





morning, Cousin Joe," she said, in a bright, quick way, that made the salutation a welcome. "And this is Daisy! We have been expecting you, my child, Patsy and I, for some time. Cousin Joe promised us the pleasure long ago. Just then they entered from the door which led into the garden another old lady, plump and round, with a smooth, fair face and soft blue eyes. She wore a face cap with blue ribbons, and a dress of soft old-fashioned brown silk with a black apron. Her hands were full of mignonette and lavender, which she laid down upon a paper on a table, and then came forward, with none the less cordiality than her sister, but more slowly, and with not so much demonstration. She moved in a quiet way, and looked so good, and so much at ease, that Daisy was not at all displeased when she drew her to her side and kissed her cheek. "We feel acquainted with you, Daisy, though we never have seen you before. We knew your Grandpa Sewall well, and went to his church so long, and he was with us in all the trouble and joy of our lives, that he seemed like an old brother. You must come and see us often, dear; that is if you can fancy us old ladies. We have the garden, and some canary birds, and a great wax doll that will open and shut its eyes."

"I should like to come very much," said Daisy. "I know now all about you," said Aunt Patsy, who Uncle Joe has told me about; and she, pointing to the other sister, "is Cousin Sybil."

"You are right, Daisy; and now will you have a little box of mignonette and lavender?"

"Thank you," said Daisy, "I like them very much."

While the old lady was tying up the box, Daisy's eyes wandered round the room in pleased wonder at the curious things in it. The carpet was unlike any she had ever seen before, very soft and of rich colors, but she could make no regular figure in it. It was merely a combination of beautiful hues. In the corner of the room was a glass cupboard, full of curious old glass and china; on the mantel were two Chinese mandarins, that nodded their heads in a very mysterious way to an old gentleman in a gift frame who hung over a small painting with curiously carved legs. I do not wonder that the mandarins nodded, for the picture, a portrait of Captain Sage, was painted by Copley, and looked as if it might, the next minute, step out of the frame and bid the visitors good evening. The chairs were high-backed, with stuffed seats of very dark velvet, fastened with brass-headed nails. Curious seashells, ostrich eggs, bright tropical birds in glass cases, corals, sea mosses, and all sorts of curious things filled the mantel, and were scattered on little Japan tables and cabinets. There was a fireplace surrounded by Dutch tiles, and within the fire-place bright brass andirons covered with pink gauze, while on the wood which was laid ready to light, were asparagus boughs with the red berries on them.

"The room had an odor of spices about it, and a bright cheerful air, owing partly, perhaps, to the polished furniture, which shone from fifty years of thorough dusting and rubbing, and partly to the bright eyes and quick, lively tones of Miss Sybil, who was chatting so fast with Mr. Deane that he could say little. She had such a pleasant voice, and spoke her words so distinctly, with now and then a gentle ripple of laughter, that Daisy thought it was as sweet as the listening to the brook in Tolly Mill woods."

"Cousin Joe," she said, "we are getting very stupid in our old town; I am glad I lived my young life forty years ago. We had gay times then. Now a gentleman when he goes to a party dresses as if he were a mourner at a funeral; then our beaux wore light blue silk coats, with large fancy buttons, white satin waistcoats embroidered, (some day, Daisy, I will show you the one which I embroidered for my brother) red velvet breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes, with a scarf of embroidered cambric, which used to fall over the broad linen catharine shirt frills. They wore wrist ruffles too, fastened with gold buckles, and wore their hair powdered. It made a room very gay to see these gentlemen moving about with the ease and grace which distinguished them at that time."

"I remember," said Uncle Joe, "seeing you once dressed for a wedding party, and I thought I should have liked your picture taken. You wore a white satin dress with a deep embossed border; the sleeves reached only to the elbow, and were ornamented with deep lace frills. You wore white satin shoes with very high heels and enormous bows on the top. The dress was cut low in the neck, and you wore a pearl necklace, and carried an immense fan with gold spangles upon it. As to your hair, language would fail me were I to try to describe it."

"Don't try, don't try, Cousin Joe!" said Miss Sybil; "don't I remember that Barber Jepson was three hours curling and puffing, and powdering it, and that I sat propped up in bed all night, hardly daring to fall asleep, because I was going to breakfast the next morning with the bridal party at your father's country-seat, at Spruce Hill? Those were merry days—quite a contrast to the present; people are poorer now. In this town and the glory has departed. It is a good time to be old."

Daisy opened her blue eyes in wonder, thinking it would not be at all pleasant to lie awake all night once upon a time.

"There is your pony, Daisy," said Miss Patsy, as Uncle Joe, looking at his watch, found that it was time to go, and I hope to see you often."

"Yes," said Miss Sybil, turning quickly toward her, "come and see us whenever you feel inclined to do so. We are old, but the old like the young. Come and brighten up the old house for us. As for you, Cousin Joe, we shouldn't know that the world moved at all if you didn't look in once a day. At any rate, it would stop for us if he did not come."

Daisy wanted to say that the house looked very bright now, and that Miss Sybil was as lively as any of the little girls whom she knew, but she had not learned yet to make such pretty compliments, so she merely said, "Thank you, I should like to come," and then slipped a little of the cordial which Miss Patsy brought in the tinest glass that the little girl ever saw, and bidding the old ladies good-evening, walked out with Uncle Joe.

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" she said, as soon as she was out of doors, "I think we have had a beautiful call! They are the nicest old ladies I ever saw! I don't know which I like best, Miss Patsy, so sweet and so gentle, or Miss Sybil, so bright and quick. Are they sisters—real, own sisters, Uncle Joe?"

"Yes, Daisy, real, own sisters; and I think they love each other all the more for being so unlike. I am glad that you like them, Daisy, for they are very dear friends of mine, and I hope you will become better acquainted. Their father

was once a very rich man, and they kept their carriage and horses, their driver and porter and gardener; but the changes brought about by the war reduced them to comparative poverty. They have a small income, keep no servant, but are the most cheerful people I know. They were happy in youth and in prosperity, and are happy in old age."

"I have just fallen in love with them, uncle," said Mary Wood, when she sees anything beautiful.

The tea bell rang just as Daisy had laid aside her hat and was coming down the stairs to tell her mother about her calls.

"It was destined to be a bright day for Daisy, for her mother told her at table that Miss Joan wished to see her after tea. Now, though this announcement was not pleasing to the child, yet what followed rendered it so. We shall perhaps better understand it by a pantomime that was going on in the kitchen at that very moment. Peter was dancing a hornpipe, with his feet somewhat higher in the air than was necessary for that popular dance. "He! he!" he stammered; the leopard is a changin' his spots; the 'thopian his skin!"

"I don't see no signs of that, Pete Deane," said Daisy; "you are jes as black a nigger to-day as you were yesterday."

"Do n't you go to callin' me names, Betty, and villifyin' me to my face, for if I'm a nigger, ain't you my own kith and kin?" but that ain't here nor there. I tell you there's a wonderful change up stairs, a comin' from light to darkness, from hate to grace, as Parson Dane would say. Ye see I was makin' a fire in Miss Joan's room, because her blood is cold as a lynx; there so still and stiff away from the sun. I was layin' the back-log and puttin' on the back-stick, and measurin' the fore-stick, for Miss Joan is mighty particular, and makes a fire just as her father did before her. Close by her left side was a dish with some leaves and scraps of pile apple. All at once, she said in her sharp way, "Read that, Miss Coffin." Miss Coffin put on her spectacles and said, "It is nothin' much, Miss Joan, only 'For Miss Daisy, with the compliments of Captain Brown.'" "Nothin' much?" said Miss Joan, as plain as her poor, stiff tongue could speak it. "I have been eatin' that child's pine. Send for her. 'She gave it to me.' I turned right round—I couldn't help it, you see—though the fore-stick did go down with a thump, and I never seed Miss Joan's eyes look sorry before, and you know she never wants the pretty little bird in her room. I always said it wasn't natural to turn agin a blessed child like that."

"You are speaking in ignorance, Pete," said Betty, who knew more of the family history than Peter.

"I ain't speakin' in no ignorance; an old woman, if she's got any heart, warms to a pretty young thing like that."

"You mustn't be a judgin' others, Pete, specially your betters," said Betty.

"Ain't a gwine for to do it; it's the facts I'm givin' you."

Just then the bell rung, which gave Peter to understand that Mr. Joe's horse must be harnessed, and he started off with a gay flourish of his legs that finished his hornpipe.

Betty spoke truth. We must not judge others. Miss Joan, with all her stern, repellent ways, was a gentle woman, with a sense of honor. Her masterful pride had got the better of this honor once, and she had resolved it never should again. She was not bound to love Miller Lee's grandchild, but she would scorn to treat her with meanness, or receive unrequited favors from her hand. She appreciated the sacrifice of the child, and knew that she had given her; she pine from kindness to a poor, weak invalid; she remembered, too, that she had driven the child, from the door with harsh words, when she stood there with the gift in her hand.

She owed Daisy reparation, at least, thanks for her gift. It was hard to this proud woman, how hard only such natures can understand. Daisy came at her summons. Miss Joan extended her one living hand to her, and said, with great difficulty, "I thank you for your pine. I am sorry—" She could get no further; the poor tongue refused to act, but her look, her manner, all spoke more than words could have done. Daisy burst into tears, and bending her head said, "Don't try to say it, Miss Joan."

There were tears in the eyes of the sick woman. Such tears had not started there for many a long year. They were like the blessed rain to the earth long parched with drought. Nurse Coffin came in, and Daisy ran away with a quick step along the hall to Uncle Joe's room. He was brushing the invisible dust from his coat preparatory to his ride to the Reading Room, where he always went after supper. Daisy threw her arms round him. "Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Uncle Joe!" He sat down and took her on his knee. "Daisy, my child, what is the matter? Any trouble?"

"No, no, Uncle Joe," kissing him again and again. "I am glad she did n't say any more. I wouldn't have had her finish the sentence for the world to me—me, a little girl, just nobody!"

"You nobody, Daisy! You are a good deal to Uncle Joe, anyway. There! stop your tears, and tell me what it all means."

She did so, and Uncle Joe, himself was almost as much surprised as Daisy, but not equally overcome.

"Well, Daisy, I laid my parallels better than I thought. The strawberry border will come in time."

"Oh, Uncle Joe! I never thought of the strawberry border. I do n't care anything about it, if only Miss Joan will love me, and let me wait upon her."

"I think she will, Daisy. I am almost sure of it in time. There; now, let me give you your evening kiss, for you will be asleep before I return."

She was oblivious of all the sorrows and joys of the day, when, later in the evening, Mr. Joe sat in Aunt Margie's room, where he usually went to say good night, as he used to do when a boy. She was so aged now, that he feared she might be taken from them at any moment, though with the exception of her rheumatism, there was no feebleness to indicate that she might not round the century.

"Yes," said Mr. Joe, in reply to some question or remark of the old lady about Daisy, "I mean that one life shall be free from sorrow and poverty as far as human power can order it. Daisy is my adopted child, the heir of my love and all my possessions. I shall make my careful provision to guard her from future poverty, and while I live every wish shall be gratified that is in my power to grant. She is the happiest little bird that sings now, and I owe her much for the happiness which she brings to me. She

is healthy, vigorous and strong for her age, and shall be educated physically as well as mentally. I have a notion (it may seem strange to you, Aunt Margie, but I think I am right,) that we are not the most indispensable for the loss of those whom we have loved most tenderly, and for whom we have lived and would have died, but for those who have loved us, and whose love we have wounded, and to whose faults we have not been generous and forgiving. The reproach and sorrow then is terrible to the survivor. God save me from that. I would not wound the tender heart of my little one, lest it should be a thorn in my soul if she be taken from me."

Aunt Margie listened, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes, dimmed by age, fixed upon the speaker. When he ceased she was silent for a little, and then said:

"I don't know, Joe, I don't know. I am very ignorant, but I have sometimes thought that the happiest people are not those who have never known sorrow; and yet, the angels must be very happy; could they have become perfect through suffering? If our darling is to know the highest happiness, will she come to it by never knowing trouble?"

"Well, well, Aunt Margie, we will not make trouble for her," said Mr. Joe, not liking to use the word in connection with his pet. "Did you know Sam and I were going to build a ship, Aunt Margie?"

"Why, Joe," said the old woman, "that sounds just like your father. I remember the very day they laid the keel of the 'Eagle.' I went down to the shipyard with Sam to see it. It brought us in a good deal of money, Joe, and was always a lucky ship. Your father had to sell it when the great trouble came, and he lost so much property in Ingy."

"And this will be as lucky, I trust. We lay the keel this week. I hope you may see her about."

"Doubtful, doubtful," said Aunt Margie, shaking her head, "but it will be pleasant to think of it while I do live."

As Mr. Joe was passing through the hall the door of Miss Joan's room was opened, and Nurse Coffin said that his sister wished to see him. She was often restless at night, and sometimes remained without sleep till morning.

It is impossible to convey to the reader the broken and imperfect articulation of the stricken woman. No stranger could understand her at all, for her pronunciation was defective, her speech slow and hesitating, and never in sentences. She gave words only with intervals between them, and those accustomed to her put them together as they best could. Her eyes and her one useful hand often expressed more than her words. When her elder brother entered the room this evening her head was raised on two pillows, and the light fell upon her face, so that her eyes gleamed like two jets finely cut by the lapidary. We will not give her broken words and imperfect enunciation, but the sentences as she heard have constructed them had the power been hers to do it.

"Sam has been in here, Joe, and tells me you are going to build a ship."

"Yes, Joan, we lay the keel this week."

"It is a foolish enterprise. You are short-sighted. You should not build a ship in these days. You will waste your money."

"I hope not, Joan."

"Of course you do, but you ought to know better. Sam is full of speculation, and has no prudence; you, the elder, should hold him back. You two are to build it, are you?"

"Yes, it will belong to us," said her brother.

"It costs a great deal of money to build a ship."

"Yes, but I think we can do it."

"You can't do it—and you will not do it with any of my money, remember that!"

"We supposed you would share the risk and profit, Joan."

"I share no risk; profit there will be none. Sam tells me I have a thousand dollars in gold, my share of our last year's Calcutta business."

"Yes, it is subject to your order."

"Bring it to me, then, to-morrow."

"But, Sam—"

"No buts necessary. Bring the gold to me. I can take care of it, I see, better than either of you. I ought to have been the eldest son of the family."

"You have a turn for business, certainly; but, Joan, this gold—"

"Is mine, isn't it?"

"Surely, and at your disposal, but it would be unwise not to invest it."

"Bring it to me to-morrow, and remember I will have nothing to do with your new ship. Good night. I am tired."

Joe left the room with the impression that his sister's brain was becoming affected by the disease that had paralyzed nearly one-half of her body.

[Continued.]

**Banner Correspondence.**

**Notes from the Vineyard.**

BY DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Work, work, work, is the glorious heritage of man. Without it we die. How we are at work here in Chicago and vicinity, it is my purpose to tell. There never was a time when our mediums had so many and such earnest inquirers as in the past year. During the past summer and fall I visited parts of Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, and everywhere lectures were well attended and a deep interest awakened, or existed already. The people at large have come to look upon Spiritualism as one of the fixed facts of the nineteenth century, and now desire to know what there is in it. During the past two years I have lectured in this city one hundred and fifty times, to good audiences, who listen to the wise words of William Gordon, formerly of your city, (Boston,) as he gives utterance through my organism to the truths of the interior life, answering the questioning of inquiring souls with wonderful ease and clearness.

Our gifted sister, Cora Tappan, recently closed a series of discourses of the very highest type, and we all feel grateful for the flood of light given through her upon the various topics discussed. Truly our earth-lives have fallen upon a good time, when we can and do receive such direct and far-reaching inspirations from the soul realm as never before came to the world.

Our good, earnest brother, C. B. Stebbins, is ministering to one of our societies, to be followed next month by John Collier, while I have spoken at the hall of the First Society of Spiritualists, to be followed by that sterling worker, E. V. Wilson, who has probably made more Spiritualists by his personal efforts than any man or woman in America or the world through his mediumistic gifts.

The natural order of human life is for man to divide into groupings, and why should we feel it a calamity when Spiritualists, in obedience to the law, separate into societies? It has the good effect of producing more earnest work. The spirit-world does not intend for us to crystallize into churches, but scatter and divide, so that we may the more effectively penetrate the whole mass of society, and thus "leave the whole lump" with our new truth.

From all quarters comes the welcome intelligence of increased interest among the great mass of the people. When the full consciousness of immortality takes possession of the human soul, the paths of life are lighted up, and we move onward with firmer tread, working out our duties to ourselves, our fellows and to the world.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 3, 1876.

**Ohio.**

**CLEVELAND.**—At the regular session of the Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, held at Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street, Sunday, Dec. 12th, 1875, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, late of this city, passed to the higher life, Nov. 20th, 1875, from Mildred Pike Co., Ohio; and

Whereas, Sister Thompson has been identified with this Lyceum since its organization, and in view of her long and earnest and well-directed zeal in the Lyceum cause, and the cause of Spiritualism generally, and her untiring efforts in behalf of this Lyceum, we deem it not only our duty, but our privilege to give expression to our feelings on this occasion, by—

Resolved, That we regard the life labors of our ascending sister, for the promulgation and spread of the non-cherishing truths of Spiritualism, as worthy of all commendation, and although she has passed from our sight and joined that higher Lyceum of which she taught us, we know that the cord of love that bound us together is not broken, and that we shall still be able to feel her presence, and some day meet her in the path of progress.

Resolved, That we tender the friends and relatives she has left behind our warmest sympathy, referring them to the teachings of our beautiful philosophy for consolation and support in this trying hour.

Resolved, That the resolutions here presented be presented to the family, also forwarded to the Banner of Light, Spiritualist at Work and the Religio-Philosophical Journal for records, and that they be recorded in the Lyceum Book of Records.

L. W. GLEASON,  
MRS. J. H. REICH,  
JOHN MADDEN,  
Committee.

**WHITE HOUSE, LUCAS CO.—**L. Root writes: Mrs. Mary E. David, a trance, healing and business medium, came here and held four public sances. She gave many tests and described spirits she saw so accurately that many were fully recognized. I had mislaid a legal document, of much value, and for three years I had been unable to find it after most diligent searching for it; but to my great surprise she described the paper and told me where to look for it. I followed her directions and found the document.

**Iowa.**

**DE WITT.**—Capt. H. H. Brown writes January 3d: I returned here from Fulton, Ill., where I gave four lectures with excellent success, and have given four more here, making eleven in this town. Arrangements are being made for me to give a course of three lectures once a month at this place. I go to Fulton again soon for another course, and arrangements are nearly completed for me to speak there one Sunday in a month during the coming year. Friends in Northern Illinois will please note, and address me at that point, as I desire to make engagements in that vicinity to occupy the rest of my time.

**Massachusetts.**

**SPRINGFIELD.**—A friend sends us the following note: I had the pleasure yesterday (Jan. 5th) of listening to two excellent discourses before large audiences of Spiritualists and Liberals in this city, by W. S. Bell, of New Bedford, who a year ago resigned the pastorage of the Universalist Society there for the broader fields of Spiritualism in which to promulgate his expanding and liberal ideas. Both of his lectures were sound, logical, conclusive and eloquently expressed. He is to speak again next Sunday. I was a witness to quite an exciting debate which took place in the ears between Mr. Bell (on his way here) and a Methodist minister, in which a Presbyterian deacon also took part, on the subject of the Bible in the common schools. Mr. Bell's opponents were very earnest in trying to sustain their position, but Mr. B. met their arguments and overthrew them at every point so effectively that he won the sympathy of almost every one in the ear, for all the passengers seemed to take a lively interest in the debate which lasted for an hour.

**Illinois.**

**FULTON CITY.**—Mrs. H. Benton writes December 27th: The Banner has come to us every week since its first publication, and seems now almost indispensable. It was not to puff the Banner that I write this, for every one that has read it knows its worth, but to say a few words in relation to Spiritualism in our place. We thought it dead and buried past resurrection, but we were tired of living upon husks, therefore engaged Capt. H. H. Brown, State lecturer for the Iowa Association of Spiritualists, to deliver a course of lectures here. He gave four able discourses, which were well received and well attended. I for one am thankful to Mr. Brown for his inspired utterances—for the grand truths spoken—hoping they may take deep root and bring forth fruit. I have heard many fine speakers, but none that excelled him.

Things will be so changed up there, good sectarian friends, that some of us will scarcely know our own ministers; and we dare to say that some of us will scarcely know ourselves. When the old theological antagonists meet, for the first time, face to face, in the pure light of heaven, we wonder whether they will be the more astonished or the more delighted. Ah me! the hand that had no Christian fellowship here will meet in swift and strong clasp there.—Rev. W. H. Murray's Golden Rule.

A German mother out West taught her little son the prayers she had repeated in her own childhood. One day he surprised her by asking: "Ma, why do we always talk Yankee, and pray German?" "Is God a Dutchman?"

**LIGHT AHEAD.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I solicit space in your columns for the utterance of a few serious thoughts. Many of your readers, the older ones especially, will remember me as among the earliest of Modern Spiritualists, and the amanuensis and editor of the first great book given through the mediumship of Andrew Jackson Davis. A few will remember the almost parental affection with which I cherished the new development, not only in its primal but its subsequent phases, staking my reputation and all my hopes upon it. From the autumn of 1845, when Davis's dictations commenced, until the spring of 1860, my pen was employed, editorially and otherwise, almost exclusively in the advocacy of Spiritualism, and up to the latter date (excuse the egotism,) I had probably performed more literary labor in behalf of that subject than any one man then living. If I afterwards quickly, though with great grief, dropped out of the ranks of the public advocates of Spiritualism, it was for reasons which I abstain from stating here, on the principle, "least said, soonest mended." If I now with great joy resume my pen in the advocacy of this dear old idea, it is because I think the day has arrived, as I believed all along that it would come, when I may hope again to do some good in this direction. Furthermore, and perhaps I ought to say primarily, it is because I have been "called out" not by any mundane influence, but by voices addressed to me from the upper spheres, which I cannot resist.

I believe that the day is dawning when Spiritualism will take a far higher stand than ever before. Hitherto it has been unmethodical, chaotic, inharmonious, and utterly devoid of any constructive power. Its mystic name has been *Abaddon*, the Destroyer of old forms, creeds and ecclesiastical authorities, dealing its blows sometimes indiscriminately on futilities and truths, and often recriminating their recoils with stunning force on its own head; while it has been utterly destitute of the power to construct even a log cabin for its advocates to dwell in. Whatever of elevating influence, whatever of saving power, whatever of potency it has possessed to begot love to humanity, peace on earth and good will to men, has for the most part fled from the conferences, lecture-rooms, and public assemblages, and taken refuge in the domestic circle, and the privacy of loving and religious hearts; so that up to this moment, by far the better part of Spiritualism has been invisible. All this, however, has been merely a necessity of an early stage of growth.

But the signs of change now begin to appear. The auroral beams of a new day are breaking from the eastern sky, and Spiritualism, regenerated, purified and spiritualized, is going to take the proud stand of the Universal Religion, the Universal Law, and the Universal Philosophy. As such it will, with its subordinate adjuncts and corollaries of intellectual development, be the great organizing power by which, in the future and not far distant ages, this whole planet shall be brought under the peaceful sway of the "Kingdom of Heaven." Revolutions, commotions and social disruptions, will necessarily intervene between this period and then; but the end is sure, and Spiritualism will be the means.

Why do I speak this with so much assurance? I have talked with the wise, the loving, and the lovely ones of the upper spheres. I have heard their trumpet sounds calling to the resurrection. I have seen the glory of the coming era, in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep cometh upon man. It is God's will, and must stand.

Among the visible signs that Spiritualism is about to take a far higher stand than heretofore, are the two recent discourses of the ascended Judge Edmunds through Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. The first, reported and published in the Banner of Nov. 13th, I had the pleasure of hearing delivered in New York; and the second, delivered in Chicago, is reported and published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Jan. 8th. I could wish to see these discourses universally circulated. They detail the author's observations and experiences in the spheres; and as exemplifications of a high-toned philosophy, sociology, and moral and religious life now in actual practice in that world after which our own is to be modeled, they stand unrivaled. No person can candidly and understandingly read them and reflect upon their contents without profit. I notice that the Judge expresses an intention to continue this line of teaching as opportunity may occur. I hope the whole series of discourses will be reported and, when finished, be embodied in the form of a cheap pamphlet or book for universal circulation. Since it has become possible for such utterances to be given from the spirit-world, and in a dictation so pure and so accordant with a correct literary taste, the progressive elevation of Spiritualism to a far higher standard may be counted upon as certain. Better tastes will be formed; higher demands will be engendered; presumptuous scollism and unmeaning bombast will sink into disfavor and disappear from the rostrum and the press. The wise ones above us will come nearer to us and exert a greater power for good. We shall be drawn together in the bonds of fraternity and in the love and reverence of that great central Power, All Things and Love that rules the universe and all things it contains, in order, harmony and peace. We shall know what it means to be at one with God the Father, and with the great plenitude of heavens and worlds as the Mother. The educated and refined of the community will be attracted to our ranks in greater numbers, and a common system of ideas will gradually unfold which will lead us out of all our political and social evils, and inaugurate the era of universal righteousness prophesied of old.

This much by way of preliminary. With your permission, your readers shall hereafter hear from me occasionally on various questions embraced within the general sphere of this great theme.

Yours for the truth,  
WM. FISHBOROUGH.  
Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., Jan. 6th, 1876.

**"Economic Science."**

A gentleman of Boston in speaking of this little pamphlet says: "I find that those who really comprehend the principles involved, endorse them as incontrovertible," and a lady writing from the Pacific Coast says of it: "It is not a brilliant production, neither are the four fundamental rules of arithmetic; but as the latter are the foundation of mathematics, so are the principles laid down in this book by Mr. Densmore fundamental in their nature; they give the true law by which the sphere of wealth should be regulated. No more class legislation should ever be allowed, thus giving one the power to control the necessities of another."







## Banner Contents.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The First Element of Spiritual Photography and Some Experiments Relating Thereto. (Continued from No. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1876.  
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J. F. COLBY, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to the Editor, Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

## Memorial in Behalf of Leymarie.

The Memorial in behalf of Leymarie, the courageous and worthy editor of the *Revue Spirite*, in Paris, is published on our last page, and will fully explain itself. It is an appeal to the Chief Magistrate of France to interpose to save from a cruel injustice a man who has committed no offence against morality or the laws, and who is no more deserving of imprisonment than every man whose investigations have led him to accept the spiritual phenomena as facts.

It is, therefore, obviously the moral duty of every true Spiritualist to lend his influence and his name to this effort to save an innocent man from an unmerited indignity.

Spiritualists of the United States, join and roll up a petition for the pardon of M. Leymarie, which shall worthily represent to President MacMahon your numbers and your influence upon the shores of the New World. Let copies of this Memorial be circulated everywhere for signatures; when filled, forward them to the Banner of Light office, and we will see that they are sent with all possible despatch to J. L. O'Sullivan, No. 19 Rue Kepler, Paris.

Mr. O'Sullivan, to whose practiced pen we are indebted for this excellent Memorial, is a well-known American citizen and an enlightened Spiritualist, thoroughly acquainted with the details of the Bugnet and Leymarie affair from the beginning. Having been familiar with the facts throughout, we can vouch for the rare fidelity, moderation and accuracy with which the Memorial is drawn up. We hope it will be read attentively by at least a hundred thousand American Spiritualists, and that after reading it they will act.

## The Ecclesiastical War.

A thoughtful man of the generation preceding our own once wrote a light essay to show that by our laws the clerical profession enjoyed an unfair advantage every way. While other professions, occupations and industries were obliged to take their chance in the general struggle and scramble of six days in the week, the clergy were privileged by law to have one day all to themselves, on which day the rest of the community is obliged to suspend both its avocations and its pleasures, and attend on the preaching of the latter, or at least refrain from all interference with the free practice of their calling. There is no sense in saying that one who subscribes to the perfect truth of this view is a foe to the religious progress of the race. To accept it is merely to admit that the law protects ecclesiasticalism, and gives it a chance above that of any other order or profession in society.

With the steady grumbling of the traditional authority of this privileged power is plainly seen to be involved its entire body of legal privileges also. It comprehends the situation with sufficient accuracy itself. It too well knows that there is to be a final struggle for the power and place it holds, and that, as in the history of Romanism, that struggle must be made with carnal weapons. Hence the eager haste to establish entrenched positions for itself in the organic law—in the Constitution. Hence the earnest efforts to organize an ecclesiastical party in advance of its opponents, that the ground may be skillfully chosen, the position taken, and the weapons of offence and defence be got in readiness. We have repeatedly sounded the warning in the ears of all people who love liberty and liberality, and inwardly refuse to bow the knee to bigotry and superstition. This power is steadily moving on its purpose, however, and if successful it will make the infraction of its Sabbath statutes a penal offence.

More and worse than this. It proposes in all seriousness to establish a network of laws for entangling the feet of all those who refuse to subscribe as active members of this organization. The idea is, to get possession of the government, and then to make everybody subject and subordinate. That is the nearest that ecclesiasticalism comes to the true doctrine of liberty. It intends to lean on arbitrary power, and to covet it. So long as it does, it convicts itself of being to that extent unspiritual. This is the reason why it must pass through still another stage of discipline. The creaking coat of power is to be stripped off. Real religion has no need of supporting itself with external authority. "My

kingdom is not of this world," said Christ. But the school of ecclesiasticalism is blind to the facts. They ought to see, and if their interior sense were opened they would see, that as soon as they run up against the hard and unyielding boundaries of power their work is over, and another influence alights there is to take up the unfinished task.

If Orthodoxy were anything but what it is, opinionated and rickling with bigotry, fond of worldly pomp and eager for authority, it would not fail to read the signs of the times to its own profit. But that it cannot do. It has served its turn, and will soon have to confess it. Spiritual progress does not mean a continuance of the authority of old theology. It may be known that the latter has reached the end of its tether from the mere fact that it is incapable of breathing new life into anything. Its forms are old, and its methods dead. The day for wholly new things is come. Were there no hope of it, it is the truth to say that the human spirit would droop and die.

Whether this new ecclesiastical party will succeed according to its desire in getting God into the Constitution and weaving a web of statutes for enjoining those who refuse to acknowledge its supremacy over the conscience, may be doubted by some more than others; but it is enough to know that such is that party's intention. In any way that it can, it will catch every breath of popular favor for its spread sails, and seek to help itself on. It would be a fine state of society, living under its laws. There would be no freedom of any sort. The priests would be as supreme as those of Rome ever were in any country of Europe. They might have the address at first to seek to conceal the operation of their acquired power, so as to make it none the less effectual, while indirect, but it would be but a little while before they would openly show that they loved authority more than the truth, and to exercise power more than to practice religion.

It is not our whole duty simply to understand the situation. There is something to be done after that. Liberal people owe it to their faith, which is their life, to organize in opposition to this power of bigotry, and to disarm and overthrow it. To look on and do nothing, trusting to the certainty of destiny, is not the way to bring destiny to pass. Events do not fall down out of the heavens. Progress is the fruit of effort. All things are the result of agencies. We must therefore beat to arms at once, and form in solid array against those who would snatch from us our most precious birthright for their own aggrandizement. The war is certain to come on. Let us not be taken unawares by the enemy of free thought and an emancipated conscience.

## Mold Seance for the Poor.

On Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 11th, at three o'clock, the mold seance previously announced to take place at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room for the pecuniary benefit of our "God's Poor Fund" was held—the results, phenomenal and pecuniary, proving to be of a most satisfactory character. At an early hour the place of meeting was crowded, and as the time for commencing the seance drew nigh, standing room even was exhausted, and many desirous of attending were unable to gain admission. The people waited patiently for the initiatory steps to be taken, and during the entire seance preserved a degree of order and decorum which was pleasant to witness. Although the interest at various points, especially near the close, deepened to the point almost of painfulness. The seats arranged around the sides and at the rear of the platform were occupied by invited guests, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Sargent, Esq., Dr. F. L. H. Willis and his wife, and Major Dane.

Mrs. Hardy sat in the place, so often filled by Mrs. J. H. Conant in the old days, and before her was arranged a most beautiful table, which in reality, but a skeleton of wood, covered and partly supported by a piece of black cloth, the whole, when in place, presenting an appearance much akin to that of an ordinary dry goods box, but so slender as to its appointments as hardly to be able to maintain its equilibrium; it was evidently intended merely to act as a screen for giving the requisite darkness in the "workshop of the spirits," and was the last piece of furniture to which a skeptic could reasonably think of attaching any idea of springs, hooks, hidden machinery, or any of the thousand and one hypotheses of "deception" which day after day find ventilation by those who, driven by proof from one theory, determinedly retire to another, unwilling to yield for a moment the position of negation which they have assumed toward the phenomenal occurrences of the present day.

The following named gentlemen were appointed at the outset to serve as a committee to supervise the preparations and see to the reliability of the details, in order that the genuineness of any results which might be obtained would be insured to the minds of the people present: Mr. Isaac B. Rich, (of the firm of Colby & Rich); Dr. F. L. H. Willis and Lewis B. Wilson. Under their closest scrutiny the paraffine table was placed beneath the screen and carried to a point in front, and toward the audience—as far as possible in distance from the medium, a white cloth having previously been laid upon the carpet to prevent the dropping of the wax upon it; the black cloth, which had, during this process, been lifted up and around so that those in the audience nearest the platform could see the whole operation and vouch for its integrity, was then arranged and drawn tightly down over the sticks which served as supports to the skeleton table, and the preparations were declared complete, the committee and all who were privileged to look beneath the table being sure that nothing was upon the white floor cloth or near the wall when the curtain was lowered upon it.

Mr. John Hardy then proceeded to read an essay having for its object the tracing of the development of his wife's mediumship, especially for the time covered by the last three years. The hands, which were now capable of giving molds at Mrs. Hardy's seances began their appearance at her state-writing sittings, and were first a matter of surprise, but afterwards became regular attendants on these meetings; in time they began to show themselves, and in a most unexpected manner through Prof. Denton's experiment, the present order of development had been brought out in her presence, as it had also been in that of Mrs. Weston, Dr. Jack, the "Allen Boy" medium, Mrs. Collier, and others. Some twenty hands, two feet, and several faces had been obtained at Mrs. Hardy's seances, since the commencement of this new phase, three of these hands being recognized by friends attending the sittings, though the faces had not been identified. He called attention to the fact that Mrs. Hardy did not conceal herself in a cabinet, but sat with her hands in sight; did not ask for music, did not now ask for darkness in the room, she had abandoned one after another of these conditions so frequently asked by mediums, (and he did not blame any medium for demanding the conditions, which experience demonstrated were necessary for the best manifestations), and he hoped the people would believe in her honest desire to do right by all her patrons and the friends at large.

At the conclusion of his remarks a short pause ensued, after which the raps indicated that a result had been reached. The Committee, who during the sitting had arranged themselves around the medium, and had narrowly watched her every movement, at once lifted up the screen, and beside the table were found the molds of two hands—both right, the one that of a male, the

other a female—casts of which, taken since the sitting by Mr. Hardy, can now be seen at the Banner of Light Bookstore. The audience was allowed to thoroughly inspect these molds, and at the first moment the name of "Fanny" in a woman's chirography was traced upon the waxen surface of the lady's hand. The verdict of all present, so far as we could learn, was that of extreme gratification.

The pecuniary result of the seance amounted to \$31.50, which will be the means of carrying much joy to the hearts of those to the satisfaction of whose needs the Banner Poor Fund is called to be the almoner, and we desire to unite with them in cordially thanking Mrs. Hardy, her husband, and her invisible helpers, for the aid which they have thus put in our power to extend to the suffering.

The Boston Herald for Jan. 12th gave an extended and kindly worded report of this seance, the concluding paragraph of which we transfer to our columns:

"The molds were slightly warm and not entirely dry when taken up, and the position among the auditory was such as to make them quite visible to all with plenty of light in the room, and the seance being so well attended, any trickery or anything suspicious in the conduct of Mrs. Hardy or others, the officers at the table of the molds were small as to be hardly visible, and a human hand having been withdrawn from them, and even a skeptic, who was not willing to accept the results of the seance, forced to admit that the production of the molds was a matter of mystery entirely beyond their comprehension."

## The People's Lectures at Paine Hall, Boston.

Prof. R. G. Eccles closed his present engagement in Boston on Sunday, Jan. 9th. During the week he prosecuted with vigor the series of scientific discourses which he inaugurated on the evening of the previous Sabbath, his remarks on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 5th, 6th and 7th, being well received by the people in attendance, and evincing wide research and close argumentation of the part of the lecturer, while the experiments illuminated the services with the glow of proof positive of the positions taken.

On the afternoon of the 9th Prof. Eccles addressed a good house upon the subject of "Anarchy, the Curse of our Race." In the evening he delivered a masterly rendition of "The Last Grand Generalization of Science, the Law of Continuity," which discourse we shall publish in full in our next issue.

Prof. Eccles left Boston on Monday, the 10th, to deliver a course of lectures in Millers Falls, Mass.; he expects to hold a discussion at Coleraine, Mass., with the Methodist minister, Mr. Cole (the details of which, however, have not yet been agreed upon); he then visits Northfield and Greenfield, Mass., Dover Plains, N. Y., New Haven, Ct., and other places. His permanent address is 78 4th Avenue, New York City.

J. Frank Baxter, well-known to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity as a test medium, a singer and a public speaker, will occupy the platform at Paine Hall on Saturdays, Jan. 16th and 23d. His tests given to the audience during his meetings are reported to be striking as to nature and effective in power, tending to demonstrate beyond any fact of a continued individualized existence beyond the grave.

As previously announced, Dr. Gardner has secured the services of Col. H. S. O'Leary for Jan. 30th—one of the subjects to be treated by him being "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism."

## 1875--1876.

Spirit, farewell! Thy duty here is ended.  
Another journey needs another guide—  
How soon that shape, with gathering darkness blended,  
Fades like a dream, retreating from our side—  
'Tis no long absence, first from Heaven descended,  
His spirit soared to higher spheres, he bid  
Now past delights and griefs and missing faces  
Are made his escort to the shadowy places.  
But surely none yet promised so divinely  
As the new angel of our prose and verse benignly,  
Endless unnumbered and forgotten notes  
And one direct to golden regions finely  
Concealed by mist or searching pierces not;  
While in the eyes such hope is seen to brighten,  
As must in ours a kindred fire enlighten.  
What prospect gives such joy what happy vision?  
Indeed a nation one from sea to sea;  
States knit more closely through a past division,  
By grief made sober, and by blood made free;  
A people grateful for their best condition,  
For peace achieved with liberty;  
Who thrilled by memories salute each other,  
That which was lost is found! Rejoice, my brother!

## Meetings in Springfield, Mass.

A correspondent writing from that city informs us that for the last two Sundays the Free Religious Society has been addressed by W. S. Bell, (formerly a Universalist minister and still a resident of New Bedford,) and that his efforts there have elicited a feeling of general satisfaction. Mr. Bell is, our correspondent states, a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School; his lectures have been characterized by clearness of diction, depth of thought, and good delivery. He has been reengaged at Springfield for two Sundays in the coming spring. Spiritualist societies elsewhere should remember this gentleman in making up their lists of speakers, for he is in every way worthy of encouragement. His next field of labor is in Ohio.

C. C. Burleigh, of Florence, Mass., lectures before the Springfield Society, Jan. 16th and 23d; and Rev. Mr. Strickland (formerly a Baptist divine) will officiate on the 30th. Prof. R. G. Eccles is engaged to speak there in February.

## Spiritualism in New Orleans.

Seems to have an upward tendency at present by reason of the reinforcement given to the ranks of the workers there by the presence of J. M. Peebles, who lectures in that city during January. The occasion of the first Sunday service (Jan. 24) is reported to have been a perfect ovation to Mr. Peebles. The hall was elegantly trimmed, the desk and wall being decorated with those choice floral offerings of which the climate of the south land is so prolific a parent, and the choir sang a song of welcome on the appearance of "The Pilgrim" on the rostrum.

Murders are of almost daily occurrence in different portions of the country, and the daily papers give graphic accounts of the horrid blunders of hangmen, while executing condemned criminals—yet the bloody work goes on. Does hanging prevent murder? Is a question that has perplexed the wisest men of the world. It is yet an unsolved problem.

Further experiments are being prosecuted in London in presence of Lottie Fowler for the development of the paraffine mold phenomena—the results thus far being announced as highly interesting, though not entirely successful.

The Radical Club of Philadelphia has published a collective and vigorous protest in the New York Tribune of December 30th, against closing the doors of the Centennial Exposition on Sundays.

## "Circulate the Document."

Our edition of Sargent's very able Reply to Tyndall is going off fast, and the friends of truth are very generally responding to our invitation to them to circulate the document. In a succinct, pithy form it gives such an answer to the scientific assailants of Spiritualism as has long been needed for circulation among inquirers. Spiritualism is just beginning to lift its head from the depression which the Holmes Owen affair produced, not among Spiritualists, but among those who were "on the anxious bench" and meaning to look into the subject. These persons are now beginning to find that what they thought was a deluge was merely a passing shower. If Spiritualism sank for a moment, "so sinks the day-star in the ocean bed." Anon it rises with undiminished lustre. The Reply to Tyndall is exciting great attention among advanced thinkers; and to the reader who knows some inquiring friend who has been scared off by the imagined disasters that have befallen Spiritualism, or by such attacks as Tyndall's, we say, "Send him this Reply." For eleven cents we send two copies postpaid to any address. Single copies five cents.

## Medical Persecution in New York.

Father Beeson writes Jan. 9th, that Mrs. A. G. Wood, of No. 23 Irving Place, New York City, has received official notice that she must cease to exercise her gift of healing the sick by manipulation, she having no man made diploma under the State law permitting her to practice. We are confident that the better sense of the community will in time prevail, and that the fossilized M. D.'s will not be allowed forever to form and sustain a "corps" in human misery for their own pecuniary profit; but the poor mediums and other victims who must suffer that the eyes of the people may be opened concerning the great wrong, are indeed called upon to hear a hard lot. Liberals of New York, this is but one link in the chain by which it is sought to bind human freedom in your midst! Take warning! Call a mass meeting, and carry the matter to Albany for redress.

## Notice to Subscribers in Foreign Countries.

It gives us great pleasure to note that the demand for this paper is steadily increasing in the Old World and elsewhere, and in order that parties resident in distant localities who desire to patronize the Banner of Light may be informed of the exact amount of postage which by law they are required to forward in addition to the price of their subscription, we print in another column the rates charged by the mail service for the transmission of the Banner to some of the principal points—transatlantic and otherwise.

## The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors.

We are pleased to announce that this deservedly popular work, by K. Graves, has reached its third edition. Send to the Banner of Light Bookstore for a copy, at once. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

A friend in Texas sends us the Houston Daily Telegraph, of the 4th inst., which contains an article in regard to one "Edward Livingstone," who reports from Boston. We have never known a medium here by that name, and therefore presume he is an impostor; consequently the Houstonites very properly kicked him out of town. The time has come when Spiritualists should test strangers who visit their localities, professing to be mediums, before taking them into their confidence. There are several other men of the Livingstone ilk on a Southern tour at this time. They change their names at every locality they visit—sometimes advertising to "expose" Spiritualism; then, again, professing to be bona fide mediums. Give such vagabonds the cold shoulder is our advice always, and then they will soon be obliged to resort to an honest livelihood instead of imposing upon the public.

A correspondent writing from Coleraine, Mass., refers to the recent onslaught made upon Spiritualism by Rev. Mr. Cole, Methodist minister at that place, and says he was repelled to in an able manner by Rev. William A. Cole, of Buckland, Mass., once a Methodist preacher, but now a Spiritualist lecturer. N. Frank White and Mrs. Brigham have spoken there of late, also Prof. Eccles, who is expected soon to return and debate with Mr. Cole on the proposition: "Resolved, That Modern Spiritualism is as far from the teachings of Christ as the poles are separate."

Already some ten thousand dollars have been subscribed to the Byron Memorial Fund, for the purpose of erecting a statue to the poet in some conspicuous place in London. A committee has been formed in this country to cooperate with that in England. Subscriptions of one dollar and over will be duly acknowledged, and may be sent to William Cullen Bryant or Gen. James Grant Wilson, New York, or Henry W. Longfellow or Robert C. Winthrop, Boston. We hope and trust our people will respond liberally.

Gov. Pacheco, of California, having issued a Thanksgiving proclamation which contained no allusion to a Divine Being, the Rev. John Hemphill has taken it upon himself to denounce the said instrument as "the expression of a whining atheism." The Rev. Hemphill doubtless pants for the injection of God by amendment into the United States Constitution, so that none but "the faithful" shall have the governorship.

The spirit-world is not afar off: it is near you; at your very side, and loved ones bend toward you, ever ready to bear messages of love to and fro. The messages from the spirit-world to day bring news of a future life for all humanity.—John Collier, of England.

This fact is patent to every true Spiritualist, and is rapidly spreading







Message Department.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD  
THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF  
MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.  
(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Dankin, of Baltimore.)

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with the friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Dankin, who has been the channel of communication for the spirits of the departed.

Introductory.

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

Our spirit guides, who had given us such clear and satisfactory manifestations in both physical and mental phenomena, were now called upon to exhibit their power to restore and sustain one who was pronounced beyond the reach of medical skill.

Mrs. Dankin, while ministering at the bedside of her mother, during what proved to be her final illness, contracted, or rather developed, an inherited tendency to consumption. Having been confined day and night in the vitiated atmosphere of her mother's chamber, the disease was rapidly developed in her own person, and after some weeks' attendance, one of the most eminent medical men of the city pronounced her case hopeless.

Being a personal friend, he imparted this decision with much tenderness and sympathy, but assured me that he felt on earth must be very brief, indeed. When he left the room I seated myself by her side, and waited patiently to ascertain what would be said by our spirit friends. Her strength was apparently gone; she lay like one whose vitality was fast ebbing, and to the external eye, the end was close at hand. Suddenly she was controlled by a spirit, who raised her to a sitting posture, and, with a vehemence unequalled in my experience, she denounced me and expressed his unbounded delight that the hour was near when the tie which bound her to myself would be severed, and I would no longer be able to continue the "devil's work in which I was engaged."

This proved to be one of the class of spirits who had previously exhibited so much antagonism to our movement. He asserted that I was leading humanity from under the protection of the church, and affirmed that, in person, I should be made to feel the power of the priesthood. My reply was calmly given. I told him that both she and I were under the watching care of those who were wiser than himself; that my confidence in them was not shaken either by his declaration or the doctor's opinion.

After continuing some ten minutes the control was suddenly withdrawn, and Mrs. Dankin fell back apparently lifeless. Presently I perceived a motion of the lips, and placing my ear to her mouth, I heard the spirit of my father say: "It was I, my child, who brought the vehement spirit. The blood that was almost stagnant has now free circulation. You may now see the color coming to the cheek and animation returning to the eye. We are about to thrust her into a deep, magnetic slumber, and, when she is aroused, our friend Dr. Rush (spirit) will take the case under his care, follow implicitly his directions, and dismiss your earthly physician. Your calmness and confidence have aided us materially at this critical juncture."

Thomas Hull, of the Society of Friends, Baltimore.  
[It was at the house of Thomas Hull that Mrs. Dankin and myself received our first reliable communications from the spirit-world. His daughter was the medium to whom I referred in the first portion of my Introductory—W. A. D.]

Friend Dankin—What a benefactor to humanity you have been. It is I, Thomas Hull, who is speaking. Neither you nor my nine have lost those pleasant and quiet hours when we sat together communing with our loved ones on the brighter shore, through the mediumship of my daughter Sarah. In those days I was with me partially speculation, but now I can speak with decision of its truth, of its beauty, and of its adaptation to human needs and human culture. Yet, friend Dankin, startling as it may seem, there are undeveloped spirits that oftentimes, from ignorance of the laws of life, visit earth and magnetically fasten themselves upon mortals who are assimilated to themselves, and make them accomplices of vice and crime, for which they are condemned by those who are ignorant of the laws of spiritual affinity. Oftentimes evil is intended—merely the opportunity afforded to gratify appetite, but sometimes made use of to indulge feelings of jealousy or revenge. The best protection for mortals against such influences is to cultivate righteousness, and spiritual aspirations. Search for truth and knowledge, and such spirits will find nothing wherewith to bind themselves to the mortal.

Patrick Murphy.

Jersey City, Scotland Crossing. I was killed by a locomotive, and strange to say, though dead I am alive. I find myself with all the acquirements of the human brain, active in thought, desirous of performing work by which those whom I have left behind may know something of my whereabouts. I was a Catholic by education. I lived up to the teachings of the church as far as my knowledge would allow me; but alas! when accident overtook me and I found myself on the other side, I was displeased with God for having allowed me to die, and leave my wife and children, soon to be homeless and hungry. But can I get justice by reprimand? What can I gain by condemning the priest for teaching me that the Holy Virgin Mary would protect me? Here I stand in this strange land without anything to lean upon, and I ask myself of what use is religion?

Life and children, you may mourn for Patrick, in sackcloth and ashes you may mourn for him,

for he cannot work any more with his material hands to provide for you.

Great God of Light and Wisdom! If such thou art, why didst thou choose me to die when I, as a man, was performing all my duties—my duty as a husband, my duty as a father? The heart of Patrick lies weeping over his downfall. This is no fiction, no idle tale; but it is the truth, told by one who has tasted of death.

William B. Astor, of New York.

The rich man fared sumptuously every day, while the beggar passed to and fro before him, his mansion suffering from the pangs of hunger. It is I, William B. Astor, the great American landholder, holding domination over three thousand houses from which I drew rents. And now the tale of the dead man has to be told.

Think of my disappointment—my amazement—when entering the other country with my faculties all alive, my sight quickened, my hearing intensified. Think of me that was the asker of alms when on earth, coming radiantly clothed—not in purple and fine linen, but clothed in the bright garments of unfolded spirituality—asking me to allow him to assist me in reaching the brighter and better spheres of existence. I looked upon him with astonishment, and spoke thus: "Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes," said he, "you are my brother; and for the refusal which you gave me when I solicited aid on earth, I now come to render you aid in the new home, where you are not rich and powerful as once you were."

"Then," said I, "is this your mode of retaliation?"

"Ah, yes," replied he, "this is our mode in the world of freedom. Each kind act kindles one more spark of spirituality within ourselves."

Is not this a wonderful story for a man to tell concerning himself? But I am told by a fair woman [spirit] to do this, and I shall grow better satisfied with my condition. "I've done. If it is palatable, accept; if not, reject. Force, energy and perseverance are still the combining qualities of my individuality. And I have come to you as directed, with the hope of losing some of the ragged raiment which now is mine for deeds done, and deeds left undone when in the flesh, because I was in positive ignorance of the law. I did not do unto others as I would have wished them to do unto me."

Abraham Hawthorne, of Homer, Iowa.

[Coming immediately after the spirit of Astor, he said:] I have made a step upon the ladder of progression; I passed out, and I now pass in to tell my story as best I can.

Abraham Hawthorne was my name. I was sixty-nine years of age, died in November, in Homer, Iowa. I was a grand stickler for, or follower, as I thought, after Job—Job said, "After death the mind perisheth. The grave is mine house; I have made my bed in darkness"—but in this realm I find that thought is an attribute of mind; they are one and inseparable. Again I'll quote Job, "I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Now, in reading the fable-like life into which I have entered, I find that this grand and sublime mind was not correct, in his idea, for here I stand upon the spiral line of progressive life denying all that Job has said, and demonstrating by my intercourse with mortals the truth as taught by those who are deep and earnest investigators of Nature and of Nature's laws.

I was a man well known, one who had the respect of men. I was interested in all public works that benefited our city. With this I will say, Good by.

William W. Wright.

I have learned, darling mother, that there is no death in any of the departments of God's universe; therefore I will not say, Harken to a voice that speaks from the tomb, for there I have never been. My spirit stands upon a mount viewing the grandeur of my Heavenly Father, who hath laid out all things in such beautiful perfection for those who believe in his works. Though taken from you when young—the heart the vacant chair has been left, though the heart of yourself has been smitten with sorrow, still let you and I proceed in the glad tidings that in this world we have all things to make us happy.

Oh, Noddie, Noddie, you are my brother, and let me give you instruction. Never let temptation lead you astray, but give your health and strength to your mother; for many sorrows and many troubles have crossed her path. But, mother, be hopeful, and know that the time is coming when you and I in gladness rejoicing will meet never more to part. When my mother's eyes scan this, the sorrow that lies so deep within will in part pass away.

William Ridgeway.

According to conditions, to the upheavings and the outflowings of the heart, I came to answer a question, as far as the spirit-world of myself has power to send. I am he, the first-born of William Ridgeway, making search for one who has for years divided himself from kindred and friends. Charles Stansbury is stationed, where my spirit-eye hath found him, in Atlanta, Georgia, transacting business by which he may gather in the coin to bear his daily expenses, with health established, and with thought running back often to his home in Richmond, and wishing for knowledge of those whom he has left behind.

I am he, the little Willie, that was to him a prattler many years ago, but who stands now in his manhood a searcher into the laws of the Omnipotent Creator.

Note.—Charles Stansbury of Richmond, left home some four or five years ago, without notice to his friends, and has not been heard from since. He is a cousin who passed into spirit-life many years ago, in early youth.

Fannie Metter.

I want to send a letter of communication to my grandmother—she lives in Providence. I expect I'm about eight years old. I went out of this life when I was about three years old. I loved my mamma very much indeed, but I did not love my papa so very much, and now I want to tell my grandmother how bad and how cruel my father is to my mother, and it makes my little heart sad, and takes away from me the pleasure I might have in the spirit-world. I want him to do better; I want him to know I can see everything he does. I want mamma to know he would not be so bad and ugly if he did not drink; if he would let the drink alone he would be a better man. My name is Fannie Metter. I want my grandmother when she sees this, and she will see it, I want her to kiss it, and that will bring me close to herself. I can't say any more.

Sylvester Sullivan.

My name was Sylvester Sullivan. I have very little knowledge of the past or the present. All I know is that I died suddenly. I was 44 years old. I lived in Water Street, New York, and was placed in the ground in Greenwood Cemetery.

The rites of the church were given to my body, and of what benefit my coming here will be I am ignorant. Some of my kindred may read it, and then they may know that I have not gone to a place of torture.

MESSAGES GIVEN IN THE BANNER CIRCLE ROOM.

The following spirit-messages were given through a well-known medium, who visited our Circle Room, on Thursday, Dec. 23d:

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, who art our infinite guide, and strength, and power, thou who dost envelope us in the atmosphere of thy love, for all the blessings of earth and for all the riches of heavenly grace, for all the conditions of men, for all circumstances in life, for joy and for sorrow, for pleasure and for pain, for wisdom and glory, for every gift which thou hast vouchsafed to us, accept our thanksgiving. Thou art the Spirit that prompts us to well-doing, that quickens us in duty, that inspires us to a noble life, that exalts us, that lifts us into the kingdom of peace. Oh, though Spirit who hast blessed earth with rain and with sunshine, thou dost give of thyself unto every flower and tree. Thou whose voice is heard in the song of every bird and the breath of every breeze, thou whose whisperings come home to our souls, thou dost tell us of heaven, of peace, of everlasting life; for all such benefits again we thank thee. And we invoke the presence of the angels, we ask their blessing, and as the time draws near when man commemorates the birth of a new era, in the name of a new life, we look onward and upward beyond the veil of earthly life and find there are many births to the Spirit Christ as there are redemptions from ignorance and pain. May that peace which passeth understanding dwell amongst men until humanity has found the haven by which all shall be made better and nobler, by which the world shall become brighter on earth, bearing closer semblance to the kingdom of peace. We ask these blessings in the name of thy children, in the name of women and men, mothers and fathers, in the name of the weak and of the strong, in the name of the pure and the impure, in the name of the fallen and of the mighty; and especially in the name of the needy, who must be well remembered now and always, do we ask this blessing. Amen. Dec. 23.

Dr. Charles Waters.

You are strangers, but I suppose you are friends. I am Dr. Charles Waters. I came to the spirit-world in 1857. I was a practicing physician in Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. I was not a very devout man. I can't say I was a Christian. I wish I had been a better man. I am a better man now, and for these eighteen years, than I could have been to have stayed on earth. Life is sweet to me now; it is beautiful. I find in it all that we can appropriate, all that we can apply to ourselves to make us happy. I am able now, for the first time, to come and speak, and have been allowed to come to this place, a privilege for which I am very grateful. I have a wife, but no children. If you print this message, this will suffice. I am very much obliged to you for your attention. Dec. 23.

John Maloney.

My name was John Maloney, sir. I lived on the Mississippi River, down close by St. Louis. I was a man of business. Are you writing what I say to you? [Yes; would n't you like to have it go to your friends?] And can you send it to 'em? [We can print it in the paper.] Oh, yes, yes! And Father Baker never told me of this—about coming back after you are dead. Tell him I have n't found Jesus nor the Virgin, but I've found John Maloney and Pat just such fellows as they were, and it's well enough! ha! ha! I was an old man, always good-natured! ha! ha! and never looked on the backside, and I carried through the grave the same kind of a light, and it's all well enough! ha! ha! Yes, tell Mary it's all right; there's no trouble—just as I always said, "it would be all right to-morrow," and not to worry. And so it is, ha! And is this what you're here for—to write down what a fellow says? [Yes.] Good, also, business, and does it take two of you? [There's only one writing.] I can see that, sure. And do you always put down what any one may have to say? [Yes.] And ye'll tell Father Baker of it, won't ye? I didn't like very much his taking the money away from Mary to pay for me. I'm at ease, tell Mary. I'm at ease, and don't need it. I always told her it would be all right to-morrow, and not to worry; and so it is, ha! ha! Dec. 23.

John Mulholland.

My name was John Mulholland. I was a poor man. I suppose you will give me the privilege of speaking. [Certainly.] I came from Cincinnati. I have been in the spirit-world eighteen months. I find the spirit-world is much more comfortable than the earthly world. I was an old man. I was seventy-eight years old. Life was a hard, long struggle with me. I had to work hard and to think hard. But it's over now, and I'm almost young again. I surely don't feel as old as I did. I used to read a little about spirits and Spiritualism, but I didn't know much about it. I didn't see anything of it; but then I don't see, as it makes much difference. Spirits are just the same as they were on earth, as far as I can see—after death as they were afore; but it's a comfort that you can tell them that live on the earth that you're living in another place, and it's a real comfort, too; and I think that's all I want to tell. Dec. 23.

Death has been using his sickle freely among the Spiritualists; by last mail we have intelligence of the departure of Mrs. H. C. Conant, the celebrated "Banner of Light" Medium. Mrs. C. has been in bad health for years, and lately has been too weak to attend the Public Circle. She passed away on the 5th of August last, and her funeral obsequies were attended by a large number of her friends. The communications given through her mediumship have long been a feature in the "Banner of Light," and have brought consolation to many a sorrowing heart. Dr. P. Randolph, author of "Dealings with the Dead," "Pre-Adamite Man," "After Death," &c., &c., has also passed away. Two other eminent American Spiritualists, Hon. Selden J. Finney, and Dr. A. B. Child, have been removed from this sphere. A. J. Davis pays an eulogium to the worth and ability of the former, in a short letter to the "Banner of Light." A prospectus of the latter journal, the numbers to hand by the last mail are particularly interesting. The account of the Camp Meeting and its incidents, Mrs. E. H. Britten's paper on "Spiritual Gifts," "Spirit Materializations," "Hazard's 'Spirit Messages,'" Col. Olcott's paper on Mrs. Thayer's "Manifestations," &c., make up a most entertaining and instructive budget.—Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia, for Nov., 1875.

There is a dog on the frontier of Dakota Territory which singly and alone carries the mail over a route of 60 miles, through all weathers, as straight as a die, and none dare molest him.

OUR FREE SCHOOLS.

Let myriad serfs in other lands  
Adore the conqueror's name;  
And rear aloft with slavish hands  
The monumental fame,  
But see will rear with honest pride,  
From inland to the coast,  
The schoolhouse—fruits of Freedom's Soil!  
New England's pride and boast!

Hellenism in Mexico.

Dr. Helen Hagman, writing from Cadereyta, says: "Spiritualism is spreading throughout the Mexican Republic, and is sustained by ably conducted periodicals. One has recently been established in Saltillo. There is a society in Monterrey, and we have a small circle here in Cadereyta, but as yet no writing medium. The following communications, among many others, have been lately received here, spelled out letter by letter, in the Spanish idiom. I give the translation:

"Beloved country! Justice has given the example of progress in quick-step time, beginning with the laws of reform in Mexico, facilitating thereby an enduring peace on our native soil. BENITO JUAREZ."

"The world now demands the knowledge of the principles which lie hidden in the profound and sublime precepts of progress, and will certainly triumph in the future. BENITO JUAREZ."

Normo-graphy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:—  
I permit me to say to those of your readers who have purchased "Wm. White's 'Key' or 'Colby & Rich's' 'Alphabetical Series,'" published some time ago, that I have just printed (myself) a Supplement to the Unpublished and Unwritten Series, showing how to write in long-hand, and how to write in short-hand, and how to write in the 'Natural System of Writing,' as presented in my 'Key' or 'Colby & Rich's' 'Alphabetical Series,' in print, would hardly be satisfactory as a 'short-hand.' To such I would say, suspend your judgment, if you please, till you have seen the above mentioned Supplement, also the 'Unpublished and Unwritten Series' for amateur and professional reporters, which I hope to publish very soon, as circumstances permit. Meanwhile, I would say, in which it is desirable to write everything exactly and in full, and to use the 'Natural System of Writing,' and to use the 'Key' or 'Colby & Rich's' 'Alphabetical Series' for the comparatively few. Note also that the letters being mostly made with a single stroke of the pen, and all 'silent' letters being written in the full style, can be written twice to three times as fast as common long-hand.

I would be glad to obtain the names of the persons above referred to, and to invite such to address me by letter or mail. Those who have purchased Normo-graphy will receive by mail a copy of the Supplement. They will please enclose two stamps. Those who have not obtained the work should enclose 20 cents to Messrs. Colby & Rich, a Montgomery Place, Boston, or to the writer, and have a copy with Supplement by return mail. Also thirty or forty copies only of the Chart of the Universal Alphabet, still unpublished, may be had. JAMES MADISON ALLEN, Haled, Plymouth Co., Mass., (Box 25).

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment," is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and its eternal progression."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Norwiche, N. Y., Feb. 8th, of pneumonia, Mrs. Eliza Rider, widow of the late George L. Rider, and mother of George Rider, Esq., aged 75 years.

Mrs. Rider was one of the oldest residents of Norwiche, and her sudden death will bring sorrow to the hearts of those who knew her best. A devoted wife, an affectionate mother and true friend, she leaves behind her a memory which will long be cherished. Having within the past few weeks actively watched her to death-bed of two near relatives, she too was stricken with the disease, and has passed away. She was a firm Spiritualist, and for over twenty years has been an excellent test and speaking medium.

Mrs. Joseph Brock, who died at Chelsea last Sunday, held a large place in the hearts of those who knew her most intimately. While home she occupied the center of her affections, and received rare grace and warmth by her presence, she evinced a lively and unobtrusive interest in all public affairs, and was especially devoted to the cause of the oppressed. While residing from the grossness of much associated with so-called Modern Spiritualism, she was yet a firm believer in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and her long and sweet life was a constant reminder of the truth. After her death, her friends were much surprised to find her spirit in contact with her, would seem to have especially fitted her for such communion. Said he who had most intimately shared the joys and sorrows of her domestic life, "I never heard her speak a harsh word. She was an attendant of the Unitarian church, and although intuitively discerning most of the dogmas of theism, she was too good to condemn a soul better prepared than hers to enter upon the higher life."—Sunday Herald, Boston, Jan. 2d.

The Annual Meeting of the Sexual Science Association.

The members and friends of this reforming body will meet in Rochester, N. York, Sunday and Monday, January 20th and 21st, 1876. There will be three sessions each day, at 10, 2 and 7 o'clock. The morning session will be devoted to general conference, speakers to confine themselves to such exhortations as may be deemed proper. The afternoon and evening sessions to be opened by regular speakers, the subject matter of each address to be followed by discussion. See the programme of the meeting. All persons having historical data of progress, statistics, and other useful information, are hereby invited to attend and take part in the discussions of the meeting. On behalf of the committee, J. B. W. KOEHLER, 15 Penrose street, Chelsea, Mass.

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