

is none the less apparent. Whatever mechanical process takes place between the spirit and the organized body that may become after a while involuntary, the ultimate force is the spirit, and the process of it along the various channels and avenues of life is because of the perfection of the mechanism and because of innate power existing in the spirit to exercise that perfect control. Fear, anger, hope, remorse, love, hatred, are all dynamical effects produced by the spirit upon the human system. Fear blanches the cheek, paralyzes the nervous system, disables the human being from activity. Hope gives color to the cheek, brightness to the eye, elasticity to the step, thrills the arteries with new life, causes the blood to leap through the veins. Anger curdles the blood, gives the nervous system a direct shock, vitates the power of the spirit over the body, produces temporarily what is termed insanity—namely, a suspension of the usual volition of the mind. All passions affect the human structure visibly, so visible is the nature of the propulsive force acting upon man. Governed by some one of the mental impulses, or of all combined in equal proportions, human life goes on. You perform your duties under the impulse of love or fear, of hatred or kindness, or of a suitable admixture of all these qualities, and the ultimate force you know is the spirit within.

If a force upon the human system is produced through the spirit, the spirit that pervades the human system, what is the spirit? The brain is the great centre of spiritual vibration. There, the mind sets on fire, and there it concentrates its forces; there it holds its power perfectly and imperiously over the entire organism, and there it must breathe its life through the human body, at all. Every form of relation which your spirit sustains to your body is transmitted first through the cerebral process, and then through the ganglia and nervous system. There are no other methods to approach the human system through the conscious life of that system, and whatever intervenes to cut off that contact destroys the power or the force of the vital function in the isolated portion of the body. The spirit itself, so far as inhabiting the body is concerned, does not necessarily dwell there as you would continually dwell in your own domicile. The spirit does not necessarily limit itself in its spiritual action to the capacity of the body which it possesses. The spirit's force for the time being is directed upon that particular structure called your individual brain, and your individual consciousness and all its operations connected with external life and external experience are so many vibrations through those vital tissues and functions. Each cell of the brain contains the substance upon which the spirit acts, and, responding, the nervous system bears this intelligence to every part of the body. But oftentimes the spirit is aware of the imperfection of this body. Oftentimes it is conscious of the lack of force to compel it to do its bidding, and, as disease or old age encroaches upon the physical province, the spirit is constantly aware of being gradually crowded out in its control of the various nervous and muscular processes. Nevertheless, this does not destroy consciousness; nor does it affect the essence of the spirit, nor does it in any degree disturb the primal force of the spirit itself. If the spirit is not employed in the organism which you yourselves inhabit, it must be employed elsewhere. I will prove it. A blind man cannot see, but he can feel a hundred times better than you can. If he does not find the rapid expression through the usual senses, the expression takes place by compelling other senses to supply the place of the deficient one. Hence he can be taught not only to read and write and play music, but to discover the differences in color by the subtle process of sensation. The deaf man, deprived of that one avenue of expression and receptivity of his spirit, straightway accustoms himself by the continued force—and that force existing all the time—to understand by feeling and by sight that which you understand through hearing. Shut all the avenues, sight, hearing, smell, speech, and let the brain still retain its perfect cellular combination, and the human being will find some manner to express itself and be understood still. It will find eyes, ears, senses through other channels than those considered usual in the human system. Now, whenever by infirmity, by disease, by old age, the spirit is deprived of its legitimate expression upon the corporeal body which it inhabits, the force of the spirit must be active somewhere. It is acting elsewhere. You have heard of apparitions and doubles of persons living. You have felt the nearness of some distant friend, and oftentimes when persons are feeble by disease their spirits have been discovered in a distant place. The spirit must be active somewhere. All its powers must be somewhere in full exercise. If they cannot act upon the body which the spirit nominally possesses, then those powers must act elsewhere. Confine the electricity that you know is in the atmosphere, and behold! at a word, there is a flash and a loud voice. Confine it within a narrower compass and there will be an explosion. Let there be any restraint without the legitimate expression of it by an organized intelligent method, and destruction is the result. Shut up a combustible material, apply the combustion and there is a concussion. Steam confined without the usual safety-valve produces vast disasters. The spirit is the propulsive force of life. Acting upon the human system legitimately and under wise control, it wields its power nobly and well. Acting without wise control or knowledge, or upon an imperfectly constructed system, or upon organic functions that are deranged, and there is disease, insanity, disaster, and crime. The relation of your spirit to your body is, that there is just so much force there. Apply that force to the usual methods of intellect, of social life, of commerce, of religion; let them be regulated properly and governed; open up all the avenues of the brain for the habitation of the spirit; let there be a proper distribution of the various functions of the spirit, and you go on to maturity and old age without insanity or disaster. Suppress your function of the brain, force the mind in an abnormal channel in any direction; let there be too great an activity in religion or commerce, or in any manner whatever, and the mind or brain refuses to act, and the result is disaster. Penitentiaries, jails, insane asylums, all such places of refuge and confinement tell the history of this force misdirected and misapplied. The calamities that befall individuals, whether physical or mental, illustrate what I mean. The average man or woman expresses what I mean by a comparatively perfect expression of this force; but the world by no means reaches the perfection of this expression. Humanity is still in its infancy so far as the exercise of this power is concerned. It has yet to learn that which guides and directs human life must be guided and directed intelligently. Humanity has yet to learn that the slightest excess of thought, of passion, of undue excitement in any direction is just so much abnormal force, just so much toward the destruction of the offshoot mechanism that constitutes for the time being the only avenue through which God reaches your intelligence. The delicate fabric of the brain, by undue excitement and pressure, by over-activity in one direction and stimulating in another, at last refuses to vibrate in response to this spiritual force, and that force left at large preys upon other vital organizations, and the result is that in your midst is a vast amount of spirit power belonging to yourselves unemployed.

If you could see your own bodies and your own spirits you would find that the amount of force existing in the spirit is probably ten to twenty or even fifty per cent greater than that which you exercise in your bodies. You would find that this arises not from the fact that you do not think enough, exercise physically enough or perform labor enough, but because the labor you perform is in one direction solely, expressing a vast amount of force unemployed in other directions. The dynamic value of the spirits who are here in this room—I mean embodied spirits—is sufficient to regulate every family, govern well every fire-side, produce heaven which shall leave the whole lump of the social circle in which you live; if needed, strong enough to defend the city, to guard and keep watch over thousands of weaker beings, and to lead hosts to victory of a moral or physical nature. Yet you, slumbering part-

ly in case and partly in ignorance, are aware that these latent forces lay undeveloped, and that your spirits are encumbered upon the vital tissues of the body from lack of sufficiently well-directed employment, that the time consumed, opportunities neglected, the spiritual force unemployed and unexercised, are sufficient to redeem your lives, to disenthrall your bodies from the slavery of the senses, to uplift your minds to become possessed of knowledge of the attributes of man and of Deity, all nature lying around you, indeed to explore vast regions that for the lack of guidance and direction are now barren wastes and wildernesses to your apprehension. One little point of instruction, one little suggestion of guidance, opens the avenue to a vast realm of thought, and your spirits straightway start upon the pursuit of that idea, oftentimes with too great speed and breathless haste, forgetting all the other faculties that you are leaving behind. You have seen a family of children where the larger boys start off in pursuit of some object, leaving the smaller ones to weary by the way, and at last, crying, to endeavor to turn homeward, and you do this with your family of faculties every day. You do this in the pursuit of pleasure, ambition, gain or religion, forgetting that all the small members of the family are just as valuable in their places, and must be there to complete the group whereby the perfect man and the perfect woman are expected to express the spiritual nature in the human form.

With this relation between your own spirits and your own bodies, with this lack of dynamical harmony between the essential creature and the Creator, which is the spirit; with this imperfect understanding of the great symphonious cycle of faculties upon which you are expected to play the grand melody of life, it is not strange that you cannot understand the relation between an invisible world, separated from organic life, and your own. With this imperfect comprehension of the attributes possessed by yourselves and this ignorance concerning the probable goodness of beautiful, perfect and expressive lives, it is no mystery that you do not understand fully the processes whereby disembodied spirits can control human bodies and give expression by sound and various other processes to the existence of their souls. The wonder is, considering the materiality of the present age, and the imperfect use of the faculties of mankind, that the fact is in existence at all. The wonder is, considering the little education that man has had in an intelligent sense concerning his spiritual nature, that the spirit world is revealed even to your intellectual consciousness, much less to your spiritual. But so it is that nature foretells the advent of truth for her children, and that the fact occurs long before the philosophy of it is understood, and that in the great realm of demonstration, light, heat, the wonders of the starry firmament, the floral kingdom and earth itself all existed thousands of years before man had deigned to take notice of them. So in this relation between the spiritual and the material worlds, have been with my co-workers working through the greater part of a century to attain that which at last is given to the comprehension of some of the minds of earth—not for the first time, it is true, not solely in this age, is evident, but in the form of a distinct scientific expression of spiritual power; the present quarter of a century is the first in the history of the world where philosophy, science and man's spiritual nature held counsel together for the improvement and uplifting of the world, and therefore, if I tell you that through this process you have many degrees and stepping-stones yet even of the alphabet of life to learn before you can know how a single ray is produced, or a sound in the atmosphere, or the vibration of a musical instrument, or the materialization of a spirit-form, you will not think it strange and arrogant. It is so. There is no name in the language of earth, no present comprehension in the intelligence of earth, whereby the subtle process may be known through which we reach your consciousness even by that seemingly gross expression, but the process when known becomes so simple and real, like the unfolding of a flower, like the existence of a star, like the concussion of an electric flame, that the wonder is the world does not know it from infancy. You stumble away from the simple solutions of childhood to the indirect systems of intellectual manhood; the simplicity of truth, the perfection of love, depart from you, and it is only in the after years that they return with their fullness. The simplicity of the primal methods of life and the relation between the spirit and matter is so perfect that when you come to know that there is no infinite chasm to be bridged over and no vast circle of mathematical ordeal to pass through, but simply perception of the fact, then it will be made plain and clear.

The only way in which I can express to you the immortality of the soul is that it is volition. The only way that I can express to you the process whereby spirit communicates with earth, and the spiritual world acts upon the material world, is volition. What you call involuntary action is simply another method and an indirect pathway for voluntary action. The direct and specific method of communion between the two worlds is the exercise of voluntary power. The French *volonté* expresses better the meaning; the more subtle consciousness, the absolute ego of existence. No spirit can produce sound, vibration of an instrument, action upon another brain, that is not perfectly aware of his or her existence and has not sufficient will-power to govern the intermediate circles of dynamic life between them and you. You see people every day who do not seem to have sufficient will-power to exist. The only wonder is that they breathe at all; but it occurs from the fact that there is the germ of life within them and that the spirit is there, although not awakened and aroused. Such a spirit on entering spirit life might abide there a thousand years, and if there were no change, would never manifest itself to mortals; but a spirit intent upon solving the mysteries of existence and upon knowing what it is to live and to die and to exist beyond death, would find the very next instant after dissolution of the body, provided there be any instrument through which it can manifest.

The process of producing sound upon physical substances, we have stated, is not a process of electricity or magnetism, but is simply a process of dynamical spiritual volition, the volition employing not magnetic life nor electric life, but simply the cerebral life of the medium, not through muscle, nerve, artery or any physical organic portion of the medium's body, but through that medium's brain-power deriving the function that shall cause the atoms to move and the concussion to take place; and wherever there is most of that power, whether it be highly intellectual or merely physical in its action, there will be mediumship, and it will vary in degree and kind just as the quality of that action varies from spiritual to physical. This is as near, of course, as I can express to you under existing circumstances the technical bearing of this question, but beyond this is the great general scope of the subject, the overlying and the underlying element that works through all nature, the one force active, ever present, vigilant, availing itself of every expression in the universe, is force, or spirit.

The bursting of the shell to release the bird whose wings are becoming fledged, the opening of the husk that contains the germ of the flower that the shoot may reach forth to the light, the expression of the various stages from germ to flower, tree and leafy banner and fruition, are not more wonderful than the various expressions of the same spirit through the human organism, and after dissolution through the spiritual elements that surround that spirit, as different, seemingly, as the germ of the lily, which is a cold and unattractive thing, to the flower which finally sheds its fragrance and its bloom to delight your senses. Such is the spirit of man in its first attempts to govern and direct thought through matter, and in its final attempts when risen and disenthralled, or having vanquished matter. You may blossom out into this perfection while in your bodies, almost. The gray-haired sire may wear upon his brow the evidence of this full possession and flowering out of the soul, but oh, the spirit wears it more gloriously, and could I picture to you the processes whereby love and hope and faith and knowledge become transformed and transmuted into act-

ual realities, and the speaking, thinking, living and breathing world of the spirit become merged into your lives, your minds would fall to follow the picture, so intricate, so beautiful, so wonderful, yet all as perfect in operation as the various mechanisms that govern the world to day.

Speaking therefore from this knowledge, and possessing therefore this subtle force, I desire to impart to you the one great secret of life itself. Will to do that which you have the least desire, hope or expectation of doing. Will, for or that which, which, in the form of prayer, or aspiration, or work of hands, or guidance of feet, makes up the answer of every human life, you become accustomed to control the very elements upon which your souls shall mount, the very wings upon which the spirit speeds into eternity. Let there be no vacillation; let there be no weakness, nor faltering; be firm, decided, not yielding to that which is base and low; but even if there, Lucifer is better than a dull negation that gives to life no pursuit and no employment. A bad man reacts from his violent badness, but he who is weak never aspires even to a great crime. Let there be will; let it be crowned and glorified with such lofty aspiration as the human soul can breathe, but teach a separate and distinct attribute of volition. Let your children understand that they are to decide what they want, what they desire; let them know that their judgment is to be employed; let there be no vacillation; if they choose wrongly, let them take the penalty of their wrong choosing; but weakness of judgment or vacillation, above all things, is the bane of the human spirit. It weakens your power over your bodies; it weakens the nervous force; it destroys the action of the cerebral tissue; it makes all that is in the world unlovely and hideous because of the lack of a sufficient and inspiring impulse to rise above the weakness or the folly.

Of burnished rays of light hovering above your earth, and with magic wand of intelligence that you shall but receive even the alphabet of these instructions, myriads of spirits wait. Let the first lesson be of volition. Exercise it in reference to every department of daily life; discharge what you want to do; perform if you can, and then if you make a mis-step you can retrace your action, but without this, if you sit in inaction, without activity, with the great motor wasting and waning, the force that lies within you weakens itself by superficial exhaustion, and, behold, the spirit sinks to earth and flutters for the lack of impulse. Thousands of spirits go out of your earth life that for the want of a sufficient impulse do not rise above the atmosphere that surrounds you. Thousands of human beings daily walk the streets of life that for want of a sufficient impulse and will power are unable to attain their daily bread. *I say it, who know from actual experience that the will to do anything whatsoever is the power with which it develops that power, and that the will which the mind or imagination of man can conceive of doing, but what somewhere in the great firmament of life, in the possibilities of existence, slumbering like a germ, waiting, like the silent voice of melody, that coveted treasure, that desired prize, that unfulfilled hope, that latent promise, remain attainable for evermore, and we rise just in proportion as we exercise this one great gift from God's hand.*

I thank you for your attention to my utterance. Imperfect it needs must be, owing to the limited time and to the control of another organization than my own, but I hope to be able to continue this subject at some future time, and show you how by degrees the spiritual nature of man can unfold in this and the spiritual world to the control of all physical elements whatever—the dynamical control through power of what I denominate the force of spirit.

POEM BY ALLEN.

I am a spirit who wandered
Far from the world of men,
The light of whose eyes were shining,
Shining in a mystic mien.
Behold! I arose from the earth-life,
From the valley of roses and beauty,
To seek the better and greater existence,
In the pathway of love and duty.
You have seen how the flower, unfolded,
Drinks in the dew of the morning;
You have seen how its petals are folded,
In the pathway of love and duty.
Even so is my soul here unfolded,
In the light of the spirit's glad morning.
You have seen how the gem from its darkness
Shines forth in the light of the sun;
How the glory of heaven reveals it,
Its love in the light of the sun.
So shines my soul in the light of glory;
And I dwell in a bright, lovely sphere.
You have heard of the valley of roses,
Far away in lovely Cashmere,
How each petal the blush there discloses
Of manhood, and of the heart's desire.
Even so from my heart here unfolded
There cometh a sign and a tear.
But the tear, changed to jewel of splendor,
Sparkles now with the light of my soul,
And the glance of eyes no more tender,
And blessed is their sweet control.
You have heard how we, praying to Allah,
Whenever death came to our souls,
Traved the night no longer he maldens,
So the light of Allah was our goal.
Would bear us into the bright Aiden
Reserved for the princes of souls.
But at death, though I prayed, I know Allah
Heard not the heart's desire, but I was held
By that here in the realm of Valhalla,
I am of his spirit a part;
And I dwell in the light of the sun,
Of his great beating, throbbing, glad heart.
No gem so obscured and so lowly
But sparkles in some crown above,
No flower here blossoming so lowly
But shines in the light of the sun.
And now for the maidens so lowly
The message my being will prove.

Report of the Mass Meeting of Spiritualists held at Washington, N. H., June 24, 25 and 26th.

In accordance with the call, the Spiritualists of New Hampshire met in mass meeting at Washington, N. H., June 24, 25 and 26th. Friday evening, June 24, Mr. E. W. Lewis, of Cambridgeport, Mass., delivered a lecture on "The Spiritual World," and was held by Mr. Shepard, D. W. Hull, Geo. A. Fuller, of Sherborn, Mass., read the call, and stated the object of the present meeting. Conference participated in by Geo. A. Fuller, Dr. J. S. Hull, of Boston, Mass.; Dr. Jas. Edward Bruce, of Newburyport, Mass.; Mr. Shepard, of Cambridgeport, Mass.; Dr. J. S. Hull, of Boston, Mass.; "Good Will," further remarks by the speakers, the meeting closed with singing by the choir.

Saturday Afternoon Session.—The meeting opened with singing by Dr. J. S. Hull, Geo. A. Fuller delivered the first address on "The Religion of Spiritualism." He was followed by Mr. Shepard, who gave his experience as a clergyman, which was very instructive and interesting. After singing by Dr. Hull, Rev. Dr. W. Hull took the text, "Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith."—Gal. II:21. He delivered a very able and interesting discourse. After singing by Dr. Hull, the meeting closed.

Evening Session.—Conference. Reading of letter from Mr. W. W. of New York, by Mr. Shepard. D. W. Hull spoke upon his experience, and told what Spiritualism had done for him. Singing of the piece entitled "The Religion of Spiritualism," by Mr. Shepard. Mr. Shepard then asked, "Why should we be ashamed of our Spiritualism?" and answered it by stating that there was no reason why we should be ashamed of it, and that it was the only religion of the future. Dr. Bruce spoke very earnestly of "The Gradual Growth and Development of everything in Nature from the Granite Rock to God." Meeting closed with singing.

Sunday, June 25th, Morning Session.—The meeting called to order by the Chairman, A. A. conference for the discussion of the present condition of Spiritualism in this State. Mr. Justus Fisher, President of the New Hampshire State Association, spoke of the object of the present meeting. He came here to see if we could not all be united. Our State Association has been one-sided long strength. Why can't we be united? In union there is strength. He said that he was not at all satisfied with the present state of affairs. "Union gives strength. I want all Spiritualists to be united," Geo. S. Shepard, of Bradford, said: "I am always ready to do a good work in a good cause. Organization on a firm basis is what we need. And until we have it we can do nothing. We need a strong organization, a strong union, a strong faith. He read selections from his article published in a recent number of the Banner of Light. He also read "The Religion of Spiritualism," by Mr. Shepard. Mr. Wm. Fishbaugh, and Mr. Fisher. After further remarks by Mr. Fisher, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hull, Geo. A. Fuller said: "I do not mean for a further discussion of this question now, but I mean to say that we are all willing to work together in harmony for the good of Spiritualism." Geo. A. Fuller then took the text, "The Religion of Spiritualism," and delivered a very able and interesting discourse. The meeting closed with singing "Bright Halls of Glory."

Chairman at 1:30. Remarks by Mr. Shepard. Geo. A. Fuller delivered the first address of the afternoon. "The Intolerant Spirit of the Ages," Dr. W. Hull followed with a discourse on "The Religion of Spiritualism." The meeting closed with singing "We Sing of Thee, O God, the Father of All." All who were present at this mass meeting felt that the object for which it was called was accomplished. Harmony and brotherly love reigned throughout the entire session. The angels were with us working for the cause of human progress. Geo. A. FULLER, Sec.

Free Thought.

Spiritual Gifts versus Physical Tests.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some weeks or months ago, Mr. Tuttle, in an article printed in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, took exception to a short communication in the Banner of Light, wherein I stated that I hoped the day was "not far distant when mediums would acquire strength and independence sufficient to enable them to deny altogether having their divine powers tested in any way whatever." In a reply to Mr. Tuttle I asked the privilege of the editor to introduce quite a number of articles into the Religio-Philosophical Journal germane to the subject that I had previously communicated to the Banner of Light, accompanied with the remark that if Mr. Tuttle's strictures had appeared in that paper, the readers of which were somewhat familiar with my views in relation to the matters referred to by him, "it might not have been necessary to ask room for a reply, as I thought the injurious imputations might have been sufficiently refuted by what the article itself on which Mr. Tuttle grounded them affords, when taken in connection with several other communications that were previously printed in the Banner."

The editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal kindly granted my request and reprinted from the Banner no less, I think, than six different communications of my contribution to that paper, requiring the full space of four columns in the Journal, which, with what original matter and pertinent quotations I gave in reply to Mr. Tuttle's strictures and charges, spreading over scarcely two columns more, made in all less than six columns, instead of the full seven that Mr. T. takes two several occasions to charge in the Banner as the quantity (to say nothing about the quality) my reply to his article contains.

This may be but a small departure from a fact, but still I deem it of sufficient importance to bring to the notice of one who seems rather to pride himself upon a correct understanding of the word *science*, one of the definitions, in addition to that given by Mr. Tuttle, being, according to Webster, "the comprehension or understanding of truth or facts by the mind," which Mr. Tuttle's allusion to the seven-column article would in no wise enable readers to do. First, for the reason that its quantity was not "accurately observed and recorded," and, secondly, that the inference that might consistently be drawn from his statement might be that the "seven columns" were devoted especially to the answering of his article, whereas less than two were so appropriated. Without care, departure from truth in small things leads to an ugly habit of disregarding "accuracy" of statement when things of greater moment are concerned.

As compensation for the editor of the Journal's indulgence I promised not to trouble him with any further communications on the subject, unless some appropriate question of facts should be raised by Mr. Tuttle or others in relation to what I had stated.

Accordingly when Mr. Tuttle's rejoinder to my reply (as now printed in the Banner of Light) first appeared in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, I saw no question of fact raised that I deemed of importance, and rested content to leave the question as it stood. I propose to do so now, after making a few remarks that may be more especially appropriate since Mr. Tuttle's article under the caption of "Spiritual Gifts versus Physical Tests" has been laid before the readers of the Banner, some of whom may not have read my reply to him in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, which I think contains all that I need say to render my position and views on the subject plain and unmistakable, in which connection I may add that my previously expressed opinions in regard to the propriety of applying physical tests to spiritual gifts remain unchanged, notwithstanding Mr. Tuttle's assertions and arguments put forth by Mr. Tuttle.

From what Mr. Tuttle says, the readers of the Banner of Light may be led to think that I have in some way gone back on myself in relation to the uncapitalized words used in relation to the "divine powers" of mediums, which seemed to be regarded by Mr. T. as the "head and front of my offence." This, however, is not so, as the readers of my article in the Religio-Philosophical Journal will remember a passage (ignored by Mr. T.) wherein I state that "I use the words 'divine powers' in their (as I supposed obvious) popular sense as defined by Webster, viz.: 'extraordinary, apparently above what is human,' as spiritual manifestations made through media have always in popular estimation been held to be, both by present and past generations." Mr. Tuttle intimates, if I understand him, that I should have published this explanation, and not left (his) my readers to grope in doubt. I stand reposed!

In reference to something I say in regard to the injury that may be inflicted on mediums by investigators seizing and holding materialized spirits in their grasp, Mr. Tuttle ironically remarks, "Ah! grasp and hold a spirit? Why not the spirit form retire out of the hands of the captor to the medium?" If Mr. T. expects me to answer his query, I frankly confess my inability to do so, but suggest that under the supposed circumstances the "spirit form" might be able to retire instantaneously to the person of the medium, or elsewhere, with all that pertains to its own proper existence in the unseen world, whilst it might not have the power to wrench from the brutal grasp of a strong, "coarse-grained" (with Mr. Tuttle's leave) man the refined physical elements that had been drawn in large part from the medium's earthly life and body wherewithal to clothe itself and make its presence manifest to mortal eyes and senses. This, however, I acknowledge to be merely theory which waits upon *true* scientific investigation to explain. It is of itself a great question, and Mr. Tuttle raises many others that might well require volume of space to illustrate and define by far more competent heads and pens than mine—especially just now at the commencement of the hot season of the year. Mr. Tuttle must therefore excuse me from engaging in a controversy that I think would be unprofitable alike to ourselves and others, whilst it might entail weariness on the conductors of any public press that should good-naturedly lend itself to the discussion or controversy.

As intimated in my article in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, I am perfectly willing to wait on the *logic of coming events* to sustain my views in regard to testing spiritual mediums. I will, however, just say, without meaning offence, that in one thing, at least, I think Mr. T. spoke more "wisely than he knew" when he wrote, "Spirit communications are subject to fixed and determinate laws, which can only be learned by a study of conditions," etc. The difficulty with most of our scientific (falsely so called) investigators is that they are not content to laboriously learn by slow degrees what the necessary conditions for spirit intercourse are by patient waiting and careful observation, but in their stupid conceit and worse than barbarian ignorance they begin with prescribing conditions themselves, and generally end with deriding the ill or confused results of their own shaming. They are in fact the real "mountebanks (Doubtful and False Pretenders," Webster) who stand," as Mr. T. asserts in another connection, "directly in the path of advance and insist on conditions" only "meet for jugglers and impostors." (I repeat that the words I use, "blind, coarse-grained," when applied to the modes pursued by such unscientific testers or investigators, are "harmonious" or harmonious, notwithstanding what Mr. T. charges to the contrary, they being perfectly consonant and congruous with the subject or question treated.)

In conclusion I may say that I have never felt much fear that the open and avowed enemies of Modern Spiritualism will do the cause serious harm, but I confess that in view of the persecuting spirit that of late seems to be so rife among some of its professed friends in relation to materializing and other physical mediums, I do feel a good deal of apprehension. I think there can be little doubt that some highly-endowed medi-

ums have been kept out of the field of public usefulness for fear of the trying ordeals they apprehend they will have to undergo at the hands of such, should they appear on the stage of action. Since my article appeared in the Religio-Philosophical Journal I have had several communications approving my course in regard to testing mediums. Among others, one of much significance came from a lady in the West, from which I make the following extracts: "I have read with deep interest your articles lately published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and I endorse the ground you have taken in the defence of mediums, with all my heart. I expect to be called into the field myself soon, but you cannot imagine how I shrink with dread at the ordeal that I shall have to pass through ere I become established. Once again I ask pardon for my intrusion. I wanted to thank you for the strength you unknowingly imparted to me through your writings."

How many scores of such shrinking instruments of the angels are now kept back for fear of persecution at the hands of both friends and foes, God and the angels only know.

Pauline, R. I. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Letter from Mrs. Denton.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

DEAR SIR—I should be glad to review the entire editorial headed "Certain Phenomena," in your issue for May 20th, but you have so generously granted me space in your columns to state some of my objections to Spiritualism, and the reasonings by which those objections are rendered too important to be lightly set aside, that I have not felt at liberty to indulge even a reference to several of the errors into which my critics have fallen, and shall now only ask permission to respond to your remarks in regard to "Psychometry," and your direct inquiries in regard to my present attitude toward my own published delineations.

First, then, in the name of Socrates, you advance a claim in behalf of my "psychometric power" which I have never for a moment, in thought or word, advanced for myself; and a claim I have on all occasions repudiated if presented.

Second, I regard the term Psychometry as a misnomer. No definition I have ever seen of it, or of which it appears to me susceptible, begins to cover all the facts, even in my own experience.

Third, My object in consenting to the publication of some of these experiences, as in "The Soul of Things," the "book" to which you refer, was that the attention of thinking men and women might be called to this class of phenomena, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, their significance, the conditions upon which they depend, and the laws by which they are governed. Some of the theories advanced in that work, by which to account for the phenomena, I never did endorse, and still believe to be erroneous. But they were suggested, at least as I understand it, rather as thoughts to be considered in studying the facts, than as final answers to the inquiries involved.

Fourth, As with Spiritualism so with Psychometry, we have no system of philosophy for either. The known facts are too isolated, the phenomena are too exceptional, and the laws by which the phenomena are governed are too little understood to admit of their being reduced to any system, or assigned to any cause, and especially to any cause of which we know absolutely nothing, even of its existence.

But in regard to the inquiry whether the "psychometric" experiences can be proven to the satisfaction of the scientific to "have any basis of fact," I answer, if they cannot then they are valueless, and the less we have to do with them the better. It is true, the results of our experiments have kindled the most enthusiastic hopes for that future of humanity toward the ultimate realization of which all of us are, doubtless, consciously or unconsciously lending the labors of our lives. But it would be evidence of a madness second only to that of accepting as unquestionably of spirit origin the phenomena of mediumship, should we accept the results of psychometric experiments as unquestionable revelations of even probable facts, until in every individual instance the result had been proven to be such.

Yours for a religion no less than a science with premises of self-evidently immutable truths, and with no conclusions not logically deduced therefrom; a religion that accords alike with the divinest aspirations of the human soul, and the clearest reasonings of human intelligence.

ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

Wellesley, Mass., June 8th, 1876.

FAILED—A POEM OF HARD TIMES.

Failed! Jim Merton failed! You don't mean to say it's so?
Had it from Smith at the bank? Well, he's a man that should know.
Forty-two cents on the dollar! I cannot believe my ears!
There's no such thing as judging a man by the way he appears.

You know me hard as a—oh Merton's gone with the rest,
Though he was down A-1 in the Spring of '74, and he's
He who every one thought the soundest and strongest of all,
Floating on worthless paper the whole of the summer and fall.

Yes, you may well say "failed!" there's more than the term implies
When all there is of a man in a hopeless ruin lies.
I came out twenty years of a stubborn, up-hill strife,
It is a business smash so much as a failure in life.

Gold was always his god—he'd nothing else in his soul;
Money for money's sake was ever his ultimate goal.
A "self-made man" they styled him, for low and poor he began,
But now his money is vanished and what is left of the man?

When he was but a youth he was saving and scheming and smart;
Had every one old Ben Franklin's maxims by heart;
Bound to rise in the world, and with merchant princes to rank,
Every cent he could scrape he would salt right down in the bank.

What an earth is the use, Jim often to me would say,
Of fooling one's neighbors and sleighing one's hard-earned money away?
Where is the profit of pleasure, and vain, expensive do?
Better work extra time and quit running around at nights.

So he would save and stint just as to his hoarded pelf,
Hard upon others he was, but just as hard on himself—
Never would ask or give, and neither would borrow nor lend,
Never went out of his way to do a good turn for a friend.

He had no eye for beauty, for literature no taste,
Buying pictures or books he counted a shameful waste;
Nothing he cared for art, or the poet's elaborate rhymes,
His soul was only attuned to the musical ring of dimes.

Honest and upright he was, for it's not very often I've seen
A man who was anything else but honest when thoroughly mean.
He'd drive the hardest of bargains, and beat you down to the last,
But always stuck to his word, when once his word he had passed.

Selfish, exacting and stern, a hand he would treat like a slave;
Long were his hours of toil, and scanty the pay that he gave.
Made of cast-iron himself, his zeal in the struggle for gold
Left him no pity to spare for those of a different mold.

Never a cent for the poor, for the naked never a stitell,
"Twas all his get rich, he'd say, they should save like him and get rich.
Now then to a church he'd forward a liberal amount,
Duly charged in his books to the advertising account.

So he succeeded of course, and plied his coffers with wealth;
Missing pleasure and culture, losing vigor and health.
Now he's down at the bottom, exactly where he began;
Even the gold has vanished, and what is left of the man?

A self-made man indeed! then we owe no honor to such:
The genuine self-made man is one who knows no such.
But sure what you make is a man—with a heart and a soul
And a mind, and a conscience, and a sense of duty and of goal.

Not merely a pile of dollars to gaze, leaving nothing to bind,
—The National, Toronto, Canada.

If Spiritualism is so often exposed how can people continue to believe in its truth? The answer is simple: The truth of Spiritualism is daily demonstrated, in the mansions of the rich, the cottages of the humble, and the cabins of the wretched, through mediums and under circumstances that preclude the possibility of deception or illusion. * * * The sum total of all these exposures does not touch the hundredth part of the manifestations witnessed every evening by thousands of persons, quite as capable of judging for themselves of the truth as those pretended experts, who generally betray quite as much ignorance as cunning in their reports of the investigations conducted by them. —Cor. Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche.

All errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtleties, sophisms, and lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before. —Chinese Proverb.

SUNSET.

Evening with her darkening shadows
Falls upon my weary eyes;
Long I've watched the sunset glory
Fading in the western skies.
Watched till all my soul is flooded
With the beautiful and grand,
Till in harmony with nature
Nearer truth I seem to stand.
And my life seems broader, fuller,
Than it did an hour ago,
All my fancied ills and troubles
With the sun have vanished now;
And my heart, with glad thanksgiving,
Would this humble tribute pay
To the Father, the Creator
Of the night as well as day.
And when shadows gather round me,
Veiling from my soul the light,
May the beautiful in nature
Bring me nearer to thy sight.
And in peace may I remember,
Though the sunset glory fade,
Morn will bring a brighter dawning,
For the early evening's shade.

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BIRDS.

"Do you ask what the birds say?"

The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
But the lark is so full of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings on.
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

The ornithologist has made many queer blunders in his pen-sketches of birds. One thing is sure, our bird did not sit for his picture. But it is wise to remember that birds, like the rest of us, conform to conditions. In New England the thrush, lark, and robin are not expected to sing and build and brood when snows and blows drive them into winter quarters. Here in winter the earth dons her toga of flowered green; the air is June-like. So no wonder that "birds call to birds" all the glad year.

A writer and student of natural history asks: "Do northern birds migrate?" One replies: "No, they take refuge in the fissures of rocks and in hollow trees, and remain torpid till the winter is past." This may be true of some birds, not all. Last November, the wild geese swooped down in flocks upon our fields. They seemed as hungry as were Bret Harlow's Starvation Campers. After eating and resting, a clatter-clatter was heard overhead; a line of march was taken up, away they went toward the Mexican mountains. On the morning of Feb. 10th in looking south we saw a long dark line, resembling smoke. Presently the whir and whiz convinced us that the sable streaks were wavy wings. We were right. A splendid colony of wild geese sailed down upon the new-sown fields for breakfast. Then they were up and away straight to the north. An old settler, who had noted the ways of birds, said the heart of winter was broken, and the geese, who were true prophets, were making haste to their old northern haunts. We hope for a pleasant voyage. So much for geese.

There is another colony of birds that, like the invalids, are here in the winter. Handsomer things "the eye hath not seen"; sweeter voices "the ear hath not heard." Their names nobody knows. We call them the "strangers." They are the size of the meadow-lark. The breast is red or yellow; their crest is white and golden-brown.

Whence came these charming singers? No one seems to remember them. We half guess they came from Mexico. (We are ten miles from the Mexican line.) Their gay plumage denotes a hot climate, and then only birds of the tropics eat the berries of the pepper tree. These are quite at home among the peppers, and devour the fruit with a good will. Why are the tropical birds among us? There is evidently a famine in their land; so Ho who notes the sparrow's fall may have heard the blue-birds' cry for food and brought them to this land of plenty. At any rate the pretty warblers seem to know that they have gained the promised land. Perhaps enough for them that our skies are blue and food sufficient fills the morning air. No matter whether they come, nor why they are here; we all rejoice in their freshness and songs, and give them cordial welcome to fields and trees.

The meadow larks are among our sweetest singers, and what is better they do not migrate. Winter and summer we are made glad by the same sweet songs. James G. Clarke says:

"The meadow lark sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their glad notes through the noon of the year."

There is indeed sweetness in their glad notes. Their soft trill-a-trill, as they start away from our trees to meet the morning, is full of delicious music, and there are hints of paradise in their fresh notes and shining wings. We gaze, listen, wonder and ask, "Will the larks live and sing in the Beautiful Land? Why may they not? I hope so; yes, I expect all birds are among the 'evergreen mountains of life,' and we shall see and hear them by-and-bye.

There is another bird that does not migrate (wish it did)—a great brown-and-gold hawk. He is a handsome bird, but a vagabond of the air. There is an unending war between his tribe and the tribe of chickens. The hawk is quite as large as a hen. The body is not large, but the wings are; so, spreading his great wings, he sails up and takes a look among the fowls. After a while his eye is fixed upon the best game, and down he pounces, picks up his chick, and is away. One day Mrs. Biddle spied the old scamp, as he was coming down upon her brood, and she gave him battle. The chickens hid under some bushes, so did the rooster, while the brave mother hen fought her battle alone. She conquered. When the victory was won old Brigham came strutting out and began to crow just as if he was commander of a victorious army. Biddle took no notice of the burly fellow, but took her little family out of his sight and sound. Who blames her?

It is said that the hawk has a good side; when lambs and chickens are not to be found he gathers up the bugs and worms that destroy the young plants. But so soon as the corn is up and out, these fellows, too, are up and out on a foraging expedition. A young farmer, the other day, put a great number of hawks to flight by capturing one of their company, and chaining it to a tree. Not a thief came near that wheat field while one of their kin remained a prisoner.

One likes the idea of protecting birds. All glory to the "bird defenders!" But what are we to do with these wicked hawks whose delight is in stealing chickens? May we not go in for protecting and defending our premium fowls, even at the price of the hawk's head?

H. F. M. BROWN.

National City, San Diego Co., Cal.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF THE FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The *Messenger* of Liege (April 15th and May 15th) is at hand. One of its most interesting articles is "Spiritualism in Sweden in 1787," a continuation of the subject referred to in my last "review." I will endeavor to give a brief synopsis of it:

"As we promised in our number of the 15th of March, we render below an account of séances of the 'Society Exegetie and Philanthropic, of Stockholm.'"

"On the 10th of May, 1787, in presence of His Excellency, the Baron Frederic de Sparre, Servator of the kingdom, and other very distinguished persons, the Baron de Sylfverhielm, the king's almoner, magnetized the wife of a gardener named Lindquist, a woman about forty years of age, and who for a long time had been ill with delusion, or effects of a cold. This malady produced somnambulism."

"The woman being put to sleep was asked as follows, and the subjoined replies were elicited: The sick woman, is she asleep? Yes. Who are you who speaks through the organism of this invalid during her sleep? My name is Marie. In what situation do you find yourself? I am in the other world, in a happy state. How long have you been in the world there? Since fourteen years. Who were you when living here? I died when an infant, when three years old. Who was your father? He was a joiner in this town. His name? Lindstrom. Where did he live? In the quarter of the Marais (meadow or garden). Is he still living? No; he is dead since seven years. This woman through whose organism you are now speaking, is the first one you have found since you have been in the other world? No, certainly not; there are more than two hundred persons through whom I have presented myself in succession. These phenomena, which in our day are called ANIMAL MAGNETISM, have they been upon the earth through all time? Not always. Have they ever been as common as at present? Yes, in the time of the Old Testament. Are they always spirits who speak through the organism of the somnambulists? Yes. But the demons (probably meaning here the essentially wicked) can they speak through the magnetized? Not exactly (proprietarily) the demons, for those who speak are good spirits, mixed with good and evil. Explain yourself more clearly about those spirits whom you called mixed (mélange). They are those who are found in the middle road (CHAMIN DU MILIEU). What becomes of these at last? Some, after being purified of evil, become good tout-a-fait, (wholly) and go up to heaven; the others, after having abandoned the good that was mixed with the evil, become bad tout-a-fait and fall into the abyss. Is it well to invoke the benediction of God during the act of magnetization? Yes, truly; it is an essential duty. Who can assure themselves that it is permitted to magnetize and to pray to God to give his benediction for the healing of the sick? To all of whom it is spoken in the Bible and related. Is it useful to the people of this world to communicate with those of the other by means of magnetism and somnambulism? Yes, if they wish fully to believe the truth and render homage thereto. But every one does not know how to distinguish between the good and the evil. Every one can learn how to do it, if he will invoke the good God to obtain of him the faculty to feel and recognize the truth, and not be carried away by lies. But if one has the misfortune to embrace the false in place of the true? The evil which accrues during your life here is a small thing in comparison with what one feels in the other, where one suffers frightful torments during the stage of purification to throw off the false with which he was imbued and which he hugged to his heart."

Another person wishing to consult the medium in respect to the health of a friend was replied to in a seemingly satisfactory manner, a prescription given, magnetism ordered, and the injunction that the lady should not mentally disturb herself.

On the following day the same person was again magnetized, and instead of being controlled by the spirit of "Marie," the spirit of her daughter, Anne Christine, came and took "Marie's" place. When asked who she was, she replied that she was the daughter of the woman who slept; that she had been in the spirit-world about two years; that being very closely allied to her (the mother) and in a different state of felicity, she could not control her very well. "But as mother thinks of me all the time, the good God has permitted me to come—now more particularly to instruct how to mitigate the great sufferings of the lady in bed near us." (The lady had been ill many years of consumption, and had been brought and placed in an adjoining room.) The prescription the spirit then dictated was simple; but stress was evidently laid upon the following injunctions: "That she must consecrate herself with all her heart to God, and ask his aid by the most fervent prayers; and that she should every day be magnetized by a good magnetizer, like the Baron de Sylfverhielm, who puts all his trust in God and not in his science." The next day the medium being again magnetized, the controlling spirit, (yet the merest child) "Anne," imparted the following idea, which I think does not often fall into the considerations of even the purest Christians:

"At death man enters on a state of PURIFICATION, which is, that he must direct himself of the good natural qualities which he has paraded before the world; these being false, it is indispensable that man should direct himself of them in order to acquire good spiritual qualities, which are the real, and which come from God."

The little spirit, scarce three years old, being asked if she knew Swedenborg, replied that she did, but he was in a state much superior to hers; but that she knew him because he sometimes came to the world where she was, to give instruction in celestial truths, which God had ordered him to manifest; that the New Church of which he had spoken would certainly be founded upon earth, and that the time would come when gifts and supernatural virtues would be accorded to those who abstain voluntarily from all sin, and desire and demand with all humility and sincerity of heart that the will of the Lord be done everywhere.

At another séance the same medium and spirit being present as at the last, it was asked: "Is it permitted you to reply to questions which we propose to make? That depends upon the nature of the end in view. Is the human soul placed in the mortal body as a punishment of any fault committed in a preceding state? When God created man it was not that he should live in a sinful but in a pure body. . . . Is man while here accompanied by a spirit from the other world? Yes, it is thus continually."

That an exact counterpart of what is taking place daily with us should have occurred in Sweden in 1787, before so many learned and evidently honest and sincere men, and accurately being recorded in the journal of the "Society" to which they belonged, is certainly worthy of the considerable space I have allowed for these extracts from said journal. Further: the nature of the communications; the able and judicious re-

sponses made to important questions, and in a word, by parties (seemingly at least) incapable of such an effort, gives to the whole transaction a gravity and grandeur of more than ordinary significance.

"Spiritualism in Algiers," Africa, (where I had the pleasure once of passing a winter season, and making the acquaintance of the savans Brugger and Bresnier,) is the title of another article in the *Messenger*. Though no public "circles" are held, there are particular assemblies where communications, both written and oral, are received from the spirit-world, and are highly appreciated. "Spiritualism does not address itself either to enthusiasm or fanaticism," says the correspondent, "but it appeals to the judgment, to reason. . . . It conduces to a complete moral revolution, and prepares from to-day the enfranchisement of those most engulphed in ignorance and error." The learned astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, communicates also an interesting article on the researches of Professor Crookes. "The Community of Thoughts in View of Universal Progress," "Church and State," "Anniversary of the Death of Allan Kardec," and "Spiritualism and the Press," are the leading articles in the May number of the *Messenger*. A letter from the Viscount Torres-Solano, president of the Spiritual Society of Madrid, says, though the war with the Carlists is ended, the political situation is not favorable to propagandism, but does not hinder the spread of our doctrine from day to day. Of the influential journals in Spain, which are doing their noble work, he refers to *El Criterio* (which I shall quote from further on); *The Revista*, of Barcelona; *El Espritismo*, of Seville, and the *Revolution*, of Alicante. Portugal, he says, has as yet no Spiritualistic journal; but the works of Allan Kardec are being translated into the Portuguese language, by M. Polety Villava, a Spanish vice-consul. In Madrid, public discussions are held with all the schools of philosophy. In the highest ranks of society are many adepts, including a *maréchal de camp*, four generals, and a great number of other officers of the army. In the provinces Viscount de T-S. knows of about a hundred different Spiritualistic "groupes." The *Messenger*, remarking on French finances (on the forty-nine million francs in the budget of education), says that in our glowing civilization we are forced to expend fourteen times as much to destroy man as to instruct him. It also repeats the statement that I made some time since, on Mexican authority, that there are about 60,000 Spiritualists in Mexico.

La Ley de Amor, of Merida (April 15th and May 1st), has been received. It is principally occupied with dissertations on "Forgetfulness of the Past," "Kardec," and "Value of Education," with a reply to the *Messenger*, which is characterized by force and dignity. In a short article it recommends the use of magnetism in developing our spiritual perceptions. It further says that they have to congratulate their brethren that there are now in that State ten independent "circles" of Spiritualists—three in the capital, San Juan Bautista, two in Frontera, one in each one of the following named villages: Tacotalpa, Huamanguillo, Cardenas, Axtapa, and Comocaco. We are here reminded of the old Toltecs; and in these United States we cannot be indifferent to the revelations that may yet come to us from a region whose strange old temples are eloquent, like the sphinx, with a mysterious silence of the far-off past.

One of the correspondents of this Central American paper, Dr. Simon of Elizabeth, N. J., states that he has received in New York, under satisfactory conditions, photographic pictures taken in the dark; and suggests that artificial light may even be prejudicial to the production of spirit-images. In this same number it is also stated that a spiritual "circle" has been established in the "interesting island of Carmen," and that Don Manuel Fouchet is doing much there in behalf of our cause.

I have hardly time enough to peruse all the articles, however valuable they may be, in the various journals which I receive. *La Política*, in the May 16th number of *The Law of Love*, is, for instance, not sufficiently and so directly in the interest of Spiritualism as to call for any analysis. Here, however, is a recognition of the eminent position occupied by the *Banner of Light*; and when the editor of the former compares it with his little sheet, he expresses his grateful acknowledgments for the "exchange" accorded to him. He quotes in full one of the paragraphs regarding his paper in the *Banner*.

El Criterio Espritista, of Madrid, comes to hand more tardily than any other paper—except the *Annali dello Spiritismo in Italia*, Turin, which does not come at all (pardon the Iberianism)—but it is, nevertheless, one of the most able of all the Spiritualistic periodicals. The present number is taken up almost exclusively with a brilliant celebration on the 31st of March, by the Spanish Spiritual Society, of the anniversary of the "Divulgence of Spiritualism" by Allan Kardec. This was both a lyric and literary affair; and, judging from the poems and speeches then delivered, the entertainment must have been highly pleasing to, at least, the better classes of society. After this, Dr. H. Temprado replies to the materialism of Dr. Pulido, as published in the *Revista Europea*. This is followed by a lengthy quotation from the *Banner of Light*—notices of the celebration in Boston and many other towns of the *fêtes*, &c., that took place in commemoration of the twenty-eighth anniversary of the new re-drawing of Spiritualism on the face of our section of the globe.

The *Banner* article on the test with ammonia, to prove if death has really taken place in a body, Charles H. Foster's visit to Washington, and Spiritualism in Stockholm (as given in the first part of this article), follow the above. Among the more brief notices of passing events are Mr. Peabody's visit to New Orleans; molds of hands in Miss Fowler's presence; the progress of Spiritualism in Oakland (Cal.), Trenton (N. J.); that the *Indice Romano*, the *Index Espragatorius* had recently included, in its list of condemned books, the works of the distinguished Orientalist, Mons. Louis Jaccoliot, author of "Spiritualism throughout the World," &c.; that there have been obtained in Barcelona notable spirit-photographs; that our brethren in Santiago de Chile are sustaining lively polemics with the Catholics of that country; that spirit-photographs obtained at Naples create much comment; that spiritualistic phenomena in Rome are recorded in the Turin journal; that a correspondent in Rome states that when the Davenport Brothers were there, an Italian prestidigitator discovered all their farces; that the genuineness of the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart, at Terre Kant (Haute), Ind., had been established; that Mr. Watson, in his able "American Magazine," was defending

the mediumship of Mrs. Miller; and that Mrs. C. H. Dearborn, of Boston, proposes to visit England and Spain.

In the formidable but ever-enticing *Illustracion Espritica*, of Mexico, (May number,) there are the well digested and able articles of Drs. Santiago Sierra, Emilio Castelar, J. N. Cordero, etc. "God"; "The New Law"; the judicial proceedings in the case of Leynario (here rendered in parallel columns, in both French and Spanish); "Spiritualism in New York" (quoted from the *Messenger*); "Materialization" (from the French *Revue*); "Vérifiable Transformations" (from the *Globe* of Seville heretofore noticed), and a "Discourse," by Victor Hugo, are largely worthy of particular notice, but are too lengthy for transference. Several I have already analyzed from their respective original publications. On page 152 Garibaldi's Spiritualism is announced and sustained by quotations from his letters. Then follow acknowledgements of receipt of *Banner of Light* (eight numbers) with its able, important and numerous contributions to the large field of Spiritualistic literature (notifying particularly Mr. Peabody's visit to Mexico, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. E. H. Britten), and its compliments as paid to the new Merida paper, Mr. Watson, of Memphis, is also mentioned as having been one of the most prominent members of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, yet had embraced Spiritualism, and was now editing an excellent journal. The Mexican editor says: "We take pleasure in sending to him some numbers of our periodical." He also refers to the progress of Spiritualism in Hungary, to the Society at Buda-Pesth, and to the Baron and Baroness de Vay as greatly interested in it.

Several numbers have also been received of the *Dagbladet*, of Chicago. Its contents are literary as well as commercial; "Socialism," "Numa Pompilius," "Druidic Religion," &c., occupy its well-filled columns.

I regret that the May number of the *Revue Spirite*, Paris, has not yet reached me. The *Psychische Studien*, May number, has come too late for any extended remarks in this present article.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There are some gifted persons around whom the halo of enchantment seems to hover, and who may be deemed almost inhabitants of the "border land" and yet live among us—those in whose lives have occurred strange and startling events, the narration of which almost surpasses belief, but which is verified by living witnesses. These are found to be scattered all over our land, holding, as it were, the gates ajar, permitting us poor mortals not so gifted to catch a glimpse of the beauties beyond, and giving us the proof palpable of immortality.

Among the chief of these so singularly gifted may be mentioned Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb, now at 18 West 21st street, New York City. Born a medium, she has been used by the invisibles for the transmission of their thoughts and wishes—her earlier experience, however, being in her father's family and among her own immediate friends. Coming to Boston Highlands eighteen years ago, she first entered the field as a public medium, and has ever since, for the good of the cause and humanity, bravely borne the reproach and opprobrium attached by general society to a "spiritual medium."

Her phases of mediumship have been remarkable, not only for their varied character but for the strength which accompanies them. Independent state-writing was obtained through her twenty-three years ago, and materialization was predicted by her a quarter of a century ago. Levitation was also a common occurrence, she having been lifted and placed upon the table, with the chair in which she was sitting, on several occasions, while present at sittings. Instances of this kind are vouched for in "Planchette, the Despair of Science," by Epes Sargent. On one occasion at Auburn, Me., at the conclusion of a séance, she was carried out of the house, together with the chair in which she sat, and deposited twelve feet from the front door, to which Mrs. Whitman of that place bears witness. Eleven years ago a surgical operation was performed upon her while unconscious during a dark séance held at the house of a friend, and in the presence of thirteen witnesses. A fleshy substance about the size of a hazel nut was removed from her throat. The blood flowed freely from her mouth, and her handkerchief, which was taken from her pocket and used by the invisible surgeon for the purpose of wiping it away, was found, when the operation was concluded, completely saturated. This circumstance was published in the *Spirit Age* at the time, and attracted great attention. Upon her hand she wears a jewel presented to her by her controlling spirit, Sontag, at a séance held in Chicago last September with Mrs. Hollis, and which presentation was made in fulfillment of a promise made fifteen years previously.

Such are a few only of the remarkable incidents in the life of Mrs. Webb, and they are here recounted for the purpose of calling the attention of your many readers to this medium, honest, truthful and reliable beyond doubt, especially those in New York and vicinity who may wish to see her before she returns to Chicago, as her stay in that city is but temporary.

She offers the fullest opportunity for investigation, all her séances for independent writing being held in rooms well lighted and in full view of all members of the circle. A small pencil is put upon a slate which she holds with one hand, underneath the table, when the message desired to be communicated is written upon it. Frequently she uses a double slate, between the leaves of which a small piece of pencil is placed. This double slate is left on the top of the table at which the investigator sits, when messages and tests are written upon it. Tests given in this way preclude any fraud or trickery on the part of the medium, thus giving the best satisfaction to the investigator and an additional guaranty to the believer. At her musical séances, which are given in the dark, various instruments are played upon, bells are rung, full glasses of water are carried about and placed to the lips of those present, who are also fanned, if the room be warm, and frequently long communications are written to one or two members of the circle, who are in most cases total strangers to Mrs. Webb. The mere fact, however, that these circles are held in the dark, renders them unsatisfactory to a great many, who want the full benefit of their eyesight in order to be convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations.

Her whole life has been devoted to the exemplification of the phenomenal phases of the Harmonical Philosophy, and many, very many rescued from dead credulism or dark materialism, know by the proofs obtained through her instrumentality that there is a life hereafter.

It is to be hoped that she may receive that generous support she so richly deserves. Media entering the field when the spiritual movement was in its infancy, and when it required much more stamina than it does now, should not be forgotten or neglected.

Spiritualism would be nothing without its media, and in these latter days, when the cry of fraud and deception is so often raised, we should see to it that those against whom a whisper of suspicion has never been uttered should be protected and upheld, and in a measure kept free from the carking cares and anxieties of the world. A. D. C.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

SACRAMENTO.—From a letter written by Mrs. Dr. H. J. French, trance speaker and psychometrist, we learn that she has been laboring in California for the last fourteen months, eight of which she spent in Sacramento, three in San Francisco, and the balance pioneering in Yolo County, and the lone Valley, a number of miles. At Woodland, in Yolo Co., she found that orthodox ruled with potent power. Efforts were made to defeat her obtaining an audience to hear her lecture. At lone she was assisted by Dr. Rendell, a noble-hearted man and a Spiritualist, in obtaining the Methodist church. The minister read a notice of her lectures, and then in the course of his sermon denounced Spiritualism. She gave four lectures in that place to increasing audiences, and gave several private sittings, which show that the people are anxious and willing to hear the new gospel. Thence she went to Jackson, and spoke once in the Methodist chapel. The interest manifested in the new philosophy so alarmed the trustees that they closed the chapel against her the next evening. She found three families in the place where the *Banner of Light* was taken. Biggery cannot entirely shut out the truth. She remained there five days, holding private séances. At Amador, a mining town of three hundred inhabitants, Mr. Isaac Lepley, the only Spiritualist she met with there, obtained a hall for her, and she lectured to quite a large audience, mostly miners, who appeared to be deeply interested. At the close of the lecture she gave several psychometric delineations of character of persons who were well known to the audience, with striking accuracy. She was urged to remain and deliver another lecture, which she did to a full hall of eager listeners. Her spirit guides took for a text, "Why are you miners?" and elucidated the subject with many fine illustrations, which appealed so effectively to the spiritual natures of her auditors, that much good was the result. All through California thousands are ready to hear and accept the truths of Spiritualism.

Colorado.

DENVER.—F. H. S. writes, June 1st, as follows: Having witnessed some peculiar phenomena in the presence of the two powerful physical mediums, Mr. C. B. Cutler and Arthur Cheesewright, I will give you a brief account of them. The controlling spirit, Sagna, an Indian, while controlling Mr. Cutler, caused him, in full light, to be elongated from his natural length, five feet two inches, to nearly six and one-half feet. I saw this on two occasions. The medium was securely tied in a chair and carried over the heads of the circle to the floor outside and then carried back. The coats of the two mediums were changed while both were securely tied. This was done several times, and then the coats taken off both, and the ropes and knots still undisturbed. All the usual phenomena attending dark circles occurred, such as ringing of bells, floating guitars, spirit lights, hands, and so on.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Lizzie Gomer, a very pretty, sweet-mannered young lady of sixteen, whose wonderful powers of materialization have been already noticed at length in the columns of the *Banner of Light*. Miss G. for the present has discontinued her materializing circles, and will give but one more, after which her controls will leave her for four years.

Mrs. Lizzie Gomer, wife of Mr. G. A. Gomer, artist, is a clairvoyant of remarkable powers. She describes spirits and gives names so that identification is beyond question. Mrs. G. is not a professional medium, and takes no money for her services, but with an amiable kindness characteristic of her, she is ready and willing at any time to sit for the accommodation of her friends.

The hospitable kindness of Mrs. Cutler, mother of the medium, and her daughter Mamie, will ever be remembered with pleasure.

Michigan.

ST. LOUIS SPRINGS.—L. C. White writes: The Spiritualists and Liberals have organized a society, which is increasing in numbers, and quite an interest is taken in the investigation of the principles and philosophy of true Spiritualism. Good speakers are invited to call.

THE RAILWAY ALPHABET.

A is the addition to charges too high;
B is the "black" that will come by-and-by;
C is the cattle maltreated most cruelly;
D is the damage the owners deplore;
E is the ease with which mishaps befall;
F is the food which "refugees" and "they" call;
G is the goods which can stammer and fall;
H is the hurry when things are behind;
I is the injury directors do to mind;
J is the judge who the causeless condemn;
K is the keen trick which the case is to shake;
L is the lawyer so clever and vent;
M is the money he gets out of the case;
N is the normal condition of things;
O is the obstruction, collision that brings;
P is the polemic round and sent;
Q is the query why rates are so late;
R is the roundabout answer you get;
S is the standing so long in the wet;
T is the temper you "re found to get in;
U, well, that's you, kept awaiting and fretting;
V is the value that you left in the train;
W is the way to get it again. (Moral: and most likely you never do get it again!)

X the "xactness" you "like, but don't" find;
Y is the yawn to relieve your mind;
Z is the zany the train left behind.

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Michigan State Association of Spiritualists.

Special Meeting at Battle Creek, June 21st.

To the Spiritualists of Michigan:

Upon consultation, some time ago, with the Trustees of the State Association, it was thought best not to hold the usual semi-annual meeting this summer, and in this conclusion the President of the Association most cordially concurred.

It is to be remarked, however, that during the Centennial year, nearly all associations of persons, under whatever auspices drawn together, are taking steps to represent themselves in some form, by addresses, lectures, exercises, orations, and declarations. Spiritualists, certainly, as much as any class of persons, should place a high estimate upon the principles of freedom, of thought, and of action, and that are so vital a feature in our political system; and it seems every way proper that in measures designed to perpetuate and keep in remembrance those principles, the Spiritualists of Michigan should be officially represented. For this purpose a special meeting of the Michigan Association has been suggested.

The Trustees of the Association, nine in number, are located in different parts of the State, and cannot be conveniently consulted within the time in which it is necessary to act, if any action be taken, and are, therefore, respectfully requested to send to the President of the Association, for the purpose of being present at this special meeting, a representative of the Michigan Association, to be held in Battle Creek, on Saturday, June 21st, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The session will be purely a business one, and can without delay complete its work during the day, and evening, and then attending, especially from the East and West, can reach their homes the same night, although the friends at Battle Creek, whose hospitality has so often been extended to the State Association, would most likely be glad to have visiting friends remain over Sunday and join with them in the exercises of their local Society and Progressive Movement.

The topic especially suggested for consideration, and which has governed in issuing this call, is the proposed adoption by the Association of an address, to be officially transmitted to the Congress of Liberals to be held in Philadelphia on the first day of July next.

It is to be hoped that there may be a good attendance of representative Spiritualists from all parts of the State.

A. H. SPINNEY,
President of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists.
Detroit, June 12th, 1876.

A Grand Convention and Camp-Meeting.

Of New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, will be held at Ancora on July 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 1876, to which the friends of progress everywhere are invited. First class Spiritual and Liberal speakers from all parts of the country to address the meeting.

For tickets on the Camden and Camden for all regular trains. Fare for the round trip, for adults, \$2.00, for children, \$1.00. Good from Friday, June 21st, to July 5th inclusive.

Sunday trains leave Philadelphia at 8 A. M., and return from Camp Ground at 5:45 P. M. All other days at 8 A. M., and 8 P. M. Returning, leave camp at 6:15 and 7:45 A. M., and 5:45 P. M.

The tents, ground and small, will be set in the beautiful grove, near the depot. Meals at all hours, and other accommodations, provided at very cheap rates in or near the grove.

Persons so desiring will please remember this is a Picnic, Camp-Meeting and Regular Convention. New officers to be elected. So go and have a good time such as was never before known in New Jersey.

Newark, N. J. L. R. COONLEY, President.

To Book-Buyers.

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

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

Those who wish to purchase the BANNER OF LIGHT, should be careful to distinguish between the original and the cheap imitations. Our names are on the cover of the original, and our names are on the cover of the cheap imitations. We cannot undertake to deliver the original, but we can deliver the cheap imitations. We cannot undertake to deliver the original, but we can deliver the cheap imitations.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1876.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

While we recognize to man's master, and take no book as our guide, we most cordially accept all great men's lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and untroubled before God, but self-centered in his own individuality. Prof. S. B. Britton.

Moral Courage.

The men who dare to be silent about the noble things they are doing are not so many as might be thought for. The mania for publication is one of the vulgarities of the times of the present age. If "virtue is its own reward," as we so many times hear it declared, what is the need of going about like in hand, to collect pennies of popular applause, like the organ-grinder after his performance is over. Alas, how we do believe ourselves in this matter. Nature could show us an infinitely prettier way if we would but heed her. For instance, she is at special pains to keep her favorites wholly out of sight until they are needed; and then they are not brought out with a profuse flourish of trumpets and beat of drums, but only after they have done their work is any inquiry made about them. So that all the best of us have to do is simply to follow Nature, in other words, be natural, in whatever we are summoned to say or do, always leaving results to themselves and troubling our thoughts no more. All over that is conceit and vanity, and in no sense gift or power.

Now if people who really possess convictions would be at the mere trouble to utter them on all proper occasions, without stopping to consider anything but their effectiveness, not regarding in any way the hostile prejudices of others, the fashion of society, and the grunting sarcasms of Mrs. Grundy, there would be all the courage which they need, and that kind of candid indifference would also help their cause by falling to provoke personal enemies. The best part of courage is always coolness. And in the case of moral courage it is this same level-headedness that disarms opposition the easiest. It is absolutely surprising to see what an irresistible power such coolness has in the expression of individual convictions. Not only does it fail to excite hostility, but it actually disarms it.

There is a great deal said about facing obloquy, taking up one's cross, bidding adieu to comfort and prosperity, and all that sort of thing, in connection with the espousal of what are deemed unpopular doctrines; but in this age of iconoclasm and the breaking down of old barriers of prejudice, a great deal more has to do with the character of the utterer of new views, and with the tact and skill with which he makes his announcement, than with any special disrepute for the views or convictions he seeks to proclaim. We have long thought that an immense proportion of the power of an individual was wasted in controversy, in attack and defence, which, if it had been sagaciously directed to the statement and illustration of new truths, would have vastly assisted in its general recognition and advancement. People may as well give reception to the suggestion, at all events. Leaving this waste out of the reckoning, and the bare fact of speaking one's honest convictions ought not to make one feel as if the simple utterance of his view of the truth was equivalent to martyrdom.

Opposition will come soon enough, and in sufficient force, but it is idle and wasteful to apprehend it. It is not even necessary, as we are often bidden, to go forth to meet it. Let it have its own time and way. We are called on to be neither defiant nor indifferent, but simply to do that thing and say that thing which lies nearest to us, thinking no more of the consequences than does the child that answers so bravely and frankly to a stranger. We are not half so much afraid of others as we are of ourselves. We dare not dress as we would prefer, out of fear of others' eyes. We are afraid to come out from sectarianism from fear of what others may say. We dare not avouch an opinion, until we are encouraged by hearing it spoken by some one else, and then it is no longer our own. Without even being requested, much less commanded, we take secondary places and volunteer as subordinates.

There is policy without a doubt; but that is not for ordering our lives; it is rather to fence with, to keep off with adroitness and address, what does not require the application of force. We are to live by principle, out of which are bred natural laws and rules of conduct; policy is but tact, the mere art of avoiding annoyances, of providing defence, of advancing one's cause. It is to be used only as occasion requires, not as the law of the land. A woman may carry off a cheap bonnet on her head with vastly more grace and air than her rival can wear a costly one. It is chiefly in the wearer, not in the bonnet. There surely is a way, because there must be one, of disarming envy without trying to overmatch it. Fashion is a statute that has nowhere been written. No one can even say by whom it is enacted. Its tyranny is to be found, not in its own sceptre, but in the too ready obedience of its subjects; once straightened the thought up from this attitude of obsequiousness, and it is marvelous what a crown of straw this shallow queen wears. We may be courteous and still courageous.

Rudeness is not the synonym for resoluteness. Some people think candor consists in telling you the most disagreeable things they can pick up or invent; whereas that is the very insolence either of ignorance or malignity. Let us be very gentle and patient and self-restrained, and we shall soon realize the added forces that are concentrating within us. The silence in silence is the highest form of courage, but it must be a silence that is alive with charity instead of revengefulness. The secret is, in manifesting moral courage, not to make ourselves singular at the same time that we refuse to be compliant. We may do our simple duty without troubling ourselves about praise or blame; if we satisfy conscience to the very bottom, there is no court for whose judgment we shall care more. And this, not in conceit, but in simplicity. Let us try and be natural in our truthfulness, and there will be no need of mentioning courage any more.

Mrs. Denton on Psychometry.

In the letter from Mrs. Denton, which we publish in another column, we think she entirely misapprehends the gist of the inquiry which we made in regard to certain phenomena for which she has long been supposed to be a medium. We were not curious to learn what her theory might be as to the origin of the phenomena, or as to the aptness of the epithet *psychometric*, but whether the phenomena, an account of which is given in "The Soul of Things," and which represent her (or the supposed medium) as gifted with a certain abnormal and supersensual intelligence, enabling her to tell by touching the fragment of a stone the geological and historical facts connected with it, did actually take place. We infer, from one passage in her letter, that they did not take place—that she was merely playing with the credulity of those who trusted her; for she says we have advanced a claim in her behalf which she repudiates. But then she proceeds to speak of certain facts "in her own experience," which lead us to suppose that she does not mean for us to make the inference that the credited phenomena were not genuine. She says her object in consenting to the publication of the book referred to was "that the attention of thinking men and women might be called to this class of phenomena."

Of course she does not mean for us to infer that she was merely simulating a class of phenomena in order to call attention to them. But what does she mean? Did Mrs. Denton ever, or does she now, have the power of telling, by touching a fragment of a rock, any verifiable facts in regard to it, not within the immediate scope of the knowledge of any skilled geologist, trusting to the normal and ordinary faculties which she shares with other human beings? Her theory as to the *whence* or *why* of that power is not within the limit of our inquiry.

She seems to be merely evading our plain question when she says: "In regard to the inquiry whether the 'psychometric' experiences can be proven to the satisfaction of the scientific to 'have any basis of fact,' I answer, if they cannot, then they are valueless, and the less we have to do with them the better." Surely this is a somewhat equivocal way of answering us when our object is to know what value we must attach to the statements in "The Soul of Things." If the object of the book, in which Mrs. Denton, if she did not cooperate, seems to have tacitly concurred up to the present time, was merely to call attention to certain supposable phenomena, not verified, let us know it, though late. Many persons have looked upon the statements not as a romance, but as a record in good faith of certain phenomena showing supersensual intelligence on the part of the seeress. Fortunately the book, though undoubtedly put forth in perfect sincerity by the writer, has not been of appreciable influence in stimulating the belief of Spiritualists. We have always regarded it as drawing too largely on the credulity of readers, and as dealing too much in the unprovable. We infer from Mrs. Denton's present letter that our impressions were not erroneous. Spiritualism is, in its basis, a synthesis of facts, and of these we have enough that have been proved, without admitting the questionable.

Another Successful Trial.

The wire-cage, or box, specially constructed to test beyond peradventure the character of the materializing mediumship of Mrs. Hardy, having been thoroughly strengthened in every particular, was again subjected to another severe ordeal last Monday afternoon, in the presence of an unusually critical company of ladies and gents, among whom were Prof. and Mrs. Denton, Prof. Tooley, Mr. Zenas T. Haines of the Herald, Dr. Britten, Mr. George A. Bacon, Dr. W. L. Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. Brigham and others.

The success of the trial was unqualifiedly satisfactory. The box in question was fully and minutely examined by the company before and after the séance, and nothing connected therewith was found wanting. On placing the two pails of water, one of which contained the melted paraffine, within the enclosure, the box was locked, adhesive plaster laid over the key-holes, with private marks upon each piece, and the key kept by one of the above named parties. At the conclusion of the séance, which lasted about three-quarters of an hour, the plaster, marks, key-holes and entire arrangement of the box, were all found to be undisturbed, and, on opening the cover, a full formed apparently male hand was seen floating on the water.

As far as could be judged the test was complete and overwhelming, and is but another emphatic and demonstrated evidence of the genuineness of Mrs. Hardy's mediumship.

The Russian Commission on Spiritualism.

From the document we publish in another column, communicated through the courtesy of Mme. Blavatsky, it will be seen that many of the most intelligent Russians repudiate altogether the conclusions of the Scientific Commissioners for the investigation of the mediumistic phenomena. These conclusions, dismissing the phenomena as worthless, are pronounced premature and unwarrantable, and such they undoubtedly are, as the documents we publish abundantly show. We are glad to learn that Dr. Slade will visit St. Petersburg in November. The phenomena through him are of a character that no Mendeleeff can make light of, unless he undertakes to deny what is palpable and conclusive to the senses and common sense of all unbiased, intelligent investigators.

A Liberal League has just been organized at Adel, Iowa, and Hon. Benjamin Green elected its delegate to the Congress of Liberals.

The Reality of Psychological Phenomena in a Court of Law.

On the 18th of May (according to *Revue Spirituelle*), Madame Roger, a somnambulist, was brought before the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of the Seine, charged with an attempt to swindle, in company with her mesmerist, M. Fortier. M. Jules Favre, the most celebrated advocate in France, and who formerly held a distinguished place in the ministry, appeared for the defence. His speech was of an hour and a half's duration, and is reported to have held the judges and a crowded audience spell-bound by its eloquence. He concluded by saying: "We are in the presence of a phenomenon which science admits, without attempting to explain. The public may smile at it, but our most illustrious physicians regard it with gravity. Justice can no longer ignore what science has acknowledged." The aged Baron du Poët, who has represented the French school of mesmerism for more than fifty years, was also heard with deep attention as he expounded some of the facts of the science of which he is so great a master. If the same arguments had been accepted with regard to spiritual phenomena last year, *Leymarie would not have fallen a victim to the ignorance of jurists and the fanaticism of priests.*

The trial lasted three hours. The result is, that the practice of *mesmerie clairvoyance* will no longer be considered a crime in France. One step further, and Spiritualism itself will be a *fait accompli* in the eye of the law.

A Charming Retreat.

The Belvidere Seminary Buildings are to be opened on and after July 1st for summer boarders, at prices suited to the times. The situation presents great advantages to those who are in search of health and repose, nor is it less attractive to those who are in pursuit of pleasure. The air is pure, the situation elevated, and the whole country extremely beautiful; the Seminary grounds are large and every way attractive; and the Delaware river affords fine opportunities for bathing, boating and fishing. In every direction the Seminary commands an extensive view of the picturesque scenery that distinguishes the region of the Delaware Water Gap, embracing every variety of

"Hill and valley and running water."

It would be difficult to find a more charming spot, and those who go there will appreciate the fine social atmosphere and realize all the comforts of a home. We can hardly conceive of a more desirable place for a Spiritualist, or any person of liberal instincts, who is at the same time in pursuit of rest, health and recreation, than the Belvidere Seminary. Those who would avail themselves of the superior advantages here offered should address Miss E. L. Bush, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J.

Picnic and Camp-Meeting at Highland Lake Grove.

Mrs. Gardner and Richardson have arranged for a picnic at this truly charming spot, the gathering to occur on Thursday, June 29th. Good speaking, fine opportunities for dancing, boating, etc., will combine with the natural advantages of the grove, to give enjoyment to all who may avail themselves of the opportunity, and it is to be hoped that the number of such will be large.

Particulars concerning the picnic will be found by reference to our fifth page, where also the programme of the camp-meeting to commence at this place July 19th—concluding Aug. 9th—will be met with. There is every evidence that this will be a well-attended and profitable convocation, in more senses than one, of the spiritual element in Eastern and Southern Massachusetts.

We received last week a pleasant call from Prof. J. Jay Watson, of New York City, who was on a flying visit to Boston—having left for a brief season the Centennial Exposition, where he is for the present professionally stationed. We were also favored with a view of the famous Cremona Grand Amati Violin presented to Prof. Watson by Ole Bull on the occasion of his (W.'s) first visit to Norway. The instrument was made in 1616. The following note from Ole Bull accompanied the rare gift:

"VALESTRAAND, NORWAY, August 10, 1868.
My Dear Friend Watson—In handing you this Amati and Hieronymus Amati Violin I promise you so kindly accepted in anticipation—you will not, I trust, be surprised if I entreat you to be careful of the rare instrument committed to your charge. You can safely trust your musical sentiments to this medium and to the genius of the brothers Amati, whose embodied spirit will console you in sorrow, temper you in joy, and bring blessed ideas and good tidings to all your friends and hearers. With the best wishes, I am your sincere friend,
OLE BULL."

On Sunday, June 3d, at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the two medial children of Kate Fox Jencken were christened at St. Mary Woonoth, in the city of London, by the Rev. Dr. Irons, as Ferdinand Loewenstein Jencken, and Henry Dietrich Loewenstein Jencken. Several of the prominent Spiritualists of the metropolis were present. The spirit attendants, having been requested to remain quiet during the services, confined their operations to rapping "yes" to some parts of the exercises and "no" to others, and in the evening following the ceremony gave to Mr. Jencken the following message: "Good will come from this baptism; still we do not consider it all-important for the saving of souls. Your firstborn will some day be the instrument of bringing Spiritualism into that church and many churches of England, therefore this christening will do great good.—Your father."

We are informed that Moses Hull and Mattie Sawyer were arrested on Monday, June 12th, at Vineland, because of an alleged collision between their system of life and the laws of New Jersey. The circumstances surrounding the case cause the action of the authorities to look just a little like a combination of "Church and State" to aid the revivalist Hammond, who found the anti-revival arguments of Mr. Hull to be rather inconvenient. John Gage and Dr. Joseph Dunton furnished bail for Mr. Hull, Mattie being set free. The case is to come up for trial in October next.

We have received a cheerful-looking volume of four hundred pages—tinted paper—entitled *THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM*, wherein E. V. Wilson, the seer, compiles from his twenty-five years' experience as a medium a remarkable array of tests of individual existence after death, so-called, going to prove beyond a doubt the reality of persistent life for humanity. We shall speak more fully concerning the book in a future number. Those desiring it will find it for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"By their works ye shall know them."**The Davis Testimonial Fund.**

If any one man above another in the ranks of Spiritualism deserves a material "manifestation" of appreciation for work well done, that man is ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. And it gratifies us to know that the thousands of human hearts which have been instructed and made happy by his divine philosophy are now ready and willing to—in part—repay the worthy brother for his arduous labors of the past.

We acknowledge, since previous report, the receipt of \$3.00 from B. Shraft, of San Francisco, Cal., and \$2.00 from Mrs. L. Pierce, Boston Highlands, Mass. Also Mrs. Emma Harding Britten donates, in lieu of money, ten copies of the book recently published, entitled "Art Cagle." Persons wanting this work, are requested to state, can remit \$5 to A. J. Davis & Co., 24 East 4th street, New York City. The book will be mailed postage free.

Reply to Fiske.

The masterly reply of our correspondent D. L. in the last Banner to the platitudes of Mr. John Fiske in his articles entitled "The Unseen World," is deservedly exciting a good deal of attention. The shallowness of Mr. Fiske's philosophy is exposed with irresistible force; and, by the juxtaposition of his own sentences, ridicule is irresistibly thrown on his whole system of thought so far as the future of man is concerned. As D. L. happily remarks of Mr. Fiske's spiritual world: "Being a genuine Utopia, its existence must be established like the famous etymology of *lucus a non lucendo*." Mr. Fiske's argument that because of the necessary absence of all evidence whatever in favor of a spiritual world, there is therefore a good reason for supposing it exists, is the *ne plus ultra* of sophistical absurdity.

Picnic at Silver Lake Grove.

The announced excursion under the auspices of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston, transpired at this popular resort on Thursday, June 15th. A good number of the little ones joined with the adults in making up a pleasant and happy company. The day was fine, and the varied attractions of the place, boating, swinging, dancing, etc., were tested to the full by the party attending. Speeches at the stand were made in the afternoon by Miss Lizzie Doten, Dr. John H. Currier, (who also presided), George A. Bacon, Dr. H. B. Storer, H. C. Lull, Wm. J. Gorman, Hattie Wilson, and others. The Lyceum's Committee, J. B. Hatch, Chairman, deserve credit for the admirable manner in which the details of this picnic were planned and carried out. It is hinted that the Lyceum will arrange for another out-of-door gathering before the close of the season.

Letter of Fellowship.

On the 31st of May, 1876, the Religio-Philosophical Society of Chicago, Ill., granted a Letter of Fellowship and Ordination to Mrs. Corn L. V. Tappan, of New York, constituting her a regular minister of the Gospel, and authorizing her to solemnize marriages in due form of law.

On the 10th day of June, a like Letter of Fellowship was granted to G. C. Castleman, of Memphis, Mo.

At the close of her lecture at the hall of the Spiritual Lecture Association in Chicago, Sunday, June 4th, Mrs. Tappan united in marriage Mr. Erastus W. Pratt and Mrs. Electa E. Kelley, by an interesting and appropriate ceremony.

Dr. Slade Going to Europe.

J. Simmons, agent for this distinguished medium, writes as follows under date of June 17th:

It is now settled that Dr. Slade is to go to Russia. We are to sail by the steamer Holland, of the National line, on the 1st of July, for London direct, where we will remain until October, and then go on to St. Petersburg, where we are to be on or before the first day of November. We are to remain in St. Petersburg three months, after which we will return to London. Our address in London will be in care of Mr. Harrison, of the London Spiritualist, 38 Great Russell street.

Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has demonstrated in many ways since his advent in America the fact of his right to be considered as one of "nature's noblemen," and in no method more clearly than in his last proposition, wherein he offers the use of his parlors at the Continental Hotel at Philadelphia to the Centennial Commission for the purpose of holding assemblies for the practical interchange of opinions and courtesies between the representatives of all the foreign governments and of our own at the Centennial. Truly says a contemporary:

"What a novel sight it will be when these representative men from other nations skilled in sciences, art and mechanism shall sit down together under the folds of the national ensign of Republic to discuss the great questions and problems that make for the peace and happiness of mankind; by invitation of a man who wields the sceptre of one of the great empires, and goes out beyond its boundaries, not like the emperor of other days, bent upon augmenting his power by conquests of territory, but in pursuit of those more precious and enduring acquisitions which will make for the welfare of his subjects in the realms of knowledge and industrial skill."

The National Woman-Suffrage Association Headquarters are at No. 1431 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. On July 4th, the Association proposes to issue a "Declaration of Rights" for woman, and a "Grand Protest" against the Centennial celebration of "the Independence of the People" while one-half of the people are political slaves. They call upon all women, "in meetings, in parlors, in kitchens, wherever they may be," to join in this declaration and protest, and to send them copies of their utterances for preservation in a Centennial Book. They also announce a great mass-meeting in Philadelphia, on July 19th and 20th. For further particulars, address "The National Woman-Suffrage Parlor, 1431 Chestnut street, Philadelphia."

In a recent case before the Supreme Court at Cape Town, South Africa, the jury, all save one, declared themselves satisfied of the prisoner's guilt, but that one refused to concur, averring that he had just received a spirit message as he sat in the box, declaring the accused to be innocent. Refusing to agree with his fellows, another jury was empaneled, and on the second trial the prisoner was acquitted with but little hesitation. "So the spirits had their own way after all," says the Cape Town Times for May 4th.

The Radical Spiritualists will hold a camp-meeting at Lake Walden, Concord, Mass., commencing August 3d and ending on the 23d.

The Paine Bust Fund.

The chairman of the appropriate committee acknowledges in the Index the receipt up to June 13th of \$695.93, toward defraying the expense—\$1200—of placing the proposed marble bust of Thomas Paine (the work of Mr. Morse, of Boston,) in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Since our last statement we have received at our office the following sums in aid of this worthy object: E. B. Tilden, \$6.00; A. G. Campbell, \$1.50; "G. M. I.," \$5.00; Kenton Chresman, \$1.00; Joseph H. Holloway, \$1.00; Mrs. B. H. Thomas, \$1.00; G. H. Woods, \$2.00; Mary C. Stearns, \$1.25.

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

J. Frank Baxter is to open the public speaking on Sunday, Aug. 13th. He will remain over till Tuesday, and speak again that day. Mr. Baxter is conceded to be one of the most accurate and successful public test mediums in the country. The public will expect to see some of his mediumship at the meeting, and listen to his fine singing.

A correspondent writing from Denver, Col., encloses a bill put out by that peripatetic and farcical "exposer," Prof. (?) S. S. Baldwin, and asks information concerning him. We had supposed that all the Spiritualists of the West had long ago heard of this arrogant individual, who claims by ventriloquism, mesmerism, and sleight-of-hand to explain away the spiritual phenomena. Of course the church people, unacquainted with the real character of spirit manifestations—a large majority even not daring to witness them at all—eagerly swallow the offered pill of "exposure" which the Professor (?) glides to the theological palate, but a visit to one of his juggling entertainments on the part of those who do know how to distinguish the phenomena, will satisfy them immediately that his exhibitions are but base and in many cases laughably shallow imitations of the original.

Charles M. Tay, of Bunker Hill District, Boston, passed on at Franklin, N. H., June 18th, aged 23 years 9 months. The deceased was the youngest son of the late Rufus L. Tay, and was a physical and materializing medium of remarkable power—though his séances were held only in presence of friends and in the privacy of the family circle. Funeral services were held at the residence of his mother, 54 Chestnut street, Bunker Hill District, on Tuesday afternoon, June 19th. Emma Harding Britten addressed the people with eloquent and sympathetic diction, and the music of a choice choir lent sweetness and solemnity to the hour. After the services at the house the remains were escorted to Mount Auburn for interment, and at the grave another brief allocution was pronounced by Mrs. Britten.

When the first little wave of the rising tide comes creeping up the shore, the sun derides her, and the dry sand drinks her, and her frightened sisters pull her backward, and yet again she escapes; and still her expostulating sisters cling to her skirts, and the rabble of waves behind cry out against her boldness, and all the depths of ocean seem rising to drag her down. And now the second rank of waves, who would have died of shame at being the first, have unwillingly passed the earlier mark of the little wave that led them; and now you may float in your ship, for lo! the tide is full. So is it with all systems of reform: though the pioneers be derided, the great needs of humanity behind push on to the triumphant acquisition of the new order of things.

Dr. T. A. Bland, of New York City, called on us recently, looking hearty, and being full of business. He is at present, among other duties, devoting a portion of his time to the cause of the Indians, and obtaining subscriptions to a volume entitled "Wi-ne-ma (The Woman Chief) and her people"—a volume which has been put forth by Hon. A. B. Meacham for the pecuniary assistance of this Indian heroine who saved his (Col. M.'s) life at the Canby massacre by the Modocs. She is better known to the public by the name "Riddle's Squaw," which was telegraphed all over the world in connection with reports of that bloody scene. She is now in Philadelphia, in great want, and we trust will receive the aid she so much merits.

The photograph of the paraffine hand (obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy), which is treated of by an advertisement on our fifth page, is a striking picture, and those interested in this surprising phenomenon should avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain a copy as a *souvenir* thereof.

Mrs. Mary J. Hollis, the well known medium for physical and other manifestations, is now located for a short time at 616 E. street, N. W., Washington City, D. C. Mrs. Hollis is reported as giving great satisfaction to the friends of the cause there, and as convincing many skeptics of the truth of spirit return.

THE BOOK OF LIFE; or, The Human Constitution, with its Cosmical Relations, a finely illustrated volume of nearly three hundred pages, by Arthur Merton, M. D., of the Maternal University, is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. See announcement on our fifth page.

Once and for all, allow me, as one who knows, to declare that the manifestations called spiritual are in no wise produced, affected, or in any manner governed by what is known as electricity.—*Spirit Benjamin Franklin.*

A. S. Hayward writes us from Philadelphia, June 18th: "Gen. Roberts has entered suit against the editor and publisher of the Times, and the case must now come to trial. The Grand Jury found a true bill against them."

A thrillingly interesting pamphlet, entitled *A TALE OF LIFE; OR, THE BROKEN AND HIS VICTIMS*, has just been issued by E. V. Wilson, and is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

A report of the Eighth Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association has been received, and will be printed at an early date.

A new edition of *RAVALETTE*, by P. B. Randolph, is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

"Open Letter, No. 2," from John Wetherbee, Esq., will appear in our next issue.

Read the call for the Centennial Congress of Liberals, which will be found on our 8th page.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circle and the Boston Circle, up to the date of the publication of this issue, indicate that spirits are still in the character of the past, and that they are not yet ready to pass on to the next stage of development. We ask the reader to receive these messages with a full faith in the truth of the communications, and to be guided by them in their lives. All expressions are in good faith and are not to be taken literally.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Dankin, of Baltimore.)

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth, through the mediumship of Mrs. Dankin, while she was in the enjoyment of a full and healthy life.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Second.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

A prominent member of the Episcopal church called upon us one evening, just after the close of the civil war, and said he had heard of several cures through the agency of Mrs. Dankin, where the skill of the Medical Faculty had been baffled by disease, and he wished to enlist her sympathy in the case of a young lady who was then lying at the point of death. Mrs. Dankin hesitated; but when the circumstances surrounding the case were given, our sympathies were aroused. The father of the young lady had been a physician of large practice in Virginia. He had a fine estate. The social standing of the family was of the highest order. Culture, wealth and refinement were theirs—everything to make life pleasant. But the war came, and at its close he found himself bereft of almost everything. His sons had fallen victims in the strife—his property was annihilated, the people among whom he had practiced his profession were impoverished, and with a few hundred dollars, all that he could gather of the remnant of a once handsome competency, he came to Baltimore.

Purchasing a small drug store he managed to sustain himself and all that was left of his family in a very moderate manner indeed. Just, however, as they were beginning to adapt themselves to their altered condition of life, beginning to feel thankful that they were saved, at least, the humiliation of being dependent upon the charities of others—that the father could find shelter and sustenance for the two dear ones left to him in the general wreck of his household—the daughter, the one in whom both their hearts centered, was stricken down with disease. His professional standing in Virginia, and the circumstances surrounding him, brought to his aid the most eminent of the Faculty in Baltimore. They all tendered their services, but in vain; after a few days' illness her case was pronounced hopeless. It was at this juncture Mrs. Dankin was called upon. We went to the house, and found one of her many attendant physicians at the bedside. Instead of offering objection to Mrs. Dankin's introduction into the case, he heartily welcomed her, and with intense feeling prayed that she might be strong where they had been powerless.

There was great nervous excitement, and the patient had been sleepless for three or four nights. When Mrs. Dankin took her hands she looked up with a radiant smile and exclaimed, "You have come to save me!" In about fifteen minutes she was in profound magnetic slumber, and four days after made a visit to some friends in the neighborhood of her old home, and was in a short time restored to a normal condition of health. There was a case where drugs and medical skill were useless, but sympathy and an influx of spiritual magnetism, through one who had been prepared by wise spirits for the work, accomplished a speedy cure.

Rachel Butler.

Rachel Butler was my name. I was the wife of Eliza Butler, living on Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, and my number was seven hundred and fifty-five. Husband and children, grieve not over my death, for I have made a beautiful exchange. I have left earth with all its dark frowns, and entered into a heaven where everything is peaceful, calm and quiet. The Lord reigns supreme in this eternal kingdom of which you have read so much, my dear husband, in the book of life. Read it more, treasure it more, and through its pages your wife, Rachel, can impress you with words of love and comfort.

The grave was not cold; the portals through which I passed were not dark, for angels were there to light me to my place of sweet repose. I feel grateful, oh, husband, to God, our Father, for his kindness to me. My pains and aches have all passed away, the mind is clear and understands its relation to Deity. Now shed no more tears, nor let the house be sad and mournful, for you have had no death; it is only life that has been given to myself, with power to come near to you and hear every sigh that you may utter.

Children, be content, be happy; for on these shores, where everything is so beautiful, mother will be waiting to greet you. I have come, for the angels tell me it is right and pleasant for spirits to come and speak to mortals. I am robed in white, children, giving praises to the Creator for the beautiful life which he has given me. Farewell, dear ones, farewell! Soon mother, on the wings of affection, will come and visit your home.

This is not spoken for outside strangers to criticize, it is spoken to comfort those who are grieving and mourning over the loss of a mother.

Martha O'Connor.

Martha O'Connor was my name, the third daughter of Lucinda O'Connor. Timothy was my father's name. A fat, blooming, bouncing girl I was. My father hoed corn and potatoes, and my mother milked the cows. Ireland, sweet Ireland, was my native place. I was born on that soil, rich and verdant. I breathed my first breath in that climate, which gives roundness and clearness of complexion to its womankind. I was joyous in heart, buoyant in feeling. I felt all right within and right without. Had no fear of the future, for I believed that God, our creator and protector, is kind and true and faithful to his own.

Tyrone is the place in which I was born, and the home was no more than a little mud hovel, with a pig-sty on one side and a cow stable on the other. My mother had eleven children, and I was the fairest of the race; and when the age of fifteen came, some of my countrymen made it known to me that they were going to America. So I came along, and settled down, first as a cook, and when my mistress asked me what I was after knowing, I answered, I knew everything; and, the Lord be praised, the only thing I knew

about cooking was how to boil a potato. That situation was soon vacant. I applied for another, the washing and the ironing; and that place I was put out of, and then I found my level, dishwashing. I worked hard and was careful, and that's how I saved up some money. I never got married, but remained the same till death took me to the other country; and now I'm learning something that will benefit me. The dishwasher on earth will yet find her rights, and gather in knowledge of God's beautiful works when the angels teach her. That's my story.

Eleanor Torrance.

Eleanor Torrance, daughter of William F. Torrance, widow of the late George Torrance. I have power to come back and see those I have left behind. I read their hearts. They are mourning and grieving and bewailing my dying; but they must not do so. Friends, be content, for all things are being done for the best. I did believe that God was good, that God was kind, and that God was all powerful to save; and I have not been disappointed. All things in this life are founded upon facts; they have their resemblance to those in earth-life, only more beautifully spiritualized. We have brooks, fountains, birds and flowers, but they are all finer in their texture—more beautiful to the spirit eye.

Men and women, fear not death, for it is beautiful to die; for in the twinkling of an eye you are gathered into life—that life which has no fading. If chance should be that any one in kindred with myself should scan these lines, they will know that it is me, for I speak not in tones of intellectuality, but from the feeling of the heart; for I feel what they feel. But the separation is but partial. The chair is vacant, the fireside is lonely, the voice is hushed, the footsteps are heard no more, all is silent, and a gloom comes over the household, for the one they loved has been carried out to be buried.

Catherine Williams.

Catherine Williams was my name. I was the wife of Daniel Williams, of South Carolina. I died in Romney, West Virginia, in about my fiftieth year.

Clouds broke away for the ascension of the spirit into its new home. There it had to start out in its ignorance and gather in the laws of its new life, and under those become an obedient servant and worker. Thus I am enabled to come to-night, and speak with a purpose—to aid in raising the human mind above the degrading thought that God is a worker of vengeance. Do not, oh, do not think of any of thy kindred lying writhing in the flames of hell; only think and feel that ignorance has been the master and made them do that which they would not have done if knowledge had been in its place. To those who stand low in degree, the angels move high descend, and educate them and draw them toward the sunlight.

I've been warned by the infinite love of the Father, and now with the gladness of a little child I return to impart the beautiful blessing which hath enshrouded my spirit.

Robert Renwick.

The spirit-world I find peopled with individuals like ourselves. Some are high, some are low, in the grade of matter; still, as I find things, I shall take them, and weigh them, and measure them, as a practical business man should do.

Renwick was my name, a native of Roxburghshire, Scotland, but for many years past a resident of the Monumental City. My residence was on Howard street.

In the struggle of death there is no outward pain, nor is there any felt within. It is merely to sleep, with all sensation hushed, for a few moments, then to be awakened into a realization of life and beauty. Some stand dumfounded with the pressure that comes; others again leap forward, as it were, to catch the thought of having life perpetual. But as for me, I stood sentinel, and viewed the scenes around me practically; and that which seemed most suited to my state I took as mine; and now I feel content with a home that does not rob man of his individuality.

The password goes around. Work, or the faculties will become benumbed, and you will not see God nor his handiwork. Make good the time that lies before you, and cultivate that which was uncultured, and then God, instead of being narrowed down to a speciality, will grow broad and strong and powerful—not powerful to destroy, but powerful to save; not to save man from hell, but to save him from ignorance.

Thus I view the spirit-world, and thus I speak of it from my own standpoint of practicality.

Sarah Croger Campbell.

In Upper Derby, on the 24th, I died—Sarah Croger Campbell. I was the widow Mr. Campbell, formerly of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in the eighty-sixth year of my age; and it was in January my body was taken to the Upland Baptist Church, and from that to the burial ground. The feeling is one of delight to mingle again with the people of earth, telling them of our proper conditions in the good land where the spirits go. Formerly I had not the advantage to know and understand about the going and the coming, but the good angels have taught me, and I think it very bright, beautiful and desirable.

I cannot, my dear inquiring friends, see any harm that it can place at your doors; I think, if you investigate it truthfully and honestly, it will make you better men and better women; and make you understand that God lives in the grass and in the stone and in the water, as well as in man and woman. He is no personality, but diffuses his power within and around every one that seeks him. My heart throbs with youth, for old age and infirmity have passed away.

Mrs. Mary Magruder.

Let the dream of death be told. Let every one answer for himself, whether it were better to live than to die. I sought not death, but it came and I was compelled to accept it. I stand a novice in the realm of light and beauty, asking to be advanced, asking to be tutored.

Oh, the heart is warm in all its feelings for the dear ones I have left behind, for they feel as I felt, the grave is so cold, so chilled, and when the sod is placed upon the coffin what a dull sound it gives; it makes kindred and friends feel as if the world had lost all its beauty. They look down into the grave for the one they so dearly loved, thinking that he or she be there; but that is from false education; the mouldering form only goes back to pay its debt to mother earth, the spirit goes on and on, gathering, as far as its capabilities will allow, knowledge and understanding.

I died at Annapolis, Maryland, after a long, severe and painful illness. "I was in the month of April. I was the wife of Judge Daniel Magruder. My name was Mary, and if the chance occurs that their eyes will see these lines they will see and feel the correctness of my individuality. It is not lost, either in death or in time, and if I was more advanced, more freely and more openly would I have power to explain the beautiful life into which I have passed.

Husband, I have only gone to meet my father; he knew me and I knew him. The reunion is one that language cannot convey to the minds of the living. Be content, and feel that if power is mine, in days to come, I will speak more fully of that heavenly home which God, the Father, has fashioned for his children.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

at the Public Free Circle held at this office. In order to make ready for our building, the Stances have been temporarily suspended. They will be resumed on Tuesday, September 5th.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I will now consider them.

Ques.—Are there tides in the affairs of men, in finance, &c., as there are tides in the sea?

Ans.—Not exactly as the waves roll up across the sea, but if you closely observe life you will find that once in about so long a time a tidal wave seems to sweep over the world, which carries with it darkness and gloom to the financial world, and makes men look about them and gaze upon their fellowmen with distrust. We believe there is law in what is termed the science of astrology. We believe that the planets govern much of what is called the fate of man. You may call it fatalism, if you choose, we care not if you do; yet if you closely observe the planetary world you will find that when disturbances occur there, there are disturbances here—not exactly as the tides of the sea are governed, and yet there is a similarity. Once in so long a time there are freshets, devastations, floods, &c., over the world, not only in one place, but correspondingly in another. Then at other times crime seems to sweep over the land. You may hang, if you choose, never so many, thinking to stop all this, but after every hanging you will find there are more murders committed, for a tide of crime and wickedness seems to be sweeping over the world. Your financial affairs are following the same law. Your world is governed, more or less, by the planetary world.

I may not have made my answer plain, for it would take too long to enter fully into a question like this—it involves a great deal. I have simply answered it briefly.

Ann M. Bradley.

I have cast off the old form. I stand a liberated spirit, enjoying the privilege of a spirit-home, of communion with friends passed on long before, clasping the hand again of a father and mother, and the dear ones, the little ones that I have seen fade away from time to time from out the earth-life. I have a home so pleasant, so beautiful, surrounded by the most delightful scenery!

I can reach from my windows the beautiful flowers. The birds are singing sweetly all about me, and I listen to the music which comes from a distance. Oh, this is the real world, the true world. I had lived out my days of usefulness, it seemed to me, yet there were those that loved me.

Many years I lived on earth—eighty-eight years. Probably many of you will never live to see so long a life as that; yet it was not tiresome to me, only at times. I tried to do the best I could. There were times when I felt that I had glimpses of the spiritual, when the spiritual seemed so near to me, when I felt that I could almost look into eternity.

I have realized it now, and I care not for the suffering which I passed through on earth, for it is all effaced, and I can stand in happiness and gaze upon the surroundings of earth, knowing that it will all be well in the end. Ann M. Bradley, of New Haven, Conn.

Willets H. Fargo.

I left my old box, such as it was, at Decatur, Ill., on the 14th, I believe, of February. I want to report myself on the safe side of life, and I suppose this is the place to telegraph, is it not? [Yes.] Well, I've some friends down here I'd like to telegraph to, that they may know that Willets H. Fargo still lives.

Annie Gibson.

Does anybody come here, sir? [Oh, yes; all are welcome.] Will what I say be written down? [Yes.] Well, maybe I shan't say it very straight, but I've got a mother and a father, and mother feels about my going away. I don't feel bad about it now, but I did when I first came here. It did not seem like home; I wanted mother, but I've got used to it now. I thought I'd like to ask them if they would go to see some mediums. Don't you s'pose I could talk through somebody to 'em? [I think you could.] If they'd go and see 'em? This ain't the only place, is it? I know it is not, because I've heard about it. You can tell them I came from Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. I am Annie Gibson. I was twelve years old. I am the daughter of Colonel Gibson and Harriet L. Gibson.

Emily Aldrich.

'T was dark and cold, and my heart was lonely and my soul was sad. They said I was mad. I could not help it if I was. I felt as though I had nothing to live for; all was swept away, and I longed to be swept away too. They told me that it was wicked to take one's life, but I felt that I should get away from all trouble, and I threw myself into the river; but I met loved ones here who told me I should have remained, and worked on till the end came. Oh, I could not, it was so bitter to me! They know not what I suffered, how my brain burned, how sore my heart was! They never realized it, for I kept it as much within as I possibly could; but the kind ones are helping me here, and this good lady said [Mrs. Conant] if you'll go and talk, you will feel better—she seems to sympathize with the suffering ones of earth—and I came hoping it will do me good. Yes, there are friends here. Tell them I am happier. I am sorry I committed suicide, and yet I am glad, glad that my brain feels better, glad that some one holds out a sympathizing hand and helps me along. I see a bright light coming, and I know I will be better when it reaches me and overshadows me. My name was Emily Aldrich, in the Tioga Mill Race, near Tioga Mill, near the Great Rapids.

Hosea Ballou.

The question comes to me from minds on earth saying, "Watchman, tell us of the night. What are the signs of promise for the coming future? Why are Spiritualists and why are mediums arrayed in battle against Spiritualists and mediums, and why are mediums so severely criticised and made so unhappy? Will the time ever come when there will be less jealousy and more of love?" We answer that the present hour is one filled up with labor, both in the spirit-world and in your world. It has become too easy a matter to tear down the reputation of some honest man or woman, because they cannot make

everything come to our ideas. It has become too common a thing for mediums to get jealous of one of another, fearing that one bright star might eclipse all the little candles that were burning. They forget that the smallest candle, however dim its light, is just as important to the world of spirits as is the brightest star that speaks the grandest truths from some rostrum, celebrated for its intelligence. The little ray has been just as important to the spirit-world, in communicating with earth, as has the most beautiful language that has fallen from the lips of some of our fully developed mediums. The medium who does his or her work in some secluded room is just as much a worker in the field, for the spirits, as is the lady who sits before you to-day. No matter if the message in the little room is never heard beyond its walls, it does its good, it has its effect upon the mortal; it does, perhaps, just as much good as our voice will do as we speak to you publicly.

The time has come now when mediums begin to realize this; that if they would work in power and bring power to earth, they must be true-hearted and strong; they must work as bands of brothers and sisters, true to themselves and true to the angel world. The day has arrived when Spiritualists themselves must understand that they are dealing with strange conditions; that as they bring the thread, the mediums make the cloth for them; and if, when they have been to some medium for a sitting, they go home and find their cloth soiled and full of holes, they must look into their own souls and ask if they did not prepare the thread and carry it there to be woven. We say to you to-day that the time is not far distant when there will be a stronger power at work than ever before, when mediums will take hold of each other's hands and stand by each other in all things that are true and good. Spiritualists will soon learn this lesson—not to condemn until they are sure.

We have answered the question given to us, really to the best of our ability. We would now only say this: Be true to yourselves, and never fear but that the angel-world will be true to you.

I have seen one fight like this before, when Universalism first was preached around in your country; and in your city it was said that we were possessed of devils, that there was no good or truth in us. If there was anything stolen, it was supposed that a Universalist might have stolen it; if any bad act was performed, it was supposed that a Universalist might have done it. All the tatters which are attached to the garments of Spiritualism in these days were hung upon our garments in the olden days. We have gradually gone on and up, in our turn, as a denomination, and now are looking back and criticizing those more liberal than ourselves; but from the spirit-world I reach forth my hand to you, and as in olden times, I take for my guide the light of conscience, believing in the grand fatherhood of God, knowing that he loves all his children alike, that there is no favoritism with him. Then, while as a spirit I can assist you as Spiritualists and the world, I am with you. Hosea Ballou.

Simon Morton.

It seems to me that after a feller gets into this box it's hard staying in. I don't s'pose it makes any difference what kind of chap gets in, does it? Now that old feller that's just gone out—he was a pretty pious kind of a looking man. You see he's one of the band that's standing round. I didn't think he'd be willing I'd come in, but he opened the door and in I got. Now I tell you what it is, Mr. Chairman, it's dreadful hard work trying to do three things at once. First, you've got to get in; then you've got to hold on; and then you've got to think and make somebody's else tongue go. It's very hard work! I don't wonder we fellers make such blunders when we get round here. I don't see why, if you're going to have everybody come, why you don't get a box that's big enough to hold somebody, or do these little boxes hold the most? I feel as if I was squeezed. Now I was about six feet in my stockings, and weighed, I guess, about a hundred and seventy-five, and it's pretty hard kind of traveling. However, I've come, and I don't know what I've come for; come 'cause I wanted to, I guess.

Well, now, Mr. Chairman, I don't know how to make a speech; if I did I'd make one; but since I've been up here I've felt as though I'd like to get back and undo some of the confounded, miserable work I did when I was here, and that's just the reason this old gentleman said to me, "Get in," I suppose. If you can save me, I want to be saved. If you can stop me from thinking, why, all right; if you can't, I'll have to go on just the same as I have done for the last five or six years.

I used to live down in Galveston, a good ways from here, and—well! sometimes I behaved pretty well and sometimes I did n't. I used to drink some, and gambled a good deal. I don't know as I ever stole anything any other way, but I was rather of a rough, break-neck sort of a man. I met with an accident, got into a row, and got a rap with of the head, and a slap in the breast, that finished me up, I s'pose. 'Fore I went down there, I broke the heart of all the friends I had. I was an only child; I didn't have many to mourn for me. I lived to be about forty years old; long enough to live, if you couldn't do any better. Now, I've made my first public speech, Mr. Chairman, and if you think it's going to ease my conscience, I shall be glad. It's s'pose I've got to sign my name to my will. It's Simon Morton. I'm much obliged to you. You've treated me a great deal better than I deserve to be treated.

Emma Day.

'T is sweet to live so that when you leave earth and earthly things you can enjoy the spiritual. 'T is sweet to be able to come back and bring flowers instead of thorns, to throw out the seeds of love and harmony rather than to throw out the seeds of discord. Life was a sad life to me, because I loved so strongly—so strongly and too well, they said. I could not help it. Life had been to me a blank, and when he came, it seemed a bright star in my existence; but instead of taking to my heart a thornless rose full of beauty and delight, 't was the old story—the serpent turned while love's tide was overflowing my very soul, and stung me to the death. Life was not long after that, for when the blue eyes of that little babe, born to me outside of wedlock, closed in the sleep of death, there was naught to tie me to the earth, for who cared for the outcast, who cared for her who, they said, had fallen!

Fallen! Oh, how many to-day are there that hear the word fallen, and none to save! I was not bad; my soul was strong. I loved truly, and saw not that I was yielding to a tempter, and

to a serpent, yet my friends shrugged their shoulders, passed me by, and left me to die an outcast. But the angels bled me, and I clasped again that blue eyed babe, born of his soul and mine. I found a mother in spirit-life ready to save and guide me, and I found the angels called me not fallen, but only weak. They pushed me not aside, but strengthened and sustained me, and to-day I can come as a ministering angel to earth, and though I had the cold shoulder turned to me, yet never while memory lasts, never while there is breath to breathe in spirit-life will I ever bring thorns to those of earth. I come but to add my story to many others, hoping it may teach some souls here when they would say of one "she's fallen," to turn aside and see if they cannot strengthen her and help her to turn back and row her boat up against the current to the shore of safety. Call me, Emma Day, of Montreal.

Controlling Spirit.

Well, friends, again we must bid you good afternoon, having given you all we find before us, trusting there have been some lessons of wisdom here to-day. May God and the angels bless you, and keep you safe, and may you be true to yourselves, believing ever in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

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Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Rockvale, Ogle County, Ill., June 1st, 1876, Mrs. Nancy James, wife of John James. She was born in the town of Antrim, Hillsborough County, N. H., on the 25th of November, 1808—consequently was 75 years and 6 months old when she died.

Mrs. James joined the Presbyterian church when she was about twenty-nine years old, though she did not, and could not, fully endorse its tenets. About the year 1850, she began to investigate the gospel of Spiritualism, and, reading the "Banner of Light," she was a subscriber, and listening to lectures on the subject, she became a firm believer in spirit-communication, and often declared that she was "in the spirit-world." She passed on to her fatherland, but was not positive to her husband, "I had rather wait but one more day with the Banner, than to have three meals without it; I cannot give it up." It was renewed for another year, and was a comfort to her during her protracted illness. She passed on in full faith of meeting friends in the spirit-world who had gone before. A large concourse of her neighbors attended her funeral, and followed her remains to the grave, and much sympathetic feeling was manifested. She was a very kind neighbor, and a good, humble and lovely Christian; and her belief in Spiritualism increased her Christian virtues.

From Charleston, West Virginia, June 1st, 1876, Thomas Moore, in the 75th year of his age.

For several years he has been in a great degree helpless from a paralytic stroke in his right side, but during the last few days of his physical life his decline was very rapid. He was a man of great energy and vigor, and was a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, which faith he had enjoyed for nearly forty years, and as the period of his mortal existence drew to a close he felt ready and anxious to enter upon the realities of the higher life. He admonished his friends that when he had passed away they should not regard him as "dead," but as "passed on to a higher and better life."

On the 23d of April Dr. A. J. Gridley, of Southampton, Mass., aged 74 years.

He had lived a life of activity and great usefulness, and was respected and beloved by friends and neighbors. He was a champion in the cause of Spiritualism, having been among the first to embrace its holy teachings. His loss is deeply felt among friends and neighbors. But as he was a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, which faith he had enjoyed for nearly forty years, and as the period of his mortal existence drew to a close he felt ready and anxious to enter upon the realities of the higher life. He admonished his friends that when he had passed away they should not regard him as "dead," but as "passed on to a higher and better life."

From Larissa, Cherokee County, Texas, May 28th, E. N. Bass, aged 67 years.

He was a firm Spiritualist, an earnest advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy, and has enjoyed the reading of the Banner—which he highly prized—for the last seventeen years.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of forty type averages ten words.]

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