at Plymouth, Mass., and in Charleston, South Carolina.

No matter where he was born, if a man joins a brass band he becomes a Toot-un.

At last the English government has determined to consider the removal of Temple Bar. Lord H. Lennox has undertaken to give the widest his attention also to consider the widening of Fleet street east and west of the gate.

"I am glad to see you,"
Has been many times said;
But to many great lies,
This sentence has led.

The tribes subject to Russian rule in Khokandistan, having revolted recently, at the instigation of Turkomaniens, the Czar's troops attacked and defeated them, killing three hundred of the insurgents in one engagement.

The incongruities of the United States postal law are set forth in a contemporary as follows: One can send in one enclosure three circulars weighing inside the ounce to New Orleans for one cent, while to send them simply through the city of Boston they would cost three cents! Again, just take these circulars to Brooklyn, or anywhere out of the city, and you can haul them for distribution here for one cent! Or take six circulars weighing inside the ounce, mail to London for two cents, across the street from the post office for six cents, mail at Brooklyn back again for one cent.

Minister Foster has informed the Mexican authorities that American citizens along the Texas border must be protected from the depredations of Mexican thieves, either by that government or our own.

The years creep on, and the heart grows tired
Even of hopes fulfilled;
And turns away from the world's strong wine
With fervent lips that must ever pine
For childhood draught we spilled,
And yet perchance when our long day wanes
(O life! be true to the green hill-side,
And find, in the solemn evening,
The hour we lost at morn.—*Good Words.*

A Danbury man wishing to engage several bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked a neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," said the conscientious neighbor, "I don't know very much about him, but I should think he would make a tip-top stranger."

The business portion of Avon, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Saturday, Dec. 23d. Loss, \$40,000; insurance, \$36,000.

Christmas services were held in many of the city churches Sunday. The church-festival was observed in the usual manner on Saturday.

Henry Ward Beecher has got one foot out of the Orthodox mire, and the clergy of New England begin to feel the ground shake under their feet. Hell fire and the devil are now less frequently uttered from the pulpit.

THE BORN OF PEACE.
Oh, when the day shall break
O'er realms unscarred by war's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake
To love of peace and loving hearts—
On such a blessed morn,
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

It is reported that Russia will soon make the disorders in Northern Khokand a pretext for annexing the remainder of her territory to the Czar's dominions.

The citizens of Cincinnati propose to inaugurate the Centennial year by illuminations, ringing of bells, firing of cannon and a grand military and civic procession at midnight of the 31st instant.

Once Logan is writing a book about "Butter," under the pseudonym of John B. Read. —*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

"Bobs Tweed" is reported to be in Havana.

Geo. T. Angell, 186 Washington street, Boston, wants to form a "Society for the Prevention of Crime." A good idea, and an Angel is the proper person to inaugurate it. Allow us to suggest the first step that he taken after the organization is completed. Stop the rum traffic. This is the fruitful source of nine-tenths of all the crimes in the calendar.

Repins not mortal, that thy youth
And unadorned prime so swiftly flee;
Lo! with advance of years come truth,
New light, new hope, calm joys for thee.

THE ISLES OF THE OCEAN—Whales.
Ex-President Thiers will stand for a senatorship in the French Assembly for Belfort.

Devil's Lake is one hundred and seventy-six miles from Chicago. It is reached by the St. Paul railroad. Said to be a popular place of resort for Chicagoans.

"Jim," inquired a school-boy of one of his mates, "what is the meaning of reliefs?" "Don't you know?" "Well, I can tell you. You know the master licked me in school yesterday?" "Yes." "Well, he wasn't satisfied with that, but kept me after school and licked me again. That is what I call a relief."

The Hermunds were devastated by a hurricane on the 17th of December. Houses and shipping were crushed, and several persons blown into the sea and drowned. The destruction of property was very heavy.

The Hudson River sugar refinery at Hastings, N. Y., was burned on Sunday afternoon, the 25th, the loss amounting to \$500,000; insurance less than \$300,000.

In Portland the other day, a bird nearly as large as a pigeon lit upon a window, and when the sash was raised came into the room and seized two canaries—one in its

beak and the other in its claws. The owner, a lady, seized the bird and forced it to drop the frightened singer. It is now a captive, and is of the variety known as the butcher bird.

Eighty persons were killed and about fifty wounded by the fall of a schoolhouse floor at Helikon, Switzerland, on Christmas Day.

Jo's Case is now sad.
Which looks very bad;
He findeth much use for handana.
When he gets through that spell,
And is reckoned as well,
No doubt he'll "make up" with "Hannah."

A severe storm in Ohio and Indiana on Sunday damaged property to a considerable extent.

Hernani has recently received the compliments of the Spanish Cortes in the shape of a vigorous bombardment. Why don't Spanish Spiritualists publish a leaflet, asking their Christian friends to stop their bombardment? It would be sanctioned by the whole spirit-world, Protestant and Catholic alike.

The ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle of Trenton was appropriately observed at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 27th. The customary sham battle through the streets was fought, and addresses pertinent to the occasion were made by several distinguished gentlemen.

"T IS EVER THUS.
Ages ago a king did rule,
Whose hand was white, and whose arm was bent.
He married a princess, but from school,
And the wedding-feast was not his ban to repent.
A page there was, with hair of gold,
Who bore the train of his queen so fair;
To his song so sweet, in his words so full,
Her majesty bent a listening ear.
But comest thou queen make jealous kings,
And our monarch's boy, days long gone by;
So the pretty girl, with a foolish sigh,
On a scaffold tall together must die.—*Helen.*

Jennie Collins is a good girl—good to the poor. Send her your love change.

The Howard Athenaeum, says the Traveller, is always a cozy place to visit, and there is no variety theatre in the country where the patrons receive a more ample equivalent for their time and money. Fact.

Vesuvius is again at work, and an actual eruption will probably take place in the course of five or six months. Plymouth Church is also again in a state of eruption.

The night express train to Montreal over the Vermont Central road ran off the track at Middlesex, Vt., early Tuesday morning, Dec. 23d. Three cars were precipitated down an embankment forty feet deep, but, strange to record, only about a dozen persons were injured.

A fearful hurricane prevailed in the Philippine Islands on the 20th of November. Two hundred and fifty persons were killed and thirty-eight hundred dwellings destroyed.

Our readers will welcome the advertisement of the popular readers, Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Their Seed Annual for 1876 far surpasses their previous numbers. This from one of the largest, in the seed business, needs no endorsement from us.

The Indian Bureau.
It seems that a bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department has been prepared. The proposition to make this change has been received with unexpected favor by Democrats and Republicans. All who are seeking to cut down expenditures are ready to try this, since it will lead to cutting off the civil force now mismanaging Indian affairs. It will also put an end to one set of contracts for supplies and transportation, and all will come under those furnishing the army. The chances for leaks will thus be reduced one-half. One of the arguments that seems of the greatest strength is that if army officers neglect their duties, or are guilty of dishonesty, they can be punished at once, through a court martial, on the spot where the offence is committed, while it is almost impossible to reach a civilian through the Territorial Courts. Another argument which is being used with effect is that the interests of army officers will be constantly in the direction of maintaining peace, since fighting Indians yields little glory and involves laborious and difficult campaigns.

Sennae at Waverly Hall.
On the evening of Sunday, Dec. 26th, a well attended sitting for the new "paraffine mold" manifestations occurred at this place, Charlestown District, Boston, Mrs. Mary M. Hardy being the medium. A committee composed of prominent citizens superintended the meeting. The pall and was previous to the commencement of the sitting were weighed by the gentleman who owned the scales, in presence of this committee, and recorded a sum total of seventeen pounds ten ounces; at the conclusion, the result obtained was found to be the molds of two hands, one in contour resembling that of a male, the other a female; their united weight was seven ounces. The pall and the molds being weighed together were found to correspond precisely with the weight recorded before the commencement of the experiment.

"College President Fatally Beaten."
New York, Dec. 26th.—An Abingdon, Ill., despatch states that the Rev. C. P. Perkey, president of the college there, was fatally beaten by three rowdies belonging to a faction which opposed Perkey's being made president. The students were arrested.

Not long since we printed an account of the riotous proceedings of the students in a Western theological college, and the "stony" arguments they used against Capt. H. H. Brown, State Agent for Iowa, and his host, because of the fearless utterances of that lecturer in their midst, on the taboos subject of Spiritualism. The College President and faculty, on that occasion, are reported to have winked at this stroke of student policy. Does it not seem, by the above paragraph, as if the spirit of insubordination thus countenanced in one religious institution has spread out by emulation to the bearing of fearful fruit in another?

W. F. Jamieson writes to the columns of the *Kirksville (Mo.) Daily Journal* for Dec. 11th that the manifestations witnessed by himself at a recent seance with the medium Mott were not satisfactory. In the course of his letter he says:

"I pronounce no judgment upon Mr. Mott, as I attended but one of his seances, but that was enough for me to judge his character. He declared he would not submit to certain tests to settle doubts, as he had frequently done so; hence there is no opportunity afforded the truth-seeker, as skeptical as myself, to become positively assured of the nature of the cause of his demonstrations. As Mr. Mott sits in a rocking-chair in a small dark room, and the investigators occupy an adjoining room in a dim light, there is nothing to prevent the medium (?) from personating almost any spirit from Gen. Bledsoe to 'fair, fat and forty.' People are not critical enough in their investigations; and Christians (who are too much inclined to receive representations about another world on faith) are more easily deceived than Spiritualists themselves."

We have received from the Home Insurance Company of New York, office No. 135 Broadway, a fine specimen of typography and colored plates, which is, in every sense, a worthy "Centennial Almanac," and a valuable compilation of historic facts.

We shall print in our next issue the first installment of the views of F. M. Parkes, as by him given before the British National Association of Spiritualists, under the title: "The Psychic Element of Spiritual Photography, and some Experiments Relating Thereto."

Donations.

In Aid of the Banner Free Circles.
We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following sums from the friends who favor the continuance of our Free Circles, and hope to add many more hereafter to the list. It is to be noted, that our Public Circles will be resumed in due time. Mrs. Dr. Abbie E. Cutter sends \$3.00; J. K. H., \$1.00; James P. Wilcox, \$2.50; J. N. Johnson, \$1.50; Wm. C. Buckingham, \$1.00; W. A. Johnson, 50 cents; H. N. Thornbury, 65 cents.

To Correspondents.
No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return communications not used.

W. E. C. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.—Rev. E. H. Sanborn's sermon is placed on file for publication.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 3 cents. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoöscience and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 2 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 3 cents. THE ILLUSTRATED SPIRITUAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 3 cents. THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Issued fortnightly at Chicago, Ill. E. V. Wilson, editor. Price 5 cents. THE CHURCHILL. Published in Boston. Price 5 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 5 cents. THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents.

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Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, *Michigan*, each insertion. Thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

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Mrs. L. H. PRESTON, Clairvoyant, 868 Broadway, New York. Office hours 9 to 6, and 7 to 9, J. 12w

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 18 West 21st street, New York. J. 1.

On and after Dec. 20th, Dr. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. He will be at the Sherman House, in Court Square, every Wednesday and Thursday, from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M., commencing Wednesday, Dec. 29th. J. 1.

Mrs. J. W. DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 100 W. 50th st., New York. D. 18.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joralemon street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. J. 1.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician, Office 24 East Fourth st. Address Box 82, Station D, New York City. J. 1.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth st., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. J. 1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. D. 11w*

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where the earnest seekers, friends, write letters, etc., or strangers visiting the city are invited to make up their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 67 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 13w

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PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
DR. J. H. RHODES, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed for the Banner of Light, Spiritual and Libral Books on the same basis as the Philadelphia Book Depot of Colby & Rich, a full supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

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J. G. DAVIS & CO., 100 North Main st., Kept for sale *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.
D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

CLEVELAND BOOK DEPOT.
LESLIE'S BAZAAR, 1620 Madison avenue, Cleveland, O., has the *Spiritual and Libral Books* and Papers kept for sale.

LONDON BOOK DEPOT.
J. BURNETT, Progress Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C., keeps for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT* and other *Spiritual Publications*.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.
And Agency for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, W. H. TERRY, No. 101 Market street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found.

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Jan. 1.

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