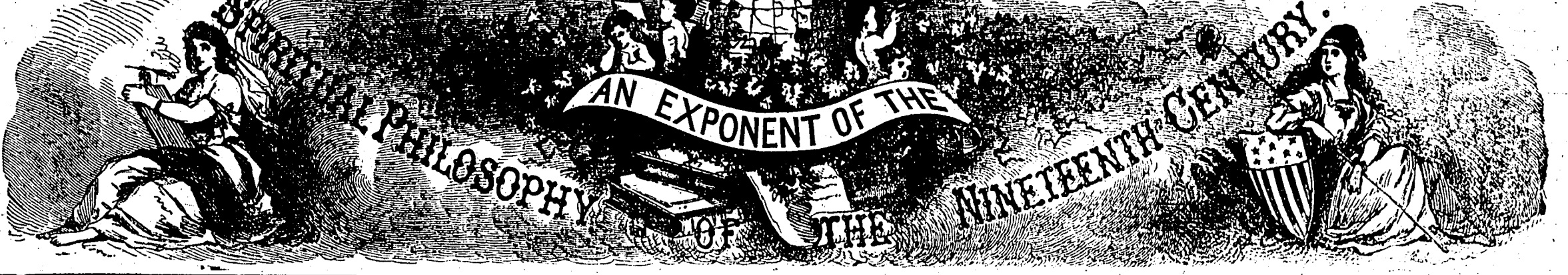


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXVIII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance.

NO. 18.

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## Free Thought.

### IMPS AND IF'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Where is the Spiritualist with a heart callous enough not to be moved by the solemn announcement made by the Theosophical President, the incomparable Magician Colonel, in his Inaugural? Who would not shout Hosanna over the notice that out of the crucible of the Theosophical "Vice" there are soon to rise chemical "vapors" on the wings of the first-born "Elementaries" of the nineteenth century—this "century of conceit"—will "flit" round the heads of a small but select circle of God-seeking ladies and gentlemen? There we have another dawning ray of the coming glorious Sun of Truth, which always rose and will rise in the Orient, and which was heralded again and again to the poor hyperboreans of this hemisphere by the mighty trumpet-blasts from Malta! Where is the Spiritualist who would not exult at the certainty that the Messiah is coming at last, even if it be in a rudimentary shape? It is true, the terms in which the presiding officer of the New York Society of Divinity-Divers pleased to couch his proclamation of the great event coming, were not very complimentary to American Spiritualists, but who among them would not be unselfish enough to overlook such trifling want of courtesy in prospect of the fact that spiritual truth will finally alight from the spheres, if not in the lovely form of a white dove, at least in that of an "Elementary"—imp or ape?—"evolved" from Mr. Felt's "apparatus" to shake hands with the theosophical gentlemen and imprint vaporous kisses upon the foreheads of theosophical ladies?

Whatever skeptics or scoffers may think of the Magician Colonel's "announcement," it furnishes one great object of consolation and rejoicing; it is an argument for the never-ceasing progress of Science, particularly its youngest branch, chemistry. The evolution of one solitary "Elementary," even if he or she should not be bigger than a flea nor sweeter than a mosquito, would solve the hardest problem of Modern Science, and prove the sufficiency thereof for all spiritual intents and purposes proclaimed by Prof. Tyndall. After all, life, soul, mind, is nothing but the result of chemical combination! "Immortal but poor Goethe! who imagined to have dealt a mortal blow of sarcasm to the pretensions of Modern Science, when he made appear his "Homunculus" in the glass phial in the chemical laboratory of the scientific pedant Wagner! Poor German poet and wisecracker, thou art outwitted by Mr. Felt, of New York! Thy satirical arrows fall flat to the ground! The wild vagaries of thy poetical vision are to become realities! The "Homunculus" is there! He is flitting about on vapors, alighting on theosophical periwigs and chignons! But hold on! Don't be too fast, too sanguine! Alas! in spite of the pompous solemnity of the presidential announcement, the "spiritus elementaris" is still lying in the womb of the crucible or the alembic, he is still hidden in that occult region of "great expectations." We are sorry to say the high-blown President of the Theosophists, who, as we are told, is at the same time a cautious lawyer, has himself marred and blasted the otherwise startling effect of his Inaugural Notice by slipping into it that magical little word of two letters reading "If." We have a right to call this little thing, or nothing, itself an imp, "magical," as it is capable with its short breath of blowing over the grandest effects like castles in the air. The German proverb is true which says: "The man who invented the 'If' and the 'But' has surely already made gold out of chaff."

However, no true Spiritualist ought ever to despair, even if from all the overwhelming wisdom which of late has been flowing from "occult" channels, he should feel like the student in "Faust" after receiving the revelations of Mephisto:

"I feel as stupid from all you've said  
As if a mill-wheel whirled in my head."

If the apparatus of Mr. Felt should prove successful!

If something living should emerge from it, either "fitting" like an airy butterfly or even crawling like an earth-worm!

If this living "Eus" should be proved and acknowledged by "Exact Science" as the first

American Elementary evolved by chemical process; and

If this "people from the other world" could be preserved, alive or pickled, to be exhibited at the World's Fair in Philadelphia, who doubts that this would be a big thing? the event of the centennial year 1876?

For who can doubt that according to the divine law of eternal progress and evolution, the chemical exhibition of the "Elementary" would soon be followed by the chemical production of the very Goethian "Homunculus," and this in its turn by that of a full-blown specimen of the species "Homo." Now think of the incalculable benefit this discovery would bestow upon mankind generally, and its weaker half in particular, who long ago have begun to grumble and growl at the old, tedious and painful process of evolving the human germ, imposed, as they say, by the Lord, to our venerable ancestress Eve as a punishment of her sin!

But even if this grand event, the emerging of Man from the crucible of the chemist, should be delayed beyond their expectation and our hopes, the evolution of the "Elementary" alone would have to be hailed by all intelligent Spiritualists as the great event in the history of their faith. For—although there seems to be some doubt yet among the Occultists and Theosophists about the real nature of these subterranean or sub-mundane agencies—they are, nevertheless, if we believe the Expert Colonel, capable of performing so-called "spiritual manifestations," which by the test of "Occult Science," alone can be distinguished from those which thus far were believed to originate from the spirits of deceased men. The benefit thus redounding to "Spiritualism" from running all its "manifestations" through the rarefying, rectifying and purifying skill of "Elementarism," is too obvious, at least to all "advanced thinkers," to dwell upon it any longer.

Let us, therefore, hail the great coming event, announced on Nov. 17th, 1875, by the presiding and executive head of the Theosophists, with unmingled joy, and let all good Spiritualists pray for the triumphal issue of the first native Elementary from the vaporous odors of Mr. Felt's laboratory!

Brooklyn, N. Y.  
DR. G. BLOEDE.

### "ART-MAGIC," &C.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have waited some time, hoping an abler pen than mine would render this communication unnecessary, but will now enter my protest against what, to me, seems to be a gross injustice. There is hardly a number of your paper but what contains a communication either openly attacking or covertly sneering at Mrs. Britten on account of her connection with the coming work, "Art-Magic," etc. Now Mrs. Britten, whose labors in the cause of Spiritualism have been such as to merit a courteous treatment, at least, from the hands of Spiritualists—and no intelligent person who is in the least acquainted with her, or her works, doubts her ability or sincerity—has had a chance to examine the work in question and judge of its merits; while, on the other hand, her assailants (who appear to be jealous of her good fortune,) have had no such chance—know nothing of its merits, and are not qualified to express an opinion regarding it. In this instance they occupy a position parallel to the Orthodox bigot who is loud in his denunciation of Spiritualism, and who, when asked if he has ever witnessed the manifestations—if he has given the subject a thorough investigation? replies: "No; neither do I want to know; it is all humbug, or the work of the devil, and I will have nothing to do with it!" Like the bigot, it would better become them to wait until they have examined the work before assailing, in the way they have done, a lady who is so able an advocate of the cause they profess to love.

To no one is the cause of Spiritualism dearer than to myself, yet I do not think it embodies the whole truth and knowledge. There are other truths than those of Spiritualism, and we should be ready to accept knowledge from whatever source it comes, and be willing to investigate everything that promises any facts, hitherto unknown. We know that by and through mediums we can communicate with our spirit-friends who have passed on. Now if we can do the same by means of occultism or magic, it does not close or interfere with the way already opened, but opens another channel of communication with super-mundane intelligences. If occultism is a demonstrable science, ignoring, or vilifying it will not help the matter in the least. It would be like the ostrich covering its head to hide from its enemies; but an understanding of it will enable us to take advantage of its truths and use them.

If the opposers of this work—through prejudice or fear that they will discover something within its pages not already in their creeds—do not wish to investigate the matter and subscribe for it, they have the privilege of letting it alone. (If they have nothing to do with it they will not be the dupes of the Jesuits.) But there are others who take an interest in matters outside of the beaten track, and who are not afraid to investigate newly discovered facts, wherever found; such should have an opportunity of investigating this matter, if the timid ones do not wish to.

Personally, I always considered magicians, both ancient and modern, as clever jugglers, and held that a careful examination of person, apparatus and surroundings was all that was necessary to expose their trickery, unless it was some kind of spiritual manifestation; but when a person of Mrs. Britten's intelligence and integrity endorses a work on this subject, in the manner

she has "Art-Magic," I am not only willing but anxious to investigate the matter, and not denounce it until I know what it is. It cannot make any difference with the known facts of Spiritualism, although it may destroy some of the theories in regard to it; and if they are false, the sooner we know it the better.

The theory that Mrs. Britten is a dupe of the Jesuits is too idiotic to merit a second thought or to be considered an insult. Casting aside Mrs. Britten's personal intelligence and common sense, are the spir its, for which she is but a medium for communication with the people of the earth, likely to be imposed upon and made the tools of any men, or body of men, in injuring the cause for which they have labored so diligently? And if the higher intelligences did not endorse the coming work, would they allow their medium to take the position she has in regard to it?

Who can blame the author for wishing to remain unknown? for if a person as universally loved and respected by the Spiritualists as Mrs. Britten was supposed to be, has been so unfairly assailed, what might an obscure person, a stranger, expect at their hands? It is not every one that suffers martyrdom, and after the treatment Spiritualists and their cause have received at the hands of a bigoted public for the last twenty-seven years, one would suppose that their experience would have taught them better than to take the course they have pursued in regard to "Art Magic."

If there are—and surely there must be—some liberal-minded persons who are not prejudiced against this work, and who are willing to contribute their mite toward its publication, will they not come forward and endorse it by sending their names to Mrs. Britten, that we may learn as soon as possible the great mystery which for the present lies hidden in this unprinted work?

Respectfully yours, E. A. PALMER.

Lakeville, Conn.

### LETTER FROM G. DAMIANI.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of the 11th instant, J. P. H. inquires: "If the doctrine of re-incarnation be true, and the thousand-million of human beings that are on earth to-day be the repetitions of those who have passed away before, how is the earth's human population to be increased?" A re-incarnationist begs to inform him that re-incarnation does not mean a perpetual, an eternal traveling from matter to spirit and from spirit to matter, but that the average of re-incarnations for the spirit is limited to fifteen in number. His reasoning about the stationary population of the earth through the law of re-incarnation, as he understands it, is the contrary of what it ought to be. An infinite number of spirits ever proceed from an unextinguishable source, and if those who come on this earth persist in returning to it, a clogging and not a stand still would be the result. A re-incarnationist ventures further to inform him that the spirits are not always re-incarnated on the same planet where they first saw the light, but more frequently come to it from other worlds, and go to others during the several incarnations. And as new worlds are continually made to receive new spirits, there is no lack of room for human souls.

The perusal of some good book on re-incarnation would do J. P. H. good. G. DAMIANI.  
Naples, Italy, 28th December, 1875.

P. S.—Let me congratulate you for the impartial attitude you have assumed in the matter of re-incarnation, showing yourself ever ready to hear and to let the world know both sides of the question. This conduct is worthy of the editor of one of the most liberal and enlightened spiritual prints in existence.

### The Strolling Player.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I regret that but so little was heard in this country of the Strolling Player, as he styles himself, one of the controls of J. J. Morse. He is a very remarkable spirit—at once a philosopher and a wit, very genial withal, and exercises such a perfect control that the individuality of the medium is entirely lost. His method of instruction is by means of parables, which always have a moral illustrating the beauty and excellence of Spiritualism. These efforts are all of an impromptu character, the subject for a "story" being generally proposed by the audience, and when completed, all the various divisions and subdivisions, no matter how complicated, agree with the application in the most perfect manner, fitting together like the pieces of a well-constructed puzzle. An effort of this kind one might suppose would require a deal of premeditated consideration; nevertheless, as I have already indicated, such is not the case, and though given on the spur of the moment the whole is delivered in choice and appropriate language, without any hesitation and with the greatest fluency. He is also very apt at answering questions, and a clearer insight into the nature and relations of the spirit-world may be obtained from this source than from any other I am acquainted with. The following choice sentences were made a note of at the time of their utterance, and I deem them worth preserving. They will serve as specimens of the Strolling Player's style:

"Art catches nature's truths and embalms them in beauty's smile on rugged canvases."

"Man is ever striving for the unattainable. If it were not for his efforts to attain it there would be nothing to spur him on. The ideal ever precedes the real—the real being the partial actualization of the ideal."

ROBERT COOPER.

A "gross" swindle—Selling eleven dozen for twelve.

## A Splendid New Serial.

### DAISY DOANE:

OR,

### 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;" "Jennie 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 scenes; 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 V.—CONTINUED.

That summer evening was very calm and beautiful. Uncle Joe, aided by Daisy, had led Aunt Margie into the garden and placed her in a arm-chair near his mother's flowers, and the old woman was so full of happiness that she said she could express it only in the language of Scripture—"I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded. Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadab."

"Which means what?" asked Uncle Joe, "for I am not learned enough to interpret that verse."

"Why, Joe, don't you understand? The bridegroom and the bride had been separated for some cause, but he could not live without her presence, and so went down into the garden to find her, and his soul went like the chariot of Amminadab. This man, Amminadab, had a fine chariot and swift horses, and drove very fast. Now this beautiful day, and these sweet smelling flowers, and these pleasant fancies and the mild air, make my soul go out toward God like the chariot drawn by swift horses."

"Ay! ay!" said Uncle Joe, "I understand now, and I think I feel something like that myself to-day."

Mrs. Sam brought the baby out, and Aunt Margie took it in her arms; then Mr. Sam came too and sat down beside his brother on the soft, thick turf, while they talked about certain improvements which they would make in the grounds. Peter was leading the horses to water and singing,

"I'm bound for the land of Canaan."

Betty was resting from her labors in a large chair in the kitchen porch. Her gay turban looked bright in a beam of the setting sun. She was gawping and yawning, and more and more inclined to show her laziness over Peter and Jenny, who, however, had little fear of her severity.

"Jenny," she was now saying, "you might as well improve your time and pick up some of them summer sweeties that have blown down on the grass. Mr. Joe likes them cooked for breakfast."

Jenny took her basket, but stood loitering by the fence, talking with Dinah, her friend, in the adjoining garden.

The perfume from the yerbenas, heliotropes, pinks and sweet peas floated on the air. A humming-bird poised itself on a delicate spray of the clematis, and was inserting its long, slender bill into the blossom to get its supper of honey, when a humble-bee flew upon the same branch and disputed his right to it. The humming-bird was very angry at this intrusion, and a contest followed, in which the bird came off the victor, and remained with his bill in the flower, seemingly poised in the air, not even resting on the spray where he first alighted. Then the humble-bee alighted on the baby's cheek, as the child lay in its mother's arms. It was driven hastily away, when it flew to a distant part of the garden, not venturing to touch the gloved hand or bright check of the Princess Charlotte, who sat in silent dignity in her little carriage by Daisy's side. Aunt Margie, to whom all the sights and sounds of garden-life were familiar, said: "I see how King Solomon became wise: not from reading the books of men, but by reading God's great book out of doors. When I saw the bee on the baby's cheek, Daisy, and noticed that he did not touch the doll, I thought of a little story which Mr. Joe's mother used to tell me about the wise king. I never found the story in the Bible, and where she got it I don't know, but I heard her tell it so many times, I can repeat it in the words she used."

"Please tell it, Aunt Margie. Mamma, would not you like to hear it?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, indeed, if it is one of the Stories Aunt Margie used to tell me when I was a child."

"I haven't any new stories, Miss Millie, they are all old ones; it is only the old that will stay in my head; if the new stories come, they go away, for I suppose, like young folks now-days, they don't like old-fashioned ways and old houses. Let me see: if I can only get the begin ning, my thoughts will run right on, and the words will come just like a flock of sheep when the wether leads the way."

"Does it begin in this way, Aunt Margie?" said Mrs. Sam. "The Queen of Sheba, attracted by the splendor of Solomon's reputation—"

"That is it! That is it, Miss Millie—now I can go on. The Queen of Sheba, attracted by the splendor of King Solomon's reputation, visited this king at his own court; there, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, she presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural, the other of artificial flowers. Art, in

the labor of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature, so that at the distance it was held by the queen for the inspection of the king, it was impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished in a trifle by a trifling woman irritated his pride.

"The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king, and it must be confessed worthy of the naturalist. Observing a cluster of berries hovering about a window he commanded that it should be opened; it was opened; the berries rushed into the court and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The haughty-queen had one more reason to be astounded at the wisdom of Solomon."

Mrs. Sam could not help smiling at this recitation of the old woman; there was the same tone and pronunciation which she remembered so well in her girlhood. Recalling another story which Aunt Margie used to tell in a very different way, as it related to an event of which she was an eyewitness herself, she asked her if she could tell Daisy about the dark day which occurred when she, Aunt Margie, was a child.

"Yes, indeed, darling. I remember it as well as if it happened only yesterday. I never think of it but I feel as scared for a minute as I did then. Shall I tell it to Daisy?"

"Please, Aunt Margie, do."

Betty heard this conversation, and curiosity for once got the better of her laziness, and she moved herself and her chair to the end of the porch nearest Madame Doane's garden, as that part was often called. Jenny had half filled her basket with apples, and had come up with two or three that were very large and ripe for Daisy. As she lingered Mrs. Doane told her that she might take the baby while, for she saw the curiosity in the girl's eyes. Betty, with a sudden rush of good feeling, beckoned to Peter and said to him,

"Aunt Margie is going to tell about that horrible dark day which happened when she was a little girl—it was almost like a day of judgment, Peter, and it may do you good to listen; sit down on the steps of the porch, and behave yourself properly when your betters are near."

"Is this right?" said Peter, taking a low arm-chair near, and sitting as much like Betty as it was possible for him to do, with his arms resting on the elbows of the chair and his chin drawn down to make his neck look as short as possible.

"You are a piece of impudence, and if I was Mr. Joe I'd teach you manners with a horse whip."

"He teaches by 'sample and present,'" said Peter.

"I wish you might heed them better. Now keep still, and don't be interrupting, but ask yourself what you would do if such a day should come again?"

The two brothers still sat within sound of Aunt Margie's voice, and thus it happened that all the family, with the exception of the invalid in the chamber, who never cared for Aunt Margie's stories, was gathered in the garden to hear the old woman relate an incident of her childhood. Not one of the group but thought of it afterwards and was glad they had been there.

"I wasn't a little girl, Miss Millie, then, I was a young woman, and lived in this very house. Mr. Joe was a baby then, and looked as much like young Master Richard yonder as two peas. I shall never forget the winter of that year. We had one snow storm so bad that a good many people walked out of their chamber windows on to the snow, and others dug a hole through the snow from the front door to the street. It was so cold that my mistress was sending something to the poor all the time. We gave away all the old blankets and old flannel that we had in the house. She sent me out one day to a little district that we called 'Guinea,' because so many negroes lived there. They felt the cold 'mazinly,' 'cause it don't come natural to their constitutions. It was to Betty's mother's house I went. It wasn't long after Betty was born. Her father was sick, lying on the bed, and had n't been able to walk and split his wood for more than a month. 'I am afraid they will freeze to death, Margie,' she said, 'if we don't see to them,' so she bade me fill a basket with bread, and tea, and meat, and eggs, and take it along with me. I met my



alster Mollie when I had gone a little ways, and she said, "Margie, if you are going up to Guinea don't take your head off, 'cause they won't make it to see you, you know!"

"I didn't believe that, but went on my way, with my stuffed bombazine hood on my head, and warm jockey made of green and red plaid which my mistress had made for me, and a pair of mittens on my hands, and some old wooden socks on my feet. I was young then and my blood was warm, and I kept thinking how glad Caesar Alexander (that was his real name) would be to see me. It was a miserable little hotel they lived in, and it looked very drear and desolate in winter. In summer they grew dowers all round it, and the morning-glories and goulds up the sides, but now it was buried in snow, excepting one window and the space of the door where some man had just shoveled away. I went in, and she should be there but the 'Squire' himself, Mr. Joe's father, (there was no Mr. Sam then,) he was standing by a bed on which a Caesar Alexander lay, with some old ragged quilts wrapped round him. He looked like a moving anatomy he was so thin, and his bones stuck out. But his eyes were as bright as black diamonds as he looked up at the 'Squire,' who was speaking to him.

"Now, Caesar, you are a slave no more; the law has set you free."

"Is it true, 'Squire'?" said Caesar. "You know Captain Greenleaf brought me from Barbadoes, and said I was his slave while I lived; he has let me live here, and has not claimed me for years, but I would be more willing to die if I could die free like white men."

"That you can do now, Caesar; we have put it into our State Constitution this winter—all men are born free and equal; and now there is no slave in our State."

"Blessed be God!" Caesar cried out, and his wife dropped down on her knees, and said, "I thank the good Lord! Now Caesar will live! He will get well now!" and sure enough he did, and grew tall and strong. His wife had been listening to the 'Squire,' and so the fire got out, and the poor little baby was creeping round on the cold floor, and moaning in that low tone that poor babies are apt to do. "Wasn't much like our little Jossey, who when he wanted a thing, would scream out like a trooper. I took the child up, and put it into its mother's arms, and then I whipped down the tinder-box and struck a light with the flint and iron, and the burned linen there was in the box. Then I found some chips that had come from the ship-yard, and with them I made a bright blaze; then I hung the teakettle on, and in five minutes I had a cup of tea that made Caesar Alexander warm in all his bones, and I put some dainties on the table. I meant to say that when the 'Squire' saw me striking the tinder-box he smiled, and says he, "Well, Margie, if you are here I may go, for you will know what to do," and he looked pitiful like at the little pile of chips.

"It is bitter cold weather," he said, "but nobody will draw wood in this deep snow. I will order some more chips from the yard for the present, and you can tell your mistress what is needed here."

"I never saw happier folks in my life than Caesar and his wife Violet on that day."

"The next month after this was the coldest here in the country. For thirty-one days there and snow never thawed a particle, even on the sunny side of the house, and there wasn't a fence to be seen in any direction. We had our hands full with the poor, and though my mistress was delicate like, and could not go out, she went in spirit, just as blessed angels do go, I suppose, to hundreds of poor, cold, and hungry people during that time."

"At last the snow began to thaw a little, and we had some rain, and that made it worse than the snow for getting out. Your father, Mr. Joe," for the brothers were listening to Aunt Margie, "got me a pair of gloves, (I guess the old woman meant gloves) and with them I got along tolerably; but I never was so glad to see the first of May as I was that year. "Now," said I to my mistress, the winter is over and gone, and the time for the singing of birds has come. You can go out soon and smell the fresh air."

"Yes," said she, "we will go into the woods and get some trailing arbutus. I never longed for it as I do this spring. I was determined she should have it before the woods were dry enough for her dainty little feet, so I told the 'Squire,' and I said, "Please, will you let Reuben (that was our gardener in those days) go and see if there is some arbutus yet?" and he said, "Margie, your mistress wants them, don't she?" and I said, "Please, sir, she wants them more than her food." And he smiled in his pleasant way, and said, "Margie, I will go myself, and I will take you with me, for if we go we will be sure to get it if it is there; you are a real Captain Cook for exploring." I didn't know what he meant, but I was glad enough to go, for I knew Reuben didn't like them wild flowers half as much as he liked the Dutch tulips they brought from Holland and paid quantities of gold for, and I knew my mistress set more store by the wild flowers.

"Well, we went without her knowing what we had gone for, and brought the dowers home. She was fast asleep when we filled her sitting-room with them. How surprised she was! her eyes looked as wet and blue as an English violet in a dewy morning, when she said, "Richard, you did this for me?" and then she laid her tiny, white hand on his shoulder, and said, "I hope there will be wild flowers in heaven!" At that the 'Squire' turned round and looked out of the window. I think he had a warning then, but he never told it. Sure enough, they were the last she ever saw in this world, but maybe she found 'em."

"Where everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers."

"Ye see, Mr. Sam, was born the very month they came again—the next spring, I mean. When she died I went out and got some of the flowers to lay on her coffin. The whole room, shelled sweet of them when she lay sleeping in the great drawing-room. Well, I was almost forgetting to tell you about the dark day. When the 'Squire' and I were riding home with the clasp full of the flowers, I noticed a strange feeling in the air; it seemed thicker than common air, and before we got to our own door it was as if we were in the midst of the smoke of burning woods. The sun looked like a great red-hot iron ball, and I said, "How curious!" and he said, "Margie, I wonder if the woods are on fire!" He sent a man out to see, and, sure enough, there was a fire in the woods. So we thought no more of it, only as there were but a few trees burning we said it was a great smoke for a little fire. The next day it was worse, and then we knew it wasn't all caused by the fire in the woods, for what smoke there

was rolled up and mingled with the clouds, which were the thickest and darkest clouds I ever beheld.

"The next day it was the same—if anything, worse. Day after day it grew more and more cloudy and thick—the sun looked like a great round red ball, the air was thick and still as death. It seemed to me that the world and all living things on it stood still. Day after day, till ten days were past, people looked at each other and asked what could it mean? The 'Squire' said it seemed to him like the weather that comes before a hurricane in the southern seas, and I think he was afraid of it."

"I was a gay young creature then, not much given to serious thoughts, and I thought if the 'Squire' had seen hurricanes and lived through 'em, why we could; but one day when I was going down to work day leeter (everybody went that week) I met Miss Keziah Oldmarrick. She was one of them Christians that are naturally sharp-tongued and sharp-eyed, and feel called upon to go round and look up the faults of their neighbors. She saw me coming round the corner of Chandler's lane, and she called to me:

"Margie," said she, "are you prepared for the end of the world?"

"Oh, Miss Keziah," says I, "there is to be a hurricane, and maybe I'll blow down some trees, and maybe houses, but the 'Squire' has seen lots of 'em and tells us not to be scared."

"Woe! woe! woe! to the rich man!" said Miss Keziah, "to him that is at ease in his possessions! All his palaces shall be laid waste, and he shall dwell in a howling wilderness. As for you, your comeliness shall be turned into ugliness, and you shall have sackcloth to wear, and ashes to sit in."

"I trembled all over like a leaf, and when they sang that solemn hymn—

"For oh! how oft thy wrath appears, And cuts off our expert years; Thy wrath awakes our humble dread; We fear the power that strikes us dead."

my heart went thumping inside of me as if it were the great pendulum of the clock a dropping down, and a coming up and a dropping down, all the time. When meetin' was done I went home through the smoky air, not daring to look a second time at the great red sun in the clouds. I went up into my mistress's room; she was sitting by the west window, looking at that sun, that didn't seem no more like our sun that used to shine so bright and beautiful, than a copper penny looked like a gold sovereign.

"Margie," said she, in her sweet, gentle voice, "I think the air is very murky and the sun has a strange, red look."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "the world is coming to an end. Miss Keziah has been telling me that the 'Squire's' beautiful house is to be taken away, and I'm not to wear a flowered gown any more, but only sackcloth and ashes. Oh, ma'am, I am most dead a thinking what is to come!"

"I was white as a sheet, I knew, and I could not stand for trembling. She rose up and came and laid her soft hand on my shoulder, and says she: "Margie, God is a loving, kind father. He made this world and all the people in it. He will take care of us. Let us trust him."

"She took off my bonnet with her own hands, and then poured out a little cordial and made me take it, and then she opened the psalm book that lay upon the table near her and read—

"Oh, lead me to the rock, That's high above my head; And make the covert of thy wings My shelter and my shade. Within thy presence, Lord, Forever I'll abide; Thou art the tower of my defence, The refuge where I hide."

"Her beautiful, calm face, and her voice, low and sweet, comforted me, and I said, 'I will not be afraid any more—I will trust God.'"

"But my heart died within me the next morning. I could see the sun, but it was redder than it was the day before. It shone in that way for a little while, then it was hidden from us altogether, and a great darkness that could be felt settled upon the town. The clouds were very dark, but just on the edge of the horizon there was a tinge of reddish yellow, almost copper color. We could not see to do any work—we all gathered in the dining-room, where our mistress came to us. Joan was a little girl then, and stood beside her mother. She did not seem afraid at all, but ran to the window to look out, and as she did so, she said:

"Hark, mamma, I hear the bell toll; I want to run out and see the dark."

"In a minute Miss Keziah came in breathless, and looking as if she had seen a ghost. "Oh, Miss Joane, will you forgive me?" I said a false thing about you. I called you a heathen idolator, and said you set up your husband and children and worshiped them. The end of the world is at hand! will you forgive me for this, and all the other evil things I have said against you?"

"We had lighted candles by this time, and I could see my mistress smile as she gave her hand to Miss Keziah, and said, 'I never felt hard toward you, though I knew you said those things, Miss Keziah. We all of us are faulty, and must learn to bear and forbear with each other.'"

"Just then we heard a man crying in the street, 'The end of the world has come! Sinners, come to judgment!' and off he came crying out as he ran along, wringing his hands. 'I've watered the rum, I've watered the rum!' He had cheated in his trade, and was confessing his sins."

"The cattle came home from the pasture, the hens went to roost, and deeper darkness settled down upon us at mid-day, when the sun on other days shines brightest. Now and then in the afternoon a glimmer of light appeared, and then the cocks would crow as if they thought day had come again. Little Joe went to sleep in my arms, as if he too supposed it was bed-time. The night that settled down upon us was fearful. I read in my Bible about the darkness which God sent upon the Egyptians, and said this must be like it. There were no street lamps in those days. I went out and stood a few minutes in the garden, and I put out my hand to gather up the darkness as if I could take it away with me."

"The 'Squire' came in to an early supper. He bade us light the house well, and not to draw the curtains, 'for,' said he, 'if any one is out, let us share our light with them.' He was very cheerful, and told us that he went up to the ship-yard where the men were very busy, and ordered lanterns brought that they might not stop work."

"I fell into a troubled sleep, but awoke just as the hall clock struck twelve. I rose and looked out of my window. The wind had changed and blew from the northwest, and after looking steadily at the sky for a few minutes, I could see the clouds flying away like an army of conquered soldiers. I was so anxious to know whether another sun would ever rise, that I dressed myself and sat down to watch. I could never sit idle, you know, Joe, and I remember as if it were but yesterday that I knit almost the whole of a little

red sock for you that night. Little by little it grew lighter in the east, just a glint at first, then a broader space of blue sky, then the clouds caught the sunlight, and became a pretty rose-color, and at last the sun himself came up, clear and beautiful, and strong as ever, not short of his beams, but our own glorious old sun! It was the nineteenth of May; the grass was green, the trees in leaf, and waving in the breeze; the birds sang as I never heard them sing before or since. I thought they would split their little throats trying to make music. The roosters in every yard in town were perched up on fences and wood-sheds, thinking, silly things, that their music was pleasant to our ears. I just fell on my knees, for I couldn't help it; not to pray, but to praise, for instead of praying I sang right out—

"Father, how wide thy arm is stretched! How high thy wonders are! Known through the earth, thy signs, By thine angels through the sky!"

"I went down and lifted open all the windows of the dining-room and let in every beam of sunlight that chose to come. When my mistress came down, looking very lively in her lilac gingham morning dress and tiny breakfast cap of lace, she said, "That is right, Margie; a good thing it is to behold the sun." The 'Squire' had been up before her and gathered a few violets, the first of the season, and put them near her plate. She placed them in her bosom. Just as they were going to sit down to the table, we heard a merry voice under the window saying, "Uncle Richard! Uncle Richard, come out and look at the sun!"

"I knew the voice was that of Patsy Sage. She and her sister were on their riding-horses, a groom following behind. Sever was a saucier, prettier little maiden born, than Patsy. She had a little fair round face, and dancing blue eyes, full of mischief, and always a smile and a kind word for everybody. I don't know but people generally called Sybil the best looking, and she was handsome as a picture, and sung like a bird, and darted round here and there like a gay butterfly, but Patsy was her uncle's favorite. He went out and saluted the ladies, then bent down and kissed Patsy's little hand which she held out to him to shake, and then he put out his hand for her to step on as she alighted from her horse."

"Are you going to stay to breakfast, sister?" said Sybil.

"Don't I smell Margie's waffles?" said she, "and I know there is fresh butter and white sugar in every check of them. And there! I now see Dinah with a dish of broiled chicken. Resistance is vain."

"At that, Miss Sybil was off from her horse and into the house before her uncle could turn round to help her. Such a merry breakfast as we had that day! Them girls were the belles of the town, and they had a great deal to say; my mistress would smile and enjoy it all, though she was not much given to merry-making herself, but the 'Squire' was just as gay-hearted as one of their own beaux, and entered into all their girlish sports. It was a beautiful day. I think I shall never feel just like that again, till I wake up in heaven, where there is no night. I am tired, boys, and you see the moon is coming up. I must go to bed."

"The two brothers rose at once, and she walked slowly between them, leaning an arm on each, to her own room. "Good-night to all," she said, "and remember that if a dark day comes, the next may be the brighter for it."

Miss Joan had been alone in her room a part of this time. Near her was an old-fashioned desk, a small secretary; on the bed near her left hand a pile of gold sovereigns. Her brother Joe had brought them to her that day. She amused herself with them awhile, but they were not seen again, and how disposed of, no one knew. Nurse Coffin never saw them, and the only remark Miss Joan made about them was, "Not one of my gold sovereigns goes into a shop."

Aunt Margie went to bed at her usual hour, and fell asleep, as she had always done from a child, almost as soon as her head touched her pillow. Uncle Joe had ordered Jenny to sleep on a cot in the room, and she had done so for some time. That night Aunt Margie awoke about midnight and asked Jenny for a drink of water. The girl brought it. "Now, please, Jenny, put a blanket over my feet. I feel cold. I am sorry to wake you," she added, "but when you are an old woman, I hope you will find somebody to be as kind to you as you have been to me."

"If all old women were like you," she wouldn't be much to do for them," was Jenny's answer. "Anything more, Aunt Margie?"

"No, Jenny; all my wants are well supplied," she said in the words of a favorite hymn, and fell asleep again, but never awakened in this world.

[Continued.]

#### THE SONG OF 1876.

A Festival Poem written for the German Centennial Singers' Union of New York.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!  
Spirit of Freedom, awaken all!  
Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,  
Rivers, answer, and mountains, call!  
The golden day has come;  
Let every tongue be dumb,  
That sounded its malice, or murmured its fears;  
She hath won her glory;  
She wears her glory;  
We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years!  
Out of darkness, and toll, and danger,  
Into the light of Victory's day,  
Help to the weak and home to the stranger,  
Freedom to all, she hath held her way  
Now Europe's orphans rest  
Upon her mother-breast;  
The voices of Nations are heard in the cheers  
That shall cast upon her  
New love and honor,  
And crown her the Queen of a Hundred Years!  
North and South, we are met as brothers;  
East and West, we are wedded as one!  
Right of each shall secure our mother's;  
Child of each is her faithful son!  
We give thee heart and hand,  
Our glorious native Land,  
For battle has tried thee and time endears;  
We will write thy story;  
And keep thy glory  
As pure as of old for a Thousand Years!

"We ask in all candor, must the pure teachings of Christ be held responsible for all the crimes of this numerous class (the wrong-doers) represented in every phase of society? Certainly not. And yet, many charge Spiritualism with all the misdoings of its converts. A simple belief in Christianity or Spiritualism will be of little value here or hereafter, unless it leads to purity of heart and life, and the bringing of all the faculties and powers of his threefold nature in subjection to the principle of love of God and man, as fulfilling the whole law.—Rev. Samuel Watson.

The Bible is a book that should be read like other books, in a broad and comprehensive way. The best way to make the average man reverence the Bible, is to explain it that it shall seem a sensible book to him.—Golden Rule.

#### Rev. J. H. Harter's Letter, and J. M. Peebles's Response.

BRO. PEEBLES: I am to-day celebrating the fifty-fifth anniversary of my journey in earth-life, and the twenty-first anniversary of my married life. The Spiritualist Reunion which we held yesterday and day before in Auburn, and to which you were invited, was a grand success. The speakers, A. A. Wheelock, Mrs. Dr. Kimball, Mrs. Dr. Phillips, John Corwin and others all acquitted themselves nobly. We regretted your inability to be with us on the occasion. As I have known you so intimately and so well for the past thirty-three years, and as you are so far in advance or above me in the spiritualistic school, I wanted you not only to help us but to ask you a great many questions; but as you did not come, will you have the kindness, at your earliest convenience, to answer to me, either privately or through the press as you may deem best, the following, viz:

I. Please give me your definition of Spiritualism?

II. What relation, in your estimation, does Spiritualism bear to Christianity?

III. Do Spiritualists, as a class, recognize the necessity and efficacy of prayer?

IV. Why are there so many Spiritualist lecturers out of engagements, and public life, even?

V. Do you blame Amherst, Hayden, S. C. Hayford, Dr. Houghton and other Spiritualist lecturers for going into the liberal churches as preachers?

VI. What would you think of me—Spiritualist as I am—if I should settle over a Universalist society? I have been invited to do so since I gave up my letter of fellowship and left the denomination.

VII. Do you consider magic and occultism the keys that unlock the wonders of Spiritualism?

VIII. Do you accept preexistence and re-incarnation as now taught by the spirits?

IX. Why is there so much evil speaking, backbiting and slander current among mediums and speakers? and why are the really good often most persecuted?

X. The Banner of Light, quoting from the Harbinger of Light, Australia, says you will probably return to Australia, visiting India and South Africa. Is such your purpose?

XI. Are you reported to be studying medicine, anatomy, surgery, &c., in some Philadelphia university. Is it so? and if so, why?

XII. Are you in favor of organization among Spiritualists?

Auburn, N. Y., Nov. 1st, 1875.

J. H. HARTER.

RESPONSE TO THE ABOVE QUESTIONS.

BRO. J. H. HARTER:—Though delay is not necessarily neglect, still I feel that an apology is justly due for this late reply to your inquiries. Results have their legitimate causes. Attending a course of lectures in the Philadelphia University during the week-days of the past autumn—lecturing Sundays upon Spiritualism in Washington and Philadelphia—and frequently upon Travels in the East during the week-evenings of these months in adjoining localities, it was absolutely impossible for me to attend your "Spiritual Reunion" in Auburn.

How the days and the decades glide by! Yes, it is "thirty-three years" since, as lady or students, we met at the Oxford Academy on the banks of the Chenango River—and years they have been of labor, trial, struggle, study, and a thousand smiles for a single tear! Though not a fatalist, I am an optimist, believing that, inasmuch as God governs the universe, all that transpires is, all things considered, for the best. God "all in all" is a Vedic as well as a Pauline doctrine. Your questions are little more than echoes of similar inquiries often put to me by letter or at the close of lectures.

And now to the answers.  
First. Spiritualism and Spiritism are not interchangeable terms; the former, as generally understood, implies a conscious intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit-world; in a broader and better sense Spiritualism is a phenomenon, a science and a religion, kindling in all sensitive souls the loftiest endeavor, the holiest aspirations.

Second. If by Christianity you mean the moral teachings and spiritual marvels of Jesus Christ, recorded in the New Testament, I have to say that Spiritualism and Christianity are in full accord; their relation standing something as bud and blossom upon the revealer's "Tree of Life," the leaves of which were for the "healing of the nations."

Third. Difficult to answer, because of the different conceptions of prayer, and the indefinite ideas about concerning God. Defining prayer to be aspiration, or an up-welling and out-flowing of the soul toward all that is good, pure and holy, I am confident that "Spiritualists as a class" believe in the "necessity and efficacy of prayer."

And yet, there are crusty, crotchety individuals who take a chill at the mere mention of prayer. The "rich man in hell," who cried to Father Abraham, was possibly one of this sort. Though prayer does not change God, nor natural law, it does affect all sincere petitioners; besides calling to aid angels and ministering spirits, who under the providence of God delight to answer prayer.

Mrs. Conant, entranced, uniformly opened her public circles with prayer. Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Brigham, and nearly all of our most successful speakers, commence their meetings with an invocation.

Fourth. Some from choice; others from necessity. The "why" involved in your inquiry, puzzles me. As an individual, I never had so many pressing invitations to lecture. Some of these are for a month, and others for a year. Dr. S. J. Avery and others wrote me awhile since for a year's engagement in Chicago. James Clement and the Weavers of Baltimore did likewise. Subsequently, they engaged the able and eloquent Dr. Taylor for a year. Both of the Baltimore societies are said to be in a flourishing condition. In the city of Battle Creek, Mich., where I lived ten and lectured six years, the Spiritualists urged me to return and become their "settled speaker."

Dr. J. V. Spencer, under date of Oct. 29th, says: "I am fully satisfied that the only way to build up a prosperous society is to have a settled speaker." Let each and all "be fully persuaded in their own minds." My Sundays, with the exception of two, are all engaged up to July 1876. The "field is the world" and the Macedonian cry is as importunate now as in apostolic times.

Fifth. Not in the least. Evidently they had good and sufficient reasons. They still believe in the ministry of angels and spirits. I neither "blame" nor condemn anybody. When I am endowed with infinite knowledge and become absolutely perfect, I may presume to mount the judgment seat and deal out condemnation! It is a little galling to at least one of these brothers to be continually criticised and stoned by "sinners."

Sixth. I should "think" it was your business—not mine. And just so far as your aims and motives were good, I should say God and the holy angels bless you.

Seventh. No. Reverse it, and you have it. Spiritualism, with its multifarious phases of mediumship, is the key that unlocks magic, occultism and all the marvelous wonders of the Orient.

Eighth. Most sincerely do I believe in the pre-existence of the soul. Re-incarnation is another matter. Taught by some, it is denied by other spirits. In my case, the testimony is not yet all in. Touching discussions upon this subject, re-incarnationists have shown much the best spirit. It is as unwise to denounce as it is impossible to "scold" even the wildest theory out of existence.

Ninth. Evil-speaking, back-biting and the current slanders to which you refer—necessities of ante-natal tendencies, unbalanced temperaments, plebeian associations and diabolic influences—are not alone peculiar to Spiritualists. A leading character in the ranks of the liberal Christian clergy recently said:

"There is cannibalism around about us all the time and everywhere. Not a bird's leg is taken up and counted a more delicious morsel, and is more deliberately picked and chewed and relished in all its juices, than a person's reputation is taken up, and cut, and bitten, and sucked dry, and cast out. It is wicked; it is damnable; it is treason to man and treason to God; and yet such things are common. Why! men will not carry vermin on their heads nor on their bodies. And yet they do carry vermin in their souls, crawling and creeping all over them."

It is high time that men should learn to discriminate and into these fœtulent veins of defraction, and bitterness, and envy, and jealousy—all these elements which spring from the lower regions, and which are of the evil spirit."

"If thou hast aught against thy brother, or if thy brother trespass against thee," said Jesus, "go, and tell him the fault between him and thee alone." But the modern method—especially with those occupying "damaged social" positions—is generally this: If thou hast, or if thou hast heard aught against thy brother or thy sister-worker, or thy peer in mediocrity gifts—do not suspend judgment—do not wait to hear the other side of the matter, but run with the putrid tidbit to others; run, exaggerating and scattering the slime as you go—run, magnifying the sordid shadow into a black crow; ay, into even three black crows—run, richly and deservedly earning the Carlylean plaudit—"Ye are one of my jewels, saith the devil!"

Persecutions, though depressing for the moment, really harm no one; while all slanderous javelins, ultimately rebounding, pierce those that hurled them. "So long as all that is said, is said against me," says Emerson, "I am sure of success." "Permit a touch of autobiography," writes A. J. Davis in the Harbinger of Light:

"For years upon years I myself was made the special target for every marksman with shot gun and bow and arrow. It would be impolitic, not to say profane and vulgar, to put in print the stories which refined and wealthy church members, including very respectable ministers, privately and publicly circulated against me. I was reported and denounced as the walking embodiment of all that was vile and satanic."

And yet, A. J. Davis lives, esteemed and honored—lives a fine exemplification of the true harmonious man! But where—where are those accusers? Jonquin Miller, when traduced in private and public, preached a sensible sermon in the following song:

"Is it worth while to justify a brother—  
Having his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other  
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful state,  
God pity us all, we people each other."

God pity us all, we people each other:  
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,  
Pierced to the heart, worse and keener than steel,  
And neither for love or for weak."

Were it not well in this brief little journey  
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ever folding him and to be and abide?  
Forever and aye in dust at his side!

Look at the roses saluting each other:  
Look at the birds all in peace on the plain;  
Man and man only makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;  
Shameful by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble  
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?  
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled indeed, down into the dust."

Tenth. It is true that I have been invited to return to Australia and other localities in the East. And, inasmuch as my commission from heavenly intelligences enjoined that I go into "all the world and preach the gospel," it would be quite natural that when especially invited I should go to India, Australia, Ceylon and South Africa.

Eleventh. Certainly; I have been studying medicine, anatomy, surgery, as well as attending "lectures" at the Philadelphia University, a rather old institution, chartered by the State of Pennsylvania, and holding in its grasp the charters of the "Quaker City College of Arts and Sciences" and others. In doing this my "purpose" was to know more of the physical organism in its normal and abnormal conditions. To study the structure and composition of man is to study this planet and the planetary system itself.

Twelfth. I am and ever have been in favor of organization. A man's creed is what he believes, and a man without any belief is next to a nonentity. Our republic, our State governments, our village corporations, our school districts, our families, are organizations. Demolition, disintegration, burning down buildings, leaving the inmates without shelter—these are not the highest employments. Construction, re-construction, and broad, healthy organizations are among the demands of the age.

J. M. PEEBLES.

Taking Casts of Materialized Spirit Hands.

Prof. Denton, of Massachusetts, who devised this process, has for some time past been getting excellent results with it, which he has given to the world in the Banner of Light. Although he has described the process—and it is simple enough when one has once tried it—the following detailed directions for taking casts of fleshly hands: Put half a pound of paraffine, broken small, into a ten-pound stove jar, not narrower at the mouth, fill up nearly to the top with boiling water, and stir. The paraffine, which is a wax-like substance, will soon melt, floating like oil on the surface of the water. Allow the temperature to fall to about 140°, grease the hand carefully with oil, and dip it to the bottom of the jar three or four times, with a pause between each dip, after which it will be found covered with a tolerably thick coating of paraffine, like a tight glove. Hold the hand for a short time in cold water to harden the mold, prick the points of the fingers to admit air, make a slit at the side by the thumb, remove the mold with care, and hold the out-edges of the slit together, joining them with a little of the melted paraffine. (The spirits are said not to require the oiling or the pricking, or the slitting at the side.) Now mix some plaster of Paris to a thick cream, fill the mold, and allow to stand say a quarter of an hour, till the plaster has set. Finally put the whole into a basin and cover it with boiling water, when the paraffine will melt off, floating to the top, and the cast may be taken out. Several Spiritualists have been trying the experiment, and we should like to hear of a copy of a model of a materialized spirit-hand being made in the presence of responsible witnesses, under good test conditions. Such models are alleged to have been obtained in America.—The London Spiritualist.

There are always incentives enough to do your best in this world. If you cannot win a golden crown, you may get a dollar chromo.











The Annual Reunion

Held by Mrs. Hattie E. Wilson and her spirit-attendants, occurred at Rochester Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, January 21st. The occasion, was projected by the spirit-guides of this medium, and a company assembled which filled the hall, in obedience to an invitation extended to the parties as "Friends of the Red Man, the Ethiopian and the Caucasian." Music by Jepson's Lyceum band, speeches by J. B. Hatch, Dr. A. H. Richardson, A. E. Carpenter, Dr. John H. Currier, I. P. Greenleaf and others, a song by the Misses Saunders, a recitation by Miss Lizzie Thompson, and remarks, in normal condition and entranced, by the hostess for the evening, made up the order of exercises. A green tree liberally decorated with presents was placed in the centre of the hall, and the concluding portion of the evening was passed in a distribution of the offerings to those present for whom they were intended. Dancing and supper completed the pleasant meeting. During the present-making, a large floral wreath was inscribed the name of her child in spirit-life (the work of Mrs. Maria Adams) was given to the medium, who acknowledged the memorial with appropriate words.

The London Spiritualist

Of Jan. 7th comes to us enlarged and otherwise improved, and is filled brimful of choice reading matter on philosophical and spiritualistic subjects. It contains a sensible editorial on "The Necessity for Mesmeric Experiments in Spiritualism," which we shall lay before our readers next week. Success to all the Spiritualist papers, wherever printed, is our earnest wish.

"Does Matter Do it All?"

Colby & Rich offer for sale a new edition, revised and corrected, of this splendid refutation by Epes Sargent, Esq., of the unwarrantable assertions of Prof. Tyndall. Scatter it abroad, friends of the truth; it is the embodiment of a line of argument which cannot be overturned.

Laura V. Ellis.

Read the card of this celebrated physical medium, which will be found on our fifth page.

A free spiritual meeting has been organized in Druid Hall, No. 452 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, Ill., for the exposition of the Spiritual Philosophy, development of media, tests, etc. The first session was held Jan. 9th. Those Cook occupied the rostrum in the afternoon and evening, followed upon each occasion by Dr. S. L. McFadden, clairvoyant and test medium. The meetings will be continued every Sabbath at 10 1/2 A. M., 2 and 7 1/2 P. M., until further notice, under direction of J. C. Gill, President; Susanna Johnson, Vice President; Agnes Gill, Treasurer; S. F. Craft, Secretary, and S. A. Wakeman Cook, Corresponding Secretary.

The intolerance of the daily press in Baltimore against Spiritualism proves conclusively that bigotry has still a strong hold on that benighted community. We predict that the time will speedily come, however, when these editors will take a more enlightened view of this important subject. For their own credit we hope so, at least.

S. P. Kase, 1601 North 15th street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes Jan. 25th, that on the evening previous the floral medium, Mrs. Thayer, (formerly of Boston) gave a séance at his residence, which was attended by some twenty-five persons—among them Dr. Slade—and that good results were obtained. Mrs. Thayer proposes to remain in Philadelphia during the Centennial Year, and can be addressed as above.

The Reverend E. D. Winslow, late proprietor of the Boston Daily News, left for New York on Wednesday evening last, and has not been heard from since. It has been discovered that he has committed forgeries to the amount of \$250,000. Several of the banks in this city are losers and a number of private individuals. This is the biggest who, while a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, was in favor of crushing out Spiritualism by law!

"A scholar and a thinker," writes Lois Walsbrook, "thus refers to 'Economic Science': 'I read the pamphlet through; it is profound. This man has combined in this little pamphlet the results of my labor for years; he has only one point that has escaped me, but I do not think that he has elaborated enough for the masses.' Mr. Denmore does not claim to elaborate: he only gives key-notes, the foundation principles."

A. S. Hayward informs us that applications for his magnetic paper are numerous, and he has reason to believe, through the return letters of his correspondents, that much good is being wrought for the afflicted by its use.

We have on file for publication an article from the pen of A. E. Giles, Esq., entitled "Bible Study: The Annals—The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," being a review of K. Graves's new book.

By all means peruse Mr. G. B. Stebbins's sharp but gentlemanly criticism, headed "Emerson's Last Book—Immortality, Spiritualism"—which may be found on sixth page of the Banner.

Read Mrs. Danskin's Card in another column. She is an excellent trance medium, and through the skill of Spirit Dr. Rush, doing much to alleviate the sufferings of humanity.

Send for the new CATALOGUE of Spiritual and Reform Books, etc., which Colby & Rich have just prepared for public dissemination. It will be forwarded free to any address.

Read the *modus operandi* of obtaining "casts of fleshly hands," as detailed in the London Spiritualist, and reproduced on our second page.

The Houston, Texas, Spiritualists meet at Temperance Hall Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock, where addresses are delivered.

Read K. McDonald's interesting letter from Toronto, Ontario, which we print under the heading of "Banner Correspondence."

George Sennott, writing to the Boston Globe, says: "I have no doubt there are prudent and respectable owners who would behold with Christian resignation the drowning of every common sailor. If the vessel could be sailed without them, I am sure they employ captains who would cheerfully take the life of a man for the sake of a rope yarn. Under such gentlemen owners and Christian captains our mercantile marine is speedily and happily disappearing."

SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drunk in half a tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid in the stomach.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—Oh, mortals! remember that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant—when the soul has shaken off the phrebraic shackles of this mortal life—shall equally receive their just deserts, under the divine law of compensation: for their good works here, happiness there; for their evil deeds, sorrow. The greater the wickedness, the more intense the remorse. The greater the good deeds, the more delightful will be the condition of the soul in the spirit realm.

The memorial of the British Anti Slavery Society to the Earl of Derby, on the Cuban question, states that they have reliable information that Spain is willing to place Cuba in the same relation that Canada occupies toward England, on the condition that slavery is retained.

One can get plenty of real genuine fun at the Howard Athenaeum about these days at a very moderate price.

Galt Hamilton says this to the clergy: "There is, and there can be, no conflict between scientific truth and religious truth. Scientific men so far as they are honest, and religious men so far as they are honest, are in pursuit of one and the same object."

The London Spiritualist informs us that a house in London, in which Mr. Home, the medium, once lived, has been "haunted" ever since.

Science took a handful of sand, and constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrestled from the gods their thunderbolts; and now the electric spark flashes with lightning and how flashes under the waves of the seas. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaired labor, converted it into steam, created a starry world, and has now created the countless worlds of toll.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Gen Lee's birthday was celebrated in nearly every city of the South on Jan. 19th.

The Herzegovinian insurgents obtained a signal victory over the Turks recently near Ragusa. The Turkish loss in killed was upward of three hundred, besides many wounded. The insurgent loss was quite small.

All matter is God's tongue; Out from its mother God's thoughts are sung; And the realm of space are the octave bars; And the music notes are the suns and stars.—T. L. Harris.

The State Senate of California took on the vote to appoint a chaplain, and Lieut. Governor Johnson decided the matter by casting his vote against hearing prayers, thereby saving the State \$500, says a local paper.

Victor Hugo has issued an address to the senatorial delegates for Paris and France, in which he asks them to found a democracy which shall end foreign war by arbitration, civil war by amnesty, and distress by education.

Turkey is preparing to concentrate a large army in Bulgaria next month.

The conclusion can hardly be avoided that Mr. Beecher and his church were afraid of the council, which they saw so near consummation, and resorted to a desperate shift to break it up.—Boston Advertiser.

"Spiritualism, whether in ancient or modern times," says St. George W. Stock, M.A. (Oxon), "does not at all ways lead to pleasant results. Neither does the elimination of any great truth. Advanced ideas invariably bring martyrs to the front."

If it cost a thousand dollars to shingle a meeting-house, how much would it cost to Flora Temple? asks the New York Commercial Advertiser.

We should like to see a book prepared for use in all our schools, which should be compiled from the Scriptures under the direction of a hundred men representing every form of religious belief which has its followers on this continent. Such a volume might be made up, embodying all that is essential and omitting everything obnoxious to the most unorthodox. The moral teaching of the Bible, thus dissociated from the doctrinal or religious, would constitute a text-book worthy of the place which it would be likely to hold for all time in the public schools of this continent.—Worcester Post.

Dispatches from northern California and Oregon report cold weather and snow. Not much of either here.

Bro. K. Graves wishes to have corrected a statement he recently made in the Banner. He says: "Wella Anderson writes me from New York that he (the spirit artist) is not in want, and that J. Winchester is not authorized to sell pictures for him."

Mr. Beecher was the guest, on Tuesday, Jan. 25th, of Ex-Governor Claflin!

HOW THEY DID IT.  
They were sitting side by side.  
And she sighed, and then he sighed.  
Said he: "My darling! I do!"  
And he idled, and then she idled.  
"You are creation's belle."  
And she belovied, and then he belovied.  
"On my soul there's such a weight,"  
And he wailed, and then she wailed.  
"Your hand I ask, so hold I'm grown,"  
And he groined, and then she groined.  
"You shall have your private eye,"  
And she giggled, and then he giggled.  
Said she: "My dearest Lulu—"  
And he looked, and then she looked.  
"I'll have thee, if thou wilt,"  
And he wifed, and then she wifed.

So many people have "hailed" the Centennial year, that there is reason to fear it will be cold in July.

Here is how an eloquent Southern editor announces Augusta J. Evans's new novel: "The rhythmic poly-syllables come rolling out upon the strand of literature, even as the green sea beats grand cadences upon the shore covered with the drifting sands of centuries, bearing upon its bosom pearls of purest ray, fit to bedeck proud Juno's diadem." Athens!

Didly recently visited Jo Cose's pet farm in the outskirts of the town, some "fine place, and was politely shown over the grounds by Jo, who remarked with a good deal of enthusiasm, "Well, Didly, how should you like the occupation of farmer?" Didly coolly replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Why, I should not like it at all; it's too seedy a business for a gent like me." Didly suddenly made tracks for the depot, but got knocked down before he arrived there. That trip found Didly in knee-deep of a new pair of pants.

Mr. Granville, one of the secretaries of the Church of England Society in the diocese of Durham, gives it as his opinion, based on statistics, that the aggregate of habitual drunkards in Great Britain reaches the sum of 700,000.

If the God within says: "Well done," What are other gods to thee? Hell's his frown; but where his smile is There is heaven for the free.

The Place Vendôme column, in Paris, has now been restored as before the Commune.

It is still an unsolved problem whether Mr. Holman Hunt is to be driven from London society for having married his wife's sister.

The entire estimated cost of the Centennial Building at Philadelphia is \$7,000,000. It is the desire of the management to open the exposition free of debt. To accomplish this purpose \$1,000,000 must be raised between this and spring. Thus far the burden has fallen upon the City of Philadelphia, more than half the sum required having been raised within a radius of one mile from Independence Hall. The Centennial Board of Finance has taken actual charge of Machinery Hall, the first of the exhibition buildings to pass into their possession. The main exhibition building will be turned over to them about Feb. 1st. Horticultural Hall is almost ready, and the art gallery will be taken by the board early in March.

The Herald of Health contends that no person can be a drunkard who every day eats half a pound of macaroni, flavored with butter.

Longevity is hereditary. That is noticeable everywhere. If persons want to begot a long-lived family, says the Morning Valley Visitor, they can do it as easily as they can have merino sheep; and when longevity has been established in a family, it is only by the most flagrant violations of natural laws that any of that family will die young. If long life is an object, we see no difficulty in a family living to a hundred or over, if they will only take as much care for that end as horse-breeders do to raise racers or trotters.

An editor says: "We started out to shoot a squirrel the other day, and six men came up and paid their subscriptions. They thought we were out collecting. But if they had waited to obtain the squirrel's private opinion of our skill as marksmen, their fears would not have got the better of their usual cool judgment."—Exchange.

The project of turning over the management of Indian affairs to the War Department seems gaining ground before the present Congress.

A younger while warming his hands over the kitchen fire was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go 'way from that stove, the weather is 'n't cold." The little fellow, looking up demurely at his stern parent, replied: "I 'n't heatin' the weather, I 'm warmin' my hands."

A FACT FOR TYNDALL.—After "Uncle Daniel Drew" had subscribed \$200,000 toward founding a new Methodist college, he remarked to a friend one day: "Well, sir, I didn't know where the money was coming from. I had waited for it, and so made it a subject of prayer. After fasting and praying over the matter for one day I went down on Wall street, and in less than twenty-four hours I had skinned those fellows out of \$200,000."

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PAINE MEMORIAL HALL.—People's Course.—Col. H. S. Paine will appear in this hall, Appleton street, Sunday, Jan. 30th, at 2:45 and 7:45 o'clock. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Secy.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum. No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Jan. 30th, 7:30 Washington street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor; Julia M. Carpenter, Secy.

The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoons, and evening of each week. Mrs. John W. No. 1, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

LYNN HALL.—Free Public Circle are held at this hall, No. 3 Winter street, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 1/2 P. M. by many of the best test-mediums and speakers in the city. Good music provided. All are invited to attend.

Rochester Hall.—At the Children's Progressive Lyceum, on Sunday, Jan. 23d, selections were recited by Mrs. Hattie Wilson, Miss Lizzie Thompson, Miss Florence Hall, Mr. H. B. Johnson, Mrs. Carpenter, Nellie Thompson, Ernestine Eldridge, Mabel Edson, Jenny Miller, Frank Baker, Lluva a Hickok and Esther James. A song was rendered by Miss Duvall, a piano solo by Maudie Potter, and a harmonica solo by Mr. F. L. Taylor, all which a general pleasure to the audience.

Although the Lyceum is usually pleasant, it was observed by several spectators that last Sunday's session was an uncommonly interesting one. Every effort is made by the Conductor and officers to preserve order and harmony, and thus make the Lyceum attractive to all.

JULIA M. CARPENTER, Secy.  
The Ladies' Aid Society gave its second Ball-Musique for the present season, at this hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 25th, a pleasant time resulting therefrom.  
A Grand Dramatic and Musical Entertainment will be given at this hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 1st, under the auspices of the Lyceum. The exercises will consist of a drama entitled "My Brother's Keeper," together with readings, declamations, singing, &c. Mr. S. Frank White has kindly volunteered, and will give some of his quaint recitations. Miss Lizzie Thompson, assisted by her teacher, will recite the beautiful poem entitled "The Belk." We shall endeavor to make this the best entertainment ever given by the Lyceum.

J. B. HATCH, Conductor.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell, Mass.

Have organized for the Centennial Year by the choice of the following officers: President, A. B. Plimpton; Clerk, Mr. Freeman; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. H. Fletcher (P. O. address Westford, Mass.); Treasurer and Collector, James Coffin; Assessors, Amos Green, Jacob Nichols; Prudential Committee, Mrs. A. M. Sherman, Mrs. Dexter Symonds, Mrs. Eben Cleaves. Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridge, has spoken for us for this month to large and appreciative audiences. Her lectures are of the highest order, her subjects being often given by her audiences. Her lectures yesterday were well attended, notwithstanding the inclement weather, and it was conceded by all that they were the best ever given here by any Spiritualist lecturer. We would say to all societies that they will find in Mrs. Willis an able lecturer, and what is of quite as much consequence, a true woman.

Yours truly, MRS. A. M. SHERMAN.

Lowell, Jan. 24, 1876.

Donations to God's Poor Fund.

From E. J. Durant, 50 cents; John S. Hennessey, \$5.00; Friend, Norwood, Mass., \$3.00.  
FOR AUGUST KENT.—From Gideon Leuk, 65 cents; Mrs. Mary Farquhar, 31 cents; Mrs. L. Pierce, \$1.00.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 3 cents.  
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoöphysiology and Psychology. Published in London. Price 2 cents.  
THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 3 cents.  
THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 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 VOICE OF ANGELS. A monthly journal, edited and managed by spirits. Published in Boston. Price 10 cents per copy.  
THE CHURCHILL. Published in Boston. Price 4 cents.  
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOY. A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 15 cents.  
THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.  
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion.  
BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. Advance inserted.  
Advertisements in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.  
Advertisements to be renewed or continued must be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER—AND CLAIRVOYANT—MRS. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westminster street. Magnetic treatments given. Diagnosing disease by look of hair, \$1.00. Give and sex. Remedies sent by mail. In the past two years Mrs. Morrison's Medical Control has given two thousand two hundred and sixty seven diagnoses. She has cured thousands of patients suffering from chronic and complicated diseases have been cured with her magnetized vegetable remedies.  
Specific for Epilepsy and Neuralgia.  
Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Box 2519. 13w—N.13.

Cure for Cough or Cold.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Cough, take during the day a few of "Brown's Bronchial Troches."  
J. W. VAN NAMEE, M. D., Eclectic, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 420 North 38th street, Philadelphia, Pa. 4w J22.

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

On and after Dec. 20th, Dr. FRED. L. H. WILLIS will be added care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. He will be at the Sheraton House, in Court Square, every Wednesday and Thursday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., commencing Wednesday, Dec. 29th. J.1.

Mrs. J. W. DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 100 W. 56th st., New York. D.18.16w

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Eclectic, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Jerusalem street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. J.29.

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 av., 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. J.3.w

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 they can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, GENERAL DEBILITY, CAUTION.—HYPOPHOSPHITES.—FELLOWS'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.—As this preparation is strongly different in its composition and effects from all other remedies sold of Hypophosphites, the public are cautioned that the genuine has the name of FELLOWS & CO. blown on the bottle. The signature of the inventor, James J. Fellows, is written with red ink across each label, and the price is \$2.00 per bottle. FELLOWS'S Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is prescribed by the first physicians in every city and town where it has been introduced, and it is a thoroughly old-fashioned preparation.

ANYTHING new seems always to have a charm for the bulk of mankind. That fact alone is usually sufficient for a time to draw the attention and good-will of the multitude. But, however, intrinsically good as well as new, its popularity is for a day. A bona fide preparation like Campbell's Quinine Wine, combining both qualifications, is sure to be permanent. Its use, too, will be all but universal, for how common are such complaints as indigestion, loss of appetite, loss of spirits, fever and ague, want of tone in the system, etc., etc. All druggists have it. The whole sale depot is at Philadelphia, N. Y., or Geo. C. Wood & Co., 2w Jan. 22.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.  
MRS. M. J. REGAN, 420 North 3rd street, St. Louis, Mo. Keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.  
B. T. COLLIER, 420 North 3rd street, St. Louis, Mo. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a supply of Liberal and Reform Works. If

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.  
DR. J. H. RHODES, 408 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa. Has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all Colby & Rich's Published Spiritual and Liberal books on sale above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.  
A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard and Periodical Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform. No. 434 Fourth street, New York. If—Nov. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT.  
At No. 309 Kearney street (upper) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also, Colby & Rich's Spiritualist and Reform Works, Positive and Negative Powders, Octon's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Storer's Nutritive Compound, etc., Catalogue and Circulars mailed free. Desires in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HEIMANN & SONS, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

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J. G. DARLING & CO., Lunenburg, Vt., keep for sale Spiritual, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, published by Colby & Rich.

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J. M. DREWRY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y. Keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT.  
J. E. LEWIS, 309 Broadway street, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT.  
J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

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Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.  
Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale, sent free on application.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

SARAH A. DANSKIN,

Physician of the "New School,"

WIFE OF WASH. K. DANSKIN, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANKIN has been the pupil and assistant of the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.  
She is now attending to the case of a lady who has been afflicted with the complaint, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Rush treats the case with a scientific skill which has rarely been shown by his fifty years' experience in the world of spirits.  
Application by letter, enclosing Consultation Fee, \$2.00, will receive prompt attention. Medicines, magnetically prepared, sent at moderate price.  
NEBRASKA.—A positive cure for this painful disease sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00 and two postage stamps. Direct W. K. DANKIN, Baltimore, Md. Jan. 29, '76.

ANGELS' MESSAGES

Through Mrs. Ellen E. Ward as Medium.

THESE messages are many indeed that all these extremely interesting pages, and in the personal of their contents, they are full of comfort and consolation to the reader. This compilation is clearly a work of love, and the author of it will receive his reward in the happiness of seeing his work so widely read and appreciated. The book is a work of truth and goodness. Banner of Light.  
In these letters we have seen much to comfort and cheer, and it will be profitable to read and a valuable acquisition to the current spiritual literature of the day.—Spiritual Magazine.  
Every page is marked with the genuineness of its source, being in style and utterance like all compositions which flow from the transference. It has many charming passages, and expresses glowing truths.—Religious Philanthropist Journal.  
No. 408, 12mo, price by mail \$1.50.  
JAN. 29, '76. HENRY M. FIELD, M. D., 216, Vine st., Nashville, Tenn.

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ARE the best the world produces. They are planted by a million people in America, and the result is beautiful flowers and splendid vegetables. A Price Catalogue sent free to all who send the postage—2 cent stamp.  
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 25 cents a year, with cloth cover is 65 cents.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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A NINFALLIBLE remedy for Catarrh. One box cures the worst case. Sent free on receipt of 50 cents. J. E. READNER, 60 West st., New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y. Jan. 29, '76.

MRS. A. G. WOOD,

1 ATE of Chicago, Magnetic Healer, Business and Test Medium, 222 Broadway, New York. Examination of Disease made by letter or look of hair. Terms \$2.00. Send for circular of tests and references. 1w—Jan. 29.

LAURA V. ELLIS.

This young lady will give clairvoyant seances at Cotton Hall, 222 Broadway, New York, every evening until further notice, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. Sunday eve at 7 o'clock. 1w—Jan. 29.

Catarrh, Diphtheria,

And all Throat Diseases curable, by the use of

DR. J. E. BRIGGS'S THROAT REMEDY.

MR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS writes: "Dr. Briggs's Throat Remedy for the Throat and Catarrhal Affections, including Diphtheria, I know to be equal to the claims in its name."  
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[illegible][illegible]

**MRS. E. L. Bennett, Astrologist.**  
283 SIXTH AVENUE, near 15th street, New York.  
Consultations DAILY, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Questions by  
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Jan. 16, '94.

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Oct. 30.

**The New Gospel of Health.**

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