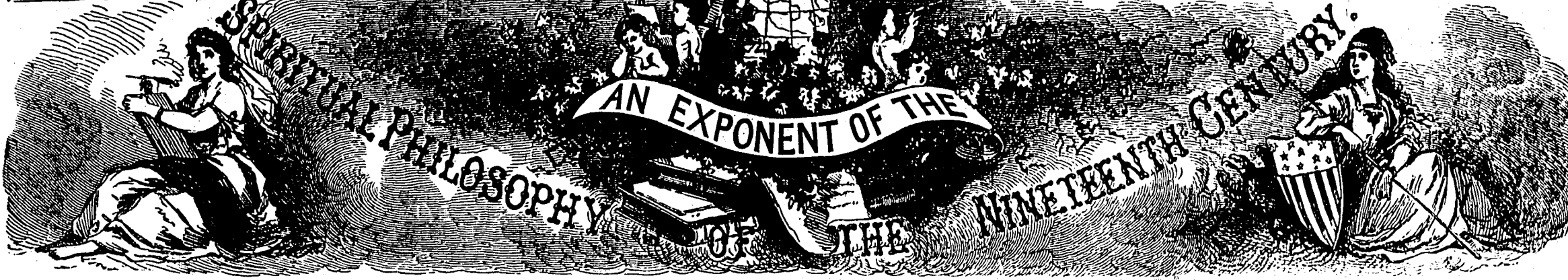


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Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"Spiritual Solvents," a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.
SECOND PAGE.—"A New Wave of Spiritualism," by William F. Plimburgh; "The Angel's Whisper in a Prisoner's Cell," by Grace Leland; "Materializations in Denver," by The Spirits' Book; "Words of Cheer," by The Spirits' Book.
THIRD PAGE.—Interesting Banner Correspondence: "Aton Locke to Tom Brown—Summer Vacation," "Psychometry or Soul-Reading," by Mrs. A. B. Severance; "Spirits and Mediums," "Anniversary Meeting at Sturge, Mich."
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial articles: "Crumbs of Comfort for Orthodox," "Preaching and Practice," "The One Great Secret," "Spirit Materialization Proved—Drawings Visibly Made by Spirits," "The Ministry of Angels," "Drainage and Typhoid," etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—"Spiritualism in England," Short Editorials; New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danck and Mrs. Jennie S. Rudi; Obituary Notices, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and other Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—"Pearls," "New Publications," "Brief Paragraphs," Advertisements.

The Rostrum.

SPIRITUAL SOLVENTS.

A Lecture delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan in Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening April 30th, 1876, under the inspiration of "Phenix."

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—The subject under which I appear to-night is one which will be recognized by those who knew me upon earth. To those who did not know me my synonym or proper name would have no especial significance. Therefore I choose to present the thoughts I have to offer not because of any importance you may attach to my earthly name, but because of the spiritual significance that lies beyond those thoughts. "SPIRITUAL SOLVENTS" is the theme of my discourse.

You will remember that among the ancients, earth, air, fire and water were considered all the elements of life, and that from these were supposed to radiate or emanate every form of existence. In my discourse to-night I shall use the word "primates" with reference to the original substances of which the earth is supposed to be made; I shall use the word "approximates" with reference to any intermediate states between primate and ultimate; I shall use the word "ultimate" with reference to the destiny of primates as a distinction between the past and the future function of atoms; and I shall use all these terms relatively, because in the significance of the vocabulary of science you are aware that terms as well as ideas undergo a change, and therefore no term can be final until there is a finality in matter.

Earth, air, fire and water, instead of being elements, therefore, are only solvents of some sixty or seventy primates which science has discovered, and these solvents retain all existing atoms in their present stages of development, and make up whatever there is of physical existence.

In my earthly life I made the study of chemical science my speciality. Interested in all branches of human knowledge—I believe there was no subject of human interest that I did not endeavor in some degree to pursue—the analysis not of the phases of atomic life but of the something that lies behind that which science is ever in pursuit of, the primary source of things, was to me of special interest. In this pursuit I discovered that not what things seem to be, but the expression of what they really are, constitutes the essence of life. I found that no primate had been discovered as an atomic existence, but only the approximates, which up to the present date are considered as primates because they are not capable of being solved, but which, if there were found a greater solvent than the present earth, the present air, the present water, the present fire, or any present chemical combination, undoubtedly could be again resolved into other combinations, and we should be as far from the original elements or essences as before.

I obtained my belief in spiritual existence while upon earth by reasoning from analogy. In this manner: You take two supposed elements, such as oxygen and hydrogen; combine them in certain proportions and you have a certain result, the supposed result of added function being the result of their combination. I arrived at the conclusion, therefore, that from the combination of substances in the human mind is derived organized power, and added capacity or function. For instance, water and fire produce steam, and a certain state of the gases which constitute water by evaporation becomes air. Carbon is sometimes a gas; in the solidified form it is coal. In a still more solidified form it is the diamond. I therefore presumed that the various stages of existence called matter might in a more refined degree be termed spirit, and I was ready to believe in immortality upon that basis. Besides, I found by experiment that the chemical components of things did not constitute all there was in them. For instance, I found certain chemical combinations existing in chalk and in marble. I found that the limestone of the quarry after it had passed through the processes of heating varied from the lime in the human system. I discovered that the added functions were the phosphates, and these phosphates constituted the bases of organic or human life. I discovered what I believed to be a true theory, that whenever any substance or primate is combined with another substance in human or other form it derives an added power; hence that primates become refined by association and by organized life. I concluded, therefore, that the result of all this trituration and refinement must eventually be spirit; and with this idea I entered spiritual existence, having fully possessed myself of a knowledge of all manifestations existing for the first quarter of a century of Modern Spiritualism.

But when I entered spiritual life I discovered, to my amazement, that my premises were wrong; that, instead of matter deriving an added function that would lead to spirit, spirit itself is the organizing power and the great solvent of all material existences; that, instead of spirit being the outgrowth of organization, as I had reasoned erroneously, spirit itself is the centre from which organization, by its various laws and processes, must emanate, and that I must change my basis

of reasoning if I would have my arguments correct.

You will remember that when the Copernican system took the place of ancient astronomy, the ancients considered the earth as the centre, and all astronomical calculations were predicated upon that supposed fact. Since the discovery was made that the sun is the centre instead of the earth, all astronomical calculations have been based not with reference to their seeming relation to the earth, but with reference to the actual relation of the planets to the centre. I found, on entering spirit-life, that I must change my centre; that, instead of time and space, atoms and organized life, instead of the various processes of physical science, I must make the centre spiritual. Do you not comprehend that, inasmuch as the seeming revolution of planets is around the earth, but the real revolution is around the sun, so science herself must take into consideration, in dealing with occult forces, that that which seems to the senses to be may differ greatly from that which actually is? For instance, specific gravity is a thing that can be annihilated outside of or by removing the earth's atmosphere, and varies in degree only in proportion to the atmosphere and supposed density of the body. Eliminate weight, as you must do if you go beyond the earth's atmosphere, measurement, impenetrability, anything that is supposed to belong to matter and material existence, and you will readily perceive that you must have a change of base for any scientific calculation or illustration. You proceed to annihilate space and time by invention. What the stage coach failed to do is performed by steam, and distance is no longer measured by miles, but by the few hours or moments required to traverse the space between two points. Therefore in that degree time and space are measurably annihilated—approximately so. Electricity has performed what steam failed to do, and a message may now be transmitted in a few seconds that formerly required as many days or weeks. This is annihilating space and time by subtle substances. Now suppose a substance more rapid than electricity, swifter than light in its traversing—that substance to be thought, annihilating time and space and density and every attribute of matter. This is spirit. You will readily perceive that it is only a series of gradations from the rapidity of lightning or the magnetic telegraph to that of thought itself, and yet it has been supposed to be a wide and almost impassable chasm. You will perceive that when once you admit the possibility of a change of centre in scientific calculations, the whole subject becomes open to a vast system of analogous laws that do not in any way interfere with established science, but open up another realm of super-science not supposed to belong to human existence. The senses of man, as I have often stated before my demise, are far more deceptive than the mind. What the eye sees is only an approximate vision; you are not certain of your sight. The focus may be wrong; a slight change in an optical instrument or in your visual organs may invert the whole system of the universe. I whirl a lighted stick before you, and it seems to be a wheel. There is no wheel there, but you declare, upon the testimony of your eyes, that there is a wheel of light. The vibrations are more rapid than will make an impression upon the visual organ, and, therefore, there seems to be a circular light. Sound is equally deceptive, and the sense of touch can be perhaps more easily deceived than any other. When, therefore, you consider that physical science has such an imperfect basis as external observation; that the space between atoms and worlds has been bridged over only by mental science; that, by positive mathematical prophecy, planets have been discovered long before they could be revealed to the vision of man; that my wonderful teacher, Kepler, the prophet of astronomical science, discovered a system of philosophy that lay beyond vision; that I, Herschel, with more than prophetic vision, perceived the distant sun round which your own system revolves, not by natural vision, not even by the aid of the senses, but by that subtle law of mathematical analogy which interpenetrates all science—you will be prepared for any change in the basis of scientific approximates that will bring you nearer and nearer to a correct understanding of the laws of the universe.

So far as I have investigated in spiritual science there is no external light, no external heat, no external fire, water or other combination of substances required to constitute the reality of spiritual existence. I use the word "external" in its strictly organic sense, and with reference to those substances that you consider as things, but which investigated by the eye of supermundane science become resemblances of things, and which, instead of being impenetrable as iron, or any solid substance is supposed to be, are not only penetrable, but also a shadow compared to the realities of existence. I find the solvents of spiritual life are those of thought and its primordial source, spirit. Conversation is the solvent between two or more persons in a company. At first they are impervious; there is a solid barrier of egotism around each individual, somewhat resembling what Dr. Franklin would term the film of resistance between atoms, and this egotism prevents anything like exchange of thought or qualities except through music, conversation, or some other social solvent. Deeper still, the law of sympathy determines what shall be the degree of communication between two persons, and Emerson has well said substantially this: that the art of conversation consists of people thinking alike and approaching near each other, instead of fighting a duel of ideas or words. As conversation is a solvent between mind and mind on earth, and as all social analogies bear me out in saying that the nearer human beings approach to the spiritual the more conversation there is, and the more do they know each other, and that while men are immersed in their senses, and preserve a barrier of sense and egotism there is no acquaintance, and when this barrier is removed there is acquaintance and conversation, and the souls come nearer together, you will understand what I mean when I say that as life—i. e., air, and sunlight and water—is the great solvent of material elements, so Death is the great solvent of spiritual elements.

You have no idea into what a world of wonderful solutions you are admitted as you pass through that magical change. You have no idea how many walls are removed, how many barriers are taken away, and how the soul leaps into the light of the new-found elements even as a butterfly into the summer air. You have no idea what this process does by unlocking the gateways of all these mysteries that were supposed to be veiled by matter, time and sense. Why, we speak of chemical science on earth as though it were a finality and had arrived at the very soul of things, and that nothing could be done after chemistry had performed all that she could do; but I have known of a perfume to be in my room for months that I could not detect by chemical analysis, and I have tried it. I have known of subtle elements

and changes of combination to exist in chemical properties that I could detect by no experiment chemically, yet which produced a palpable effect upon my senses, and upon the spiritual and social energies of those present. I was, therefore, prepared somewhat for the golden key which Death placed in my hand when I passed beyond the external into the spiritual life. It was more like release from prison than anything else. I thought myself sufficiently universal, and I was accused of being rather too much so for the exact and accurate man of science. It was stated that I dabbled too much in every science to be excellent in any, and though I never failed to comprehend any specialty of science I still believed that none had arrived at the ultimate solution. I say, therefore, when Death placed in my hand this golden and mysterious key it was as though morning had just dawned, as though I had never had a thought before, and as though all the plodding and tread-mill methods of earthly existence in a scientific direction had been like a child groping in the dark. Some of the ways had led me toward thought, but none of them had led me into the actual realm of thought. Some of the avenues and channels had led me toward the right direction, but none of them had led me to the gateway, even to the outermost gateway, of the real temple of science.

My first experience was that the removal of the physical body changed the order of sensation, and that, instead of experiencing sensations from without acting upon the mind, and thereby, inversely, action being reproduced in thought and conversation, my sensations were all from within, and I gradually traversed the entire period of my earthly life by an introspective process. I soon found that things objective to my external senses were no longer so to my spiritual senses, and what I had supposed to be merely a subjective and imaginary existence, the æsthetic realm of my idealism and somewhat overwrought taste, were the realities of my existence, and all forms of music, poetry, whatever in life had appealed to my love of the beautiful, everything that I had grouped in the shape of art or imagery, became realities in my new existence, and the atoms seemed to blossom out before me expressing these thoughts. My first idea was that this was some picture conjured up by some guardian spirit or friend to make my introduction to spirit-life more agreeable. There was a sufficient number of things that were not agreeable, however, and these were also the results of my own life and experience—the exact counterpart spiritually of what I had performed materially, but revealed with reference to their spiritual significance. I discovered, instead of matter being impenetrable as I had scientifically supposed, that I readily passed into and out of my earthly dwelling, that I came in contact with no external substance to my injury, and that I seemed to pervade those substances as one would suppose the air to be pervaded by an aroma or an essence. I perceived, however, that my friends did not recognize my presence, but that I could often produce a mental vibration which they would act upon without being conscious of the source from whence it came. In this way I could influence my daughters, or the members of my family, producing decided action on their part without their being aware of whence the action proceeded. I was told by the spirit who attended me that this power was the result of my rare more volition, but I found it to be something more than I had supposed volition to be. I found it absolute intention, creative power almost, in the way of producing conduct and thought in others. I then was told that the secret of this power was clairvoyance, or clair-vision. To know definitely what one wishes to do, is the great secret of spiritual power. Any thought that is worth thinking, any system of thought that is worth following, is worth thinking clearly; and the difficulty with people in earthly life is, and often it was with me, that the thought is not clearly arranged in the mind before expression is attempted. This is why conversation is so vague, why words mean such a variety of things, and why a story, as it passes from mouth to mouth, becomes entirely perverted. The clairvoyance is not there. You do not will and think clearly; the action is too contingent; circumstances govern too much, and the idea within the mind is not the legitimate outgrowth of the thought itself.

These incidental experiences, however, were but the stepping-stones, as birth is the stepping-stone to the life that shall follow, or as childhood is the intermediate state between birth and actual existence. I found one by one the qualities of my mind developing themselves in reference to this clair-vision faculty, and not only clairvoyance but the mind itself seemed to have eyes and the senses became centred in the all-pervading perception of things, which did not require sight, nor hearing, nor touch, but simple presence. I then became aware that the location of spiritual existence must be in my mind, wherever my affections would lead, and straight away, after my first surprise was over, and my first attempt to soothe the grief of my family, I wished with as much clearness as possible that I might be transported to the spiritual state I was best qualified to enter. There seemed to open what would appear like the lower neck of a balloon or sphere and before my mind a luminous pathway, luminous by no external sun or star, but a light emanating from itself, and I found myself borne along the track of this pathway as one might be transported along a railway, only seemingly with much more velocity. I could not judge of the speed, because there were no intermediate objects whereby I could determine, but the earth itself, so far as I was concerned, held only one point, and that was the abode of my friends. This sphere seemed a hundred times larger than the outer world, and increased in size as I approached it. I found then that I had been led by another will superior to my own, who had acted upon, stimulated and directed the channel of thought through which I had passed, but at the same time that this new birth or existence left my faculties quite free, left me in full possession of all the qualities of mind which I had possessed upon earth, and with fewer imperfections of thought, so far as intellect was concerned, than I was then aware of.

But I felt a spiritual poverty. I mean to say that I seemed to exist in the atmosphere of intellect, of intelligence, of intellectual perception, but I missed the aura of spiritual power. I never could pray when I lived on earth. I had no religious experiences of my own; indeed, I never knew that there was a spirit except what I received through my intellect demonstrated through the mediumship or spirituality of others. I never saw a spirit clairvoyantly; therefore my spiritual perceptions seemed to be vague. I was conscious of an obscurity of the light beyond, as if some portion of the sphere in which I had entered were in an eclipse. I asked the spirit that seemed my attendant, whose name I did not know, but whose aura was very bright, to explain this. He said to me, "This is the spiritual atmosphere, which, because you did not possess it, or it was

not cultivated, leaves you in spiritual darkness, but, through the intellect, through ideality, through refinement of a somewhat cultivated taste, you are admitted to a portion of the sphere which your spirit will eventually inhabit." I cannot tell you how brilliant the air seemed as we passed scintillant, and the atoms kindled. I perceived that it was not by any external lustre of sun or planet, but the luminousness of my attendant guide and myself. My luminousness seemed reflected from him; I wore no brightness of my own, but only a brightness borrowed from his presence. I said, "Why is this? You are luminous, and I am like the moon, simply a reflected light." He said, "There can be no light unless there is spiritual power first, and as the power you possess is only that of intellect you must shine with a borrowed light until the spiritual has birth." Not that I was devoid of a spirit, but the spirit had not pervaded the attributes and qualities of my mind. I had lived in the external senses. I possessed the intellectual consciousness of a recognized proof of immortality, but had not seen it through my spiritual faculties. I did not possess the intuition that would give me a knowledge of it; therefore my spiritual windows were blind; I was in an obscurity, and because of this I must shine by the light of my teacher and friend until I could develop the spiritual quality. I felt as a babe or a dwarf then in the presence of a giant; even as one who is blind in the presence of those who see clearly.

As we approached the sphere, which seemed to grow larger and larger, and finally became a world of itself, I discovered degrees of brightness, and I said, "What are these?" "These are the different grades or states of mind in the same sphere. While as a whole they agree, there are still stages and degrees of thought among them, and the luminousness varies in proportion to their spiritual exaltation." While the lower, most state seemed to be of a blue grayish tint, I most state stretching far into the distance, as though the zenith were there, a shining flame like sun. I could distinguish no objects, but my attendant said that was the centre round which radiated all these souls, and that these were as planets round a central sun of intelligence and power. I then perceived that not the law of gravitation, nor of the motion of the heavenly bodies in the solar system, nor of planets, governed these mysterious states or spheres, but that the centre of gravitation was the spirit itself, and the great luminary beyond must be a group of brighter spirits and more divine minds who radiated their brightness upon those around them, until by degrees they were merged in the shadows where I stood. I assure you that any knowledge which I possessed while upon earth, and even the approximate comprehension of the wonderful structure of the heavenly system and of the earth itself, sank into insignificance, and I could feel, almost before I was aware of it, that in some of these stages of thought, far above my reach and comprehension, there must dwell the giant minds whom I had worshiped, the prophets of science whom I had adored, who, with loftier vision than myself, had attained the spiritual as they had the material heights of science. I could then feel my guide pouring the radiance of his mind upon me, and I knew that he was one who in earthly life, as well as in spiritual existence, I had at a distance worshiped, because the minutest atom seemed revealed to him, and the worlds were alike known, and spoke a language. As he turned to me it was none other than Humboldt, the genius of the century, who gave the cosmos of science, as Plato gave the cosmos of philosophy to the world. And when he thus led me I perceived that he also slackened his pace, and (as though he would wait for me to follow), turned toward the heights that were above him. But even he did not possess the rare brilliance of those higher states or spheres. I could perceive a diminishing light; he was great to me, but there were those beyond him that were as saints and apostles in science; and I could even imagine—though I did not see in palpable vision—Galileo smiling down from a grander height, and the wonderful mysteries of even the Platonic periods pictured in the air above and around us.

I was promised by the singular process of thought which enveloped me that I should become aware of the mysteries of science; but, even as an academic student or a collegian with the introduction of new methods is obliged to unlearn what he has learned before, even as science supercedes science, and that which one age invents and discovers transcends the thought of the previous age, so the various mantles of thought and science in which I had seemed to clothe and adorn myself while upon earth must gradually fall from me. I took them off one by one as I passed with my guide through these singular spheres. First I threw off the cloak of absolute physicality. Then I threw off the mist that surrounded my intelligence concerning matter, its positiveness, its impenetrability, its absolute existence. I discovered it to be relative. I then threw off any idea of time or space in connection with spiritual existence. For I assure you after my birth into spiritual life I could not tell, for an instant, whether my earthly existence had been a thousand years or one, or whether the experience that I reviewed had all been centered in an hour or a million centuries. Such is the rapidity of thought and such its import, any intense experience in life becomes a day, and the dull routine of existence seems the monotony of a million years. But after a while the mind again rebounded, and as I could trace the days and years of my earthly life they seemed as nothing, seconds of time compared to the vistas that opened before me, the minds that I seemed to see peering the sphere into which I was led and the radiations of light that came out as if by common consent from one great centre and from various smaller centres in this region of space. Then I said: "Is this the entire spirit-world?" "Oh, no," said my guide, "this is only a congregation or sphere of kindred scientific minds, who in divers directions are associated together for the development of spiritual thought; but, pointing to different radiations like the radii of a single luminary when there are only tubes or channels leading from it, he said, 'these are avenues that link us to other spheres, whither by attraction, purpose, wish, ministrations or desire we may be led, and these spheres again lead to other interlinking spheres, until the whole of space is peopled by similar bodies.'"

The outside of this sphere as we approached it seemed luminous. As we entered the inner portion it enlarged, and presented to the vision the aspect of a surface with an overarching dome. Distance and space always assume those forms, and even to the spiritual vision there is the same conformation in spiritual space. I found that I was not dependent upon the utterance of thought in speech for an expression, nor for an answer from my guide; that instead of the earthly senses I possessed one abiding sense of perception, and was aware of every thought my mind was capable of receiving. When a new thought was ad-

vanced I seemed to listen. No word reached me as sound reaches the human ear, produced by vibrations upon their, but there came directly into my consciousness a vibration similar to that of sound—a mental vibration—and I watched for the gradual growth of my consciousness to understand the thought, just as a deaf person hears a sound partially and waits for the mind to interpret the sound into a little vague. Then, spiritually, I found that I must wait and wait, till the inward consciousness expanded to receive the ideas of the mind; I grew more and more conscious of the exercise of those surpassing spiritual powers that I mean to convey the idea of through sympathy, through the love of the thought that my attendant spirit possessed, and I found that intensity increased that even the vision of Dante became more and more fulfilled and revealed to my consciousness; namely, that the will or desire of my spirit interpreted to my understanding the thought and the vision which the guide would convey. Then I exclaimed, "Must I unlearn all that I have learned on earth? Must I reverse the methods of thought?" He said, "You must begin at the beginning. Science on earth is but an approximate result of spirit and matter. In spiritual life you have the primary. The essences are here; what-never acts upon matter, its prototype is found here, and spirits exercise the functions of creative existence." When I did not understand this he explained further that though I perceived mind acting upon the space around me in the form of creating luminousness and light, to which light there was no seeming vibration because no external atmosphere, light itself has no existence as an entity or essence, and is only the result of vibration caused by force. When, therefore, spiritual light exists it is the force of the mind acting upon the atmosphere spiritually surrounding the individual. Then I said: "Is it true that out of seeming nothingness creation could have sprung?" I then perceived that chaos itself is peopled with far more real and heavenly bodies and substances than the earth, which is the grave of centuries and ages of time.

I was then introduced into a sphere where there seemed to radiate scintillations of thought and mind upon atmospheres that were distant, and I could perceive in the centre, as though holding out lines of light, one whom I could not but feel was Kepler himself. "Now," I said, "I shall learn in what manner spirits discover the sciences which upon earth are the result of so much toil and labor." I could see that these lines of light radiated from his mind, and were propelled in proportion to his will; that they gradually outspread, until whatever planet or world he wished to study was brought within the sphere of these lines of light. Then said my teacher, "Every spirit possessing knowledge and power can at any time discover a planet, its condition, its density, the state of its inhabitants and the various qualities pertaining to it, by such will power as you perceive there." I failed to know when I should possess even the shadow of such power, but my guide said, "Do not be discouraged; have you any one on earth whom you wish to benefit?" "Certainly," I said, and I straightway thought of some one dear to me, whose life I might make or wish to make more beautiful. He said, "Think intently of that person." I thought, and as though a lens had been presented to my vision, I saw not only the spiritual state but the earthly habitation of that person—saw the condition of mind and body, and, by the effort of my will, I could read the thought passing in the mind, which was sorrowful and full of pain. He said, "Now will I change that sorrow to joy." And straightway I willed as though—if I had ever prayed—it was a prayer, and I could perceive the vibrations changing in the mind, that instead of pain and sorrow there seemed to be joy and peace, and the eyes were uplifted and the thought was turned toward me in my new habitation, and the person moved the lips as if in prayer, and there was another atmosphere of joy instead of sorrow. He said, "What you have done for that one spirit proves that you have the power—when it shall blossom out into full perfection—of doing perhaps for a whole world of souls." It then finally dawned upon my consciousness that this must be what Jesus meant when he described himself as the door and the true vine—that it was his great desire which made it possible for him to help the world. Then I said, "Are desire and will synonymous?" He said, "Are desire and will synonymous? He said, 'Desire, when chastened by usefulness, becomes the will power of the spirit, and upon it the soul can arrive to any height. No insect in the earth and no luminary in the firmament above but the spirit can be lifted and possess in knowledge, if the desire be tempered by usefulness and lofty aspiration.' Then straightway I felt that my selfishness was leaving me, and that a desire to do good to others took possession of my intense thirst for knowledge. Then I said, "Is it not true that knowledge is the great key that opens the spiritual pathway, and that it is not by various avenues of science and learning that we enter the highest degrees of spiritual states?" He answered, "No; knowledge is one of the instruments, a weapon for the mind to use, a channel of communication between the inner and the outer world; but no knowledge ever admitted the spirit to such power as you have developed by the unselfish wish to benefit your friend."

Then a new realm unfolded to my vision, where mathematics was not; and was it Kepler that I saw measuring the distance of stars in some divine beatitude? It was a lofty scene. Oh, but it was Kepler, who, coupled with sublimest thought of intellect, possessed love for his kind. Ay, but it was Galileo far away in the whiter light that I saw, who with scientific prophecy still loved the truth and loved mankind. Ay, but it was a long line of risen sons and prophets in my world who had risen to that eminence but by the same process. "Whatsoever ye shall impart to others that shall be increased to you." Then so far as my life was concerned I imparted intellect, but perhaps not so much of kindness. I was not accused of being severe, but the thought never entered my mind that the attributes which I most prized, of intellect, of culture, of science, of art, were not to be the passport into the kingdom of lofty companionship which I sought. Now I saw that through the humblest gateway we must enter and must become as little children. Now I perceived that the true spiritual solvent is not mathematics, is not astronomy, is not chemistry, is not any earthly science, but the one quality of divine sympathy and love. I felt myself moved and drawn toward every human being whom I could possibly benefit, and it seemed as though I would give all my life if I could only serve my kind.

With this thought there sprang into being all about me forms and shapes like pictured images in dreams of ancient lore. The Arabian Nights could not present a more singular spectacle than these scenes, picturesque, grand and beautiful, that were one after another presented to my

man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go hum and get it, but he had no time to get it.

Banner Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During this Centennial season it is pleasant to be here in Philadelphia, where, amidst the Pagans, Christians and Nothingarians, the Spiritualist bears his light aloft as becometh a torch-bearer in the grand progress of the nations. The touch-me-not sort of Phariseism endureth wonderfully in this fair green country town of old Wm. Penn. Spiritualism is, however, well sustained.

It afforded me great pleasure to pass an evening with Prof. Rehn and listen to the scientific side of the subject. This gentleman, whose life has been largely devoted to the investigations of physical science, is Vice President of the Penn. Medical University, the only institution in the city where women have equal facilities with men in studying medicine. The Society of Spiritualists are fortunate in having as their leader an officer of such a well-established school of medicine. It was delightful to look at his specimens of photography. The collection included among others many views illustrating Histology and Anatomy. They were all prepared by Prof. Rehn himself, and evinced a careful hand as well as great practical skill in the use of the microscope, the dissecting knife and the camera. The University Faculty, of which he is a member, is confined to no sect or class of practitioners. It is free enough to take advantage of what a clear-headed Spiritualist can teach. It deserves to prosper, and no doubt will.

The progress of the last hundred years was well portrayed at Lincoln Hall by Giles B. Stables, Esq., on Sunday evening, June 11th. The subjects of the early Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Universalists and Unitarians, were alluded to, and as the speaker said, "the last heresy is always the worst," so Spiritualism is feared now, whilst the former heresies are quite respectable. The time, he hoped, would come when the same tolerance would be exhibited in religious matters as that now manifested between the different nations at the great Exposition. There the Chinaman, the Turk and the Frenchman interchange ideas, and give and take knowledge with the German, the Englishman and the Italian. When men of different creeds shall be as willing to meet and give and take wisdom of a religious nature, then we may have a genuine reign of good-will and progress.

Such was the drift of the eloquent lecturer as the evening wore away. The audience was delighted, and a general satisfaction beamed on the faces of all as they carried away the good principles he had planted.

A flourishing crop of good deeds may be expected. The day of harmony dawneth. Let honesty make its appearance, and humanity will grow indeed. The new bell on Independence Hall will soon ring out its harmonious notes as the gift of a Spiritualist to Philadelphia. It is a happy omen for the progress of the future.

A. F. EWELE.

New Jersey.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The present finds myself and wife in Trenton, N. J., from whence you will please announce us as ready for work in the reform field. Trenton presents no particular attractions to the reformer, except to such as feel imbued with a missionary zeal, and feel able and willing to work in the cause of the angels and humanity "without money and without price." In this capacity we design to work for a season, and, like Paul, earn our living through other channels, that we may not burden the brethren.

There are quite a number of Spiritualists of various shades of thought in Trenton; but Orthodoxy has such a crushing influence here, as she thunders forth her anathemas against anything that savors of free speech, that only a few dare to announce their convictions publicly. Everything is intensely Christian, so called. Every kind of business is closed on Sunday, except preaching; the street cars stop running, and I am informed that the Young Men's Christian Association had a young man fined, not long since, for playing the flute on that day, because the tunes played were not sacred. But this state of things cannot last forever, for even Trenton must yield to the spirit of the age. As I pass from State to State, and city to city, I see everywhere the pressing need of organization among Liberals. They are scattered like sheep without a shepherd; no cementing together, no concert of action in beating back the common enemy—bigotry and ignorance.

J. R. BUELL.

Vermont.

PLYMOUTH.—Dr. H. P. Fairfield writes: This sky-high mountain town has been the sphere of my mediumistic labors during June; I have lectured twice each Sunday to large and increasing audiences, who have an ear for the truth and an understanding of the principles of progress. The people are thoughtful, intelligent and active in all the reforms of our day. They have no special regard for the dying dogmas of the church, and cannot be induced to lend a helping hand to keep them before the public.

Spiritualism has an advantage over all other religious systems which only claim and follow the letter instead of the spirit of wisdom, which is the cheering guide and comfort of man in this world; in its light we can now read the Bible with a better satisfaction and derive from it more genuine knowledge and consolation. It is to us an inspired record of the past pointing to the spiritual realities of the present. Thus to the Spiritualist there is quite an agreement between reason, the teachings of nature, the benevolence of the human heart, and the word of God. We find in our title to eternal progressive life, the assurance of an inheritance above the foundations of our hopes for all the unknown glories of a happy immortality. What can be more precious than a knowledge like this, which communicates gladness to every heart? In the light of Spiritualism the sons and daughters of affliction forget their woe, and sorrow is quickly exchanged for joy; it illumines our pathway, it cheers us in our labors, and gives rest to the weary. I have often felt what I would fain express in spiritual communion. My heart has been thrilled with the tender feelings of the heaven-born spirit. Earth has no joy so pure, no bliss so sweet and no religion so perfect as that which comes from God and his ministering spirits. I am well and happy in the work—ready to make engagements to lecture wherever my services are wanted. Address Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Greenwich Village, Mass.

Indiana.

BOONVILLE.—Maj. E. A. Baker writes, under a recent date: The lectures delivered here by J. M. Peabody on Spiritualism were splendid. We have had Warren Chase, Samuel Watson, and Mr. Peabody to lecture here, and now we want a good text medium. In his last discourse Mr. Peabody gave his views of "What become of the dead?" "What become of suicides and idiots?" "Baptism by the Holy Ghost," and other subjects; this last address was the finest oratorical effort we have ever listened to—it was grand! We have quite a number of outspoken believers here, and many who believe but will not acknowledge it. Still the good work goes on.

Michigan.

CURE FOR CANCER.—L. O. Whiting, East Saginaw, sends us the following note:

Some writer in the Banner of Light calls for a recipe to cure cancer. I was recently handed one by Alexander Eaton, sen., who says it has cured several, to his knowledge. It came from Dr. Price, clairvoyant, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Prescription.—Take white and red oak bark, of equal parts, boil in water to get the extract, then boil down the extract to a paste, then spread on cloth large enough to cover the parts affected, and renew once in twenty-four hours. Make a wash of white blossoms in alcohol, and bathe the parts each time the plaster is changed.

ALTON LOOKE TO TOM BROWN—SUMMER VACATION.

A RHYMING LETTER OF THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A new edition of "Alton Locke," which has just been published in London, contains a note of the author, written by Thomas Hughes. Mr. Hughes pays proper tribute to his deceased friend in his hearty manner; and hints for the first time a rhyming letter to him by Kingsley, which the London Spectator thinks is the most noticeable specimen of true humor which has ever been printed from his pen. Kingsley's humor was generally mixed with sadness, and exhibited through such grim expressions as, for instance, the philosophic and sad-hearted Sandy Mackaye. The letter has as follows:

Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.
Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the court,
We'll away to Snowdon
For our ten days' sport,
Fish the August evening
Till the eye is past,
Whoop like boys at pounders
Fairly played and grased,
When they cease to dimple,
Lunge, and swerve, and leap,
Then up over Slabod
Choose our nest, and sleep.
Up a thousand feet, Tom,
Round the lion head,
Find soft stones to leeward,
And make up our bed;
Eat our bread and bacon,
Smoke the pipe of peace,
And ere we be drowsy
Give our boots a grease,
Homer's heroes did so,
Why not such as we?

What are sheets and servants?
Superfluity.
Pray for wives and children
Safe in slumber curled,
Then to chat till midnight
O'er this babbling world,
Of the workmen's college,
Of the price of grain,
Of the tree of knowledge,
Of the chance of rain;
If Sir A. goes Romeward,
If Miss B. sings true,
If the fleet comes homeward,
If the mare will do—
Anything and everything—
Up there in the sky
Angels understand us,
And no "saints" are by.
Down and bathe at day-dawn,
Tramp from lake to lake,
Whelming brain and heart clean
Every step we take.
Leave to Robert Browning
Beggars, lads and vines;
Leave to mournful Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty stones of Venice
And his Gas-lamps Seven;
We've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven.
Where's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees "glory"
In their "snowy" scalps.
Leave such signs and wonders
For the dullard brain,
As aesthetic brandy,
Opium, and cayenne;
Give me Bramshill Common
(St. John's harriers by),
Or the Vale of Windsor,
England's golden eye,
Show me life and progress,
Beauty, health, and man;
Houses fair, trim gardens,
Turn where'er I can.

Though we earn our bread, Tom,
By the dirty pen,
What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen.
Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at times;
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedge-row
Marks of angels' feet;
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.
Once a year, like schoolboys,
Behold Hooding go,
Leaving fops and angles
A thousand feet below.

Psychometry, or Soul-Reading.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Whatever may be the general opinion regarding the psychometric gift, I am well convinced that it is a natural faculty of the human mind as much as is the capacity for music, mathematics or mechanics. It may be classed among the spiritual or interior faculties; such as intuition, inspiration, impressibility or clairvoyance; whilst the capacity for music, mathematics and mechanics may be classed among the exterior faculties.

As clairvoyance is clear-seeing, so is psychometry clear-feeling. The psychometer feels, as it were, through his or her spiritual senses, the conditions, characteristics and mental capabilities of a person when coming in rapport with him; and by long practice becomes able to discriminate far more closely than is possible through the external senses alone, even after a long and intimate acquaintance.

This gift when well developed enables one to diagnose physical conditions; feeling out, so to speak, the degree and kind of disease that may be lurking in the system, as well as ascertaining the natural means that may be resorted to in order to eradicate such disease. The psychometer possessed of large causality easily traces out the causes that produced such disease, even going back to the period of gestation or antenatal life, where are often found causes that have gradually developed diseases which baffle the skill of most excellent physicians on the external plan of practice.

Not only physical but mental diseases, which are far more prevalent than the general observer is aware of, are carefully and surely perceived. Causes antenatal and postnatal are defined, and a course of self-management and treatment prescribed which will in a great degree and often wholly reorganize the individual, so that in a few months his whole life may be changed from a constant series of blunders to one of clear foresight, success and happiness.

The spiritual and intellectual faculties also are not lost sight of. How many there are whose souls are burning with spiritual and intellectual aspirations, and who at the same time are not able to open up the mine of spiritual and intellectual wealth within, so as to bring out to their friends, acquaintances, and the world, their real inner selves. They live, as it were, strangers to their most intimate friends, unappreciated and almost entirely unheeded. But the psychometric gift, in its higher phases of development, traces these conditions back to their original causes, searches out the remedies and habits of life, which being followed out will in all cases make a change greatly for the better, and many times enable the individual to overcome, as it were, enabling them to fully represent the faculties and qualities that have heretofore been unappreciated because unknown.

Another point of importance that comes within the province of this gift, is the affectional, temperamental, and physical adaptation of the sexes; without which the marriage relation is more or less a curse to both husband and wife, as well as a curse to those who are born in such relations; which if not counteracted by special habits of living, proper treatment and right associations, will follow them through life, causing failures at every corner, unhappiness in every relation, and perhaps leading to crimes of greater or less magnitude, for which the unfortunate one is not so fully responsible as the world at large is inclined to believe; because the inharmonious and deranged forces within the soul are constantly arousing those emotions and desires which naturally lead to crime. We cannot know

the immense power these inharmonious forces have upon one's acts until we have felt them. Who then among us is wise enough to blame justly? And who would enter the marriage relation blindly without considering well the results? Or who would neglect to study into the subject, and gain all possible knowledge necessary to the happiness, prosperity, morality, and usefulness of children that may be the results of such relation? And who already having entered into this relation, would neglect to gain the knowledge necessary to perpetuate the love that first attracted them together, and also to do the best that can be done for those that are or may be under their charge, to be cared for, protected, and educated? External science has done much toward enlightening the world in a general sense on this subject; still this does not fully serve the purpose, as so many cases are exactly alike, and must, to be complete, be specially examined and treated according to existing conditions and circumstances; and in no way can this be done excepting through the highly developed and searching power of psychometry.

The past, present and future of a person's life may in a general sense be arrived at through the psychometric faculty. To the psychometer, the person being delineated is as an open book; the present state of mind or spirit is readily perceived. If business anxiety, financial disaster, social or affectional troubles weigh upon the mind, it leaves to the discriminating power of the psychometer its unmistakable evidence; and from this is perceived what the life of the individual must have been, or will be—taking into consideration his present state of mind, physical condition, social surroundings and controlling influences—by a mental process that seems almost akin to the solving of a mathematical problem. Spirit friends also having plans, which they deem advisable and are able to carry out in behalf of an individual, communicate it through the psychometer as a prediction in a special sense.

"Psychometry being a natural faculty of mind, how can I cultivate so as to make any practical use of it?" is a question that many may ask. This depends upon circumstances, and the conditions within you, your physical and mental health, &c.; so the directions for one to follow would be in many respects different from those adapted to another. Many of you, no doubt, have had interior or intuitive impressions as regards the special goodness or badness of persons on meeting them for the first time; or felt that they had some secret intent, or were unsafe persons to be associated with; all of which would be subsequently verified by external evidence. It is the psychometric gift that usually enables you to come to these correct conclusions; and the more you are interested in and heed the knowledge you thus gain, the more will the faculty become developed, provided your habits of life are such as to render your finer sensibilities of mind acute and active.

The psychometric gift is the most far-reaching and comprehensive faculty of the human mind, capable of delving to the very foundation of all science when rightly understood and practically exercised. It silently and with lightning like rapidity perceives the dangers that may be lurking around and the means that may be used to avoid them; and frequently discovers methods of enjoyment and success, when those not possessed of the gift would pass them by unheeded.

MRS. A. B. SEVENANCE.

White Water, Wakeforth County, Wis.

Spirits and Mediums.

We must confess to a feeling of disappointment after the much-advertised *exposé* of Spiritualism by Mr. W. Irving Bishop, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening. Most people are pretty well posted on the subject of "mediums," who live by their entertainments; but it is only fair to profess Spiritualists to state their opinion of the very men Mr. Bishop labored to *expose*. The most experienced of the believers in Spiritualism testify to discordant, repulsive and false experiences in Spiritualism. They are aware that sensitive persons are victimized, made sport of, and befuddled by persons pretending to a communication with the spirits. They further inform us that there is a class of spirits termed "Diakks" who are witty and tricky, and bent on mischief. We have been assured by respectable Spiritualists that the consciousness, selfishness, and moral insensibility exhibited by professed mediums must be put down, not to imposture, but to the "Diakks," who take delight in entangling the unfortunate mediums whom they dislike to honor. These curious "Diakks" were once human beings, sons and daughters of human parents, moving about on earth like ourselves. They died, as we shall, but have returned to earth! They mingle with crime, with domestic tragedies, with large pretensions and deceptions. What timid investigators in Spiritualism are shocked at—the false and the disgusting among mediums—might with more justice be set down to the "Diakks," who are perfect in all slight-of-hand performances, and in the representation of hands, flowers, faces, spectacles, old ladies' caps, hats, boots and spurs, and wild Indians. But we must not infer from the foregoing that all "the creations of art" are false.

We saw Dr. Lynn some three years ago, in Egyptian Hall, London, attempt an *exposé* of Foster and Slade, the well-known champion mediums of the world, but the Doctor seemed to fall far short of the power of Foster in "arm writing" and "mind reading." Slade's power of "slate writing" was not even attempted by Dr. Lynn, and still remains a mystery to the shrewdest of mortals.

Mr. Washington Irving Bishop showed us some of the played-out tricks of played-out mediums, but would not be compared with the wonderful power exhibited by the men whom he intended to *expose*; indeed, he is not to be compared with very many of the Professors of Legerdemain.

Mr. Bishop feels confident that he has discovered the clue to "mediumship," and laughs at such men as Alfred R. Wallace, William Crookes, and other Fellows of the Royal Society of England, who were befuddled for years by Katie King, Home, and other humbugs. He assured the audience that he is the only person who has proved the thing to be a fraud. He evidently knows nothing of Maskelyne and Cooke, Dr. Lynn, Mr. Law, and the thousand and one speculators who have peddled the self-same wares in the religious world for years. If he has sounded the depths of Spiritualism, and his programme, on Thursday evening, was the full result of his labors, we wonder how it was possible for the old experienced scientists of the Royal Society of England not to see through the shallow artifice of these blundering mediums.

The fact was apparent to all that he could have no difficulty in freeing his hands (which are, by-the-by, peculiarly formed for the trickery) from the bandages of broad calico, drumming the tambourine, or drinking his glass of claret with the utmost ease. Had we been on the committee we would have suggested the advisability of tying him with a fine cord, instead of bandage of calico; but all mediums use a bandage of calico, so he says, that they may "smarter" than Dr. Slade in "slate writing," for he contrives to do his chirography with his hands tied, seated in a cabinet, whereas the Doctor prefers to sit in a lighted room with the pencil laid under the slate with his hand pressed on it to prevent any one meddling with the slate until the pencil underneath has done its work.

It is a great blessing to the community that Messrs. Schroeder, Storrs, Hunter, Beecher, and the rest, discovered this interesting genius to enlighten us as to "the ways that are dark." For ourselves, we were astonished at Mr. Bishop's success. We should think he netted somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars; but how many hearts were made glad with the result of his labors.

We mention these facts from a plain sense of fairness, without giving an opinion on the general truth or falsehood of Spiritualism. A letter from a gentleman in the Nineteenth Ward appears in our present issue, and deserves at least a perusal. We should respect honesty of purpose from whatever quarter it may emanate, and hear both sides of every question.—*Brooklyn Gazette.*

Anniversary Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Eighteenth Anniversary of the Dedication of the Spiritual Church, of Sturgis, was advertised for the 12th and 13th of June, but, owing to the influx of strangers on Friday the 10th, it was thought best to open the church on that evening, when a fine discourse was delivered by Elder Stewart, of Kendallville, which was listened to by the many who had come from abroad.

The church building had been undergoing repairs for two or three weeks previously, in anticipation of the almost pentecostal time which all seemed to feel approaching, prefigured by the foresight and judgment of Mr. Gardner, of Sturgis, Mr. Fox and others, who spared neither time nor money to bring it about. The interior of the church now presents a finer appearance than it ever did before. Its sky-blue ceiling, its neatly caulked walls and new chandelier produce an effect at once elegant and beautiful.

The circumstances under which this building was erected, the enthusiasm manifest thereat, and the fact of its having stood so long and so triumphantly against all the storms of Orthodox opposition, conspire to render the Sturgis FREE CHURCH an object of almost national interest to the class whose principles it represents. When the Spiritualists and Free Thinkers were, eighteen years ago, turned out of the Baptist Church, which never would have been built without the help of their money, they resolved to manifest their indignation by the erection of a far superior structure, and that it might be the more prominent, they resolved to build it on the land immediately adjoining that of the Baptist Church. So highly was the spirit of liberty aroused throughout the entire section, that a procession of not less than sixty volunteer teams could be seen dragging the material for the new building, for days, while the Spiritualists and Free Thinkers around them, in anticipation of the free platform they were helping to erect, expressed their satisfaction and unanimity by loud cheers as they passed along the road. That was eighteen years ago, and though many who were engaged in the enterprise have passed away, still the platform is free, and the white-robed ones continue to walk its boards with noiseless tread.

On Saturday morning the meeting was regularly organized, Hon. J. G. Wall, President, Thomas Harding, Secretary. In his opening remarks the President particularly requested mediums not to resist the influences, but that all should consider themselves free to take part in the several conferences. "Let me see one hold back," said he, "but all feel at home and happy." The result was, we have had a season that will long be remembered as one of the most satisfactory, harmonious and truly spiritual ever experienced by these present.

The regular speakers were Hon. J. M. Peabody, Mrs. Anthony Whiting (recently returned from California), Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind., and a young Englishman—Mr. Walker. The latter is a trance speaker, whose controls are principally ancient philosophers and sages who speak familiarly of bygone days, and the philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome, often referring to writings unknown to us, which were destroyed when the Alexandrian library was consumed. He is quite a remarkable medium, a clear, correct, impressive and sometimes pathetic speaker, of but eighteen years of age. He was introduced by Mr. Peabody as a perfect prodigy, being comparatively uneducated.

The conferences were well sustained, Judge Collinberry, Mr. Brown, of Orland, Ind., N. B. Starr, the spirit artist, and many more inspirational and normal speakers from abroad taking part.

The choir was led by Mr. Samuel Woodruff, and did much toward effecting that perfect harmony which was so prominent a characteristic of our convention; but perhaps the most amusing and instructive features of the meeting were the imitations of Mrs. Wood, of Middlebury, Ind., who sings her songs in a style much resembling that in which the old-fashioned Quakers used to preach. The most remarkable feature in them is that the rhymes are eminently qualified to keep up the good humor of a meeting, and are most appropriate to time, place and circumstance.

I trust I shall be excused from giving reports of the lectures, as none but photographers could do justice to them. Taken all in all, they were exceedingly spiritual discourses of a high moral and religious tone, profitable and digestible.

At the first afternoon session Mr. N. B. Starr's fine picture of "Appollonius" was hung on the wall, and Bro. Peabody gave a sketch of the life of the original, who might be called a rival of Jesus, so great were his works and so spiritual was the man. Rev. Mr. Stewart lectured, subject, "Charity." Wrong doing, he claimed, was the misfortune, but not the fault of people. "Our best friends are those who show us the right way and help us to walk in it; that is the highest charity."

Evening Session.—After conference of one hour Mr. Peabody lectured on the subject "Truth." Truth is a white-winged angel. Man has a right to investigate and search after truth. In all sacred books are pearls of Truth. Sixty thousand Spiritualists in Mexico have enrolled their names as members of a spiritual organization. Mr. Peabody advocates organization without creeds.

Mr. Walker followed, entranced. Subject, "What is Truth?" Truth is an acquaintance with facts. The ability to investigate is as much a gift of God as revelation. The church is no longer a true guide. The pale light of belief is turning to knowledge, which is the life blood of Spiritualism.

Sunday Morning Session.—Conference, Mr. Starr, the spirit-artist, who has become an artist. Mrs. Dr. Slade, of Grand Rapids, related her experience, she having been clairvoyant from a child. Father Woodworth exhibited pencil drawings by Mr. Clifford, of Michigan, spirit-artist.

The audience swelled to such dimensions on Sunday that a large number had to stand outside the door to listen, while many went away; there was not standing room in the church.

Mr. Peabody lectured on "God." The audience listened to his eloquent discourse with close attention and great satisfaction.

Mr. Walker followed on "Plato," who was in his day regarded as visionary. At the Alexandrian school the works of Plato were changed; we now have none of the correct works of Plato.

Afternoon Session.—Conference, after which the Choir sang. Rev. Mr. Stewart, who delivered a lecture under the control of the late Rev. John T. Johnson. When he concluded, Mr. Vance, a gentleman in the audience, rose and said that many years ago he heard Rev. John T. Johnson preach down Slade, and he recognized his manner of speaking, and was satisfied that Mr. Johnson was then present. In the South Rev. Dr. Watson is laboring in behalf of Christian Spiritualism, and here is a clergyman from spirit-life entraining a brother clergyman, and speaking the same doctrines through him, and he is recognized by one sitting near.

A person who introduced himself as "The Farmer Boy" closed the session with an exhortation.

Sunday Evening Session.—The programme was short conference and short speeches. All entered into the spirit of the meeting with a degree of ease and freedom which those declared who expressed themselves on the subject, either at the time or afterward, had never been equaled at any previous meeting.

Mrs. Anthony Whiting delivered a fine discourse, inspirational, as indeed all her efforts were.

Sixth and Last Session.—During the hour of Conference, a gentleman recited a fine poem entitled "What is Religion?" Toward the conclusion of the Conference a lady in the body of the house, a Mrs. Whitney, arose, her eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, and declared that she had just been healed of very sore eyes by a medium.

This lady said she had suffered a long time and never before could get relief. She gave thanks to God, saying she never felt anything to compare with the peculiar and powerful magnetic force that passed at that time.

Brother Peabody, when she had concluded, and the people, over whom a feeling of solemnity, awe and gratitude reigned supreme, were in a condition to attend, arose and made a telling application of the incident: "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Behold I said Mr. Peabody, the evidence that we are the disciples of Jesus.

"The Farmer Boy" once more made a short speech. After a brief address by each of the speakers, the chairman expressed an earnest hope that we should all meet again in one year, and the meeting was then closed with a fervent benediction by Brother Peabody.

THOS. HARDING, Sec'y.

NOTE.—On Monday morning public circles were held at the church under the aged flag, and overflowing, and many excellent talks were given. Mr. Westonfield, of Sturgis, a non-professional medium, described spirits present. J. M. Peabody recognized a friend of his, and a lady was deeply affected when her spirit-soul was described, and the words he spoke were, "Mother, get my picture painted." She declared she had never seen Mr. Westonfield before, and that she already had had a conversation on the subject of her son's picture with N. B. Starr; she said it was a good text to her. Mrs. Wood gave two improvised poems; one in particular made the house ring with laughter, it was so true, fitting and natural.

The effect of these meetings on the people of the village and on the multitude who attended, was to make them desire "to be light." One Catholic lady said in going away, "I do care what they say, any religion that can make people so happy and united must be good." T. H. Sturgis, Mich.

Strawberries are not sold by the quart, my son. They are sold by the box.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

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

Crumbs of Comfort for Orthodox.

The New York Observer, one of the old champions of vicious abatement and similar dogmas, has, as we have already informed our readers, been made very happy by the pretended exposures of Spiritualism given by young Mr. Bishop. These "exposures" simply consist in imitating, by means of manual dexterity and muscular skill, such minor phenomena as can be equally produced by such means. In showing how far this can be done Mr. Bishop is doing a good work, and no honest Spiritualist will find fault with him for imitating any supposed phenomena, possibly fraudulent, or tricky, which may be performed by mediums real or false. But if he evades an explanation of any phenomenon which his hearers accept as jugglery, but which he refuses to show as such, he lays himself open to the suspicion of being one of those rascally mediums, who, finding they can make more money by joining the enemies of the truth, than by manifesting it personally, do not hesitate to throw discredit on what they know to be true. The following comforting conclusion is what the Observer draws from Mr. Bishop's performances:

"Such are the lying wonders of the baldest imposture that ever yet found followers among the class that can read. Skeptics regard Christian believers as very credulous. But it was a leading literary monthly of Boston that was compelled to accompany its published issue with an explanatory note, declaring that it was not responsible for the convictions of Robert Dale Owen. Such charming simplicity, such unsuspecting faith, in this century of progress, is to be found only among the accomplished conductors of literary magazines who have but little regard for the sturdy faith once delivered to the saints. We do not think there is a religious journal in America so credulous as to celebrate the disgusting knavery of Spiritualism."

The "lying wonders," and "disgusting knavery," to which the New York Observer refers, belong to the same family with most of the marvels with which the Old and New Testament are filled, and on which the "sturdy faith once delivered to the saints" was mainly built. No candid student of the phenomena can fail to admit this.

As for the accounts contributed by Mr. Robert Dale Owen to the Atlantic Monthly, we have now every reason to believe that Mr. Owen was not as much deceived as he too hastily imagined. The same phenomena have been paralleled in the presence of the same mediums, under the strictest test conditions, scores of times during the last year and up to the present time. Hundreds of witnesses, with all their suspicions, and their vigilance aroused, have repeatedly satisfied themselves, since Mr. Owen's card of renunciation appeared, that the so-called Katie King phenomena through Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are genuine; and not only this, but that the reasons of Mr. Owen's course are insufficient and weak, and that the woman White, who claimed to be an accomplice, is a wholly disreputable and untrustworthy person. Further, there are now dozens of mediums, here and in England, through whom phenomena, similar to those vouched for by Mr. Owen in his Atlantic Monthly article, and far more surprising than any he relates, are daily occurring.

All this will be set down by such Christians as the New York Observer as moonshine. It is nevertheless true; and one of the best evidences of the advancing truth is the hate and spite exhibited so frequently of late by theologians and materialists toward the stupendous facts which no honest "exposure" can affect, except in the way of corroboration.

In a letter in the New York Graphic Dr. Theodore R. Noyes truly remarks of Mr. Bishop: "His whole performance barely rises to the level of showing a probability that mediums sometimes resort to fraud. And from the Spiritualistic point of view his own *exposé* is equally open to the probability that it may be a fraud. Nothing whatever is proven. He does not bring forward a single fact to controvert the position of Spiritualists. There is nothing whatever in his *exposé* inconsistent with the theory that his highly respectable audience really assisted at a genuine mediumistic performance, and we have simply Mr. Bishop's word that he was playing tricks. That he should give us his word is nothing strange when it makes the difference between an audience of twenty or thirty obscure persons in a back street and one of a thousand in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, with Ex-Mayors and M. D.s on the stage. Any one, who noted with what nervousness of manner Mr. Bishop executed the last title of the conditions demanded by mediums, when (if Mr. Bishop were an honest exposé) such precautions were entirely unnecessary for the success of the *exposé*, has good ground for the suspicion that, like his fellow-exposé Baldwin, he is simply a medium playing a more profitable trade."

So long as Mr. Bishop fails to show how the

higher phenomena can be produced by wriggling about his body or by using his hands, he can affect only such shallow ignorances or bigots as the writer in the New York Observer, by his performances. Let him show how the spirit-hand is produced, under the conditions accepted by real mediums, or let him allow his audience to see how he can be lifted to the ceiling, and he may excite the attention of genuine investigators. As it is, he must take his place with those pitiable persons, half mediums and half jugglers, who, like Baldwin, are made the instruments of manifestations which they never can fairly explain except by the spiritual theory, and who excite all the attention they get, by trying to suppress or violate the truth.

The New York Observer thinks there is not "a religious journal in America so credulous as to celebrate the disgusting knavery of Spiritualism." Is it possible the writer is so ignorant as not to be aware that the Catholic World, one of the leading religious magazines of the country, the Dublin Catholic Review, and nearly all the leading Catholic journals of Continental Europe, frankly admit the phenomena of Spiritualism, and attribute them to the agency of spirits, though not of good spirits? The Rev. Mr. Phelps of Stratford, Conn., one of the great guns of orthodoxy, had the phenomena in his own house, and we have his own manuscript letter declaring the fact, and giving the particulars. And now because a young man can twist about his body so as to ring a bell or drive a nail, while his hands appear to be tied, the Observer thinks to stigmatize as credulous fools thousands of patient investigators who know that certain astounding phenomena do occur, never yet explained, and in the nature of things not to be explained, by any theory of fraud or of illusion.

Preaching and Practice.

Every one who professes liberal principles, and sincerely thinks he has assimilated them into his character, should frequently put himself to the question whether his devotion to those principles does not run to advocacy of them more than to a silent and consistent illustration of them in his life and conduct. This test, after all, makes about all the difference there is between a person of progressive purpose and one who blindly clings to the traditions and habits of the past. It is a well ascertained fact that the more thoroughly and often we apply the real tests to ourselves, the more rapid and visible is our progress in goodness and virtue, and therefore the accumulations of our happiness. Not by escaping from the judgment tribunal, but by continually dragging ourselves before it, do we become more and more clear of our weakness and wickedness, and realize the growing beauty of our characters.

Why should we not, each of us, whatever our condition in life, strive as hard to cultivate our characters as some do their gardens, their flowers, and their trees, or as others do to make perfect poems, and still others to produce admirable paintings and statues? The assiduous bending and turning of the native traits, which at best are but wildlings, is fully as interesting a task as the training of vines and trees. The purification of the motives to human action is as engaging a work as that of imparting the most vital constituents to soil. The shaping of one's conduct with incessant watchfulness and care is as deserving an aim as that of fashioning a statue in plaster or marble. And the coloring of our lives with a courtesy and charity that makes them attractive to all, repays the pains equally with sitting with brush and pigments before the canvas.

If we could but take a glance forward and backward often than we do, it would be revealed to us by intuition what wonderful capacity is enfolded within us for self-development and eternal perfection. In freedom are we all set about our life-work, to make it what we will. Of course we are subjected to conditions from the moment of our birth; but nothing is demanded of us beyond the limitations thus imposed, nor should we be happy in attempting to accomplish that for which these same limitations forbid us all at once to aspire. It is the everlasting miracle of the universe that its variety is without end. We mortals illustrate that truth as well as if our faces were turned to the planets and stars to realize it the better. Therefore let us resolve to stay at home faithfully with ourselves, working with the means given us, improving all our opportunities, and encouraged, as we shall be, by the steady multiplication of our facilities.

The temptation chiefly apt to betray us into inaction when our labor should not be remitted at all, is that of thinking we are specially called and anointed to take care of the general grievances. We invariably do others' work best for them when we do our own as we ought; not in selfishness and conceit, but simply that the truth may shine straight through our lives as the light penetrates glass. We export most only after we have produced most. Those who are forever preaching to others have little or no leisure for maintaining their own spiritual industries. A quiet and firm course of life is a far more effective sermon than the most eloquent discourse. Speech is well, but it ought to flow out of the life, as from a never-failing fountain. It is always the life that utters the most engaging and impressive truths. Others can see them when embodied and thus presented, for whom they have no attraction in the abstract.

Cannot the most of us say, in looking over the past, that we should indeed have been organized as Spiritualists, without any of the much-debated mechanism of organization, too, if we had ever been ready to recognize the silent law of attraction in these things—the very law which life will set soonest in operation, but which mere discourse never will? Meetings and relations are essential, but it is the life which should precede them in order to account for them, to excuse them, to give them significance and vitality. The tendency unhappily is to reverse the order, parading the platform and by-laws first, and letting the reality and substance, which is the life, come afterwards. We shall all see this more and more as it is, as experience gathers and our views broaden and lengthen, yet it is hopeful that we already know that something is the matter, though we may not be able to say just what it is.

If discourse and assemblages have any excuse for being, it is solely as stimulants and strengtheners of the silent purposes which become still more silent and profound as they enter into the life. This is all there is of the experiment after the talking is over. Not the man of speech, though he discourses with angelic tongue, is for that reason the man of the deepest spiritual experience. It is in the still moments of meditation, whether in the field, the shop, or the closet, that the heavenly influences are most ready to come

down. Those are our receptive periods. The hospitality we then extend is repaid to us again many fold. The word that expresses it all is humility. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." A proud spirit stops its own growth except in the direction of pride. When we pursue our tasks, our friendships, and our charities without ambition and its satellite envy to attend us, we shall win the blessing that is life's only prize. In humility and love we may organize forthwith, and become such a power as this world has never seen.

The One Great Secret.

In a discourse on "the dynamical relation of the spirit to the body, and of the spiritual to the natural world," delivered by Franklin through the organism of Mrs. Cora Tappan, which was recently published on our first page, the reason was distinctly given for the failure of the spirit to manifest itself through the physical when all things would seem to show the possibility. It may be summed up in the phrase: Lack of volition. The one great secret of life itself, says Franklin, is *will* to do whatever there is any hope, desire, or expectation of doing. The Doctor's counsel is this: "Will it, for by that willing, 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."

The advice may strike many persons as remarkable, but it comes from one who has gained his knowledge from experience. "Let there be no vacillation," he says, "no weakness nor faltering; be firm, decided, not yielding to that which is base and low." But even "Lucifer is better" as an inspirer, thinks the Doctor, than "the dull negation that gives to life no pursuit and no employment." Always he counsels the exercise of the will. "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." If in the exercise of that volition we go wrong, we shall be certain to correct ourselves by paying the penalty. "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."

It is important that we understand what we suffer from the lack of exercising this power of volition, because it may induce us to exercise an otherwise latent, or unrecognized gift. We are told that myriads of spirits wait to communicate with us, and that it is because we do not positively invite them that they do not impress us as they would. "Let the first lesson," says the spirit of Franklin, "be that of volition. Exercise it"—he insists—"in every department of daily life. Discharge what you want to do. Perform if you can, and then if you make a mistake 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 superfluous exhaustion, and the spirit sinks to earth and falters for the lack of impulse. Thousands of spirits go out of earth-life that, for the want of a sufficient impulse, do not rise above the atmosphere that surrounds us. Thousands of human beings daily walk the streets of life, that, for want of a sufficient impulse and will-power, are unable to earn their daily bread."

And at this vital point Franklin brings forward the true doctrine in respect to this matter, "I say it, who knows from actual experience, that the will to do anything whatsoever brings the power with it, or develops that power." Let us all try and remember so important a fact. Volition is a grand power in itself. How beautifully and how grandly does Franklin expand the thought and say, "there is nothing 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 remains unattainable forevermore; and we rise just in proportion as we exercise this one great gift from God's hand." Then let us exercise our will power more earnestly, and we shall be able to invite that communion of spirits which only awaits our own action to become a common accomplishment.

Spirit Materialization Proved—Drawings Visibly Made by Spirits.

In spite of the contemptuous incredulity of the uninitiated, the persistent antagonism of scientists and theologians, and the prejudiced opposition of the large majority of those who are wedded to a creed, whether in respect to science or religion, the stupendous fact of spirit materialization is now placed beyond a doubt in the minds of thousands of careful and studious investigators. In this city of Boston during the last six months phenomena have been going on in a manner so direct, so plain, and so fully authenticated, that honest skepticism itself has been struck dumb, and been compelled to admit that, whatever may be the explanation, neither the theory of trick nor of hallucination is admissible under the circumstances.

While the New York Times, the New York Observer, and other journals but superficially acquainted with the subject, or blindly antagonistic to it, have been comforting themselves with the so-called exposures of Spiritualism—exposures that prove nothing except what has been known for the last thirty years, this, namely, that some of the minor phenomena may be partially imitated by jugglery, sleight-of-hand, or the aid of mechanism—the great inimitable fact of the materialization and de-materialization of human forms, temporarily animated by individualized spirits, has been going on night after night, and convincing hundreds beyond all question of the great fact involved in the astounding manifestation. This has been done under conditions which leave the result not to be gainsaid or doubted, whether by the senses or the "common-sense" of the spectators. Dr. Carpenter's theory of "prepossession" falls flat and ridiculous as an explanation of what is witnessed. There is no getting away from the phenomenon.

At the rooms of the "West End medium," to whom we have several times referred, on two occasions within the last month two spirit-forms have come forth, one professedly the pupil of the other, and in the presence of careful witnesses the pupil has produced pictures of singular beauty, and, in the last case, of rare excellence. We have seen one of these, a painting on wood, representing morning-glories with leaves and buds. The second, a crayon drawing of two de-

ceased persons, likenesses of relatives of Mr. Gordon, of Waltham, for whom the sitting was especially arranged by the leading spirit, is said to be a highly artistic production, besides presenting faithful portraits. In the case of one of the subjects no other portrait is known to be in existence. The conditions were such as to satisfy every person present of the genuineness of the phenomenon. The paper was marked, and there was nothing in the whole process to leave room for a doubt that the picture was the production of a materialized spirit. The medium, we learn, is wholly incapable of doing any such work. The drawings were made the evening of July 1st, 1876.

The Ministry of Angels.

That part of Dr. Crowell's work on the Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism which discusses and illustrates the above topic, is probably as interesting, and will come as close home to the hearts of all readers, as any other. He demonstrates, by actual citation, that the angelic ministrations are distinctly taught in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations. He shows, by examples, that the love of deceased patriots for their native land still continues; that they actively assist in achieving victories; that the Apostles were released by spirits; that they continually make intercession for us; that Jesus is still accessible; and he impressively illustrates the influence upon the mind of a personal, sympathizing, invisible friend.

The belief in the active agency of spirits is shown to be prevalent in the Roman Catholic Church, and the reason is given why they pray to the saints. Father Burke, the eloquent Catholic priest of St. Mary's Church, New York, is cited as asking, in one of his recent sermons, "how it was that Protestants believed that one of their living fellow-beings on earth could pray for them, but that when his spirit had been translated to Heaven, his power to pray to God for any one on earth ceased altogether." Dr. Crowell rightly infers that it is this element of truth in the Catholic Church that gives it, in a great measure, its strength and predominance, as a faith, over that of Protestantism. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, under the article Angels, says that "they are represented to be, in the widest sense, agents of God's providence, natural and supernatural, to the body and the soul." In the Old Testament they are found watching over the chosen family and over Jerusalem; in the New, their presence and aid are referred to familiarly, and as Christ's ministers of grace now.

A number of distinguished preachers of different forms of faith are quoted from to sustain this most blessed doctrine, now revived in its full force by the manifestations of Spiritualism. "About the death-bed of the dying Christian," says Bishop Cummins, of Kentucky, "we cannot doubt that ministering spirits gather for good." "I believe," says Henry Ward Beecher, "that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body; he said he did not pray to his mother, but he invoked her, and conversed with her every month. Mr. Hepworth says he believes 'that angels and the spirits of good friends gone before us attend us through life.' Rev. Dr. Samuel Watson, of Tennessee, says that 'the Scriptures teach us that we are living in close contact with the spirit-world, that the inhabitants of that world are in our midst, and that it only needs the eye of the soul to be opened for us to see.'"

The same preacher adds that "the Bible teaches us that thousands of beings are deeply interested in the affairs of this earth. The earth was their birth-place, the scene of their conflicts and triumphs. It is the residence of their relatives and friends." The ministry of kind and loving spirits, remarks Dr. Crowell, attended Jesus through his whole earthly career. An angel promised the immaculate conception; an angel bestowed the name of Jesus; a star, or heavenly light, guided the wise men to Bethlehem; an angel warned Joseph to flee; an angel directed his return from Egypt; angels ministered to him in the wilderness; two angels, the spirits of Moses and Elijah, communed with him on the mount; an angel appeared to him and strengthened him in the Garden of Gethsemane; and after his crucifixion an angel rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre and announced his ascension; and, last of all, an angel appeared to his disciples and commissioned them to minister to others as angels had ministered to him.

Drainage and Typhoid.

The city council of Boston have at present under consideration a plan for the more thorough and comprehensive drainage of the entire territory on which the city is built. The matter cannot be too promptly disposed of. We know it is said that the death-rate this year for Boston is less than it was last, thereby indicating an improved condition of the public health, but it does not by any means argue that we are any more free than we were last summer from those destroying influences which are liable at any time to combine their forces and break out in open war against the public health. The fact is undeniable, that owing to grossly, barbarously inadequate sewerage the people of this city are continually threatened with a visitation of typhoid, cholera, or other equally fatal diseases that when once fairly hold of a community cannot easily be induced to relax their fatal grip.

Any one who has taken the trouble to look about our wharves has observed among the piles on which the piers rest sewage deposits several feet deep. They are simply what the sewers have ejected into our harbor near the wharves, but the sea-currents and tides do not set in strongly enough to wash them out to the ocean. Hence they eddy in about the wharves, and work their way in and settle among the piles of the wharves where the dredging machines cannot reach them. The effect of these deposits, lying for a long time twice in each day exposed to the broiling sun, may just as readily be imagined as described. If a dense population expects to escape that effect by merely "trusting to Providence," we think that Providence will leave them to themselves to learn the lesson that is just as true in Boston as it is everywhere else.

The London Times recently contained an editorial article on typhoid, which doubtless came from the pen of a medical writer. It abounds with timely suggestions to those who dwell above miles of ramifying sewage and gas pipes, with their noxious contents and stenches percolating the water pipes which traverse the same streets or ascend through the house pipes to apartments in which people are sleeping in a fancied security. The writer says that typhoid is the common fever of England, sparing neither age, sex nor social condition; that it destroyed the life of the Prince Consort, and almost de-

stroyed that of the Prince of Wales; that it annually destroys an average of ten or twelve thousand people in England, and sickens and endangers about one hundred thousand more. He calls it "an eruptive disease of the lining membrane of the intestines, a sort of small-pox that affects the bowels instead of the skin."

According to this writer it is spread by discharges from its specific eruption; that is, by the discharges from the intestines. These naturally find their way into cesspools and sewers, and when they do they render poisonous the solid or liquid contents of the receptacles, as also the gas which is evolved from them. There are three ways in which the fever is produced: by the poisoned sewage obtaining direct access to drinking water, by leaking or soaking, and so being swallowed; by the poisoned gas escaping from sewers into water-mains or cisterns, so that it is absorbed or dissolved by the water and thus swallowed; and by the poisoned gas making its way through badly trapped drains or other channels into dwellings and sleeping rooms, and thus being breathed by the occupants. As soon as typhoid poison once has entered the sewers or cesspools, it begins the work of propagating itself. The necessity for thorough drainage and a constant water supply ought by this time to be plain.

Spiritualist Picnic at Highland Lake Grove.

Thursday, June 29th, was rendered memorable to those who were so fortunate as to be present, as being the occasion of the first Spiritualist Picnic, under the management of Drs. Gardner and Richardson, at this pleasant resort on the line of the New York and New England Railroad. On arrival at the grove, the passengers passed along the new avenue laid out by the corporation, crossed the beautiful bridge which spans the lake at a narrow point, and encountered severally the fine buildings with which the managers of the New York and New England Railroad have decked the new ground with an unsurpassing hand.

On the right, after crossing the bridge, the baggage-room has been located, where all light matter can, if desired, be checked; further still, and on the right hand of the visitor, as he journeys along the lake—which is at his left—are to be seen the bowling-alley, the dancing hall, (placed on a hill overlooking the water,) and the dining-hall, and near by the last named admirers of the "quino" creation can gratify their desire for perambulation by the use of the finest set of flying-horses in New England. The dining hall is under the charge of Mr. Barnes, caterer. The boats (on the left of the main avenue) are twelve in number, and ride at their moorings with an air of invitation which is truly enticing. They are superior to those on any other lake with which we are at present familiar.

Across pretty little rustic bridges, and along romantic wood-paths, the visitor proceeds, drawn by that current of the people which invariably at spiritual gatherings sets toward the speakers' stand. This is at a point half way around the lake. The building has been placed near the water side, and is covered with a roof which slants gradually upward in tunnel shape from above the platform, thereby giving acoustic properties of such a high order that those who occupy the seats at the furthest point from the speaker can still hear each word with remarkable distinctness. The railroad company has, through its officers, evinced a highly commendable desire to render this spot of the utmost attractiveness and usefulness for their patrons, and they have succeeded in a surprising degree, and in no point more clearly have they struck the key-note of popular favor than in choosing Mr. G. R. Buttrick, who formerly superintended at Lake Walden and Silver Lake, to take charge of the details at the New Grove.

The picnic exercises consisted of dancing, boating, etc., much after the usual fashion; and in the afternoon a profitable and interesting session was held at the speakers' stand, remarks being attentively listened to from Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. A. H. Richardson, A. E. Carpenter, Miss Lizzie Doten, Col. Meacham, Mrs. E. Hope Whipple, I. P. Greenleaf, and others. This being the first public gathering ever convened beneath the roof, the spot was dedicated in an impressive manner by Miss Lizzie Doten to the great religion of humanity—the unknown religion which Spiritualism was yet to reveal and develop.

THE CAMP-MEETING

which begins at this place July 19th bids fair to be a practical success. Arrangements for reduction of fares have been perfected with the Boston, Clinton, Fitchburg and New Bedford Railroad, and efforts are now making in a similar direction with the managers of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, thus opening up a wide range of country for the movement. On Sunday, July 23d, (the first Sabbath of the meeting,) Miss Lizzie Doten and Prof. William Denton will address the people.

"The Exposers."

We have received from Dr. E. D. Babbitt, and shall publish soon, some excellent remarks from his pen, entitled "Spiritualism in New York and Dr. Hammond's New Book." Dr. Babbitt shows the shallowness and fallacy of the so-called *exposés* by Mr. Bishop, and then pays his respects to Dr. Hammond, whose ignorance in respect to the actual facts of Spiritualism seems to be equalled only by his arrogance and temerity. These great facts are not to be put down by a doctor's "pooh-pooh," nor by the pointless ridicule of editors, one of whom (he of the New York Times) says: "This latest exposure leaves the Spiritualists without a peg to stand on." In reply to which it might be answered, "Having the rock of ages on which to stand, we need no peg." If the so-called exposures are, as they claim to be, mere imitations of minor phenomena, how can they affect Spiritualism, founded, as we know it to be, on phenomena transcending the normal powers of the human being, and explicable only by spiritual forces, such as a false, imperfect science rejects and maligns?

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

The time for the inauguration of this gathering of Spiritualists in Western Massachusetts is rapidly drawing nigh, and despite the stringency of the times, we hear most encouraging reports from the Committee concerning applications for tents, etc. Mr. George A. Bacon, of Boston, will be our representative on the grounds.

It is announced that the closing addresses on Sunday, Aug. 27th, will be given by Prof. William Denton. The name of Denton is a synonym for learning, eloquence and courage. Thousands of people were there to hear his magnificent statement of radical truth last season, and many more ought to hear him this year.

Spiritualism in England.

The Spiritualist for June 23d copies from the Banner of Light a report of the funeral exercises of the late Baron de Palm in New York. From the columns of this issue of our transatlantic contemporary we make the following citations:

MR. BLACKBURN'S SEANCES—TEST MANIFESTATIONS.

Last Monday evening a second seance was held, with Miss Lottie Fowler as medium, at 38 Great Russell-street, London, under the auspices of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

The peculiar feature of this seance was that the most striking manifestations took place while the medium was under the most severe tests; when, on account of the heat of the weather, these were made less stringent, scarcely anything worthy of notice took place. I do not cite this as cause and effect; but as a fact to be observed for the sake of the medium.

Miss Fowler's sleeves were securely sewn together at the wrist, behind her back, by Mr. Cuthbert Vesey, under the supervision of the Rev. W. Miall; in addition to this, Miss Fowler was placed in a calico bag, the opening of which was sewn closely round her throat by the same gentlemen. No sooner was Miss Fowler placed partially behind the curtain of the cabinet, with her knees in view of the circle, in a good light, than an object resembling a hand was thrust through the curtain, and the objects placed on the table near her were moved and rattled. Great activity continued to be apparent behind the curtain by the ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, and violent movements of the small table, which was more than once thrown completely down, and the objects scattered all about the floor of the cabinet. Various members of the circle entered the cabinet to replace the objects on the table, and each testified to Miss Fowler being still in bonds, with the bag closely sewn round her neck. All could see that she had not moved from her seat. These manifestations being entirely satisfactory, so far as to prove that the medium could not possibly have had any part in producing them, it was unanimously agreed that Miss Fowler be released from the close custody of the bag, and allowed to sit with her arms still sewn together behind, and further secured by means of tape to the back of her chair. A few of the manifestations occurred as before, but were much weaker. A dark seance was then tried. A heavy table was partially raised at one end, and there were slight movements of bells and other objects which had been placed on the floor under the table, but nothing to compare in force with what took place while the medium was under strict test conditions in the light.

The sitters present were the Rev. W. Miall, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Cuthbert Vesey, Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. H. J. Hood, Mrs. E. Dixon, Dr. C. Carter Blake, and myself.

E. KISLINOBY.

Soc'y to British National Association of Spiritualists.
June 20th, 1876.

M. LEYMARIE'S PRISON.

We learn from Mr. O'Sullivan the following particulars respecting Leymarie's imprisonment, which commenced on the 22d of April:

Prisoners consigned to that prison (which happens to have the name of *La Santé*, though not being at all what is called a *maison de santé*) have the option of living in common with the general herd, or of accepting solitary confinement in a cell. In the latter case their term of imprisonment is abridged by one-fourth. Leymarie, of course, elected for a cell, so that his term will be for nine months instead of twelve. They wear a coarse, dark gray prison suit, and are not allowed even their own linen. The Director is well disposed to treat him with all personal consideration compatible with the rules, so that he can have books and writing materials, though letters cannot be sent from the prison without passing under inspection. He has been allotted the task of making match-boxes, of which the weekly production is twenty-eight gross, or four thousand thirty-two. A walk in a narrow courtyard is allowed for an hour a day. His wife visits him once a week (Monday), with the separation of an iron grating, in what is called the *parloir de famille*.

The *Revue Spirite* is now in charge of a friend, M. Bourges, a retired captain in the army. M. Leymarie's cell (No. 83, 4th Division) is a stone-vaulted one, of about twelve by nine feet, furnished with a chair, a small table, and a very hard bed. His friends had hoped that after the necessary formality of constituting himself a prisoner, they could promptly obtain his transfer to a *maison de santé* for diseases of the eyes, inasmuch as he is in urgent need of an operation for the removal of a cataract from his right eye, which threatens also his left. But it turned out that the physician of the prison is himself also an oculist, and has fitted up a room in the infirmary for diseases of the eye, so that it is presumed he would be little disposed to allow such a case to pass away out of his own hands. Whether Madame Leymarie will consent to her husband's case being treated by any other than a known eminent specialist, we do not yet know. Her judgment and the general opinion of his friends is that the largely signed petitions for his release should not be presented yet awhile. In order to have such mitigations—in the way of food for instance, and of indulgence in regard to the task of labor—necessary to make the prison life endurable, as in all prisons, money, money, money is indispensable. The general rule of the French newspapers is to allow double salaries to an editor in prison for a press offence, and perhaps this may be arranged for the benefit of M. Leymarie's wife and children.

The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index manifests a most liberal feeling for the spiritual cause, as championed by the friends in that place. In its issue for June 22d it says:

"The Society of Spiritualists met last Sunday at Crane's Hall to listen to a lecture from Dr. Schlottbach on the Relations of Modern Spiritualism to the Spiritualism of the Bible. The field of thought was so extensive that the Doctor had time to touch but briefly upon many important points. The lecture showed that he had given the subject a great deal of attention, and we think was exceedingly interesting to those present. The Society is prospering, and additions are made weekly to its number of members."

The American Woman Suffrage Association, in remembrance of the adoption of the principle of equal political rights for women by the Province of New Jersey on the 2d of July, 1776, celebrated the event in the city of Philadelphia on Monday, July 3d, by a public meeting in Horticultural Hall. There were two sessions—in the morning at 10:30 o'clock and in the afternoon at 2:30. Lucy Stone, Anna E. Dickinson, Julia Ward Howe, Henry B. Blackwell, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Charles G. Ames, Fanny B. Ames, Elizabeth K. Churchill, Ada C. Bowles, and others made addresses.

Charles H. Foster has removed from the Parker to the Winthrop House, West End, Boston. He soon goes to Providence for a brief season, and then East. We are receiving new evidences of his remarkable mediumship from very respectable and fully reliable people who have visited his seances in Boston.

Read the admirable lecture on our first page, given at Chicago, Ill., through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. Its description of a spirit's experiences in the new life is interesting for present perusal, and furnishes valuable food for after thought.

Warren Chase sends us a series of way-side notes of labor in the western harvest-field, which we shall print in our next issue.

The Objective Proof of a Spiritual World.

On Sunday last Robert Cooper lectured at Paine Hall, Boston, on the above subject, prefacing his remarks by a forcible extract from the writings of William Howitt, showing the baneful results of materialistic teachings. Mr. Cooper commenced his lecture by observing that the only knowledge we possess of our surroundings is through our material senses, and that many things in nature are only known to us by their manifestations—inspiring electricity and light—which he said were only known by their phenomenal effects. Of the nature of matter we were ignorant, and could only judge of it by the properties it presents to our notice, and there were many things about it that were perfectly inexplicable. If, then, living as we do in a material world, appreciable by our material senses, we are unable to comprehend the nature of matter, need we wonder that there is still greater difficulty with regard to spirit. To the question how was it possible to obtain objective proof of a spiritual world, the lecturer said there was only one way, and that was by facts appealing to our sensuous perception; and in the same way as we judge of electricity, of light, or of any other natural force by their phenomenal effects, so the only way we can judge of spirit is by its manifestations of force and intelligence appealing to our sensuous perception, and these were afforded by the phenomena known as spiritual manifestations. The nature of these was then explained and their phases described; the lecturer referring to his own experiences, and adducing the immense amount of testimony in favor of their reality by scientific men and others. With this evidence existing on the subject it appeared to him absurd and ridiculous for the unthinking multitude to call them in question simply because they have had no experience of them, or seem beyond their comprehension.

At the conclusion Mr. Seaver arose and made his usual objections to the spiritual theory, and expressed his anxiety to "see a spirit." Mr. Cooper asked him how he disposed of the evidence of Mr. Crook's and the testimony afforded by the London Dialectical Society Investigating Committee; to which the disputant did not give a very satisfactory or straightforward reply. The proceedings were enlivened by Mrs. Seaver singing with good effect "Hope's light is shining yet," and "By-and-bye the roses wither." The platform was tastefully decorated in honor of Thomas Paine, and in the morning a service was held, consisting of music, recitations and speeches, anticipatory of the Centennial anniversary of the nation's birthday, the Fourth.

A Seance with Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken.

On Friday evening, June 16th, a seance took place in London, Eng., through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken, at the house of Mr. H. D. Jencken, M. R. I., who was also present. The guests who observed the phenomena were Mrs. Maudgoull Gregory, Mrs. Wiseman, Mr. W. H. Harrison, of the Spiritualist, and the editor of one of the London daily newspapers. In the dark a hand appeared close to the floor, carrying a large rectangular, phosphorescent-looking light, about four inches square, and emitting no smoke or smell. This hand moved about for a time beneath Mrs. Jencken's chair, occasionally striking the floor with the hard luminous substance it carried. Then it rose in the air, and moved about now and then over the table. While some of the spectators stood up and held both of Mrs. Jencken's hands, this light, carried by a living hand, rose from the floor and touched one of the observers on the face; the luminous substance was then felt to be cold, and both the hand and the light were covered with delicate gauze-like spirit-drapery. Frequently, in the course of the evening, in a bright light, the strong raps so readily obtained through Mrs. Jencken's mediumship were numerous.

J. J. Hartman.

TO THE EDITOR—I have just been to see the spirit artist Hartman, and wish through your paper to say to my personal friends and all investigators that I know him to be just what he claims, a genuine spirit artist. Friends who come or send for pictures can feel positive that what they get is genuine. I say this to all as I would say the same to my own brother or dearest friend. Hartman's work is what it purports to be. May the angel world prosper him. T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.
Philadelphia, July 1st.

The above, from an individual standpoint, is certainly strong evidence of the reliability of the artist—that real spirit likenesses are made in his presence.

DEPARTED TO THE SUMMER-LAND, June 22d, from her place of sojourn in New York City, Mrs. Mary R. Tucker, in the 70th year of her age, after a short illness of seven days. This lady was converted from the Roman Catholic Church to Spiritualism by very decided proofs palpable soon after the death of her beloved "Robert." This name and the dear image it awakened in her affections were ever present in her speech and life. She longed for his companionship day and night, and now the answer to her constant prayer is complete. She was a successful teacher of the young in many homes. Her former pupils, many of whom are now young ladies, attended the funeral, at which, by special request of the departed, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis made brief addresses.

Those desiring a pleasant sail down Boston Harbor to Nahant and the Maolis Gardens, will do well to seek out India Wharf and embark on the Meta, Captain A. W. Calden (of the Nahant Steamboat Express Company's line). The vessel will leave this wharf on week days for the summer season, at 9:45 A. M., 2:15, 4:50 and 7:15 P. M. Leave Nahant at 8:11:10 A. M., 3:30 and 6 P. M. Fare 25 cents each way. On Sundays, she will leave Nahant at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 6:45 P. M. Leave Nahant at 12:30 and 5:30 P. M. Fare 50 cents each way.

We have received a copy of The Index, an eight-page publication put forth in the interest of the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, Boston, Mass. Among the names in the printed list of the graduates from this useful Seminary we notice those of Charles J. Rich and F. G. Tuttle, both of whom are now doing efficient service in the Banner of Light Counting-Room.

Miss Jessie Nicol, an English medium, is said to have had a clairvoyant vision wherein she perceived the scenes attending the decease of Abdul-Aziz, the late Turkish Sultan, and found that he was the victim of violence, and did not die by his own hand as currently reported. We published the fact several weeks ago as having been given through a medium in this city.

Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

We desire to call the attention of Spiritualists, Liberals and Reformers to the Pecuniary Testimonial which some of the friends of Andrew Jackson Davis are endeavoring to raise for his benefit.

His great work, "NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS," was given to the world before he had attained his twenty-first year. Since that time he has written and published more than thirty volumes, some of them on the Harmonical Philosophy, and all of them on matters of profound and universal importance to mankind.

While his health permitted he was prominent as a public speaker and teacher. For the last two or three years he and his companion, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, have supported themselves partly through the assistance of personal friends, and partly from the proceeds of their small bookstore in New York. But the times are hard now, and his book business does not yield to him an adequate support.

His friends believe that the world is the better for ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS having lived in it. Many reformers and benefactors of their race while living, have endured hardships and poverty, who after their death have been honored with costly pageants, "storied urn or animated bust."

Seven Grecian cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Will not the friends everywhere of Andrew Jackson Davis—those who have been benefited by his writings and teachings—esteem it a privilege to participate in giving to him an ample pecuniary testimonial of gratitude and good will while he is yet with us in the earth-life? His fiftieth birthday occurs on the 11th day of next October. Let all who can make this year memorable both to themselves and to Bro. Davis by forwarding a generous contribution for his benefit.

Post-office orders, checks and drafts payable to his order may be sent to him at No. 24 East Fourth street, New York, or to either of the officers of the committee.

WILLIAM GREEN, Chairman,
1268 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. O. POOLE, Cor. Sec.,
140 West 42d street, New York, N. Y.

We heartily endorse the above in every particular, and trust the friends wherever this paper may go, will make answer to the appeal accordingly to their means. Bro. Davis has indeed accomplished much good service, and in the vineyard of truth—as elsewhere—"the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Spiritualism in Memphis, Tenn.

In his July number, Samuel Watson, editor of the American Spiritual Magazine, thus outlines his remarkable experiences with a new medium in Memphis:

"We went with some gentlemen a few days since to see a newly developed medium in the city. Two slates fastened by hinges were used; they were closed, and intelligent, truthful messages were written on the slates purporting to come from deceased relatives. Col. Taylor, a well-known, intelligent gentleman, and prominent member of the M. E. Church, South, held the slates together. They were not opened. The scratching of a pencil is heard, yet there is no pencil put in between them. A geranium leaf is cut from a plant growing in a jar in the window, marked by cutting holes in it, and placed between the slates. In a few minutes it is written inside where the leaf will be found concealed in a distant part of the room. In one instance it was found in the bottom drawer of the sewing machine, as was written inside the slates.

Will scientists and editors call and examine these facts and then give us their theory? If it be not spirits, what is it?"

Justice Donohue, of New York, can hardly expect to escape the indignant criticism of the Spiritualistic portion of the community, which, numerically at least, is quite formidable. This Judge has decided that Miss Annie Eva Fay, a mediums lady, who calls up spirits from the vasty deep and summons the speaking ghosts of the dead relatives of all who patronize her, must take out a juggler's license if she wishes to continue her supernatural business in that city. Probably Miss Fay will not object so much to the cost of the license. The gall for her and those who believe in and sympathize with the power that she has or professes to have, is in the legal stigma that has been put upon the leading expression of Spiritualism. Of course, legal knowledge is no more potent than a good brand of common sense in demonstrating the precise status of Spiritualistic practices; but still an edict has gone forth that at least a show of authority, branding the apparent communion between mortals and immortals as jugglery. According to Judge Donohue it has not even the force of witchcraft, but is sleight-of-hand, an illusory performance, a piece oflegerdemain. Positivism is gaining ground among the New York lawyers. The miracles would not stand much of a chance if performed in Gotham to-day.

—Boston Post.

We shall refer more particularly to this matter in our next issue.

The Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative (secular) says of the Centennial Congress of Liberals, in Philadelphia: "Its objects will commend the movement to the favor of all that large and constantly increasing class of minds which views with distrust and alarm the aggressive spirit of religious intolerance." Yes, indeed! and that "constantly increasing class" will soon roll back the God-in-the-Constitution ball of bigotry which is being set going by priestcraft at this very moment in Philadelphia.

The Sunday services at the Meyerbeer Hall, Liverpool, Eng., it is announced, have been attended with signal success. The newly-chosen hall is situated in the centre of fashionable Liverpool. The place has been thoroughly cleansed and decorated, and the platform is handsomely furnished. Dr. William Hitchman, Mrs. F. A. Norworthy, Mr. Priest, and others have lectured there with marked ability and success.

The "glorious Fourth"—centennial, this year—has now become a thing of the past. It was universally celebrated throughout the nation, especially in Philadelphia and other large cities. In Boston the observance of the day was the tamest affair we have known in forty years' experience. The fireworks, especially, were a perfect failure, and were signally condemned so far as we can hear.

As preparatory to further accounts of the strong facts, of which we have plenty, in regard to the absolute truth of spirit materialization, we advise the sincere inquirer to read Epes Sargent's "Proof Palpable of Immortality," a second edition of which has just been published by Colby & Rich, Boston, who send it postpaid on receipt of one dollar.

Read the forcible language, in which the editor of the Brooklyn Gazette—a secular paper—expresses his views concerning W. Irving Bishop, and his performances. See third page.

Spiritual Matters in Philadelphia.

A. S. Hayward writes as follows from the "Centennial City," under date of July 2d:

"There is at this time a large body of liberal-minded persons in this city. I will only speak of the Spiritualists: Rev. Mr. Watson, editor and proprietor of the American Spiritual Magazine, Rev. J. M. Peebles, Dr. H. B. Storer, and many others. Dr. Storer was at the morning Conference, and gave his experience with the 'West End medium,' in Boston. Rev. Mr. Watson also spoke of his being present at a successful materialization seance with the Bliss media. He will speak this evening for the Lincoln Hall Society. Mr. Watson is a fine intellectual specimen of a man, and worthy of the respect of all who listen to him."

Harwich Camp-Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The Spiritual Camp-Meeting at Nickerson Grove, Harwich, Cape Cod, will commence on Tuesday, July 25th, and close on Monday, July 31st. Excursion tickets good until Aug. 2d. Full particulars soon. W. B. KELLY.
Harwich Port, June 29th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since my last correspondence through the Banner relating to camp-meetings in Connecticut, I have become convinced that there is not a desire on the part of the Spiritualists of this State sufficient to warrant the undertaking of one this season, consequently, so far as I am concerned, I drop the matter for a more propitious time without giving detailed reasons for so doing. All I now can say is that those who wish to attend camp-meetings will find plenty of suitable places in Massachusetts, with warm friends (Spiritualists) to greet them. Among the several places that are fitted up for the purpose, none excel the Highland Lake Grove at Norfolk, on the New York and New England road, situated about twenty-two miles from Boston and sixty-four miles from Willimantic. I had the pleasure of attending the picnic yesterday there, having an opportunity to view the present and prospective of this complex situation. As I can fully endorse Bro. Storer's views given through the Banner some two or three weeks ago in regard to this place, I forbear a description. There is no excuse to say there are no camp-meetings—there are plenty of them, and the presence of all is solicited. Let all go who can, giving strength to the cause and intellectual profit to themselves.

GEO. W. BURNHAM.
Willimantic, Ct., June 30th, 1876.

At a recent regular monthly meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists the old board of officers substantially was re-elected for the coming year, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Algernon Joy, Esq., for his past services as Honorary Secretary. Alexander Calder, Esq., was elected President.

We call the especial attention of the reader to the advertisement of Mrs. Jennie Webb, on our seventh page. This lady—a sister to Annie Lord Chamberlain, the renowned physical medium—is worthy the friendship and patronage of Spiritualists wherever located, and deserves to be fully sustained in her work.

"Jottings Along the Way," by J. M. Peebles, will appear next week. We have also in store for our readers No. IV. of the Pilgrim's experiences in the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs, which we shall print as soon as space can be spared therefor.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

C. B. Lynn will lecture in New Haven, Conn., the last two Sundays in September and the month of October. He is ready to make engagements in the East for the fall and winter. Permanent address, Sturges, Mich. Mr. Lynn delivered the oration on the 4th of July in Bangor, Me. He addressed a very large assembly.

W. F. Jamieson is holding meetings in Mazepa, Minn., where he can be addressed until further notice.

Jennett J. Clarke is now enjoying a vacation with her many friends in Connecticut. All letters intended for her should be addressed to Stony Creek, Conn.

A. J. Fishback has been appointed State Missionary by the Minnesota Association of Spiritualists.

Dr. W. L. Jack will be absent from his office, No. 50 Merrimack street, Haverhill, Mass., after the second week in July till the close of the Lake Pucament Camp-meeting. Due notice of his resumption of duties will appear in the Banner.

C. Fannie Allen is meeting with good success at Putnam, Ct., where she is engaged for the month of July.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ROCHESTER HALL.—The Ladies Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

RAYMOND HALL.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this hall, 172 N. Main street, Charlestown District, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The exercises consist of speaking and tests by direct communications. Admission free.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.

Advertisements in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis of disease by lock of hair. And thousands have been cured with vegetable remedies, magnetized and prescribed by her Medical Band.

Diagnosis by Letter. Inclose Lock of Patient's Hair and \$1.00. Give Age and Sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Specifies for Epilepsy and Neuralgia. Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. Take Grove Hall and Dorchester horse cars. My 13.13*

Brooks, Me., Sept. 7, 1870.
Dear Sir—From early youth I was in feeble health, troubled with humor in my blood, weakness and debility of the system generally; was unable to labor much, and only at some light business, and then only with great caution.

Seven years ago the past spring I had a severe attack of Diphtheria, which left my limbs paralyzed and useless, so I was unable to walk or even sit up. Noting the advertisement of PERUVIAN SYRUP, I concluded to give it a trial, and my great joy soon found my health improving. I continued the use of the SYRUP until three bottles had been used, and was restored to complete health, and have remained so to this day.

I attribute my present health entirely to the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP, and hold it in high estimation. I cannot speak too highly in its praise. I have in several cases recommended it in cases very similar to my own with the same good results.

Yours truly, CHARLES E. PEARCY.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing office 200 Joralemon st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Jy17.4w*

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy1.

Mr. and Mrs. HOLMES, 614 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F.19.

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

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 331 5th Ave., New York. Terms \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Jy.24-4w*

BUSINESS CARDS.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to over-estimate the benefits resulting from the use of Campbell's Royal Food, the new diet for children and invalids. 2w-July 8.

DR. E. D. SPEAR, So much celebrated for his remarkable cures, office and residence, 807 Washington street, Boston, Mass., may be consulted on all diseases treated by, or by letter, with stamps. References: The many in New England and elsewhere who have been treated with him at different times during the past 31 years. Medical Hand Book free, sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents. 20w-Nov. 27.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to be added to the list of subscribers, or to change, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as usual, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. Rhodes.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 56 Tremont street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Booksellers, 42 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. J. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, 100 State Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. Mrs. M. J. REGAN, 620 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard Books and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. 1f-Nov. 1.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. B. T. C. MOULDER, 262 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light, and a supply of Liberal and Reformatory Works. 1f

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Booksellers, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON.

KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF Spiritual, Progressive, Reform, AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the money sent is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D.

Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Any Book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express, free of charge.

Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CAMP MEETING

OF THE Liberal Spiritualists of New England

Will be held at HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE, W. Norfolk, Mass., commencing July 12th and closing August 10th, 1876.

All who believe in LIBERTY, (not anarchy), EQUALITY and FRATERNITY, under whatever name they are known, are cordially invited to join us. This Grove, of over fifty acres, is situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and is well supplied with all the necessaries of life, and affords every facility to seekers of health or recreation, to spend a summer sojourn at Highland Grove's Mammoth Dining and Restaurant Hall at 50 cents per week.

As far as practicable, those intending to camp should furnish their blankets and camp equipment. Tent and reduced rental and lodgings may be obtained by applying by letter or in person to DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, No. 38 Montgomery avenue, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

Many of the most prominent Spiritualist and Liberal lecturers will address the people during the continuation of the meetings. Among these, the only ones engaged are Mr. William Denton and Miss Lizzie Doten. Particulars in regard to Railroad connections, running of trains, etc., etc., will be given at the time.

A. H. RICHARDSON, Manager.

Pass Round the Word.

SPIRITUALIST SEA SIDE PARTIES. Glam-Bako S. at Downer's Landing, Boston Harbor, Wednesday, July 12th, 1876. Steamboat leaves at 10 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Tickets, round trip, 60 cts. J. S. BODGE, Con. July 1.

The Scientific Wonder! THE PLANCHETTE.

THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE!

SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performances of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either orally or mentally. Those unacqu

Message Department.

THE Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circles and the Boston Circles, reports of which are printed on this page, indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond. Whether for good or evil, consequently those who pass from the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive to more.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danksin, of Baltimore.) During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Danksin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Twenty-seven.)

BY WASH. A. DANKSKIN.

The evidences that Spiritualism was true were not received by us through the agency of professional media. The manifestations came to ourselves in the quiet of our own home, where no disturbing influences could enter. One day after another was given, until conviction became absolute certainty. There was no room for doubt—no question of fraud or trickery, which has so disgraced the movement in these latter years. There was a quiet sitting at the table, in the stillness of the evening, awaiting and expecting that some friend or friends who had passed beyond the confines of mortality would come and bless us with their presence.

And we were not disappointed. Night after night did we sit, generally after the smaller hours of the morning, holding sweet converse with those loved ones of our own kindred who were drawn to us by ties of affection; or gathering knowledge of the spirit life from others who were attracted to our home by the pleasant condition which they found there.

At the close of one of our sittings there was given a series of words from which I could not extract any meaning. They seemed to be merely sound without sense:

Somewhat more
Dollishness more
Tontellish more.

And a dozen other words having similar termination. I asked for an explanation, but did not receive any. It was a new phase in our experience. Our spirit visitors had never talked nonsense to us before, and I could not understand why words without translatable meaning should be given to us now. In reply to my inquiry the answer came: "Wait, and the explanation will be given."

About two weeks after this we formed a circle one evening, and while at the table an Irish girl—my mother's waiting-maid—came into the room for some purpose, and immediately there came a repetition of these apparently unmeaning words. I remarked to the circle that this had been given us before, but I could not understand it. The girl said: "Please, Mr. Danksin, but I understand it. In Ireland my brother used to sing in the parish church, and he would rehearse every day, at home, the chants and other pieces were given him by the priest. We little children used to imitate him, and sing such words as we could make up to sound like his—and these are the very words he children used to sing in the old country."

The brother had passed away since his sister had been in America, and he adopted this means to let her know that he was not dead, but still loved her, and could watch over and protect her in the land to which she had emigrated.

Thus, the words which had seemed so utterly devoid of sense or meaning, proved to be one of the best tests that could be devised.

Robert Chesebrough.

"I was in Calcutta I died, in the month of March. Robert Chesebrough. I was the son of Capt. Robert Chesebrough. Though I may have been faithless and untrue to myself, I was never unkind of you and others."

Dark, heavy strides has man to take from the cradle to the grave. Knowing full well, by education, there are two paths in life—the right and the wrong—the perverse and carnal mind always accepts that which tends to evil. Evil does exist in the universe, and the human heart takes part with it. On the Eternal Shores, where life is given and death goes out, you stand a responsible identity, answering for acts committed either in ignorance or willfulness, and according to your answer you have your reckoning. Sometimes the reckoning comes harsh, heavy, and with a dull, monotonous sound. Sometimes it comes with the thrilling of the Eolian harp, and the heart that has been bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, oftentimes revives under its thrilling tones.

All is mystery, or seemingly so, when first you enter the spirit-world. But when you find your relationship to Deity and the laws of his authorship, then the mystery scatters, breaking away and letting the sunlight of heaven dawn upon you. And, oh! what a thrilling ecstasy overflows your being when you have power in the eternal life to see yourself as you are. Then you understand whence you came and whither you are going.

Oh, how important it is for a man to learn of the attributes that lie within him, and their relation to that world into which he is passing! What has the grave to do with his being? He has only deposited his worn-out garment therein and handed back, under the law, the soul that was given to him for good.

Elizabeth Carpenter.

Elizabeth Carpenter was my name. I was the beloved wife of David Carpenter, and eldest daughter of Susan and Andrew Wilson. They carried my remains from Saratoga street, Baltimore. Count it not as a delusion, nor the imaginative mind of a woman, but claim it, if you can, from the source from which it comes—from over the bright and beautiful river of life. It is like some beautiful fairy story which we have read—we can scarcely realize all the grandeur and beauty which lie around us. See them [the angels] gathering in groups, one conversing with another over things which pertain to earthly life! Friends and relations, be prepared, as I was, not to fear death, but to triumph over death and the grave, and thus carry out the lesson I have brought from the interior life.

Margaret Grier.

Margaret Grier was my name, the wife of William Grier, and he was a medical director in the U. S. Navy. I was the daughter of the late Col. Watmough, of Philadelphia.

Seeing and feeling are the senses that are ours while the physical holds enmeshed the spirit. After death it loses not its polarity, nor its relationship toward those whom it has left behind, consequently that which I knew not I have learned. It is a revelation of the profoundest value to me, and as an acceptor of its fundamental propositions, I advance with it, giving it to others as a grand revelation belonging to the day in which they live. Being approximated in degree toward the grand centre of universal life, gathering in its adaptations from cause to effect, from effect to cause—thus doing, I grow scholastic spiritually, with the grand unfoldment of eternity before me.

Why then should I regret having passed through trials and tribulations, when through that means I have been made to learn my birthright in the skies? Beautiful is it to gather in knowledge day by day, and hour by hour, and know that through our own exertions we may gain the highest point of glory, harmony and wisdom. So, husband, do not doubt the truth of this; do not doubt my veracity. Look well into the matter, learn for yourself that "though a man die shall he live." Now adieu.

Emma Maynard.

Emma Maynard was my name. I died at New Windsor, Carroll Co., Md., in the ninth year of my age. My mother's name was Sarah, my father's name was Dennis. I thought, mother and father, and good kind friends, that after death there was no more of us; but I find I have to go about doing pretty much the same, and I do not grieve about leaving any one, for the good angels have given me lessons, and made me learn of the things that are about here.

I've no wish, mother and father, to come back and play with my schoolmates, or even to talk about them. You can't know, mother and father, how beautiful this place is until you come and see for yourselves. The angels are so pretty in their faces, and they dress so nicely and look so clean and tidy! Their clothes, mother and father, are most always white, like I have seen snow sometimes; then they sing so sweetly, and make every one so happy around them; and when they find a down-look with us they say something to cheer us, and make us feel happy. When I first died I used to think it would be so nice to come home again and stay with you all! And then they would come to me, and embrace me, and kiss me, and tell me not to cry, for they would take me home and show me my mother and my father, and so they did.

Mother, do take this religion and learn about it. See if I can't come and talk right to you. I think I can. I'm growing, mother, and am being taught lessons by the angels, just as if I was going to every-day-school, only we don't have any romps, or any angry words, or anything out of place. Mother, dear mother, I fondly love you. I come and go, for it is sweet to do my Father's will, and he in time, dear mother, will give me power to assist and bear your spirit on its way, and oh, how sweet it will be when you see me and I see you!

Elizabeth Daily.

Elizabeth Daily, of Sacramento, Cal. I was a personating medium, for a long time, in the youthful days of Spiritualism. I was a guide to very many who sought me in the line of my unfoldment. Many other faculties were unfolded spiritually in my nature, and I placed them all to a good purpose. Having been disrobed of the flesh, I have power to manifest in the spirit, through one who, probably, has never heard of me.

I was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a sincere Spiritualist, and I would say to investigators of this grand and sublime subject, Do it honestly, carefully and truthfully, and when the burdens of the earthly life are laid aside you will be grandly and beautifully rewarded in the land where all things harmonize for good. I would not exchange worlds again—oh, no!

And now, dear friends of the Banner, I bless you! Go on as you have ever done with your noble work, and the angel hosts will assist you. Instead of the labor being hard, they will make it easy. Go on! go on! you have one more sister to aid you.

Alletta Rapel.

I died at Hopewell Junction, Dutchess County, New York. My name was Alletta Rapel. I was in my seventy-eighth year. The external manifestations of life grew wearisome to me. As age in the form of earth came on, many of the pleasures and beauties of my youthful days faded away, and left me almost a stranger in my own beautiful land. In my meditative moments I thought this condition of life over and over, and could not balance the outer with the inner; but those thoughts were only fragments, passing away one by one, and when death physical came and claimed me, I then with all the powers of my mind grew to understand how to harmonize one faculty with the other—the outer faculties and the inner faculties—which have now grown harmonious. What a real and substantial life is ours, with very many of the difficulties thrown entirely aside. We see God now, not as the artists have ever pictured him, in his majesty of greatness, but in his majesty of love, of wisdom and of guidance.

Robert Elder.

Stamford, Conn.; Robert Elder was my name. I died in the seventy-third year of my age; my residence was on Atlantic street. Death and I were not at war together, as we harmonized in all the essentials of the spirit's ascension. Upon those shores I solved the problem of man's creation. I saw there was no flaw in the law that gave him breath. I likewise saw how false the human mind had been taught, that God had made a blunder in creating one from himself! I likewise saw and read in the law that man was not accursed of God, that his earthly life was not worthless. I likewise saw that there were no deficiencies in any of his outbreathings toward those whom he called his children. Preachers, priests and elders, take warning, not from the dead, but from living spirits, who tell you of your wrongful ways in keeping your flocks with scales upon their eyes, and with ignorance in their minds. The future lies before you, and I, as a prophet, come to warn you whereby ignorance may flee and knowledge may take its place. I am an individual spirit, approximating little by little, through my own exertion, toward the higher goal. Take warning, friends; you know I am truthful and honest in what I say. I am fulfilling the commandment of the Eternal by my return. So good-by.

If any one who knew me should chance to read this, my full identity will be recognized.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

at the Public Free Circles held at this office. In order to make repairs upon our building, the sittings have been temporarily suspended. They will be resumed on Tuesday, September 5th.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, we will attend to them now.

QUES.—Can a person do a wrong act in this life, and smooth it over with his conscience so effectively that the effects of that act will not come up in judgment against him in the spirit-life?

ANS.—It is easy in your world to do what you call a wrong act, and then spread a plaster over it so nicely, you may walk along the streets without paying the least attention to it. It is easy to injure a brother, and then make yourself believe that you are not selfish nor doing wrong. In your natural body there is a spiritual body. The spirit receives the impression of every act done in the body.

It is given to you like a piece of pure white paper, and you are making marks on it from day to day. When you enter your spirit-home, it comes before you, and there is no coat thick enough to button over your conscience to hide it from your view. No; it stands out before you in full relief. The very motive that prompted you to do the deed is there before you; that with which you have covered it for years only makes it more apparent to your view. No; it is impossible to cover up a wrong act! You must face it; must take it up and look at it when you enter the spirit-world. Oh! if men and women fully realized this, would they not stop and look over the acts of their lives, and see what they are laying up in spirit-life! True we have no hell to frighten them with; no fiery furnace sending up its brimstone; but we have this: A conscience which is ever knocking at the door, asking, "Are you doing well to-day?" They are answerable for every act done in the body. No matter how much they repent of it. When the work has been perpetrated they cannot blot it out. They may be very sorry, but they cannot cure the disease. They have done the work, sown the seed, and must reap the harvest it brings. If they are unjust to their fellow-men, and selfish, they will find the tree growing in their spiritual garden, but must not throw the blame on another's shoulders. They will have no Christ to drag them into heaven; if they get there it must be by their own deeds of goodness. They will enjoy the spiritual either fully or partially according to the work done in the earth-life, but can progress, no matter how low they have gone in the scale. In spirit-life when these earthly troubles are laid aside, when the temptations of life are overthrown, and mortals enter into that home, then there is a chance to progress; but they will look back each day, and think how much further ahead they might have been had they better improved the opportunities of earth.

Dr. William Tinkham.

As each individual has an experience of his own, and as each man or woman who comes here tells his own or her own story, I have come to tell mine. I was a Spiritualist before I departed from the earth, a medium working with my medium power and attending to other business until I wore out my old body. My attention was more closely drawn to Spiritualism some years ago, by an accident—a piece of wood having been projected into my head. I lay for a long time; the physicians had said that it was all taken out, and that I was doing very nicely, yet I seemed to be growing worse instead of better, when I might say the angels sent to me a medium, who said that so far in there was still another piece of wood, and if the physicians would probe there they would find it; and it proved to be a fact. Of course this drew my attention still stronger toward the Spiritual Philosophy, and I became a firm Spiritualist. I had a varied experience in earth-life, but I never regretted having paid attention to this philosophy, and I do not regret it now. I passed away with heart disease, at Lowell, having stayed, as I said before, in the body as long as I could; working with my medium powers, and also transacting other business, was too much for the old box to bear. All there was of me passed out, leaving the casket an old body, nothing more nor less. I entered spirit-life to meet my wife and other friends who had gone before me, and I am surprised sometimes, when I look around, to see how much further I had advanced, by paying attention to the Spiritual Philosophy, than some of my friends who had been here for years, so that to-day I come to add my voice to the number of those who are rejoicing in the spiritual, and who feel that they wish to return, that the world may know of their home, that their faith has made them whole. I have been many times to earth; have had my picture taken—a real spirit-picture. My wife is a medium. I would say to her that though trials and afflictions are around her, and she has much to discourage her, yet, Lizzie, go on in the good work. William Tinkham. They called me Doctor sometimes.

Frank Stebbins.

I was not a believer in Spiritualism. I was an opposer to it. I took pleasure, when under the influence of other spirits than those that I see present here to-day, in disturbing a spiritual circle if there was one assembled at our house. My wife was a Spiritualist, and often had circles at the house. I suppose I ought to have enjoyed them, but I did not, and I did many times all that I could to trouble her; but, fortunately for her, I passed out of the body, and she was left to enjoy her Spiritualism. I can't say but I did have some faith in it, but yet I loved to annoy a Spiritualist, especially when I had been imbibing strong drink. I am free to confess that I am sorry for it; but it won't heal the wound—not a particle. I have been sorry to my heart's content, sorry every minute, yet it has not affected one thing.

I think, were I capable of lecturing, I could preach a pretty good temperance sermon, for I know that of all the habits which come to a man, which are born with him, or attach themselves to him, that of drinking is the most unfortunate, for it brings a dazed condition to the spirit even after he has got rid of the body, and I expect it will be some years before I shall be able to take the place in life which I might have held. I know that Spiritualism is true. It should be a matter of knowledge to most of those who look into it; but I have one piece of advice to give, and that is, if you want to enjoy life with us, and have a good honest time, behave yourselves while you

live in the body; and I hope that if there are any within the reach of my voice who even occasionally, from habit, from the love of it, take it as a beverage, when they take the glass of liquor from the counter, or in their homes, when they put it to their lips, they will remember what I say: If you want to be truly happy on your first entrance into spirit-life, let it alone for your own sake, and for the sake of the angel-world.

I came here at the request of my wife, who has said she wished I would come here and report. The dark days are around her; the hour of trial is near at hand; she will not be lonely, for we shall be there with her. Say the message is from Frank, to Amelia Stebbins, now Clark, wife of Norman Clark, of Poquonock, Conn.

Edward L. Weston.

I got shot out, mister; not to-day, but a good while ago. It's about fourteen years ago or thereabout. 'T was pretty hot. I believe it was in the month of July. I don't know as you'll allow anybody like me here—you are all North-erners. [We treat everybody civilly here.] I'm glad you do. Well, I've known a good many of you. I s'pose I got knocked out by one of you. Anyway, I do n't know as I wanted to fight, but, you see, we got in a place where 't wan't any use to resist; we had to take it or die; there was only one chance to run through it and live, and if we did n't we got shot.

I was in a skirmish; and I—well, I skulked a little, do you blame me? And just as I was standing—yes, standing behind a tree, I thought I was pretty safe, and I looked round to see what was going on, and I heard something drop, and that something was me. A ball went in there [on the right side of the face] and came out here somewhere, [on the other side,] but I was actually shot out. It was n't a minute, I do n't believe, before I was standing looking at the old gray coat I had on. Mad! I was mad as thunder. It did n't make any difference; there I was.

I do n't know how I got round here to-day, it must be I got shot in; but I do n't know as I've got much that's interesting to tell, but maybe you do n't all know how quick it is to get out, and how quick you know you're out.

I wan't attached to that body of mine not ten minutes before I could just fly away, and my first idea was to get away from the old gray-backs. I do n't believe I was a good Southerner after all. I never believed very much in Jeff Davis—had n't much faith in him before he put on woman's clothes.

I got away as quick as possible. I report myself now from Charleston, S. C. I've bothered you enough. I'll get out now if I know how. Some of my old friends down there may like to know that old Ned's been round.

Charlie Poore.

I am not a stranger to these Banner Circles, and although I am Poor, I always feel rich when I get here. I always enjoyed them—think I enjoy them to-day. I am freed from the old body. As I've often said, I'm thankful for that. Now I want to help everybody all I can—do all for 'em I can. I intend to make some music yet—play some good old tunes for the benefit of Spiritualism. I've got my old violins where I think they can be handled. I want to say to my wife and family to be of good cheer. I'd just as lief she'd sell them as not. I felt just a little, in the first place, as if I'd like to have them kept. I see now it's all right. I'm glad she minded the impressions given to her.

I would say to my friends that I am as happy as I can be. I am going on and seeing a good many of my old friends, and I hope to see more of them. We are all journeying on together. I see a good many more that I used to know once.

You may say that I am Poor Charlie, and say that I came from the Charlestown District, so that nobody will think that I did n't know that Charlestown was annexed. I've done the best I can, Mr. Chairman. Good afternoon.

Josiah Dunham.

Say that Josiah Dunham, of South Boston when in the form, would like to communicate with his family, what is left of 'em. I have something to say to them that will be of future use. There are stranger things in this philosophy than I ever dreamt of.

Minnie Danforth.

[The spirit takes up the flowers.] Please, sir, can I have these? [Yes.] I used to love flowers very much when I was here, but I did n't have any very often. I used to see the big trees 'way off, and my mother used to tell me about going out in the woods, but I never went; but I've had flowers. I had one bud in my hand when they put me in the ground. They did n't put me in the ground neither; they put something like me in the ground. There was two Minnies. 'T was this in here, [laying her hand upon the throat]; 't was all red; 't was scarlet fever. I was n't but seven years old. My name was Minnie Danforth. I've been gone some time. I went away from Boston, 'way down most to the ferry, in one of those streets. I used to play out in the streets a good deal. My mother's name is Mary. My father's up top. These are mine, are they, sir? [The flowers.] Truly mine? [Yes, if you can take them.] You would n't take 'em away from me? [The spirit left, clutching the flowers, in the vain endeavor to take them with her.]

Anonymous.

Truly Spiritualism is a wonder; the spirit return is a wonder. I stand in spirit-life, and look over the world before me, and I feel to bow my head, for, although I investigated Spiritualism many years, and I have endeavored to learn all I could since my entrance into spirit-life, yet to-day I bow my head and say I know but so slight a portion of a spiritual life, that I am almost ashamed to say that I know aught of it. Many of the communications received on earth are spoken, as it were, symbolically. Many of the visions that are given to different mediums, are not always by them rightly understood, and therefore the interpretation which you receive seems strange to you. The question which was given here to-day brings telegraphic thoughts to me of my own experience in spirit-life. Meeting an individual that I was sure I had never injured, or at least I thought not, and having that individual tell me that I had injured him, and feeling as I looked in his face [it was an honest one] that I really had—as I looked at him I saw I had injured him in thought, for I had thought harshly of him, I had been uncharitable, unkind in thought, and it had reached him, and had reached me in spirit-life.

There is a connecting link between this life of yours and our life in the spiritual. There is such a telegraph working all the time that

your ideas are being brought to us while our ideas are being carried to you, and you ask yourselves sometimes—where is it to end? When there seems to be impending danger hanging over your heads, you feel as if the conflict was near, even at your very doors, and you stand trembling at the spectacle before you; and there comes a something which brings relief—the pressure is taken off, and again the spirit-world is justified, and again we stand firm and strong in our position as communicators from the spiritual to the earth-world.

I do n't know why I came to-day. I was attracted to your circle by a band of influences who are working for the good of all for which I am working to-day stronger than ever before, with a clearer brain and a firmer hold upon the real life. Let me be anonymous.

Johnnie Cho-Yan.

Melican man come: me want to come, too. Melican man speakee muchee; Chinese want to speakee muchee. Melican man gettee high up; Melican man callee me Johnnie Cho-Yan. Melican man in California no likee Cho-Yan; and cuttee he up.

Controlling Intelligence.

We thank you for your attention this afternoon, beloved friends, and thank you also for the beautiful flowers, for they bring to us harmony, they bring us affection. In each little leaf we see written some token of regard to some dear one in spirit-life. We know that as we hold them in our hands these sweet buds are like the little ones that so often come to us in life for our care and protection, sent out from your world to ours, where we try to unfold their little lives and bring them here to you to learn of you the material; and sometimes when inclined to do wrong or speak harshly, please remember that your homes may be at that time being visited by pure spirit-children from the spirit-world, to learn of the material from you and from your homes. May your hearts be strong, and may the flowers bloom brightly in your lives, and may each thought which comes to us from earth-life be a reflection of the purely spiritual. May God and your angel friends go with you and watch o'er you and protect you. Frank.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

Philip Bernard; Isabella Towner; David Pat; Henry Story; Chas. Jeffrey Smith; Henry Judgo Hawkins; Joseph Croly.
Capt. In Malin; Mary Goodsell; Louisa Marston; Henry Story; Benjamin Durrant; Martha Harris; James Christy; Matthew Ward; Phoebe Williams; Mary Dunn; Thomas Mullen; Margaret Crow; Fannie Briggs; Julia, the Sultan; Wm. Fisher; Edward; Harry Briggs; Barney Williams; Daniel C. Stratton; Isabella Mance; George Remer; Arilla Rockwell; John Whistler; Dr. John Ward; John Ward; John Ward; John Ward; Ward Cheney; Henry Haven; Elizabeth Walker; George Cogwell Torrey; Henrietta Grant; Sarah Reynolds; George Mace.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Ernest F. Arnold, of Johnston, R. I.; Charles E. Smith, of Danversport; Charlotte Taber, of New Bedford; Stephen Denio, of Nashville, Tenn.; Samuel J. May; Dr. A. L. Haskins, of Boston; Ellen Frances Maynard, of New York City, to her parents.
Richard Blanchard, of South Weymouth, Mass.; James Booth, of Milford, N. H.; Elizabeth Emerson, of Quincy, Ill.; Charlotte Hubbard, of Newport, R. I.; Samuel McLaughlin, of Troy, N. Y.; Ebenezer Totman, of East Weymouth, Mass.; Francis Augustus Lewis, of Quincy, Mass.; John Henry, of San Jose, Cal.; Thomas D. Goodell, of Minneapolis; John M. Bradley, of Carmel, Ill.; Charles B. Corey, of Westport, Conn.; Mass.; William Thompson, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Mary R. R., of New Orleans; Dr. Mann.
Luther M. Knecht; Emma Lingley Burgee, of Charlotte, N. C.; Grandin, of St. Louis; Henry Lewis; George Ransom Lowe, of Lawrence, Mass.
Alfred N. Perkins, of Haverhill; Henry Lewis; Henry Durgin, of Montreal; Charles Brown, of Boston; Adelle, to her mother, Harriet Whiting, of Meriden, Conn.; Dr. Mann.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

June 1st, 1876, Mrs. Abby Rowe, of Paterson, N. J., wife of James Rowe, in the 42d year of her age.

Mrs. Rowe was much beloved by all who knew her, and she will live in the memory of her many friends as one eminently true and noble. The loss of her physical presence was the only sadness that caused her family to mourn, as they are conscious of her spiritual companionship and guidance. The truth of spirit-communication is a living reality to them, affording such consolation as nothing else could give. May God and angels help us all to be thus comforted. In loving, fraternal remembrance.
A. E. CARPENTER.

From Alstead, N. H., June 18th, Elijah Davis, aged 83 years.

He was a zealous worker in the cause of the truth of Spiritualism, and died happy in the belief of a better life beyond. The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Wiley, of Rockingham, Vt.

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

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To the Liberal-Minded.

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

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

We have received a cheerful-looking volume of four hundred pages—lined 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.

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

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

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

SARAH A. DANKIN,

Physician of the "New School,"

WIFE OF WASH. A. DANKIN, OF BALTIMORE, MD.,

Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANKIN has been the pupil and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been brought to her through her instrumentality. She is clairvoyant and clairvoyant. Reads the interior condition of the patient, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Rush treats the case with scientific skill which has been greatly enhanced by his fifty years' experience in the world of spirits.

Application by letter, enclosing Consultation Fee, \$2.00, will receive prompt reply. For full details, magnificently prepared, sent at moderate prices.

NEURALGIA.—A positive cure for this painful disease sent by mail on receipt of postage stamps.

Direct WASH. A. DANKIN, Baltimore, Md., April 22.—3m

DR. J. R. NEWTON,

No. 18 West Twenty-First street, New York.

DR. NEWTON has returned from California with new power in the cure of disease by touch and will power. Dr. Newton also treats the sick at any distance, by magnetized letters, and performs cures as wonderful as any made by personal treatment.

Persons desiring this treatment, will send in their own handwriting a description of the case, age, and enclose \$5 to \$10.

New Life for the Old Blood!

INCREASE YOUR VITALITY.

"The Blood is the Life."

DR. STORER'S

Great Vitalizer,

THE

Nutritive Compound,

SHOULD now be used by weak-nerved and poor-blooded people everywhere, as the best restorative of nerve-cells and blood-globules ever discovered.

Mild and soothing in its nature, the feeblest child can take it. Contains the most potent nutritive power, the worst forms of disease yield to its power.

Send for it to DR. H. B. STORER, No. 41 Dover street, Boston, Mass.

Price \$1.00; Six Packages, \$5.00.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Sold in New York City by J. R. NICKLES, 697 Broadway, cor. 4th st. Jan. 10.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed till further notice:

Clenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, as he does not depend on his scientific knowledge with keen and searching clairvoyance.

Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cures, scrofula in all its forms, Eczema, Erysipelas, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system, and who can not procure any other. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars and References.

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Electrical Cure,

And the Infallible Electrical Cranial Diagnosis.

THESE admirable and effective methods of cure taught perfectly and rapidly through correspondence by ALICE, G. W. WILKINSON, pupil of the Dr. Wm. and Emma H. Britten. They insure to any intelligent practitioner a highly lucrative profession, and require no previous knowledge of medicine or electricity. The wonderful Cranial Diagnosis reveals the most obscure conditions of disease with accuracy, and has been pronounced the greatest discovery of modern science. Address ALICE G. WILKINSON, care of DR. BRITTEN, 115 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass. 4w—June 24.

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A SAFE and reliable remedy for the cure of Catarrh in the Head. DR. LEAVITT, a celebrated Physician of this city, says: "I would not take five thousand dollars for an ounce of the Powder in case I could not procure any more. I was reduced very low with Catarrh, and it cured me."

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POWER has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their best locations for health, business and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$1.00, with stamped and addressed envelope.

JOHN M. SPEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Jan. 17.—1

The Home Battery.

DR. WILLIAM BRITTEN's celebrated Electro-Magnetic Medical Home Battery. The best, cheapest, most effective and durable electro-magnetic device ever constructed. Cures every form of disease rapidly and painlessly, restores vitality and develops muscularity. Address WILLIAM BRITTEN, 48 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass. 4w—July 8.

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SCOTT breech-loading double-barrel shot gun. Laminated steel barrels. Gauge No. 12. Guard action. Is almost new, and in perfect condition. With loading magazine, cover, and fine leather packing-case. \$100.00. Will be disposed of for \$85.00 cash. Apply at this office.

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WEST CONCORD, VERMONT.

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SPIRITUALIST HOME,

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THE PSYCHO STAND AND DETECTOR.

Invented by Francis J. Lippitt. The object of the Psycho Stand is simply to relate the material of the communications spelled out through the movements of tables and other objects always emanate from the mind of the medium. This object is accomplished by the use of an alphabet which the medium cannot see, and the location of which may be changed at the pleasure of the observer, and in a shorter or longer time, on the top of the Stand, through a small metallic window out of the medium's sight. The Stand will operate through the medium with a success corresponding to their mediumistic power.

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THE WELL-KNOWN HEALER, DUMONT O. DAKES,

M. D., can be consulted at the Madison House, Chicago, Ill., 1st, 8th, 17th and 24th of month; Joliet, Ill., 5th and 6th; Rockford, Ill., 12th, 13th and 14th; Beloit, Wis., 18th. Patients successfully treated at a distance. June 17.

DR. C. BONN, 444 W. Walnut street, Louisville,

Ky. Healing Medium with a peculiar power for curing RHEUMATISM, State full name, day, month and year six weeks, money returned, and 3-cent stamp. If not cured in six weeks, money returned. 4w—July 8.

A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician, of Bos-

ton, 72 Fawcett Place, Phila., Pa. Hours from 9 to 5. Consultation free. Magnificent Paper sent by mail, \$5.00. July 1.—17

DR. STONE'S "NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH,"

for sale at this office. Price \$1.25. July 1.

MRS. M. B. THAYER, 1601 North 15th street,

Philadelphia, Pa. 12w—April 22.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. H. B. STORER'S

MEDICAL OFFICE

HAS BEEN

REMOVED

From No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, to

No. 41 DOVER STREET.

MR. M. J. FOLSON will continue as heretofore to examine patients clairvoyantly, either when present, or by name and look of hair, sent by mail. Terms, when present, \$1; by letter, \$2.

All letters should be addressed to

DR. H. B. STORER, 41 Dover street, Boston.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, with directions for treatment, will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

12w—April 22.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D.

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

Also Trance Medium, Specialty: Curing Cancers, Tumors and Female Complaints. Examines at any distance. Terms \$2.00. Also Medium, Magnetic Paper \$1.00, 57 Tremont street, Boston. Rooms 10 and 21.

MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical

Clairvoyant, Rooms 9 and 10, 12 to 12, 5 to 5, M. General sittings, One Dollar, N. B.—Having closed my 86-audience, I am open for Lecture engagements.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

TEST MEDIUM, also Medical Examinations. Send

a lock of patient's hair, state age and sex, and enclose \$1.00, 11 Oak street, 3rd story, 2nd Washington st. Hours 9 to 9. Sundays 2 to 9. July 1.

J. WILLIAM FLETCHER,

TRANCE MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT.

July 1. 7 Montgomery Place, Boston.

AUGUSTIA DWINELES, Clairvoyant, Trance

and Test Medium, Nassau Hall, cor. of Washington and Common streets, Boston. Up one flight. Terms \$1. April 27.—2w

Susie Nickerson-White,

TRANCE MEDIUM, 130 West Brookline street, St.

Elmo, Suite 1, Boston. Hours 9 to 4. June 24.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Heal-

ing, Suite 2, Hotel Norwood, cor. of Oak and Washington sts., Boston. (entrance on Ash st.) Hours 10 to 10.5. July 8.

MRS. F. C. DEXTER, 476 Tremont street, Bos-

ton, Clairvoyant, Test and Developing Medium. Examines by look of hair. Test and Developing Circles Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 P. M. 13w—July 1.

LIZZIE NEWELL, 14 Tremont street, Boston,

Medical and Business Clairvoyant. Magnetic Treatment, Electricity. 4w—July 1.

MRS. M. C. BAGLEY, Test Medium, has re-

moved to 29 Lynde st., Boston, where she will give private sittings from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. daily. 4w—July 1.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No.

450 Dover st., Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. June 9.—12w

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, Physician and

Test Medium, 14 Indiana street, Suite 5, lower floor, Washington street to Harrison av., Boston. July 1.

MRS. HARDY,

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 4 Concord square, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 1 and 2 to 3. 13w—June 24.

MRS. CHAS. H. WILDES, No. 8 Eaton street,

Boston, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Hours 9 to 12. 4w—June 24.

FANNIE REMICK,

Trance Medium, 362 Tremont street, Boston. July 1.—2w

Photograph of

PARAFFINE MOLD

OF A MATERIALIZED SPIRIT-HAND, OBTAINED

IN PRESENCE OF

MRS. M. M. HARDY.

The phenomenon of the paraffine mold has been called upon since its first introduction to bear, both in England and America, the intensest scrutiny, but it has come off victorious, and remains at present a *proof palpable* indeed of the existence and power of the disembodied human spirit.

The hand represented in this picture was obtained at an evening séance held at Voltaire Hotel, April 6th, 1876, at the house of Mrs. Hardy, No. 4 Concord square, Boston, Mass., under the following circumstances: The company consisted of Mrs. Hardy, with her son, who was at the time placed over the top of the table a rubber cloth, a "waterproof" cover, and a table-cloth. He also placed the paraffine mold under the table. In from ten to fifteen minutes rapid signals a result, and the cloth being removed, a fine mold of the human hand was found lying on the floor, which we have had photographed.

Price, Carte de Visite 25 cents; Cabinet, 50 cents.

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IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

Given inspirationally by MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN, in two lectures: 1st, "PARABLE OF THE SON," 2nd, "THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT."

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At an hour when many skeptics, trained to the need of text books for all in searching out knowledge concerning life and its relations, both now and to come, are turning their attention to the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy, this sterling volume is calculated to fill an important place in the popular domain, and to do much good by the enlightenment of the ignorant.

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New, Startling, and Extraordinary Revelations in

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By KERSEY GRAVES,

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Bible of Bibles," (comprising a description of

twenty Bibles.)

This wonderful and exhaustive volume by Mr. Graves will, we are certain, take high rank as a book of reference in the field which has been chosen for it. The amount of mental labor necessary to compile and compile the varied information contained in this work have been severe and arduous indeed, and now that it is in such convenient shape the student of free thought will not willingly allow it to go out of print. But how few men of sound judgment or views or statistics; throughout its entire course the author—as will be seen by his title-page and chapter heads—has followed the path of reason and argument to the close, and his conclusions go, like sunbeams, to the mark.

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Eating for Strength.

A New Health Cookery Book.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

Which should be in the hands of every person who would eat to regulate the nature of Great Britain. It contains besides the science of eating and one hundred answers to questions which most people are anxious to know, nearly one hundred pages devoted to the best healthful recipes for food, and how to feed one's self, family, babies and delicate children so as to get the best bodily development. Mothers who cannot nurse their children will find full directions for feeding them, and will find mothers who have delicate children, and invalids who wish to know the best foods.

Price \$1.00, postage free.

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THE</

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Spark forever.

The birds must know. Who wisely sing
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings:
Songs make their way.

People should recollect that they cannot swear to things
themselves, but only to their impressions of them.

A FEW DAYS.

Just a few days. Ah, such a few,
Since the summer moon watched me and you
As we wandered along the golden sand,
Heart in hand and hand in hand;
And the waves, in eternal ebb and flow,
Chimed to your sweet words, soft and low,
Ah me! such a few little days ago.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must
hammer and forge yourself one.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Believe that thou art eternal light;
Thou feel'st in thy inmost heart
Thou art not clay; thy soul hath wings;
And what thou seest is but part.
Make this thy motto for the smart:
Of every day's distress, be dumb;
In each new loss thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

Dr. T. W. Parsons.

Stander quicker than martial law, at length, condemn-
eth and executes all in an instant.

THE THREE FACES OF FIFTY.

Had a sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Mark, Hassan, who
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan said, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisement endure?"
Mark, from a deeper sense,
Uttered his experience:
"He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice."
Mark saw some sick with
In their manes flustering still,
And replied, "Oh, men of grace!
He who loves his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

That there should one man be ignorant who had capacity
for knowledge, this I call tragedy, were it to happen
more than twenty times in a minute, as by some comput-
ations it does. — Thomas Carlyle.

New Publications.

H. O. Houghton & Co., publishers, corner Beacon
and Somerset streets, Boston, have brought out the AT-
LANTIC MONTHLY for July in a superb manner as becom-
ing and contents. Among the attractions offered to its
patrons may be noted the following: Charles Dudley War-
ner talks pleasantly of his experiences in a journey from
Jaffa to Jerusalem; O. O. Howard details his personal com-
munion with the Catholic and Greek churches; Charles
Francis Adams publishes paper No. 3, under the
head of "The State and the Railroad"; W. D. Howells
treats of the Centennial Exposition; O. W. Holmes, T. B.
Aldrich, Mrs. S. M. Platt, R. C. Putnam, Osgood, Celia
Thaxter, and others, furnish choice poetry, and the regu-
lar departments are fully up to the high standard estab-
lished by this enterprising and broad-based publication.

THE GALLERY for July, Sheldon & Co., New York City,
publishers, leads off with a poem, "July 4th, 1876," by J. M.
Wineholt; J. T. Headley's article on "The North and
South" is full of patriotic sentiment and powerful descrip-
tions; William Black continues
"Madcap Violet"; "Life Among the Redwoods," "What
portals at the hands of Albert Rhodes; and "Rude
Makes a Poet," by Leonard, John Hawthorne, Among
other notable points is the nation of Custer, in which
"I" appears especially prominent as a vanquisher of the
Sioux; carefully prepared articles are also given on pho-
netic reform, cyclopedias, the Duke of Wellington, and
Poetry by Fanny Barrow and William C. Richards, and
the departments, "Drift Wood," etc., make up a valuable
issue of a practical and always interesting magazine.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 23 Washington street (corner
School), Boston, send us SCHUBNER'S ILLUSTRATED and
ST. NICHOLAS, the July numbers of which they have for
sale. "The Story of the Old," with which the first
named publication opens, is going to the American mind,
but embodies in this Centennial many lessons worthy
of the most earnest attention—the pictures are admirable,
and full of the fire of the text which they are designed to
accompany. This article alone is worth preservation
and reference—the subscription price of the magazine, but
there are others of pronounced merit in the pages of this
number, notably those entitled "A Little Centennial
Lady," "Harvard University" (of special interest to
lovers of "Fair Harvard"), "The Great Portraits of
Washington," "The Bridge of the Blues," etc. ST.
NICHOLAS has a striking frontispiece of a "Wooden Pulpit
in the Church of St. Andrew, Antwerp," and the story fol-
lowing it. "The Mother's Struggle," gives it a charm-
ing moral; "One Hundred Years of American History,"
and illustrations record in a singularly appropriate
manner, and on but one page of the magazine, "The Cal-
and the Countess" finish their chequered career; "Our
Flag" is well described; "The Boy Emigrants" con-
tinues to be attractive; and "Turret Ships and Torpe-
does" and other topics are faithfully treated.

WIK AWAKE-D, Lathrop & Co., 30 and 32 Franklin
street, Boston, publishers—received for July. It opens
with a charming story (illustrated) by Sara J. Fitchard,
entitled "The Only Woman in Town," and based on an
incident of the battle at Concord; "The Bad Boys of
France" embodies a matter worthy of consideration, and
a plan meriting adoption on this side of the Atlantic; "The
Magic Carpet" is more than usually excellent as to ap-
proach, traversed, and this juvenile magazine is alike a credit
to Boston enterprise and to its young patrons.

WAVERLEY MONTHLY—Charles E. Ware & Co.,
publishers, N. E. corner School and Chestnut streets, St.
Louis, Mo., is a worthy member of the confraternity of
American serial publications. It has recently changed its
cover, and introduced other improvements, and has en-
tered on its second year of existence with good promise of
a successful future.

THE RECORD OF THE YEAR—George W. Carleton &
Co., Madison square, New York City, publishers—re-
ceived for July. A likeness of A. T. Stewart serves as a
frontispiece. The choicely printed pages which follow are
filled with current miscellany and succinct accounts of
what has transpired during the past month. The work is
worthy of the most extensive patronage, and reflects great
credit upon its publishers and its editor, Frank Moore.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for July—
Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn., editor and proprietor—
has come to hand. Messages through Mrs. Hawkes, me-
dium, articles by Cyrus Jeffries, Mary Dana Shindler, Val-
entine Nicholson, Jas. H. Young, and others, and editorials,
book notices, reports of meetings and lectures, (one by
N. M. Peabody) compose its interesting table of contents.

N. Bradley & Co., publishers, 66 North Fourth street,
Philadelphia, have issued a volume containing over one
thousand double column royal octavo pages, entitled "Vir-
and Wisdom." John B. Gough has written since its ap-
pearance, "In my somewhat extended acquaintance of
books, I have found no work of the kind equal to 'Vir-
and Wisdom.'" Numerous fine selections—mirthful,
serious and instructive—are here embodied by the compiler
Henry Hupfeld, under one hundred classifications alpha-
betically arranged. Messrs. B. H. Curran & Co., 28 School
street, Boston, are the general agents for New England,
and the book being sold only by subscription can be ob-
tained from their office.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL
DICTIONARY.—We have received from Horace Kling,
Esq., Eastern office, Thompsonville, Ct., Nos. 17, 18, 19,
20, of this really valuable work for general reference. A
map of Africa, well adapted in a fine series of engraving,
leads off the installment. The heads for the reading matter
reach to DOTT, and the copious illustrations which set off
the various topics treated, add infinite interest to their perusal.
A specimen copy with map will be sent to any ad-
dress by Mr. Kling, on receipt of 20 cents.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from the publisher,
Ellis Howe, 103 Court street, Boston, a compilation of
"National Songs and Airs of All Countries," with other
songs and music of "so olden time," arranged with ac-
companied piano or organ. A fine remembrance of the
Centennial year.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SUMMIT SKETCH.—Envy inflicts the greatest misery on
its victims; their sadness is perpetual, their soul is grieved,
their intellect is dimmed, and their heart disquieted.

A pious New Jersey dame has stopped praying for her
husband, because, she says, "I have prayed so long
without effect that I think the Lord has just as poor an
opinion of the man as I have."

Barbara Fretschle's house is now a tin shop. Thus does
contentment pan out, adds the New York Herald.

Some in a relictationous Professor—"The ancient
Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-headed girls
to the devil." "Aunt-learned student—"What did they
do with the red-headed boys?" "Professor—"They sup-
posed they would go off their own account."—Exchange.

A man by the exertion of his reason may be superior to
all the injuries of mankind, whether arising from hatred,
envy, or contempt.

Mr. Talmage lately prayed for all who read his sermon.
He is not entirely without feeling for the afflicted. —New
Orleans Republican.

Frederic, the historian, who has prophesied the future
greatness of South Africa, practices what he preaches by
sending his son to the Cape to become a farmer.

With hands red with the blood of earth's bravest sons,
with garments purple with blood, and with a history
showing that she has fought to the death every ad-
vance of the race, cut out every new discovery in science,
attempted to suppress every invention whereby the con-
dition of mankind has been ameliorated; always siding with
tyranny, aristocracy and slavery;—Christianity has the
honour to raise a voice and claim itself the cause of
civilization! —Hudson Tuttle.

Danbury has discovered that she is rich in silver and
nickel.

Bears are active in wool, they being fond of mutton in
some parts of New Hampshire. Bulls have not got up that
yet, they preferring the stones of the streets to the
flesh of the fields.

The New York supreme court has decided that Mrs.
Mary Ann Foster is not the widow of Isaac M. Singer.

There is no sort of wrong doing of which a man can bear
the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say
that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives
are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they
breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease. —George
Elliot.

John Ruskin, being asked to address a society of lady
Sunday school teachers, started them by declaring: "At
present you keep the dancing to yourselves, and gracefully
teach your scholars the catechism. Suppose you were to
try for a little while learning the catechism yourselves and
teach them to dance."

There is nothing half so sad in life,
(Which makes me very blue),
As to see my lovely, gentle wife
Mope round with slipshod shoes. —Jo Cook.

Both England and Russia are said to be busy with the
plans for constructing a railway across Central Asia.

The truth of the following beautiful incident is vouch-
ered for by the Saratogian:

"One of the strangest incidents that ever came to at-
tention occurred on White street at midnight of Sunday,
at the time of the death of Jas. Carrigan. The spirit of
one of the windows had been lowered to give the patient
more air. His daughter, Mrs. Seavey, sat by the suffer-
ing man with her head on his breast. At a quarter of
twelve Mr. Carrigan gave unmistakable signs of waking,
and when the town clock was striking the hour that al-
lows sleep from mortal life, his spirit left the body. He
was lying on his back, and resting on the lowered sash,
gave forth in clearest notes his well-known song; and the
body lay in the darkness of the night, when it came."

Says a hard-worked morning paper man: "People who
go to sleep on house-tops this warm weather would greatly
oblige if they would roll off before midnight, as the per-
formance at a later hour renders it almost impossible for
the reporters to gather reliable details."

Some three hundred Mennonites, who arrived in New
York a few days ago, left immediately for the West to join
their friends in Southwest Kansas. This is the third large
company of this set who have arrived at that port this
summer for Kansas, and more are coming.

A Western paper announces the illness of its editor, add-
ing: "All good paying subscribers are requested to men-
tion him in their prayers. The others need not, as the
prayers of the wicked avail nothing."

A persistent amateur accordion player can, on these
summer nights, turn more souls from Zion in three hours
than Bro. Moody can restore in three months.

Servia has decided that the present moment will serve as
well as any other to settle her little grievances with the
sick man of the Bosphorus, and so has declared war.

There has been quite a thinning out of street beggars of
late here. Most of them, however, have gone North on a
visit to the Centennial, leaving agents here to collect their
house rents. —New Orleans Bulletin.

Fireworks to the value of \$200 exploded on the morning
of the Fourth, at the periodical store of E. M. Pratt, Hyde
Park, Mass., and in the fire which was kindled there-
by several buildings were consumed and a loss amounting
to \$20,000 was caused.

A conscientious farmer in Berlin, Wis., wiped the mud
from his cart wheels before permitting his load of hay to
go on the scales to be weighed. But such men never go to
the State Legislature.

The English war office reports 32 officers still living who
took part in the battle of Waterloo. Yet this battle was
fought 61 years ago.

"They came here," said Artemus Ward of the Puritans,
"that they might worship in their own way and pre-
vent other people worshipping in theirs."

Miss Bennett, the sister of the proprietor of the New
York Herald, has entered the Sacred Heart Convent at
Manhattanville, where she expects to devote her life to
self-sacrifice.

A Filian chief offered six bunches of bananas for Mrs.
Scott-Siddons. But her husband wouldn't sell her for
twelve bunches.

Mr. Waterson of the Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal,
appears to have established a new principle in parliament-
ary law. As the Cincinnati Commercial puts it: "Wat-
erson was not long in the chair of the National Demo-
cratic Convention, but he made the ruling which it is
hardly premature to pronounce immortal—that when a
body had the floor no point of order was in order."

Leo Miller and Mattie Strickland, the noted free-lovers,
are under arrest in Hastings, Minn., on a bench-warrant
from the Circuit Court, the daily press reports.

The following mixture is said to be sure death to current
worms: To one part of water add a piece of common soap
half the size of an egg, and a half pint of kerosene oil. Mix
well and apply with a garden syringe. It will kill the
worms, and the first shower will wash it off the bushes.

One ray of light from the eternal sun is an infinitely bet-
ter guide to man over life's mysterious sea, than the most
ingenious system of fog-bells ever invented. —Chapin.

Madame MacMahon has sent to the German Ambassador
\$5000 in aid of the sufferers by the inundations in Alsace.

Phillipsburg, Pa., was devastated by fire June 30th, a
loss being sustained estimated at \$200,000. Hotels, print-
ing offices, stores, etc., were embraced in the common
ruin.

In his address read at her grave, Victor Hugo said:
"George Sand will be the pride of our age and country.
Nothing was wanting in that glorious woman. She had
the heart of a Barbes, the wit of a Balzac, and the soul of a
Lamartine."

Richard Grant White says there is no such thing as "in-
our midst," but we would like to know where he would
locate the pain that makes paragon a popular beverage
among the young. —Norfolk Bulletin.

A man with no hair on his head and a bullet-hole in the
calf of his leg says he is satisfied that there is no gold in the
Black Hills. He also says he is satisfied that there are In-
dians in the Black Hills.

What! shall the trick of nostrils and of lips
Descend through generations, and the lips
That moves within our frame like God in worlds,
Impart not to the next generation?
Of her great history? —George Eliot.

Last year there were published in Japan two new daily,
four weekly, and one monthly periodical; one novel; one
dictionary; one geography, grammar and history com-
bined; and a number of official statements, the latter actu-
ally bound in blue.

The Spanish Senate has voted a bill fixing the strength of
the army at 100,000 men.

February, 1877, is the bicentenary of Spinoza's death,
and it is proposed to erect a statue of him at the Hague, if
possible, in sight of the spot where he spent the last ten or
twelve years of his short life and wrote the works that were
to be his legacy to mankind.

He who leaves but one cat to grow where two cats grew
before, is a public benefactor, and deserves the blessings
of that community.

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