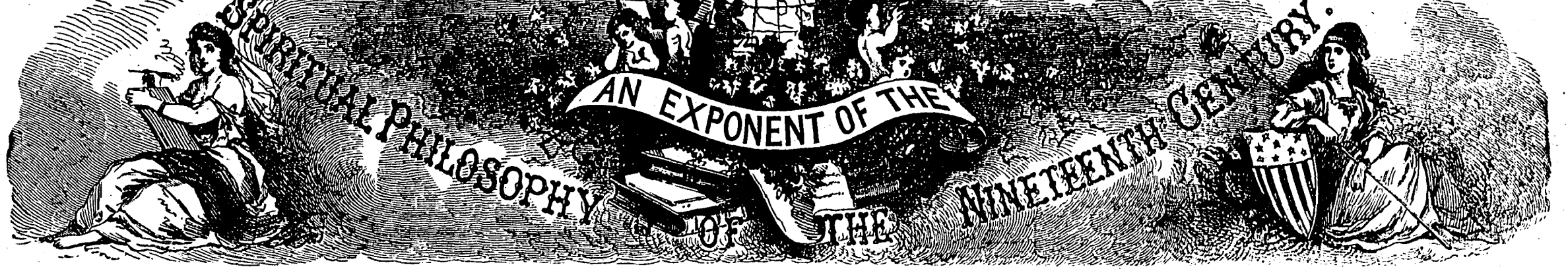


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Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"Spiritual Gifts," by Emma Hardinge Britten; "One Dual Primal Element—One Unific Law or Principle," by Leon Hyneman.
SECOND PAGE.—Poem—"The Christian at the Hour of Death," by Sebastian; "The Evidence of Immortality from Spiritualism," by Rev. E. H. Sanborn; "Satisfactory Test-Materializations," by George S. Green; "A Report of Readings with Mrs. Maud E. Lord, the Physical Medium."
THIRD PAGE.—Banner Correspondence; Poem—"Who Will Change Old Lamps for New?" by William Brunton; "Mocking-Birds," by H. F. M. Brown; "A Talk with Young Readers," by Mrs. J. M. Carpenter; "Things as I See Them," by Lois Walshbrook; "Mr. W. F. Evans's New Book," by G. L. Dison.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial articles: "Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Magazine on Spiritualism," "The Yacht Disaster."
FIFTH PAGE.—Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danks and Mrs. Jennie S. Ruid, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and other Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—"Minutes of the National Conference of Spiritualists Assembled in Philadelphia July 25th, 1876," "Complimentary Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis," Brief Paragraphs; "New Publications," etc.

Original Essays.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Written specially for the Banner of Light,
BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

The Holy Ghost—Spiritus Mundi and Impressional Mediums.

Of all the mysterious personages of that mysterious assemblage of theological performers yept "the Trinity," the "Holy Ghost" is the crowning mystery. Who he is, what he is, where he comes from? or who invented him? are questions which might well puzzle the keenest theologian to answer.

Now although it is not our purpose to inflict upon our readers a treatise on the various myths which cluster around the mysterious "third person" of the Christian Trinity, we avail ourselves of the ideas suggested by this visionary "Paraclete," to question whether an analysis of the office and functions assigned to him may not, in some measure, account for much that is occult and wonderful in the realm of human intuition, or whether that which was vaguely called "intuition," and some ardent Spiritualists attribute solely to the ceaseless inspiration of spirit friends, may not proceed from a realm of spiritual influx, of which in our materialistic philosophy we make but little account.

To proceed with my examples, however, before I venture to start a theory which may not find favor with those readers who cannot endure to have their opinions disturbed, permit me to recall the fact that the "Holy Ghost, Paraclete, or Comforter," makes no figure on the stage of Christian theology before the days of John the Baptist.

The Jewish Scriptures record that John spoke of Jesus as he who should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire; the same Gospel also states that, at the baptism of Jesus, the Holy Ghost descended upon him in the form of a dove. These and many other passages of the Jewish Scriptures, in which mention is made of the Holy Ghost, clearly point to the idea that no real personality was indicated; simply an influx of the Divine Spirit; even the impartation of spiritual gifts, by the laying on of hands, was designated as the gift of the Holy Ghost, and no candid and intelligent student of these Oriental writings, especially if he be acquainted with the Gnostic ideas prevailing at the time, can fail to discover that the Holy Ghost was simply the spirit or intelligence proceeding from the Supreme Being, and acting upon the recipient in the form of inspiration, influx, or the impartation of spiritual power. Divested of all mysticism and theological jugglery, the imposition of hands was but a means of imparting the "Holy Spirit," or awakening spiritual power by the contagion of touch; in other words, by psychological intention and magnetic influx. Even the famous Pentecostal gift of tongues, though scripturally described as "the descent of the Holy Ghost," in the visible form of flame, was nothing more than a powerful influx of spiritual force, visible to the eye as *odid light*, and manifest to the intellect in "the gift of new tongues."

That this Pentecostal power was a special outpouring of spiritual force, none can question who believe in the record at all; but, although described in the Gnostic style of writing then prevalent as the direct descent of the mysterious Paraclete, the intelligent Spiritualist will be at no loss to determine that the real element of power was to be found in the accordant and harmonious condition of the assembled multitude; in minds stimulated to ecstasy by waiting expectancy and the subjugation of all selfish ideas to the one focal object of that vast assemblage. The "descent of the Holy Ghost" upon such a multitude, time, place, era, and the fervent tendencies of an Oriental people duly considered, was as natural then, as sobs and tears and self-accusations are to hysterical women at Moody and Sankey's revival meetings now. From the time of Jesus and the Apostles it is evident that the manifestation of spiritual powers, whether procured by natural endowments or the imposition of hands, is described by evangelical writers as the "gift of the Holy Ghost," and none but Christian fanatics whose ignorance and unreasoning faith led them to impersonate every idea the Orientalists imaged forth in allegory, could mistake this mysterious spiritual afflatus for a real personage, or place it on a heavenly throne as one of a triad of personal Gods.

A curious paraphrase of the Holy Ghost legend obtained currency amongst certain classes of European mystics during the great outpouring of Modern Spiritualism. During the early days of this movement, I met with a large number of intelligent persons in Europe who attributed very remarkable spiritualistic endowments, not as the majority of the Spiritualists claim, to the influence of their deceased friends, but to a mysterious, incomprehensible, impersonal sort of a personage, a somebody, yet a nobody, to whom has been given the comprehensive title of the *SPIRITUS MUNDI*. Vague and various as are the theories afloat concerning this last named mystic agent, there seem to be two which represent the sum of the whole. One class of believers infer that there is in the world an element aggregated of all the intelligence dispensed by humanity. Its operation on the mind is assumed to be something analogous to the influence of oxygen on the body, but in addition to its universal influence upon mentality, it is represented as susceptible of being collected and focalized by any concrete gathering of persons to such an extent that it can and does respond to questions, move tables, and, under the influence of will, effect all the marvels attributed to the spirits of the so-called dead.

I need hardly add that the advocates of this remarkable theory become considerably involved in their attempts at explanation when hard pushed by common-sense inquirers, also that they are for the most part materialists, who, although compelled by the stern logic of facts to believe and acknowledge that the phenomena of Spiritualism do transpire, yet will not or cannot accept of the Spiritualist's theory of causation. The second class of believers in the action of an universal "Spiritus Mundi" simply substitute that term for the Apostle's "Holy Ghost." Unlike the credulous and unreasoning Christian, they do not pretend to impersonate their idea, but claim that it is the direct procedure from the Divine Spirit—the influx of God-like power, the action of the Supreme Being manifest to those who in faith and apostolic aspiration seek the gift. As an example of this class of believers, I shall here cite my own experiences with a very interesting family to whom I had the pleasure of an introduction during a hurried visit to France some eight or nine years ago. The family in question is one of high rank, and occupy too exclusive a social position to permit of my naming them, although the peculiarities of their phenomenal experiences have become the subject of widespread rumor. The members of the family consist of the father, mother, and three children. The eldest, at the time of which I write, was a fine lad of fourteen, with a brother two years younger, and a little fairy sister of six summers. It was the custom of this family once in each day to assemble together in what they called their hours of Pentecost, during which they were visited by the manifestation of the spirit in every conceivable form of intellectual development. Their exercises consisted of invocations, the singing of hymns by the assembled circle, the performance of fine music by hired musicians stationed without the place of gathering, trance speaking, drawing, writing, visions and eloquent improvisations. Their sessions were limited to two hours, and during that time they received prophetic addresses, medical prescriptions, business directions, and instruction for the younger members of the circle in reading, writing, elocution, languages, mathematics, astronomy, history, and every branch of knowledge necessary to perfect an accomplished scholar.

The father of this wonderfully trained band of mystics, a nobleman whose rank, standing and unimpeachable character would seem to forbid the possibility of deception or falsehood, himself assured me no teacher of any kind had ever given his children a single lesson. In the trance condition these little ones had themselves mastered every branch of knowledge with the most perfect facility, and that, commencing from their earliest infancy. It was their custom to employ themselves in useful and intellectual pursuits during the day, but whatever problems arose among them that their quick intuitions did not immediately solve, were reserved as matter of inquiry from the *Spiritus Mundi* at the next day's séance. Having the privilege of an introduction to this singular and accomplished family, I was courteously invited, before my departure for England, to be present at one of their séances. Joyfully availing myself of this opportunity, I repaired to the *chateau* at the time appointed in company with an intimate friend of the family's, by whom I had been introduced as "one worthy to share in their holy communion." Before entering the Oratory, which had been fitted up for and was kept exclusively devoted to that purpose, I was gravely though courteously warned not to indulge in feelings of idle curiosity, or advance to that spot as a mere spectator of some remarkable phenomenon. "If," said my host, "you are sincerely desirous of partaking of the high spiritual afflatus to which this sacred place is dedicated, I doubt not you will realize the presence and influx of the *Spiritus Mundi*; to no lesser motives will the divine power we invoke deign to respond." Somewhat daunted by this preliminary demand upon conditions of mind I did not dare to analyze, and certainly could not command, I nevertheless advanced with all possible desire for truth, if not for religious illumination, and this was the result:

The Oratory was built in a secluded grove, fitted up with vases of flowers, rare pictures, noble sculptures, gems of natural beauty and artistic skill everywhere greeting the senses. Soft music from invisible performers stole on the ear; a remote chime of exquisitely to ed bells ocar-

donally rung a sweet peal, and the distant chant of a beautifully intoned litany was answered by responses from the family, standing around the altar-shaped table within. That altar was simply adorned with a pure white cloth, supporting seven delicately perfumed lamps, and clusters of fragrant flowers. The family took their seats in a semi-circle close by the altar, on the further side of which were seats for invited guests, occupied on the present occasion by myself and the friend who had introduced me. Although not particularly prone to reverence or veneration for ecclesiastical displays, I was too easily psychologized by my surroundings to have required any further injunctions to yield myself up to the fascination of that deeply impressive scene. There was a serene and earnest air of aspiration too on each calm brow, that would have subdued the most rebellious or mocking spirit into courteous attention, if not sympathy with the principal actors. After the opening invocation by the master of the house, and the performance of the musical services before mentioned, each member of the family, according to custom, proceeded to lay the special petition which filled their hearts before the invisible presence they invoked. The little girl lisped out a prayer that the Great Spirit would be pleased to inspire her with an understanding of how the flowers grew which she held in her hand. The younger boy wished for inspiration to continue the Roman history, in the study of which he was at present engaged, and the eldest offered a brief prayer for light upon the mathematical problems to which he was devoting his attention. These singular requests seemed to be presented in the most perfect confidence that they would be complied with, and addressed with as much good faith to the invisible presence as if spoken to their attentive father. As the children concluded their brief petitions, the mother arose, speaking evidently in a deep and unmistakable somnambule condition. She reminded her children that there were strangers there who had honored them with their presence, and who, therefore, in Christian kindness should be preferred before themselves, and she called upon her husband and children to unite in the prayer that such tokens of spiritual light and guidance should be vouchsafed to the visitors as would best suited to their frame of mind and requirements. Instantly as with a flash of mental lightning the eldest boy, addressing me, said: "Lady! you are anxious to be informed of the fate of Sir John Franklin. Learn it now!" The boy had echoed my inmost thought—nay, revealed one of the secret purposes that was leading me to visit every available source of spiritual light and knowledge.

The moment the child had ceased to speak, and silence followed, a vision full of deep meaning and significance was presented to me. Like everything that transpired in that strange scene, it was given rapidly, clearly, without pause or halting. It came as the children spoke, upon the instant, and passed away almost as rapidly, and I have since had reason to know that brief as that vision was, it represented graphically the special points of the great navigator's life and death, upon which I sought to be informed. Directly it closed, each of the party described it, and though I had not had time to breathe a syllable of what I had seen, their words agreed in every iota with one another and my own visual experience.

"Dear lady," said the little girl, turning coaxingly to me, "I see you are wishing two things, and they cross each other in your mind just so"—crossing her little hands over each other as she spoke; "you wish that I should have my question answered about how the flowers grow, and yet you want still more to hear about your *double* that was said to have appeared to a circle of people somewhere in the north of England. Now, don't you, lady?" This was strictly true, every word of it. I had felt a wish running through my mind that the little fairy who had brought her flowers to show to "dear God," and ask him how they grew, should be satisfied, and yet I could not keep from thinking all the time about a tale I had heard of my "double" having appeared and communicated to a circle in Yorkshire. Before I could respond to my little querist she arose, and with a beautiful mixture of childish simplicity and spiritual dignity, recited some incidents known only to myself—on earth at least—went on to describe the circle where I had appeared, mentioned correctly several attendant circumstances, and wound up with a brief but deeply philosophical explanation of what the "double" or apparition of the human spirit really is. My own future destiny was my next fixed though involuntary thought, and before it was fully framed into shape, the matron arose, and poured out in thrilling accents a prophecy, the details of which will never pass from my mind. Many of its predictions have been already fulfilled—some have failed—still I believe in them, for the memory of that inspired woman cannot connect itself with aught but truth and purity.

"Stonehenge!" cried the deep voice of our host, speaking seemingly in his normal condition, but with the same breathless rapidity in which each communication followed on the heels of the other. My companion was addressed this time, and our host fixed his piercing eyes upon him as he waited for an answer. "Yes—I was thinking of Stonehenge," replied my friend, "and wishing that I could receive some special information concerning the rites once practiced there." Instantly our host explained grandly, authoritatively, and philosophically, problems connected with that mysterious Druidical temple which must have been the echo of divine truth.

At length the closing moments of this wonderfully fascinating and instructive séance drew

nigh. I had not been in that presence above fifteen minutes before I felt that I was partaking in the illumination of the scene, and, realizing the wonderful mental lucidity of those who surrounded me, I was beginning to read them as they read me, when, to my regret, I perceived mentally—for I was all perception now—that the hour for parting was at hand. I wished for music, and they *knew my wish*, and obeyed it. I longed for further intercourse, yet felt the hedge of impossibility crowding upon me. They spoke my thoughts, expressing their deep regret that we should so soon be estranged. I *knew* they were sincere in those regrets, knew, as they said, that we should never meet again.

I knew the points of difference between their belief and mine, when we soared away to heavenly knowledge, but perceived our perfect agreement on points that concerned our mortal existence.

We all enjoyed in those two brief, wonderful hours perfect clairvoyance of mortal things. Each of the family responded to my unspoken wish by improvising a verse of song, then all joined in a choral benediction. The sweet bells pealed out, and the invisible musicians gave us a parting pean, and so closed the séance with this strangely gifted family. I subsequently learned from the friend who had introduced me, himself the most intimate associate of these persons, that they regarded with abhorrence the idea of communion with the spirits of the dead; indeed they strenuously denied even its possibility. I have some reason to think they wished to convert me from my heretical belief in this respect, though I need hardly say they failed signally, if that was their intention.

The nobleman whom we visited had in early youth, it seems, received his "illumination" through visions, and the visitation of what he deemed to be "an angelic messenger" from the Most High. He had selected his wife, and reared his children, entirely under this heavenly guidance, sometimes conversing face to face with the same "angel" who had at first conferred his mission upon him, but still oftener conducting his whole scheme of life by the influence of the *Spiritus Mundi*, which he regarded as the Holy Ghost of apostolic times, not as the material God of the Christians, but as a direct procedure from the Most High, or the spirit of God poured by influx into the minds of those who in humble faith and high aspiration put themselves in the Pentecostal attitude of waiting for his coming. At times, the walls of their Oratory were shaken, the floors quivered, exquisite perfumes were wafted through the chamber, and deeply occult meanings were revealed to them in the philosophy of color, tones, and perfumes. I could write a volume on the significant and instructive ideas derived from these persons, did space permit. At present I can but add that though there was a speciality in the sublimity and exaltation of these persons' spiritual views, I have met with many other highly endowed mediums in Europe, who attributed, as they did, their great gifts, not to individualized spirits, but to the *Spiritus Mundi*, or Soul of the World, communicating to mortals through influx. Such were the opinions cherished, I believe, by the interesting family of the Bertolacci, the friends of William and Mary Howitt, and once prominently known among the spiritualistic circles of London. The Misses Bertolacci received whole volumes of communications through the planchette. Like the French nobleman above referred to, Mr. Bertolacci claimed that much of his children's education was obtained at their séances, and in a little pamphlet put forth on the subject of their experiences, more marvels are related of them than I should care to repeat, yet all the phenomena which fell in such abundant profusion on this family were attributed, as in the former case, to direct influx from God, and not in any way to the agency of spirits. Numerous other instances have been presented to me of the same kind; indeed, I can recall the experiences of some of the most remarkably endowed families and individuals of my acquaintance in Europe, as being believers in the direct agency of the *Spiritus Mundi*, and utter disbelievers in the influence of spirit friends, or the souls of humanity.

Considering the very hospitable reception that the mere hint of any ideas out of the ordinary groove in which spiritualistic opinions delight to run is sure to meet with from the *progressionists* of our own time, it is scarcely safe to hazard any speculations upon the views presented above, unless, indeed, I were disposed to join the popular cry of "it is all the spirits, and nothing but the spirits." "There cannot be anything else in this world but men, and the souls of men, and all that can be said to the contrary ought to be put down." And yet, despite all the belaborings I have received for hazarding *unorthodox ideas* of spiritual forces, despite my unshaken faith in the constant ministry, presence, watch and ward of beloved spirit guardians, I venture to opine, even this grand field of spiritual influence does not cover the whole ground of man's occult nature and powers and possibilities. How often do we discover that we ourselves "are wiser than we know;" that we are constantly, but apparently mechanically, doing just the right thing in moments of emergency, when we have no time to think out our course, and yet act from what we vaguely call "instinct or intuition." Whilst admitting the constant ministry of our angel friends, are we so very sure that there is no higher power than them capable of reaching us? No higher being controlling them, and influencing us through these nameless intuitions? Are we so sure that there is no collective soul-element in the world, operating upon and through matter, as the soul acts through the body, infilling men

and spirits both with more than finite perception, and gleams of more than finite wisdom?

How often do we find the most correct representations of truth from what is called the "impressional medium," and how constantly we are lessened to the value of observing and heeding our own impressions! Recalling the successes and failures of my own life, I can now declare that they have ever been, the one or the other, in proportion to my obedience to or rebellion against my *first impression*.

The hedge of circumstances is constantly intervening to prevent our following out our impressions. Duty, necessity, good breeding, &c., &c., frequently compel us to associate with persons strongly antipathetic to us. Every day's experience shows us the necessity, not of crushing out or quenching our prejudices, but of acting in their defiance, and living above them, yet future events seldom fail to show us that these antipathies and attractions are the inspirations of our spirits, discovering intuitively the secret things of the spirit in others.

It is a popular doctrine of Christianity, although we seldom if ever find it practically illustrated, that we are required to "love our enemies" and "do good to those who despitefully use us."

Not being myself a professed Christian, I own no allegiance to Christian dogmas; but as a matter of principle, and in obedience to natural law, I decidedly repudiate these unnatural theories, and both in theory and practice substitute for the impossible word Love that of *forbearance* to enemies. I do not love them, cannot, will not try to love that which is unlovely and malign to me. I may despise them, let them *severely alone*, but the *Spiritus Mundi* separates me from them by an impassable barrier, and it is because my whole life is a ceaseless demonstration of invisible, indescribable spiritual forces operating in methods far beyond my own shallow means of perception, discovering secret things and hidden natures, that I am compelled to believe the impressional medium is one whose soul is especially open to the influx of the Soul of the World; that we live, breathe, and have our being in this universal Soul, and that by influx upon our own spirits we steer our way in our blindness and ignorance with a wisdom we know not of.

As a matter of principle I always burn anonymous communications *unread*, and commit noxious literature, whether written or printed, that may be intrusively forced upon me, to the same fate. I have been instructed by wise spirit-guides not to suffer my mind to be harassed or the worst enemies of my nature to be aroused by the contact or perusal of noxious things; but I can go beyond these mere external guards of the senses. I know the approach of the evil thing. An evil letter pollutes my fingers without breaking the seal, and the spirit of evil literature marches on before, and exposes the skeleton form of the evil mind that dictated it, ere it reaches me. I am constantly thus warned, constantly thus saved from the annoyance of perusing hateful communications. I know thus both evil things and evil people. I can lay down no law for their discovery, no rules for their detection. It is by contact with the Soul of the World, the spiritual life which fills my life, that these impressions come, and that these perceptions become infallible.

Whilst I gratefully, lovingly attribute to my precious angel-friends all care, guidance and watchful ministry that they are capable of rendering, I am day by day, hour by hour, more and more startled by gleams of the wonderful powers of the human spirit itself, and I have yet to learn that the singular realms of intelligence we so vaguely attempt to define as intuition, instinct, presentment, or even spiritual impression *alone*, are not due in a great measure to our contact with the ocean of spiritual life over which our barques are drifting from the shores of time to eternity.

My next paper, and the last of this series, will be a *résumé* of "Spiritual Gifts and Occult Powers in Man."

ONE DUAL PRIMAL ELEMENT—ONE UNIFIC DUAL LAW OR PRINCIPLE.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

Groping with mental vision closed in the bright light of day, science peers through the fossil creeds of impotent theology to divine the unknowable, the causes imperceptible to sensuous vision, and is ever asking "what is matter?" "life?" "force?" and kindred questions. It is not possible to arrive at a solution of the questions through such an imperfect and altogether unreliable channel as the biblical record, a channel which reveals no consistent conception of Omnipotence, and represents the Infinite as a monstrosity of imperfection, cruel and vindictive.

It must be understood that in order to arrive at the knowledge of the seeming mysteries of the unknowables, there is nothing mysterious, nothing incomprehensible to the sincere, unbiased investigator, if he will divest his mind of crude theological theories, the inventions of priestcraft, to attain complete control over the minds of the adherents of churches, and subjugate their feelings to their unmeaning, debased creeds. Hence the submissiveness to priestcraft domination of the masses of church-attendants and church-supporters, who passively submit to priestcraft authority in tolerating their presence at the birth of a child, in joining those in wedlock, and superintending ceremonies at the grave; thus, from the cradle to the grave, in all the important events of life, they minister to keep control over their subjects, to retain them

as church members, and to assure themselves of their living, their bread and butter.

The investigator, if true to himself, to his conscientious convictions, will not fail to observe the moderate manner of Nature's illustrating of the human senses. To simplify the subject to the understanding of investigating and inquiring minds, we will briefly state that all outward forms of Nature's phenomena have their basis in one *divine principle*, and are formed according to the *divine law*, and are *divine principles*. Scientists may ignore the statement, but they will in time, when they outgrow their materialism in accepting the biblical testimony, ultimately confirm the truth of the statement. With regard to the question, *What is matter?* we observe that all matter, however complex, in all forms, is outwardly of invisible elementary substances—the medium which, according to the modern view, combine to build up forms, are in themselves spirituous or minute forms, and are also made up of atoms or elements, congregating together to form matter, to perfect the forms in agreement with the conditions of the several differing parts of each form. Thus it will be seen that all matter is formed of invisible elements, which are substance.

What does matter, in any and all forms, resolve into in dissolution—to the constituents of the forms, or their component parts? Not so. They resolve into the primal element of which the forms were outwrought. Hence the truth of the recent admission of science "that there is nothing lost in Nature." The principle of conservation ever rules in Nature's domain. The life of Nature is maintained by constant uninterrupted change throughout the infinite universe. In one eternal round production, reproduction, dissolution, follow. Thus humans and animals, subsisting on animal and vegetable food, have always subsisted, in a great measure, on the predecessors of their times. It must also be considered that material forms are constantly throwing off into the vast regions of space, so-called, etc., in the constant evolution of matter returning into the primal element, and thus Nature's life is ever sustained in reproduction of new forms.

Matter in its use is invisible, as germs, principles, forces, etc., are to human senses. We see in reality nothing but the manifestation of things, the *real* is hidden. Materialists accept the objective, the extrinsic, as the reality, but do not recognize the interior life-principle which unfolds through all of Nature's phenomena. Intellectuality is manifested in all organic and inorganic life. It is manifested in Force, in every degree and kind of action, motion, combination, in the primal element, as is seen in their results. It is observable in the progressive order of vegetable and animal life. In the latter it is called instinct, and in many animals intellectual perceptions are unfolded. Instinct is intellectual power, and is perceptible in feather and insect species. All things are endowed with psychic capacity; it exists in Nature's constitution.

With Anna, New York City.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CHRISTIAN AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY SEBASTIANO.

There is an eye thou canst not see,
Whose look is lit with frenzied fire—
Spell-bound, in vain I strive to flee,
It chains my soul with coils of fire.

There is a grasp thou canst not feel,
That thrills all life to my heart—
The foe-man's blade of keenest steel
Could not a deadlier chill impart.

There is a voice thou canst not hear,
Which bids me leave my love, my home—
"Sinner, be gone!" it whispers near,
"For now the hour of death hath come!"

THE SPIRITUALIST AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

There is an eye thou canst not see,
Whose gaze is soft as Luna's rays—
It wakes up youth's first love in me,
And all the dream of death allays.

There is a hand thou canst not feel,
That soothes me with its fond caress,
And beckons where bright glances reveal
That joy my weary soul shall bless.

There is a voice thou canst not hear,
Which calls me to my spirit-home—
"They that you mourn," it whispers near,
"Are here to greet you when you come!"

Flour-de-Lys, 25th September, 1875.

Belvidere Seminary.

Friends of liberal, unsectarian education, will do well to remember this institution, and give it their influence and patronage. It will enter on its second decade of usefulness the 13th of September. It graduates its pupils in full or special courses. It has experienced and practical teachers in mathematics, languages, music and literature. Its department for physical culture is provided with a gymnasium, and all the necessary apparatus for vigorous and healthful exercise. Especial attention is paid to the moral and social cultivation of its pupils. Thorough students find here faithful, earnest teachers, a pleasant home, healthful influences, kind and impartial treatment, and the discipline of vigorous, systematic study, which is the key to the real treasures of knowledge. The new decade of this school will be marked by the adopting of new and improved systems of instruction, and new conditions in several of its most important departments.

For catalogue address,
E. L. BRUSH, Belvidere, N. Y.

An exchange has the following: The Hancock Shakers, who live on the Massachusetts border close to the New York line, say their old leader who managed the community at the close of the Revolution, while at work one day in a boggy hay-field, was seized with the prophetic power of the spirit, and thus addressed his wondering companions: "The day will come when men will travel on iron roads, in vehicles drawn by iron machines, propelled by the power of steam—and (thrilling his long rake-handle into the spongy ground) such a road will one day be built right here." The Boston and Albany Railroad passes over the field and the very spot where this utterance was given, ninety-four years ago.

The day of fettered limbs and gagged tongues is gone by. Men will not be ruled by men as they have been. The children of the future will call no man master. They will think out their own faiths, and consecrate their own lives.—W. H. H. Murray.

The Rostrum.

THE EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY FROM SPIRITUALISM.

A Discourse delivered before the Free Congregational Society, Leavenworth, Kansas, Sunday Evening, December 12th, 1875, by Rev. E. R. Searborn.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Believe I show you a history of the human mind, and life which you have heard me state, as inference of immortality, may be briefly resumed by a simple proposition. We know that man has progressed, and the indications are that man on earth will continue to progress, until the earth possesses a race of human beings whose spiritual characteristics will be complete, in whom the spirit will be the master of all things. We have seen that these powers may be reasonably expected to live beyond the change of death. If these powers do so live in identical being, the inference is fair that they too will progress to entire perfection.

Granting, then, a time when the earth will contain a race of pure spiritual beings, to whom matter is but an incident, and that out of the materiality we behold there are also pure spiritual existences, to whom matter is no restraint, the conclusion follows that that time will see an intercourse between the beings who make the earth their home, and the beings who have seen death, as free as is now possible between you and me, and more, because we are restrained by the conditions of the body.

This, I think, is indicated by the facts of science and history. I cannot prove that it will be so; I am not sure that it will. But it is clearly the purpose pointed out to me as that the spring-time will bring the foliage and grass and flowers.

I think that the many modes of what seems to me a spiritual force, confirm this thought. If they do confirm it, they give us another plank, nay, a whole forest from which to build the ship of immortality.

Let us see, then, what we can find from this realm of thought. Are there traces of powers in man which are in a rudimentary state? How many of you have had experiences that opened unfathomed worlds looming up like white mists in the waking hours? You have visited strange places, and found yourselves unable to resist the conviction that you have been there before. The scenes appeared familiar; your feelings seemed repetitions; the words you heard and the words you said were like the echoes of some former speech, until, against your will, you have tried to recall some former visit, well knowing that you had never been there at all in conscious being. How many of us have puzzled over trying problems, vainly, and bewildered, baffled, weary with despair, have retired to rest, only to waken from refreshing slumber with the problem solved and ready to our will. So often has this been the case with me, that I have learned to expect the help of such mysterious working of the mind in sleep, to lead me out of mental wildernesses. I am subject at times to impressions and presentiments that certain events will bring such and such results, and so invariably have they been fulfilled that I have even followed them against my own calm judgment, and always to my great advantage. They seem to me to be the results of mind-work, when the body sleeps; the results of a careful study of conditions, circumstances, facts, which the mind has seized and labored over secretly, until the only legitimate conclusion is deduced. These come to me as conclusions more likely to be true than any I am likely to reach in the most active moments of my being. From these experiences, which I find to be common to all men and women, I infer that the mind, or my real self, is largely independent of the body, and may perform its functions sometimes, when the bodily instruments are quiescent, better than when I am in a conscious state. In some conditions of the body the mind seems to have a larger power of observation, travels over a vaster country than I am able to compass in a wholly conscious state. It seems as if I were that I am not aware of, influences I am not acquainted with, guide me, and events I open to me that I have not seen, when I am set free from certain limitations of my common life.

Then I find this inference strengthened by observations of curious phenomena I have made. I have a friend who manifests powers as rare as those of any medium, and if I should intimate that she was a medium for spirits she would never forgive me. By the influence of will from another friend she will fall into a state precisely like that of a medium in a trance. She never enters this state except in the direct influence of this other person, yet in this state she will reveal the most unaccountable things, and never make a mistake. I have known her to be sent, while in this condition, on errands of inquiry about persons far away, and though it was not known where the persons were, nor what they were about, she would describe the surroundings, tell the occupation, portray their feelings, and many other wonderful things, which were always verified by letter; and not the smallest clue given as to the means or method of doing it. She has foretold most important events to parties questioning, and the events transpired long after they were forgotten, and in such closeness of detail that the memory was startled into a remembrance of the prediction. In such times the mind seemed to leave the body, annihilate time and space, observe things near or far with equal readiness, and devote itself to the duties of the directing will, utterly oblivious of the body in which it lived. Returning to consciousness, there was no memory of what had transpired, more than if it had been a dreamless sleep. There was a weariness and exhaustion, as if long journeys had been made or heavy labors performed.

This is a result akin to the experiences of nearly every one in the unconscious labors of the mind. Mesmerism and clairvoyance, too, are of so similar a character that they must be of kin to this. How these things are done—why some are able to do them and some are not—I cannot tell. I give what I have known.

So far as I have seen, what passes as the manifestation of Spiritualism is so much like this that I cannot think they are entirely separate. My friend, a Spiritualist, says to me, "If minds in the body can thus influence other minds, and be superior to time and space, may not minds out of the body do the same; that is, supposing that our dead are still alive?" To be sure they can; at least it is still logical to admit that they can. I believe that it may be so, but I am not convinced that it is so, because I have not known it to be done. This is a realm in which each soul must have his own experience to convince him. I believe that all men will have the experience some day, myself with the rest, for I know it is only in reasonable agreement with what I am taught by the facts of life to-day. There are millions who have this conviction now; there are others who are not convinced. To some it is a sweet possession of the soul; to others it is only a fond desire. Some believe without sufficient proof; others will not look at proof at all, but turn their heads away when it is advanced. To me the whole matter of so-called spiritual phenomena unlocks a whole world of mystery which it will take man ages to explore. But many will not explore; they are sure it cannot be. There is an old proverb which says, "The wise man came, heard, investigated, decided; the fool decided."

I saw a woman painting; both eyes were bandaged so she could not see. I changed her paints, threw her materials into great confusion, yet she took brush after brush, used this color, then that, each in its proper place, drew bold lines and the rarest, delicate flowers and curves of leaves upon the canvas, with as much ease as the famous Italian painter drew his famous "O." In an incredibly short time she gave me a fair specimen of flower-painting, which I still preserve as a souvenir of my observation. She said a spirit painted it. To many it was proof of divine assistance. To me it seemed another phase of power within the soul, by which the common light of day was found unnecessary to the clearest vision. It was a mystery to me then; it is a mystery to me now; and though she said she was not there, it seemed to me that she

received the conviction which many say they have; but in a theory which shall be more some time than Spiritualism has ever claimed, I am more than a believer. My thought will seem strange to some, but if to myself it be clear I shall not care what another thinks. Not the feeblest grandam, says Emerson, not the mowing idiot, but uses what spark of perception and faculty he has to chuckle over the absurdities of the rest. Difference from me, to every man, is absurdity.

The argument from the history of the world and life which you have heard me state, as inference of immortality, may be briefly resumed by a simple proposition. We know that man has progressed, and the indications are that man on earth will continue to progress, until the earth possesses a race of human beings whose spiritual characteristics will be complete, in whom the spirit will be the master of all things. We have seen that these powers may be reasonably expected to live beyond the change of death. If these powers do so live in identical being, the inference is fair that they too will progress to entire perfection.

Granting, then, a time when the earth will contain a race of pure spiritual beings, to whom matter is but an incident, and that out of the materiality we behold there are also pure spiritual existences, to whom matter is no restraint, the conclusion follows that that time will see an intercourse between the beings who make the earth their home, and the beings who have seen death, as free as is now possible between you and me, and more, because we are restrained by the conditions of the body.

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was more powerfully there than she ever could be in the normal state. What gave her that added power I could not tell. My friend said spirits, undoubtedly; but while I believed it possible, still I could not know, for I did not see them, and they did not come to me.

I have a friend who knows as much of the medium as I do, and who would enjoy the wondrous pleasure of her entertainments. We gathered around the table, all skeptics except the lady, all clapping hands. At one end of the room we had piled up musical instruments of every description, from a jews-harp to a big base drum. At our call, a piece of music would begin to play upon some instrument, while other instruments, harmonious and appropriate, would join in the melody, giving us at our will the sweetest and softest symphonies, or the most boisterous carousals of sound. But the music was always in the air—here, there, everywhere, and different instruments chiming in their accordant notes. When one instrument finished, it would fall from the place where we had heard it in the air, as if thrown down violently by some hand. The guitar attempted a solo with a favorite air which I had called; it sailed about the room, knocking in the corners, and settled at last upon my head to play its sweetest strains, as if to say it liked my choice. So ran the entertainment for an hour, and when we lit the gas, the room was a scene of the utmost confusion, the instruments lying as we had heard them all, broken, scattered everywhere, the drum burst, as we had heard them go in playing "Yankee Doodle." They told me it was spirits; and it really seemed at times as if a mighty host of invisible ones were giving us a glimpse of their celestial concerts. There were the deepest, tenderest, loveliest melodies, and the most joyous, rollicking and merriest phantasies that could be conceived. It was a revelation of a world of unknown powers that lies around us. It did seem then, it does seem now, that nothing could have produced that carnival of musical sound except a multitude of intelligent beings. I think it might be so, but it did not come to me as a fact. There is a great field of manifestations becoming more and more prominent every day, in which you may find tests as trying as human genius can devise, which go to sustain the assertion of the Spiritualist. To the Spiritualist himself they are as common as the leaves upon the trees. I have seen really scientific men, to whom these phenomena were actually obnoxious, confounded in their reasoning, and while still retaining skepticism to the claims of the Spiritualist, were yet convinced of the truly genuine and marvelous character of their manifestations. All these communications from friends that seem so strange, the revelations from unknown sources, are not more unaccountable than the experiences and manifestations of my friend who was not a Spiritualist. They belong to the same realm of activity. It matters little whether you call it Spiritualism or not, it is an activity that has an utter indifference to matter. On every hand I hear the evidence told that they whom we call dead are around us still; visit us when we know not, and exert an influence upon our actions through means undreamed of. And as men in a superstitious age thought they were under the influence of some star, blessed or baneful, and others believed themselves accompanied by some familiar spirit, so I find hundreds now who are not Spiritualists vaguely impressed with the feeling that some unknown soul whose love can never die is lingering in their presence to help and comfort and console. I cannot prove that it is so, but I believe it will be so, if it is not so now, and all men will sometime realize it as a fact. Your proof is not convincing to me, and no proof that I can have will be enough for you.

To dwell forever in the presence of those we cherish, to feel the pleasure of their sympathy and love, in a world where clouds and tears and sorrows never come; where the divinest influences linger around the soul, and no discord ever comes to mar the harmonies of being—this has been the loveliest dream of every age and of all religions! But to find those joys to-day, to see the barriers of death crumbling away, the veils of darkness uprolling like a mist, to hear the voices and heed the counsel and see the faces of those we love—this is surely a dream entrancing enough to captivate one who does not even believe that he has a deathless soul, and who only smiles about the myths of another world!

There are sad hearts for whom death has made this a world of joy, which has been cheered and lifted into light and glory by the scintillations of love from an unknown world, which, unseen, lies around us all. The gloom has been transformed into shimmering splendor by processes more marvelous than any physicist has found. And souls to whom this world has been a hell have been suddenly awakened to find it a heaven surpassing any tale of seer or fairy.

While moralists are confounded by a maze of difficulties; appalled at the inefficiency of future rewards and pains to stay the present crimes; ashamed and shocked at the irregularity of the most religious, here is a force which trains men and women into the life of right by the simplest though subtlest influence—the love of unseen ones who are ever anxious for their higher growth!

I knew a man who was the roughest of the uncouth phases in this western life, full of blunt, repulsive speeches, heedless acts and intolerant deeds. One day he said an angel came to him; then another; they talked to him as angels talked to men of old in tents and fields and tabernacles. They broke him of his evil habits; they gave him a broader vision of the human life; they enforced him to his duty to his fellow-men, and built within him a faith in a future life, which was far more beautiful and fair than the partial heavens and hells of the old theologians. In this way his dark and evil and by subduing his whole life, and sustaining him till he died. It was a genuine conversion, the exaltation of life; not in the old way, but slowly and steadily remodeling his being. I could not understand it then, I do not understand it now, but I believed his story, for I saw the result of it in his changed and happy life. As I stood by his coffin I told the story to the many who had learned to love him, and they knew it as the story of a life. Before such force as that the dreariest life would soon be glorified, and the crudest being be refined. If all humanity could be touched by it to-day it would be the regenerating power of the race. To me it is a mystery, but to many it is a real fact. The laws through which these things operate seem to lie beyond our widest wisdom; still we have not yet found the bottom of the infinite ocean, nor all its shores. I think we shall, sometime.

Now if these things be genuine, they furnish incontrovertible evidence of a continued life. Are they genuine? Time alone can tell. They have better evidence in their favor than the religious revelations of which the mass of people hang their hope and faith.

I sum the argument up in this result: As man has grown from the brutal to the intellectual being, still fashioning the human form to finer shapes, so will he grow to a maturity of spiritual being, ultimately, as far above the intellectual stature of to-day as the present being is above the cave-man from which he came. We catch foregleams of that time even now, in the strange manifestations of power which I have related as outside of Spiritualism. These show us the powers which are still undeveloped, and which demand no end of time for their full perfection. Then there come to us still stranger revelations, which are akin to them, but which tell us of a possible interchange of influence between those who have passed beyond, and those who are still here. Then there come other manifestations which cannot be scoffed at, showing us that those we love still care for us, and are toiling to bring us into the highest life.

Reasoning from clairvoyance, and other modes of spiritual force, I am led to regard these other called, which pass under the title of Spiritualism, as the activities of the spiritual being, which we are least acquainted with as yet, but which will outgrow all the imposture and nonsense of all its infancy, and become a precious fact to all humanity.

Toward this the phenomena of the soul incline. The philosophy is clear to me, but I do

not think it demonstrated with such clearness as it is to be, and not clearly enough to convince one who has no conception of the philosophic thought. To me all knots and sects of men are stepping stones, whose partial and limited investigations lead upward to a spiritual center where, sometime, all souls shall gather, conscious of the infinite harmony. As the rays of life, in scattered tribes and families, run back, and all converge at last upon the vast plateau Iran, "the real apex of the earth," so shall we find our spiritual activities all drawn to a powerful focus, including every phase of strange and unaccountable mystery that puzzles us to-day. Men will not be mesmerists then, nor Spiritualists, but beings so perfected in the spiritual life that there can be no need of mediums, no clouds between, and the life beyond and the life on earth will be a unit of activity—man the divine fruit, in the noonday of perfection.

And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

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Spiritual Phenomena.

SATISFACTORY TEST-MATERIALIZATIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Visiting this city for a brief season, I have improved a portion of my time by investigating Spiritualism and testing some of the celebrated mediums here. The recipient of some very fine tests, I propose to relate one or two for the benefit and pleasure of your largely-increasing number of readers.

June 5th I sent by express to Auburn, N. Y., a lovely wreath of flowers to have it reach there June 6th, for the decoration of the grave of my wife, who passed to spirit-life three years ago on that day.

The evening of June 6th I attended a materialization séance in the spacious parlors of Mrs. H. Wilson, 204 West 34th street, considered the finest materializing medium in New York State. "Uncle Nat," the controlling spirit, materialized himself immediately after the formation of the circle, talking quite a long time, and giving to many in the room splendid and satisfactory tests. Just before retiring he requested the audience to join in a sweet, soft song, saying, "There's a little Bird here anxious to show herself."

All cheerfully complied, and after waiting a very few minutes the curtain slowly parted, and there stood plainly visible to every one in the circle a beautiful spirit with a "wreath of flowers on her head." It was my wife, with the identical wreath on which I had forwarded to Auburn the previous day, with instructions to place it on her grave on the anniversary of her entrance into spirit-life, June 6th, 1873. When I had explained the circumstances to the circle, they one and all confessed it to be one of the most beautiful and convincing tests ever seen. But I was to have another chapter. The following evening, June 7th, I visited Mrs. Dexter, a lovely old lady, and a wonderful clairvoyant and test medium, at 313 W. 43d street. There I received the following communication, of which the subjoined is an exact and truthful copy:

"Spirit-World, June 6th, 1876.
The month of flower and song."

My Dearest Beloved—The deep anguish of parting is compensated with the joy of meeting. Dear as the good spirits are, always anxious for a sacred spot in memory, I come with my love-offering, wearing the beautiful wreath to crown this meeting; and shall I tell you that I call it no sacrifice to leave my flowery home of beauty and song to greet you at this happy meeting? And the fragrance of your love is wafted up to my spirit home, and I descend under the influence of light and love to kiss away the falling tear, to quiet the anxious heart and soothe its anguish when you dwell on our parting. Don't forget the rose-bud, our darling child, belonging both to father and mother, a link in the golden chain that will bind three hearts forever.

Let the sacred influence come, baptizing you with a holy mission for your work, lifting the spirit up with a holy aspiration, to be able through the vision of your spiritual development to behold us in our work of love for the redemption of the world. Our great aspiration and holy prayer is: Oh, Father, give us the means to reach our earthly loved ones, and lead them on to us! Now, God is love, and through that love all will be redeemed. Then we will work together, spirits and mortals, to accomplish this work. Don't think the task a hard one, for God works through his children, and if you work with God, we will be crowned with a glorious immortality. Thanks for the flowers.

Your BIRDIE forever.

Last evening, June 11th, I attended another large séance at the house of Mrs. Wilson, which was most satisfactory. Among the spirits materializing appeared General Robert E. Lee, who was instantly recognized by several, one of whom was a Mr. Hill, who served with General Lee, when the latter was 2d Lieut. of Dragoons, out on the Plains, before the war, also by another gentleman, a Colonel Bonner, of Georgia, and by myself, having seen him on the field in Virginia. Other spirits manifested themselves to their friends in the circle, and in all cases were fully recognized.

The séances of this lady are giving unbounded satisfaction, fully convincing all seekers after the truth that "life beyond the grave" is an established fact, and not to be disputed. At all of her séances Mrs. Wilson cheerfully submits to the most rigorous and exacting tests.

GEORGE S. GREEN.
Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City.

A REPORT OF SITTINGS WITH MRS. MAUD E. LORD, THE PHYSICAL MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When phenomena of so marked a character as those produced through the mediumship of the above mentioned lady are witnessed by us, we deem it an imperative duty to record the same in such a general manner as to secure their reaching the public eye; and as a consequence of this we ask that you kindly give space in your journal to the following narrative of a few sittings with this remarkable medium.

All the séances which we attended were given at the residence of Mr. Kase, on 15th street, Philadelphia. The séance-room, or that which was usually used for the purpose—and it may be interesting for us to state in this connection that we have attended séances given in three different rooms in this dwelling—was, we should judge, say 12 by 18 feet, or just about sufficiently large to seat from 20 to 25 persons comfortably.

As we entered the room we noticed that the chairs were arranged in a circle, and each person was requested by the medium to occupy a certain chair. When all were seated, and after the doors and windows had been closed, and securely locked and bolted, Mrs. L. asked that they be seated also, by some skeptical person present, which was done usually by piercing the casing of the doors with knives, in such a manner as to make it absolutely impossible for anybody to enter without removing the knives, and some-

times doubly securing all by placing slips of gummed paper across in addition. After this had been done we were requested to connect hands, and presently the gas was turned entirely off, when the medium immediately commenced clapping her hands together so as to be distinctly heard by all present. It is a fact worth mentioning that throughout the sittings the medium's feet were constantly covered by those of some member of the circle, save when she moved from one person to another for the purpose of satisfying all. On every occasion the light had scarcely been put out before we were touched by hands varying in size from an infant's to that which we should imagine could be possessed only by a giant. These hands would often touch us in a manner that would seem to indicate a deep affection toward us on the part of their owner. We have had the pleasure of feeling and examining, for some thirty seconds, a hand and arm so far up as the elbow, the softness and smoothness of which we can only compare to the finest manufactured velvet. The temperature and texture were precisely the same as that we should expect to find accompanying a perfectly healthy organism. Some of the sitters were audibly kissed, and it was a common occurrence to hear sitters remark that they had been affectionately caressed by a dear one gone before. A gentleman who sat next to the writer informed him during the course of a sitting that arms had been lovingly thrown about his neck by one whom he recognized as having loved him dearly in earth-life.

The most satisfactory and thoroughly convincing feature of Mrs. L.'s sittings is yet to be mentioned, viz: THE AUDIBLE VOICE. We would frequently hear as many as three or four voices speaking at once—usually in a loud whisper—at the very moment when the medium was describing a spirit friend to some member of the party on the other side of the circle with her back toward us. It was our happy privilege to be spoken to by many dear friends, including brothers, sister, and others, who came in such a way as to make it wholly and entirely beyond a question of doubt that conscious and intelligent existence after what is termed death is really and truly a demonstrated fact; and that it is possible for our dear departed ones to palpably manifest themselves, under suitable conditions. One of the best tests we received was the following: One evening we had been frequently touched caressingly by hands on the face, top of the head and knees, and were about to ask the medium whom she saw by us, when suddenly she turned and said: "Sir, I see standing by you a young man, and from his appearance I should judge that he is your brother." We replied: "Yes, that is quite possible, for we have many brothers on the other side." We had scarcely finished this remark when a voice apparently not over a foot from our face said: "No, you have not so very many, for there are only four of us." This was certainly new to us, for we had always thought that there were five. We were now, as a matter of course, very anxious to ascertain whether this assertion was true, but as our home is some hundred or more miles distant from Philadelphia, we could not then gain access to the family Bible. Upon our arrival home we took up the Bible, searched the record of deaths, and found, much to our surprise, that the invisibles were perfectly correct.

In conclusion we would ask, how can such astounding revelations from the world of spirit as we have here presented be witnessed by any intelligent human being without carrying to his or her mind a positive knowledge that death in reality is but an harmonious blooming into actual life?

K.

July 14th, 1876.

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

TAYLORVILLE.—H. C. Chapman, in renewing his subscription, writes: What I most regret is, that no spiritual lecturer ever comes this way. We have a splendid hall, which rents for ten dollars and a population of four thousand inhabitants. We are starving for a morsel of the "bread of life" and not a crumb can we get. Have you no missionaries to send us? Those you can recommend will be welcome at my house. A good inspirational speaker would do well here. We have twenty thousand people in our county, and as good "heathens" as can be found in India. Now can you not recommend some one to come to such a missionary field to labor with us?

ROCKFORD.—Fred. H. Barnard writes: The Spiritualists of Rockford last winter organized on a free platform, and for free discussion. We have had here Maud E. Lord, E. V. Wilson, Miss Susie M. Johnson, and others, who gave us lectures and sances of great benefit—also Mrs. Foster, a first-class soprano singer, of Chicago, who helped us much by her sweet singing. Circles were formed. In different parts of the city, and new mediums were developed. Never was such interest taken in Spiritualism in Rockford as during the past season. All classes of society seemed to be very anxious to investigate in every manner and way possible, and came out to our meetings and circles in such numbers as to astonish us all.

New York.

WILLIAMSBURG.—For some time past I have intended to inform you of what was transpiring in the city of Williamsburgh (or rather Brooklyn, E. D.), amongst the Spiritualists, and as your paper notices our meetings, Ninth, near Grand, and the only one in that section devoted to the subject of Spiritualism, I am sorry to say that the members are not as numerous as they might or should be; but the interest taken by those who attend somewhat atones for numbers and other deficiencies. During the past winter Mr. Hume delivered a number of lectures, drawing good audiences. Mr. Pooln, likewise Mr. Caleb Pink, divided the time, and our good-sized seating-room had to be enlarged by additional chairs. During the spring months, and well into the summer, Mr. St. Pierre Adolphe delivered a course of lectures upon "Man's Mental Formation." The personnel of the lecturer is at once commanding, his voice clear and musical, his selection of language choice, and his method of clothing his ideas is truly original. Each lecture seemed to increase the interest on the part of his hearers. His subjects from time to time were handled in a skillful, scholarly and masterly manner; in fact it is impossible to listen to him without being instructed.

I will state that some months since we formed ourselves into a society to aid and assist each other, if needed. JOHN W. FOX, Secretary.

Massachusetts.

EAST PEPPERELL.—There are a few of us here who have for years been believers in Spiritualism, and we want to see and know more of it. We have formed a little circle, and meet regularly. We think we have some mediumistic material in our number. We do not seem to get ahead very fast. We wish some lady developing medium, who wishes for rest and to rusticate a few weeks, would come among us. We would bear

expenses from Boston and back and board her during her stay for a sitting once or twice a week at her option. None would be expected or required to use their medium powers to gratify or please any one, their object probably being rest. Should you know of any such, they may have all necessary particulars by addressing James or Eliza M. Hobart, East Pepperell, Mass., post-office box 23.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. C. C. Van Duzee writes: Mr. Jay J. Hartman, photographic spirit artist, who has several times, under the most rigid test conditions, proved the truth of spirit-photography, is now here, located at No. 234, North Ninth street, where he continues to take genuine spirit-pictures. What better memento could the Centennial visitor take home with him or her than a veritable likeness of some loved one now in the spirit-world?

WHO WILL CHANGE OLD LAMPS FOR NEW?

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"Oh, who will change old lamps for new?" we hear Magician cry.
In that sweet tale, Aladdin's Lamp, we read in days gone by;
Its potent charm we never forget, 't was boyhood's pleasing dream,
And things unreal that it described, did then most easily seem.
We curse the guile Aladdin's foe employed, his lamp to gain,
And list the cry, "New lamps for old," with hearts all full of pain;
We fear his treasure will be lost and evil master prove,
And would fain preserve it safe, with our protecting love.
For this dear lamp had service done, which made its worth untold;
And we a lamp, the like of this, in fond possession hold,
And all our thought should likewise be, how we may it defend.
Preserve it safe from foes without, and its good reign extend;
For Reason is that lamp, you know, with radiance fair and true,
And we must turn a deaf, deaf ear to "Change old lamps for new?"

There is no lamp of later date that can with this compare,
That can make life so beautiful, and Nature half so fair;
Ah, no! what'er Magician says, it were to work us harm,
And when he comes a-creeching round we wish to sound "alarm!"
Beware his craftiness, and keep the old, old lamp secure,
And then your future way is clear, your present blessing sure.
The priest may come and make his bids, and try to gain the same,
But our alacrity spurs him out, and spoils his well-planned game.
We know that Reason brighter is than all his new-made lights,
And if we part with that, we'rele round in endless nights.
This lamp of life, as old as life, far more than his is best,
And poor exchange it were for us to take his very best;
Then turn upon the priest and say, "Our dearest friend, adieu,
We cannot heed your cunning cry, 'Who'll change old lamps for new?'"

I tell you what, there's magic yet in this old lamp of ours,
Upon it wait the gentils of many heavenly bowers!
We rub its surface, then appear the slaves of love and light,
Assisting us to all we wish, for they are clothed with might.
We wait for naught while they are near, responding to our call,
They rise and say, "We are your slaves, and serve you all as well!"
And with their help we conquer wrong, and bring our selves release,
And lead the world to higher life, to glory, truth and peace!
Our progress in the past has been with this advancing aid,
And for this glorious purpose were the lamps in wisdom made;
Then foolish were we e'er to list to what the priest might say,
And go and give our treasure old, for his new things away;
And when he comes with offers bland, we pass them in review,
And say to him, "We cannot give our old, old lamps for new!"

But turn about we well may do, and offer them again,
That they should part with their old lamps, so homely, old and plain,
God never meant the world to be in darkness and in night,
And when we see their feeble slips we cry, "Let there be light!"
And priests might gain a prize, as yet in story left untold,
If they were wise to heed the cry, "Who'll change for new the old?"
Their glimmering wits might be with something brighter far supplied,
And their old dearth of living faith by knowledge satisfied.
Their lamps are old and dimly burn, they've lost their cheering ray,
And so exchange to them were giving darknesses night for day.

They cannot serve in these fair times of progress free and fast,
And one by one we see them now as useless cast.
They cast them off and take to ours, as we the picture drew,
And shout "Well done," to hear the cry, "Who'll change old lamps for new?"
The change must be all right, 't is useless saying nay,
For when the sun appears our lamps no more with us may stay;
And bright as sun true knowledge is, that comes for you and me,
And bright as sun our lamps called new by which we clearly see,
And so the churches cry, "We'll take your lamps so pure and bright;
Why who'd believe in God's dear world there was such glowing light!"
They say, "Our lamps are old and dim, while yours in beauty blaze,
Ours scarce illumine the dark, while yours with splendor all amaze!"
The people too repeat the cry, "Pray take these lamps out-worn,
What need have we of candle-light when beauteous day is born?"
And superstitious light goes out, and Reason shines once more,
And doubt like mist departs as beams the light from yonder shore;
And so we learn the want is felt by people not a few,
And they are pleased to hear our cry, "Who'll change old lamps for new?"

God bless our minds with wisdom pure, and guide us all aright,
To choose the lamps that shed abroad the brightest beams of light;
To know the way to leave the old, or keep it as is best,
And find in keeping or exchange the love that gives us rest!
Oh, let the people keep the lamp so old of life divine,
The Reason-light that clear through all the past did sweetly shine;
And let no priest in wickedness molest or steal the same,
But may it burn with clearer glow, with far illumining flame.
Still may all lamps outworn by time, that useless prove indeed—
The lamps of foolish churchly forms and empty shows of creed—
May these be given now away for better that we know!
And all the sons of men with love's irradiant knowledge glow!
And thus the cry we give, that from amusing fable grow,
Have wisdom's guiding when it says, "Who'll change old lamps for new?"

"The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

At a time when the public mind is being so deeply agitated with regard to spirit-materializations and kindred phenomena, we would call the special attention of the reader to that admirable work by Epes Sargent, Esq., whose title heads this article. "The volume embraces within its pages the solution of the most important question which ever claimed the attention of the human race, viz: the existence of the spirit after it leaves the mortal form; and, as it is the fruit of one of the most active and reflective minds in America, it should receive the attention of the great mass of investigators and Spiritualists alike.

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MOCKING-BIRDS.

The mocking-bird is a native of a warm climate. It is brown or ash color, and about the size of a robin. Scarcely mockers there is nothing charming about these birds. The lark is far the sweetest singer. But no bird sings so well at night as the mocking-bird. When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, they creep from their covert of leaves and open wide their mouths and flood the night with music. They call to each other, and seem to be repeating fragments of song that they have picked up. Ole Bull and Parapa-Rosa would no doubt listen with delight to these charming musicians. But the mocking-bird is not original. He borrows or steals his finest songs. That is no matter, as no one is the loser thereby. I have heard a wild mocker caw like a crow, hoot like an owl, sing like a thrush, or bobolink, or nightingale.

But my observation has been confined chiefly to the captive birds. And I have been surprised to see how ready they are to catch fragments of music and bits of chit-chat. "They soon learn to whistle with the boys, bark like the house-dog and cackle like hens. Mrs. K. has a splendid mocking-bird, and a cockatoo whose name is Jo. The bird's name is Zip. Joe has been to sea and has learned bits of sailor lore which he takes pride in repeating to Zip. He will climb to the top of his perch and peer into Zip's cage, and call out, "Ho! ho! ho! I'm a pretty Jo! Ship ahoy! ho! ho!" At first poor Zip seemed a good deal puzzled. He thrust his head out of the bars and listened. At last he went back to his perch and sang out, "Jo! Jo! pretty Jo! pretty Jo!" Cockatoo did not seem over-glad at hearing his words repeated, so he went off in a fit of sulks.

Mrs. H. found a brood of young mocking-birds. She took one home, made it a nest of soft wool. She named it Nick. Nick grew to bird's estate in a handsome cage. He knew nothing of roughing it. He had the shady nook in summer and the sunny places in winter. Mrs. H. gave her darling tender bits of beef, boiled eggs, and a variety of seeds. And all this care and kindness for a song. And Nick did sing his best, and put on the air of sweet content. Was he contented? Just about as happy as children are shut away from the green fields. One day his good mistress thought she could trust Nick in the yard. Of course he knew nothing of the world outside the gate, and would not venture far. Nick seemed delighted with liberty. He sailed out into the oleanders, then up into the pines, then spread his wings, and singing, it may be—
"I am old and away
For a long holiday."

disappeared.

There was great sorrow when Nick was gone. Mrs. H. hung out the empty cage, and invented various ways of bringing back her singing bird. Some wondered that Nick should care to leave so good a home; but an old bachelor said, "Nature will not be cheated. The bird knows what he is about." Rather think Nick and Nature were on the best of terms.

It was in May that Nick took his departure. In the early autumn he returned, bringing with him Mrs. Nick and four young mockers. The six perched upon the fence, while Nick began one of his old-time tunes. When Mrs. H. came out with the cage, the brood went into the tree-top and looked down upon the ugly cage where birdie had been a prisoner. But Nick is not to be again entrapped. Who blames him?

Southern California. H. F. M. BROWN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A TALK WITH YOUNG READERS.

BY MRS. J. M. CARPENTER.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—One fearful cold day in December, a poor, starved-looking Irishman came to my door and asked for food. His clothes were soiled and ragged, his coarse black hair hung down over his forehead in tangled masses, and his face had a look in it that told as plainly as words could have spoken a pitiful story of want and suffering.

"If ye please," he said, "would ye give me a few pennies to buy a loaf of bread for my motherless children? For it's not a morsel I have in the house, and them cryin' wid the hunger!" Now all you children who live in cities have often seen just such poor creatures as I am telling you about, and I am sorry to say that many times they tell such a story as this man did, and then take the money that is given them to buy liquor for themselves instead of bread for their children. So I did not give him money, but asked him where he lived, and when he told me I promised him that I would go and see his children, and if he had spoken the truth I would take them something to eat.

The wind was very piercing and bitterly cold as I hurried along the narrow street where the man told me he lived. I found the house with some difficulty, and went up a long flight of stairs where the passage was so dark that I could scarcely see my way. I came at last to a door, which I opened, and there was the poor man and his three little children sitting close together in the middle of the room. They all looked so cold and hungry and sad that I am sure your hearts would have ached, as mine did, if you had been there. It was a poor, cold, dirty little room, with nothing in it but a few old chairs, a table and a broken stove. They told me they had had no food nor fire since the day before. The man could get no work. His wife had been sick a long time, and at last she had gone to the spirit-world, and left her little family in want and sorrow.

I did not wait to hear any more of their sad story, but hastened out into the street and bought food and fuel, and in less than an hour there was a fire in the stove, which made the room warm, and the hungry children were eating a good supper.

The next morning I called upon a few kind-hearted people and told them of this poor family, and they gave me clothing of different kinds until I had a comfortable garment for the father and each one of the children.

So, by the help of benevolent people, they were kept from suffering until the man obtained employment again, and after that he took care of his children as well as he could, for he was a kind father, and would not willingly let his family suffer.

Now, my dear children, I think every one of us can do something toward relieving the suffering there is in the world. If we have no money to give we can always speak kind, gentle words, and that will be much better than nothing. If I had spoken harshly to this poor Irishman when he came to my door asking for food for his little ones, and sent him away, perhaps he would have been disheartened, and left his children to perish with hunger and cold. I want every boy and girl who reads this to be kind and gentle to the poor, and never fail to do whatever they can to make their sad lives brighter and happier.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

"HOLDING FORCES."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

I have often heard mediums use the 'above term, but I never fully understood its meaning till recently. Perhaps I do not comprehend all, now. There is such a mighty depth to all truth, that it would be strange if I did; but I can perceive enough of the law involved to know that many of whom it is said, "They are impractical; they are fanatical; they are lazy;" or to whom some other of the many terms are applied that are used to designate one who is not executive in the realm of effects, by turning them to their own advantage to the detriment of others—I can perceive that such may be doing a work of the grandest character, and even though such work may be hidden from the world, hidden in the heart of Nature and of Nature's God, still, they who are the channels through whom it is done shall not, cannot lose their reward.

But in order to explain my meaning more fully I must commence with what is seen, and advance step by step toward the unseen yet all-potent spiritual forces. We have often watched the ripples made upon the smooth face of the water by dropping a pebble into its depths, the size and form of such ripples depending somewhat upon the size and form of the disturbing object, as does also the length of time they retain their form unbroken. Suppose we take air in the place of water, and let the force put forth from the lungs through the agency of tongue, teeth and palate, represent the pebble. "The atmosphere being fluid is moved in waves by the force thrown out in speaking. The organs in speaking are controlled by the will to give that force a desired form, and the waves of the atmosphere must retain that form till it reaches the ear for which it is intended, or it is not understood."

But there is another fact connected with the law of communication through speech, and it is this: there must be an element of the same nature with that of which lips and ears are composed, or there can be no sound transferred from one to the other. Mind, I say, of the same nature, composed of the same elements. Steam is composed of the same elements as is water, but in a more rarefied condition; and all the elements of matter, from the hardest rock up to the finest and most delicate fibres of the human body, are found in the atmosphere. In fact, the atmosphere is made up of emanations from them all; and thus the air connecting the lips of the speaker with the ear of the hearer is kin to both; it is composed of the same elements.

Now could we extract the atmosphere to the thickness of a knife-blade between two parties standing within a foot of each other, they then might make every effort possible and still not hear each other, for the other, because there would be no connecting link. It would be as though a strip of glass divided a body of water through the middle. A pebble dropped into one portion could not possibly produce a wave of sufficient force to pass through the glass; it would strike and be turned back.

Still another fact: mind can make itself felt by mind without the aid of sound or motion. If you do not believe this, try an experiment. Sit down quietly, fix your mind and your eyes upon a person who sits or stands with back toward you. Do this in a room where there are several persons. Do not move, do not make a sound or motion, but fix the mind intently, and will that the one upon whom you thus have fixed your mind shall look at you. If you do not succeed with the first, try the second; some are less impressive than others. Presently, in most cases, the individual will turn and look at you with a sort of absent, questioning gaze, as though scarcely conscious of what he (or she) is doing. When you have tried this a sufficient number of times, with various subjects, to satisfy yourself that such result is really the effect of your mind acting upon theirs, I would like to ask: What is the channel of communication? what is the connecting link between your mind and theirs?

In communication through spoken words, thought passes from the inner, the real self, out through each connecting link that binds body to soul, till it reaches the lips and is projected into the atmosphere, and then, traversing the distance between, passes into the ear and through each of a similar series of links, till it reaches and is understood by the intelligence for which it was intended. Now if mind can make itself felt by mind without traversing all these steps of matter, there must be some connecting medium between the two, that is not recognized as matter; or, in other words, there must be a spirit-atmosphere connecting spirit with spirit, upon which the waves of thought flow; and the perfectness of the form of such waves depends as much upon the force and distinctness of the thought, as does the form of the waves of the material atmosphere upon the force and distinctness of the spoken word.

An individual may utter words with a great deal of force, with a loud or heavy volume of voice, and yet articulate so indistinctly as to be unintelligible, while, on the contrary, one may articulate perfectly and yet so feebly that the words uttered cannot be understood at any distance. This is as true of thought as connected with the spiritual atmosphere, as it is of words as connected with the material atmosphere.

Now take into consideration the law of evolution, as pertaining to the spiritual, and through which all forms of matter progress or change to suit the higher spiritual life, together with the necessity of the blending of the two elements or forces known as positive and negative, or male and female, in order to the manifestation of any form of life, and we are then ready to understand what is meant by "holding forces."

Nature, though bountiful, though prolific, is not wasteful; she conserves all to some purpose. Mind in this sphere or state of existence sustains the same relation to the production of thought as the earth does to the productions of material forms; it is feminine, and the feminine must be quickened by the positive or masculine principle ere it can become productive.

The life of all matter is spirit; not conscious intelligence, but that through which intelligence can become connected with and act upon matter when the time for such connection has arrived. Now when the law of evolution brings the feminine side of that which we call mind to a state of ripeness, so to speak, that will permit of impregnation with the elements of a new or higher order of conditions for the better more harmonious manifestation of intelligent life, then thought is born of such impregnation which, when properly understood and applied, will bring the desired conditions.

Such thought is the germ for a new harvest of ideas. It must mature in the mind that gave it birth till it becomes so fruitful, like the thistle upon the breeze, it is borne upon the waves of this spiritual atmosphere and takes root wherever it can find a lodgment.

But to accomplish this the life-forces, the strength of the individual, must be given to such new thought. The strength of the will, of the intellect, of the affections, must all be centred thereon till the thought itself glows as it were, with the intensity of vital life, becomes a coal of fire from the altar of eternal truth, and when cast upon the waves of this spiritual atmosphere with all the strength of the individual mind that gave it birth, it moves on till it reaches such other minds as can sense and receive it. Such minds having sensed, felt the warmth of the spring-time of the new thought with a responsive thrill, are ready to listen when favorable conditions arise, are favorably inclined when it comes to them in spoken language, as molded into form from the crucible of another's intellect.

But all this cannot be unless there are those who, having conceived the new thought, give all their forces to its gestation.

Such are holding forces. They are not executive; they are not practical in the world's sense of that term, but without them reforms could never take root. No, they cannot earn money to any great extent, for the strength of mind and body must be given to the soul-travail through

which innumerable blessings are to be born to the race.

The thought of the *how* of said blessings, of the way to their realization, when born into the intellectual consciousness of the individual, must take distinct form and a firm hold upon the affections, and then be reiterated positively, determinedly, persistently and continually. This being done, it matters not if the lips speak no word, if the pen trace no lines, the form of said thought will move out in waves upon this spiritual atmosphere, and entering into spiritual ears that are sufficiently developed to hear, will at length make itself understood, while the range of its power will be in accordance with the strength of the individual spirit, or spirits, who thus hold the forces.

And without these centres, these batteries of spirit-power caught and held by earth-minds till their radiations permeate the mental atmosphere with their spiritual warmth, public speakers would be powerless, their work like to sowing seed in mid-winter.

Oh, when will mediums learn to be kind and considerate one toward another? When will they learn that all the forms of mediumship are needed, and that those are often most essential which seem worthless, or nearly so?

Heaven help us all to be wise with the sweet charity of divine love.

The Reviewer.

Mr. W. F. Evans's New Book.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

I have just finished reading the gem of a book by Mr. Evans, called "Soul and Body." Externally and interiorly it is one of the most attractive little works that has ever fallen into my hands, and if it should fall to deeply interest any explorer of its pages, or fall short of impressing him with the most valuable and important truths that permeate his own physical and spiritual being, it will be because it is not comprehended, or because the reader is a rusty allopathic physician.

"There is but one life in the universe," says Mr. Evans, "the different forms and degrees of that all-pervading vitality being only varied manifestations of it." This grand explanation, though understood perhaps by all our philosophers, comes with an incisive energy here, and is as asbestos fire that cannot be extinguished; and with faith and prayer, as golden threads or rays that reach impenetrable space or rush back where God is, we find our humble selves holding in our own hands the keys which unlock or may unlock the portals of a palace more famed than Aladdin's.

This one life in the universe, and that the spirit (soul or mind), is the corner-stone of the beautiful little fabric Mr. Evans has built up for our edification. Man is a "living soul," and all attempts to account for the vital phenomena of the organism without this admission, must be obscure and unsatisfactory. The learned Stahl admitted of no intermediate agency between the body and spirit, and hence claimed a more direct action upon the physical through the psychic force. Van Helmont (thrown into a dungeon by the Inquisition for too much Christ-like power and lucidity of teaching) taught "that all diseases arise from some disturbance of the spiritual essence of man. An intelligent physician says, 'The influence of the mind—of mental emotion—in causing and curing disease, are altogether too much disregarded by medical men.'"

Bathemann and many others are quoted by Mr. Evans, in support of the theory which makes the body so subjective to the spirit, the vital principle in man, that it is to the latter we are first to appeal in behalf of the welfare of the former. But more than all, and above all others, Christ is constantly referred to as the master physician who taught and practiced this same doctrine.

The second chapter contains much that is fascinating in illustration of what has preceded—Swedenborg being quoted where he impressively says: "The soul is the very essence of man, and the body is its form, and essence and form make one." And, "The body and the soul are one, and the soul is that one, as the body is only the outward manifestation of the spirit."

The third chapter is devoted more especially to faith in curing disease. And here Christ's sayings and practices are eminently illustrative of what Mr. Evans has to propound. "By grace ye are saved through faith." "Lord increase our faith," says our author, "is one of the most comprehensive prayers ever offered. Again he says: 'The world needs to be educated to its use as a remedial agent.' Here also we are brought to view the opinions of distinguished doctors, physiologists, philosophers, as Muller, Hoffman, Tuke, J. J. Murphy, Van Helmont, Plato, and writers of the Old and New Testament.

The next chapter more particularly portrays the means by which we can come in rapport with the world of spirits, and still on to higher and higher communion, till God's love envelopes us with a healing potency, and clothes in the radiant garments of health the trusting, supplicating creature whose faith wavers not.

The fifth chapter presents in an attractive and forcible manner, "Prayer as the Means of Spiritual and Bodily Health." In this, Cowper, Austin Phelps, James F. Clarke, Wesley, J. J. Taylor, Fenelon, Steinhilber, Shakspeare, and others who have been already referred to, with Scriptural quotations that have an irresistible force with all who hold to the Bible as an inspired work—these and more are brought before the reader with such a just regard to appropriateness and brevity that treasures are gathered into the responsive spirit that will not be sold for a price.

On page 111 we have a declaration of eternal significance; and though doubtless recognized by all as a verity, seldom, I think, comes home to any one as it should do. "The past has no existence out of our memory. The future never was and never will be. There is no future. All existence is included in the *divine moment*, the ever-momentous *now*."

The sixth and last chapter is more especially devoted to "The Imposition of Hands, or the Magnetic Movement Cure." The Master declared that his followers should "lay hands upon the sick, and they should recover" (Mark xvi: 18). In Mark vi. it is said that, owing to their unbelief, he, Jesus, "only laid hands upon a few sick folk and healed them." In Matthew, Mark, Luke, and the Acts are further accounts where the laying on of hands or the mere touch of the finger sufficed to cure the most incurable of diseases, even the leprosy.

Out of many sentences in this book which Mr. Evans makes unexceptionably forcible—lines of gold on plates of silver—I will quote only one more: "We must never lose sight of the truth that the material body is only the form or outside boundary of the mind or spirit, and it is that by which the spirit is fixed in time and space. Spirit is the creator of its own environment."

And to see in the homes beyond our series of pleasure and sweet comfort. "No more grow this time. I am sorry you are sick with your loss and sorrow, but remember still we love you."

The mother and friends, though they have never been believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, do not doubt the identity of the message.

Springfield, Mass., July 27th, 1876.

A. B. GRIFITH.

To Book-Buyers.

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

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"While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an authority, we most cordially accept all great men as 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. B. Britton.

Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis in Harper's Magazine on Spiritualism.

The August number of Harper's Magazine, in its "Easy Chair" department, for which Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, poet, novelist and politician, and a highly esteemed gentleman, has the credit, contains an article on "Spiritualistic Phenomena," the whole of which we quote in numbered paragraphs below. If so good and able a man as Mr. Curtis can fall into such mistakes, and be swayed by such prejudices, can we be surprised that such publications as the N. Y. Observer, the Times, and the Graphic should open their columns to frequent sneers at all who have anything to do with Spiritualism? Taking up the objections of Mr. Curtis *seriatim*, let us see what they really amount to. He says:

(1) "The persuasive spirit of Katie King, who so deeply influenced Mr. Wallace and other men of science and note in England, was unable to cope with the unsparring rigors of our climate, and turned out to be a very simple deception."

With regard to the so-called Katie King affair in England, we have heard of no one man or woman of the thirty or forty, that, during a period of more than a year, investigated the Florence Cook phenomena, who has since expressed the slightest doubt as to their genuineness. Mr. Crookes, Mr. Varley, and other scientific investigators have been fully sustained in their conclusions by multiplied occurrences of the same kind, only more surprising, both in England and in this country up to the present time.

The so-called Philadelphia "fraud," if a fraud (of which there is now much well-founded doubt), notwithstanding the sudden suspicions of Mr. Owen, shortly before his insanity, and notwithstanding the persistent opposition of Dr. Child, whose very positive "subjective testimony" based on his own mediumship, describing interviews with Katie King, is strangely inconsistent with his present denunciation of the Holmeses—this so-called "fraud" has at any rate been supplemented by abundant genuine and thoroughly established phenomena of materialization, quite as remarkable as anything Mr. Owen describes in his Atlantic Monthly article, and which have fully vindicated the character of the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The Mrs. White, to whom Mr. Curtis refers as "Mrs. Somebody," in the 6th paragraph quoted from him below, was proved to be wholly disreputable and untrustworthy; and once, on the same evening when she was claiming to show in another circle how she played the part of Katie King, Mr. Roberts and others witnessed the genuine phenomena in the presence of the Holmeses.

In private houses, like that of the well-known Mr. Kase, of Philadelphia, the phenomena have occurred during the present month, and the testimony in their favor from numerous persons of high intelligence and pure reputation cannot be affected by the negative assurances of any number of persons whose opportunities have been less frequent and less favorable. Mr. J. M. Roberts, of Burlington, N. J., a gentleman whose sincerity needs no vouching for, has spared no amount of labor and expense in the unraveling of all the doubtful points in regard to the materialization phenomena through the Holmeses, and he has a work in preparation on the subject, which must carry the conviction to all unprejudiced minds that the Holmes phenomena have been fully established, and that there has been the grossest misrepresentation in regard to them. The "simple deception," of which Mr. Curtis speaks, proves then to be a simple fact, throwing light on the greatest question that can interest a human being. Even if fraud at any time could be proved, that proof would not invalidate the subsequent indications of genuine mediumship.

(2) "The more recent wonders of the same kind also have been wholly deprived of their miraculous character. Indeed, the grave trouble with the phenomena has always been their ludicrous character."

Since it turns out that persons who leave this for the spirit-world retain their identity—that fools and knaves are fools and knaves still, and the wise and good retain their ruling traits—it is rationally to be expected that some of the phenomena should be "ludicrous"—indeed, since the fools are usually in a majority, it would not be surprising if most of the phenomena were of this description. But such is not the case. Those investigators who in a grave and reverent spirit would look into this subject are generally met in a corresponding temper by the intelligences on the other side. The frivolous and the scoffing usually attract those to whom such company is not congenial.

(3) "There are, however, instances of singular responses made by the 'mediums' to certain questions—evidence of knowledge of things peculiarly intimate and personal, which are curious and surprising, and for the explanation of which the key seems not to have been found. These,

however, may fairly be classed with all well-attested phenomena of the night-side of nature. And as many other apparently inexplicable phenomena occurring at the same time and under the same circumstances are attributed by the operators to spiritual agencies, but prove to be the result of exceeding material forces, it is illogical to assume that the rest cannot have a similar explanation. Many, fortunately, require none. The poetry of the departed Shakespeare and the wisdom of the translated Bacon or Franklin are plainly due to lunar influences, not in heaven, but upon earth. Consolation administered by spry table legs, and assurances of immortality proceeding from tambourines, happily do not cry for explanation. They explain themselves. Signor Blitz could give such spirits odds, and win the game."

If we rightly understand the meaning of this paragraph, it amounts to this: The instances of clairvoyance through mediums may be classed with other cases of clairvoyance; an assertion which obviously "goes without saying," since the theory is, that all clairvoyants are mediums, and all clairvoyance is an exercise of a spiritual faculty. The "phenomena of the night-side of nature" derive no explanation from that somewhat obscure phrase, borrowed from the German. The phenomena obviously all belong to the same group; and as they give evidence of super-sensory or spiritual powers, we are justified in calling them spiritual.

But, we are told (substantially) by Mr. Curtis, that inasmuch as certain other phenomena, supposed to be spiritual, may be explained by the known action of material forces, it is therefore illogical to suppose that the rest of the phenomena (however unaccountable) may not be explained in the same way. Let us see what this argument is worth: Mr. Curtis goes to hear the raps, but discovers that the so-called medium produces them with his thumb nail. Must the rapping phenomena be therefore ruled out as all equally fraudulent? Or, after the medium has been detected in fraud, he is lifted to the ceiling before a dozen witnesses, under circumstances where their senses and their common sense tell them that no fraud is possible. It would be all right for Mr. Curtis to say: "Do that again—do it twenty times, under varying conditions—you have cheated me once, and I do not mean to be cheated again if I can help it," but, after the phenomenon had been thoroughly tested, would it be altogether logical to say, that inasmuch as the rapping was explained by the fraudulent use of the thumb nail, therefore the levitation must be referred to some equally simple, material cause, though the testimony of a dozen witnesses is wholly opposed to any such supposition? Would it be an altogether "illogical assumption" for a person to say: "The ways by which raps can be fraudulently produced are conceivably many; the way by which a man can be lifted to the ceiling, under the conditions given, limits itself to one: namely, the exercise of an unknown force?"

Or, take another case: A pretended medium tries to make Mr. Curtis think that a certain inscription on a slate is independent writing by a spirit. The pretence is proved to be a fraud. Mr. Curtis then takes his own locked slate, and goes to Dr. Shade, and in his presence, before the eyes of all, in broad daylight, while no one is touching the slate, a sound of writing is heard, and on opening the slate Mr. Curtis finds an intelligent message in the handwriting of a deceased friend. Would he be justified in rejecting such a proof of abnormal action, simply because he had once been deceived through the slight-of-hand of a trickster? We put no imaginary case. Hundreds of intelligent persons, who are not Spiritualists, will testify to the phenomenon of independent slate-writing, under test-conditions. This is notorious to every person who has taken the least trouble to satisfy himself in regard to our claimed facts.

"Some mischief-loving spirit writes doggerel, and signs the name of Shakespeare, or Bacon. Oh, what a conclusive proof against the fact that there are spirits! A man who has been a joker in this world continues a joker in the next. Oh, what profanity to suppose that a spirit is allowed to show that he has not parted with his identity! Have our critics ever considered the matter seriously? Is it reasonable to suppose that the frivolous-buffoon of to-day shall be a grave philosopher to-morrow, simply because he drops his outer covering of flesh and bones?"

"An assurance of immortality proceeding from tambourines!" How very undignified! Is it conceivable that a spirit would try to excite our attention by moving or playing on a tambourine? And why not, though to you it may seem below the dignity of any one but a leahey? May there not be departed laqueys in the other world? And if, in the absence of other means of manifesting a supersensory force, one of them should lift a chair, a table or a tambourine, in order to let one see that there may be occult forces at work around us, shall one fall back on his dignity, shocked by the impertinence of this spiritual fellow, and thus lose the vast significance of the occurrence?

"An assurance of immortality from tambourines!" Ay, from tambourines, so long as it shall be an "assurance!" From pipe-stems, if you please; from "vessels made unto honor, or unto dishonor." There is low company as well as high, we suppose, in the other world. If a spirit cannot come to us with a harp, and play Mozart's Requiem, let him come with a banjo, and play Yankee Doodle. We shall not let our pride or our dignity interfere, where the purpose is to impress us with the fact of spirit action. Of this a devil, as well as an angel, may furnish a proof; and whether a spirit kneels before us in prayer, or dances Jim Crow, the important fact to us is, not what he does, but what he is.

(4) "One of the recent avatars was that of a woman who, being tied fast, was in some manner waited upon by mysterious agencies, which did what no living person could do who could not use arms, hands, feet or body. As usual, the things were done behind a screen. The 'spirits' are not content with their own invisibility. The laws of the spiritual world, it seems, require that the medium through whom they manifest themselves should be invisible also. If a guitar is played, it must be in a box or a cabinet, or in the dark, or behind a screen. Why the spirits of heavenly light fear the light of earth, or the spirits of just men made perfect are unwilling to confront the gaze of very unjust and imperfect men, doth not appear. The medium can only assure us that it is part of the mystery."

Here Mr. Curtis refers to the case of Mrs. Fay, who may or may not be a genuine medium, or who may play two roles as opportunity favors. He ought to know that she has been distrusted and denounced, chiefly by Spiritualists. He ought to know, too, that the probabilities are that at times she manifests genuine medium power. Possibly Spiritualists may do her injustice; but the suspicious fact is, that Mr. H. Melville Fay, who accompanies her, has blown hot and blown cold. Like young Bishop, he

doubtless has mediumistic power. Finding that genuine phenomena did not pay, he took up the role of an exposé of Spiritualism. "Why should spirits help him; then?" it may be asked. The spirits, probably, see that nothing is so damaging to the cause of truth as apathy; and they are quite willing to help regenerate mediums in their work; well knowing that all so-called exposures, in winnowing the false from the true, must eventually react in favor of the truth.

When Mr. Curtis intimates, as he does in the preceding paragraph, that the laws of the spirit-world require that the medium for materialization or other phenomena should be "invisible," he shows that he has not kept pace with the actual facts. The remarkable phenomena through Mr. Shade, such as independent slate-writing, independent movement of objects, and occasionally the materialization of hands and faces, take place in broad daylight when the medium is in full view of the sitters. The materializations of spirit-forms in the presence of Mrs. Bennett, of Boston, take place when she is in her normal state, and in full view of the spectators. Frequently at Terre Haute the spirit forms that come in the presence of Mrs. Stewart will allow you to lift the curtain and satisfy yourself that she is sitting there in a state of trance. Mr. Crookes and Mr. Varley not only proved, by electrical tests, that Katie King and Florence Cook were distinct personalities, but Mr. Crookes, and others, repeatedly saw the two together. It is therefore an error to say that by "spirit-laws" the medium must be invisible when the phenomena take place.

If, instead of settling these questions on a priori grounds, Mr. Curtis had taken the trouble to go to No. 21 West Seventeenth street, New York City, and asked for Mr. Henry Shade, he could have satisfied himself that Mr. Wallace, Mr. Crookes, and the rest of us have good reasons for our faith. If he had carefully and patiently investigated, he would never have written his present article.

(5) "Doubtless there are many honest people who went to the exhibition of the medium, paying money at the door, and who came away firmly convinced that they had witnessed supernatural phenomena. For how could a woman with her hands tied behind her back thrum a guitar, put a nail upon her head, drive a nail into a board, blow a flageolet, or tie a knot in a band around her neck?"

Here Mr. Curtis instances a few minor manifestations, such as could be produced by gymnastic skill and celerity, or by exceptional suppleness of body, and leaves the meekly receptive public to infer that it is by such exhibitions that intelligent and rooted Spiritualists are made!

(6) "These were precisely the questions which Mr. W. Irving Bishop undertook to answer. That such things could be done by spirits he did not propose to question. He would only show that they could be done by men and women also. If he could do this the 'supernatural' element would vanish, and the 'medium' would be compelled to prove that they were not done by her clever self behind the screen. If, again, she could not prove this, she must be considered an exposed 'humbug,' and 'Spiritualism' would have severely suffered, as when poor Katie King yielded to the pitiless confession of Mrs. Somebody in Philadelphia. Mr. Irving Bishop did what he promised. In company with a committee of well-known citizens of New York of high character, he appeared upon the platform at Chickering Hall. He was placed in a chair, and his hands were closely tied to a ring in a post behind him, and his neck was tied to another, as if he were about to undergo the punishment of the garrote. His feet were also tied together by a rope, the end of which was held by a spectator. A tambourine was then laid upon his lap, with several bells, and, like the 'medium,' he was then hidden by a curtain drawn before him. Instantly the tambourine resounded, the bells rang, and both tambourine and bells came flying over the curtain, which was at once withdrawn, and Mr. Bishop was found closely tied. It was obviously mysterious, and probably the work of spirits. Perhaps Plato and Galileo were thus illustrating the immortality of the soul."

And Mr. Curtis allows Mr. Bishop to exact precisely the conditions exacted by a genuine medium—namely, to be "hidden by a curtain" during the manifestations—and then, because the tambourine sounds, and the bell rings, and both come flying over the curtain, and when the curtain is withdrawn the young rogue is found "closely tied," Mr. Curtis and his fellow-spectators, without further examination, take Mr. Bishop's word for it that no mediumistic power is used—that it is all an unspiritual trick!

"Ah! but Mr. Bishop will repeat it all before the audience, and satisfy them it is a trick," you will infer. But he is very careful to do no such thing. Nothing in the least difficult, or that could not be duplicated by means of bodily contortions and rapid movements, will he condescend to repeat so as to explain it. He does, it is true, repeat the paltry feats of thrumming a guitar with his detached fingers, driving a nail into a board, blowing a flageolet, or tying a knot, but he does not, because he cannot, show that complicated knots can be *instantaneously* tied and untied by any explicable process, and within view of the audience. He does not explain the common phenomenon of the spirit-hand.

As for Bishop's pretence that the effects of the floating guitar, which, while a medium's hands were held, we have known to touch the ceiling, and fly bird-like all round a large room, the strings being played on the while, can be produced by his swinging the instrument about with his freed hand, he knows this to be a lie, and every experienced investigator knows it, too. The feats of driving the nail and putting a pill on his head, and all those that are explicable by suppleness of limb, any gymnast can learn by practice. Does Mr. Curtis seriously suppose that it is by such cheap puerilities that millions of rational beings have been converted to Spiritualism?

(7) "A board with a nail and hammer was placed by his side; the curtain was drawn, and instantly hammering was heard. The curtain was pulled back; Mr. Bishop was tied close, and the spirits had hammered the nail fast into the board. A nail was placed upon his lap, the curtain drawn to supply the proper spiritual conditions, and the next moment he was seen with the nail, like a night-cap, upon his head."

"To supply the proper spiritual conditions!" Mr. Curtis intends this as a joke, reflecting on the duped Spiritualists. If he lives ten years, as we hope he may, he will be satisfied that he himself has been the dupe.

(8) "A doll was cut from paper, a guitar was played, water was drank from a tumbler on his knee, while his feet were held fast and his neck tied close to a ring behind him. All was done behind a screen, and if it was not spirits, what was it? It is the question which very honest and intelligent and scientific men have asked. No man bound in this manner could possibly do these things. But they are done. No human collusion is possible. What does it mean? 'My hands,' answered Mr. Bishop. And forthwith, bound as he was, and in full view of the audience, he repeated what he had done behind the curtain, and showed that it was due to suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self-possession."

Alas for Plato and Galileo! Supernaturalism? Spiritual agencies? Does the courteous reader recall the concluding words of Dr. Brownson's "Charles Elwood"? "And Elizabeth—will you tell us nothing of her? Pardon me: I have planted wild flowers upon her grave and watered them with my tears."

Mr. Curtis conveys an erroneous impression in asserting that Bishop, in full view of the audience, repeats all that has been done behind the curtain. He does no such thing. He throws dust in the eyes of Mr. Curtis and the rest simply by selecting a few unimportant feats, and duplicating these, leaving the really inexplicable ones all unexplained. This is fully shown in the following letter addressed to Mr. Epes Sargent by Dr. Noyes of New York, a cultivated physician of high character, a cautious investigator, and one singly devoted to the truth. Let Mr. Curtis read it, and see what his own swift judgments are worth, so far as Spiritualism is concerned:

320 EAST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK, }
July 5th, 1876.

EPES SARGENT—Dear Sir: I will not attempt to give you an exhaustive analysis of all the points in Mr. Bishop's performance which convinced me that he is a medium, but will merely outline a few general features which were inconsistent with the part of a mere imitator, and then narrate two particular incidents which were not and it seemed to me could not be explained as jugglery.

In the first place we would expect that a genuine exposé would lay the stress of his explanations on his most difficult feats, and in general would demonstrate most completely. The contrary is the case with Mr. Bishop. The most surprising events of the evening were really no explanation at all. One would naturally expect that an exposé would put his explanations first, and then perform the feats in a manner which would demonstrate that they were performed in the way indicated; but Mr. Bishop, like Baldwin, first goes through with a stance, which, as far as conditions go, might be a real mediumistic one, and then adds a so-called explanation, which is so hurried and so far removed in time from the performance of the different feats that it is easy for him to omit any reference to the really difficult points while conveying a general sense of explanation to careless observers. This fact ought to have weight, that the whole arrangement of the séance is favorable to the operation of a real medium, while it is unfavorable to a strict analysis by the audience. The simple expedient of requiring the exposé to immediately repeat each feat done behind the curtain, before the audience, and insisting on his getting exactly the same effects, would very soon bring these deceptions to light.

Another point, which indicated, in a general manner, the true character of his first part, was a mediumistic one, was Mr. Bishop's demeanor. No sign of muscular exertion appeared. He wore the passive, abstracted 'air' noted in mediums. But when he came to illustrate his suppleness before the audience, his manner underwent a sudden change. He drew himself up and had all the appearance of a man preparing for a muscular struggle. He seemed to summon all his strength, and during the contortions he writhed in every limb. The disturbance of his body in all parts was extreme. This point is to be noted. In the particular incident I will presently relate, the only explanation possible other than the spiritualistic one, was that while Mr. Bishop slipped his hands in the fastenings and twisted his body to allow their action in front of him, his head and knees were absolutely motionless. In the illustrations before the audience, however, his head sank down in a marked manner, while his whole body was violently agitated.

Still a further point which tended to establish the mediumistic character of his first part, was the nervousness with which he insisted on having absolute privacy behind the curtain. One would suppose that if a spectator should peep behind the curtain while Mr. Bishop's feats of suppleness were in progress, his testimony to the dexterity of the performance would add weight to the exposé. At least such a spectator would do no harm, as he could only confirm Mr. Bishop's own testimony. But on the occasion in question Mr. Bishop discovered a man concealed in the upper gallery of the Academy, which was closed to the public because it overlooked the space behind the curtain. He insisted that the man should come down. The man explained that he was up there for the express purpose of looking behind the curtain, but Mr. Bishop was inexorable.

The two incidents which seemed to me utterly inconsistent with the jugglery theory were these: First, the shot test. The committee placed in his hands a certain number of shot, which were found in a place and correct in number, after strong evidences of power behind the curtain. In the exhibition of the shot test, it is said that he rolls the shot between his fingers, but no evidence was offered that this was the case, and a sight of his struggles when illustrating his suppleness before the audience, made me prefer the theory that his hands were not the ones that made the disturbance. Before adopting his theory I would want to see his hands while the feat was in progress, which, I imagine, he never allows. The second remarkable incident was a sitting with Ex-Mayor Hunter, in which this gentleman, blindfolded, grasped Mr. Bishop's knees and forehead. Evidences of activity behind the curtain were abundant, and the Ex-Mayor testified that he was grasped by hands, pounded on the head with a guitar, and had flowers presented to him. At the same time he positively asserted twice that Mr. Bishop, to his feeling, was absolutely immovable. He said this must be explained. It was not, however. Mr. Hunter appeared to be an observant man, and I thought that if Mr. Bishop performed the feats in the way he afterwards illustrated, the Ex-Mayor was extremely dull not to perceive that he was quivering like an eel.

Both what we know of the operations of spirit-power, but they are quite inconsistent with Mr. Bishop's explanation.

Yours truly,
THEODORE R. NOYES, M. D.

The phenomena that have wrought conviction in the minds of serious investigators are precisely such as, in the nature of things, cannot be exposed or duplicated by any person exercising the normal, unaided power of a human being. Therefore no experienced Spiritualist feels in the least concerned when he hears of these "exposures." For Mr. Curtis to assume that we base our theory on performances which any gymnast or juggler could imitate, is wholly unwarranted by the facts. We fear that politics and literature have demanded so much of his time the last fifteen years that he knows about as much of the present state of Spiritualism as Mr. A. R. Wallace or Mr. Crookes knows about the local politics of New York.

If Mr. Bishop by his vaunted "suppleness, agility, great quickness and self-possession," can lift himself to the ceiling and stay there without holding on to anything for five or ten minutes, and can teach others to do this by the simple exercise of their normal powers, he may begin to justify Spiritualists in their theory. If, then, under such conditions as genuine mediums acquiesce in, he will produce recognizable forms of deceased persons, cause them to talk rationally, and vanish before your sight, accomplishing this all by his "great quickness and self-possession," without the intervention of any other force or aid, we shall begin to think he is as clever as he would have the world suppose.

To those who have not kept pace with this great spiritual movement, it is such a comfort to have even a Bishop come and satisfy them

that it is all moonshine! No wonder they overlook his little evasions and subterfuges, and, because he can do a few tricks before their eyes, assume that he can do all, even those phenomena requiring the aid of spirits.

Bro. Beecher, too, is highly elated, along with the rest of the New York editors, in the comforting notion that Spiritualism has come to grief through the united efforts of Mrs. White and Mr. Bishop. He copies and commends, in his "Christian Union," the remarks of Mr. Curtis, and he puffs the stupid book by Dr. Hammond, who denies all the phenomena that he cannot explain by nervous derangement, hallucination and unconscious cerebration.

Go on, gentlemen; your rope is a long one, and this is a free country! Very gradual is the progress of truth. Keep out of its way as long as you can. Snatch at straws, dodge all serious investigation, shut your ears to testimony and your eyes to facts! Select some one low or ludicrous development out of the vast complex of good and bad, noble and ignoble, which the invisible like the visible universe involves, and make your stand there, and try to turn it to the belittling and discrediting of the whole grand subject, and cry out with Tyndall, Huxley, and the rest, "Spiritual agencies indeed!" as if these last might not be a mixture of the frivolous and the sublime—as if there ought not to be all grades of intelligences in that spirit-world which holds the departed of this planet! Make your own *a priori* negations the bounds of truth in opposition to the affirmative testimony of those whose knowledge is founded on the most ample experience. Nevertheless the great spirit-world is around and above us all the same, and is not at all arrested by your contemptuous denial. Spirits come and go, and they scorn no effort, however lowly or vulgar, to prove to us that they still live. Both objectively and subjectively they appeal to us, and would win our attention. They even condescend to move tables and to tip chairs. They show us the hands, faces and forms once familiar to us here, for they would prove to us their identity in every way, objective and subjective. They lavish on us their well-remembered tokens of affection. They talk audibly of matters known only to ourselves and clairvoyant intelligences. They come before us palpably, write messages, paint pictures and draw likenesses, showing high artistic culture, and execute with preternatural celerity. They join in our songs, and give us music from unseen instruments. They bring us flowers through closed walls, and show that to spirits matter is no impediment. They vanish and reappear palpably and tangibly in a moment. They cut pieces from their improvised garments, and then, with a whisk of the hand, make the cut place whole again. They do a thousand things, always increasing in variety and marvellousness, to prove to us that they exercise powers such as mankind in all ages have rightly attributed to spirits.

All this, we well know, will seem like midsummer madness to the scoffers who do not want to be convinced, and who refuse all persistent investigation. Nevertheless it is true, and the truth is winning its way slowly but surely. All these so-called "exposures" have their use in preventing stagnation, and in stirring up all true Spiritualists to do yeoman's service for the truth. Its course being spiral, every seeming retrogression is for the accomplishment of an actual gain in progress. Mr. Curtis addresses a splendid audience, in point of numbers, through Harper's Magazine. He may, for a time, satisfy some of the Dunderheads of the day that "the thing is all gone up—isn't it worth a feller's looking into?" but he will live to regret that he was ever instrumental in encouraging even such minds in their ignorance of a truth which satisfies the reason that death is but a step to a life of enlarged powers and opportunities. He will regret his course, simply because he loves truth better than victory, is thoroughly noble and sincere, having a force of gentleness that makes him more than a match for the bullies and the "roughs" of debate, and too courageous withal to truckle to any conventional shams for the sake of a transient popularity. Such a man, when he is undecieved, as he will be, will be strong for the truth.

The Yacht Disaster.

No occurrence has struck such a feeling of distress into a great community as the sudden capsizing of the yacht Mohawk in New York Harbor last week, with her select party of pleasure-seekers on board, all ready for the excursion of the afternoon and evening. Commodore Garner, the owner of the vessel, with his wife and other ladies, besides one or two more, were confined in the cabin and drowned. By the all but miraculous escape of Mr. Schuyler Crosby, who was one of the party in the cabin with Mr. Garner at the time of the disaster, the details of the final struggle for life in that pent space are spread before the public, and they are touching in the extreme. Nothing, in fact, could be more so. Both Mr. Crosby and Mr. Garner took hold of the latter's wife, while the water was filling the little cabin, and endeavored to draw her out and carry her to a place of safety; but she was pinned down by a table and by other heavy weights which the careening of the vessel had thrown on to her, and it was impossible to extricate her. She kept answering the calls of her husband and his friend as they sought to encourage her to assist their efforts to rescue her, until a sudden lurch of the craft buried her completely under the water, and her husband refused to leave her, and died with her.

What is by no means the least interesting or significant part of this catastrophe, which has cast such gloom over the public mind in New York, is the fact reported in the Boston Transcript—in which paper we first saw it—that Mrs. Garner was distinctly impressed, at the time her husband contemplated purchasing or building this yacht, with the idea that it boded ill-fortune, and that she persistently besought him to proceed no further in his design; but he had formed his purpose, and set his heart on its fulfillment, and thus the result was to be. As most people say, fate was in it. This devoted pair were to meet their end in just the way after dust. What matter, after all, as some said they dider had met his fate at the hands of the Indians, whether the end came a few years earlier or later? It is only a difference of time in our entering upon the great life beyond, and in that life time is unknown, as is distance likewise. But here is still another instance of the truth of premonition, whose voices people are too apt to disregard or ridicule. After what has been warned against really occurs, the same persons raise their hands with an expression of awe that is far more superstitious than anything could be which simply pays timely regard to the forewarnings themselves.

Seventh Annual Camp-Meeting at Highland Lake Grove.

We have received from our reporter, John W. Day, a lengthy account of the sessions thus far held at the Camp-Meeting of Liberal Spiritualists, now in progress at the above named grove, near Norfolk, Mass. Press of matter which could not be foreseen prevents our making use of the document in the present issue, but we shall print it in full next week. The narrative sets forth that the life in the tents began Wednesday, July 19th; that the ordinary routine of such places of resort was continued during Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 20th, 21st and 22d, on the evening of the latter day a dedicatory meeting being held at the speakers' stand, A. E. Carpenter presiding, and Prof. William Denton, George A. Bacon, Mr. Carpenter and others making appropriate remarks.

Sunday was characterized by a heavy rain-storm, which prevented the attendance of many who had purposed to visit the grove. Speeches by A. E. Carpenter, Dr. H. F. Gardner, and A. B. Plympton, of Lowell, and songs by J. Frank Baxter, comprised the exercises at the morning meeting. In the afternoon Prof. Denton delivered a radical address, Miss Lizzie Doten and A. E. Carpenter offered brief remarks, and Mr. Baxter, both by his music and the giving of several recognized tests of spirit-identity, added materially to the interest of the meeting.

Monday was pleasantly passed in camp, and on Tuesday (plenary day) Col. Mencham told the true story of the Canby assassination, and urged right doing toward the Indian wards of the Government as the only way founded in justice out of the present difficulties.

The camp continues till August 9th. Next Sunday (July 30th) Prof. R. G. Eccles and C. Fannie Allyn will be the regular speakers, Mr. Eccles's subject being, "The 'New Movement,' or Convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia." Tuesdays and Fridays of each week will be plenary days, during which special trains will run to the grove. Miss Lizzie Doten will on Sunday, Aug. 6th, give the address which she was to have delivered last Sabbath.

It is understood that next Tuesday (Aug. 1st), Dr. Bruce, of Newburyport, will address the people. We hope Spiritualists will see to it that he has a good audience; we also hope that next Sunday will witness a large accession to the number of visitors at the camp.

Whatever may be the pecuniary result of this Camp-Meeting to its managers, all signs indicate that, as a missionary movement, it is doing a great work.

The Indian War.

The manner in which the press of the country, which voices the sentiment of the people, comments on the Custer catastrophe, is sufficient evidence that the feeling is by no means in favor of the treatment which has been dealt out by the whites to the Indians. A great many people fully appreciate the sense of the observation, that if it had been the whites who had killed the Indians it would have been called a battle, but as it was the Indians who killed the whites in a fair fight, it is called a massacre. It makes a difference whose ox it is that gets gored. As for the cry of extermination, humane people and civilized people are coming to see that under whatever provocation or prejudice, it is simply barbarous. The Indians themselves could not set up a worse and more cruel cry. Here we are, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, organizing our societies for protecting the lives and even ministering to the comfort of the dumb animals, while in the heat and tempest of our passion we cry out at the top of our voices for the ruthless killing of the Indians to the last man, woman and child. Could there be a more striking, or, indeed, a more shameful inconsistency? We have no right whatever to hunt down the red men. We cheat and defraud them, drive them like cattle from one place to another, and rob them at every step; and when we anger them to turn upon us at last, we denounce them as devils for their presumptuousness, and proclaim our resolution to exterminate them. But Divine Justice never sleeps. Should the national treasury ere long be depleted and anarchy become rampant in our cities, be not surprised, for the great law of compensation is inexorable.

The New Movement.

By reference to the eighth page of the Banner, the reader will find the official report of the proceedings held in Philadelphia the first of the present month inaugurating a New Movement in Spiritualism. The organization of American Spiritualists we advocated years ago. We have urged it upon Spiritualists as a paramount duty to especially thoroughly organize local societies and place them on a firm financial basis; after which we could, through legally appointed delegates, establish a permanent National Organization. We had no faith in the National Association which the Spiritualist National Convention at Rochester, N. Y., voted into existence, with Dorus M. Fox as its president. We saw at once that it was premature—an individual, not a combined, movement of American Spiritualists—and would exist only for a brief period. And now active workers in the cause see the necessity today of organization, and have accordingly moved in the matter. All we can say at this time is, if it maintain universality, well; if it degenerate into an oligarchy, it will fail; if personal ambition underlie it, it is doomed; if it invoke dogmatism in any form, it will pass into oblivion as speedily as did the American Association of Spiritualists. If it thwart the independent action of the spirit-world, it will assuredly come to grief. But, on the other hand, if it work harmoniously with spiritual order and law, and present spiritual truth to the world in its heaven-born beauty, then humanity will be the better for the united effort.

Testimonial Fund to Andrew Jackson Davis.

In another column we print the circular of the Committee which has this matter in charge, and form of subscription, and hope the friends will move in the matter at once. Cut out the article, sign it, and enclose your remittance direct to the Committee on or before the 11th of August, the date of Mr. Davis's fiftieth birthday.

Cape Cod Camp-Meeting.

Read the announcement on our fifth page concerning the camp-meeting at Nickerson's Grove, Harwich, Mass.

Another of John Wetherbee's "Open Letters" (the third) will appear in our next issue.

War in Europe.

Speculation on the probabilities of a general war on the Continent is quickened by the recent reports from abroad, which plainly indicate that the Servians are being steadily won in their engagements with the Turkish forces, with the accompanying large losses of men. It is said that Turkey intends to invade and occupy Servian territory, and on the other hand that Servia is about to sue for an armistice and negotiations in order to insure the protection of her territory whole. Austria has given notice, according to the last accounts, that unless Servia closes up the fighting within at least two weeks, she will enter Servia herself for her own protection. And it is given out by Russia that so surely as Servia is defeated by Turkey, the Russians will come in to her rescue.

That would bring Russia and Austria into a hostile attitude to each other at once. Servia appeals to Germany to try and reconcile their different views if she can, until she, Servia, shall be able to make terms with the Turks. But the hope that Germany could do this, were she ever so much disposed to, is a slender one. Then if Russia and Austria get to fighting along the Danube over Servia, it is a matter of speculation what Turkey would do, and after that what course would be followed by England. There would have to be a new set of combinations, though with what result to Turkey no one can at present tell. The worst feature for Turkey is her bringing over from Asia her hordes of armed semi-barbarians to outrage the Christians in the provinces under the disguise of watching them. That step threatens to kindle a flame that, once started, would set all Europe on fire and finally drive Turkey beyond the Mediterranean into Asia.

Bishop's Challenge to Mediums Accepted.

We learn that Mrs. Belle Youngs, the physical medium, of Washington, D. C., has accepted the challenge of Mr. W. Irving Bishop, issued at one of his *exposés* in New York, and arrangements are being made to have the test take place next week, on the platform where the challenge was given by Bishop, which was, that he would do the same things that were produced by any medium, and before the same audience. Several prominent gentlemen who attended Bishop's *exposé* séance have taken hold of the matter in earnest. If fair play is allowed, we doubt not the influences through Mrs. Youngs's mediumship will confound many who now consider the spiritual phenomena fraudulent.

Investigator Hall.

To-morrow (Sunday) forenoon there will be a debate on this question—"Is Spiritualism in agreement with science or the teachings of nature?" The debate will be free, and all are invited to participate—the Spiritualists, Christians, Materialists, and any others who are interested. Ten minutes allowed each speaker. Mr. Seaver will commence.

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, who addressed the meeting last year, will speak again Aug. 23d. Mrs. Willis has a good voice for grove speaking, an earnest manner and a fine presence.

Our Indian policy, says the Merrimack Valley Visitor, conceived in fraud, ends in the best blood of the republic. We have nothing now to do but to punish the Indians; and still, when we know they have been cheated and plundered, wronged and abused, many men will feel that if the case was reversed—he as an Indian, defending the soil of his fathers, would have been with Sitting Bull in the battle. Those who sell the trading posts, and appoint friends to disburse bounties, so that two dollars go into the pocket of the disburser to two cents to the Indians, and perpetrate upon the aborigines all forms of oppression and wrong known to the Indian rings, ought to be held responsible for the murder of Custer and his brave followers.

A gentleman now on a visit to Boston from San Francisco, Cal., with his daughter, visited Mrs. Hardy, recently, to witness the celebrated mold-séance. One was held under most satisfactory test-conditions. A mold of a spirit-hand was obtained, which, on examination, the parties recognized as that of the wife and mother, who has been several years in the spirit-world. On one of the fingers was the identical bunch or protuberance which had grown there from an injury received many years ago!

Dr. Monck, of England, is said to be a remarkable medium. His séances are unanimously declared to be singularly successful and convincing, so much so that his services are in continual demand. The phenomena of scarlet writing on the arm, movements and playing of instruments in the light, without contact, etc., through his instrumentality, cause great astonishment, and entirely disarm skepticism. He is also a superior healing medium, it is affirmed.

That the intelligent reader may not misapprehend the matter in regard to the Crookes letter in behalf of Mrs. Fay's mediumship, which we alluded to week before last, it may be well to state to those who are ignorant of the fact, that we printed the said letter in the Banner of Nov. 27th, 1875, as soon as we received it from the hands of Mr. Cooper.

Read Dr. G. L. Ditson's review of "Soul and Body," on our third page, and then you will undoubtedly purchase a copy of the book at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. Price \$1, postage 12 cents.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the celebrated healer, was in town last week, on his way to Maine, to rusticate for a few weeks. He informs us that he has been very successful in his treatment of disease in the Empire State.

The reader will find another installment of Emma Hardinge Britten's "Spiritual Gifts" series on the first page of this issue. It is in many respects one of the most interesting of her valuable contributions.

The discourse entitled "The Evidences of Immortality from Spiritualism," by Rev. E. R. Sanborn, on our second page, should be read by all. It is rare such liberal sentiments proceed from the pulpit.

J. M. Peebles, so well known as a traveler and a writer upon the Spiritual Philosophy, has been elected an Honorary Member of the Society of Spiriter-Forscher at Buda Pesth, Hungary.

Illness of Dr. L. K. Conoley.

On the afternoon of the 3d inst., the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists, in session at Ancora, unanimously passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we tender to Dr. L. K. Conoley our deepest sympathy in his sickness, and our warmest thanks for his labors in behalf of the State Association in his capacity as its President during the past four years. We regret to hear of the Doctor's continued illness. He is one of the pioneer healers in Spiritualism, and will have the sympathy of all who know him. In a private letter to us, dated 3d Academy street, Newark, N. J., he writes: "I am still confined to the house. My disease is dropsical erysipelas; and as it has deprived me of business (except my wife's labors, and she is broken down by constant attention to me day and night, and with other cares), it makes it hard to obtain means of support. How many of our early laborers in behalf of spirit-intercourse have been so used up and left in their later days on earth to suffer or be helped by some kind friends! My doctor thinks when the weather gets cooler I will recover. Much of the difficulty has been occasioned by absorbing virus from patients that I have cured."

Illustrated Lectures by Milleson.

A correspondent writing from Springfield, Mass., informs us that Mr. M. Milleson, the well-known spirit artist, gave two lectures in Liberty Hall, that city, Sunday forenoon and evening, July 23d, with marked success. He placed upon the walls several full-length paintings, "representing the arisen spirits in their own celestial beauty all aflame with spirit-clothing and joyous in their grand resurrection." The audiences were deeply interested in the lectures. His success in New England is far beyond his expectation, which shows that the people have a deep interest in objective spiritual matters. He next goes to Orange, in this State, where he is to deliver several lectures and exhibit his paintings.

Spiritualist Grove Meetings.

The Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk Co., Mass., is in its second week, and closes Aug. 9th.

Week after next (Aug. 9th) Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting will commence.

The "Socialistic and Recreative" Camp-Meeting will commence its sessions at Lake Walden Grove, Aug. 3d.

The Spiritualists and Liberals of Belvidere and adjacent country will hold a three days' meeting on the Boon Co. Fair-Grounds, at Belvidere, Ill., on the 18th, 19th and 20th of August.

The Spiritualists of Connecticut hold their Annual Picnic at Compoconce Pond, Wednesday, Aug. 9th.

A Philadelphia correspondent, writing to us a few days since, says: "Our Spiritualist meetings are to be continued all through the hot weather. Mr. Peebles addressed a large audience on Sunday evening upon his late 'Travels in Mexico and Central America.' The congregation seemed delighted, because of a vivid description of countries and ruins so entirely unknown to most of us in the United States. Mr. Peebles, though inclined to 'Christian Spiritualism,' denounced old theology in unmeasured terms."

Maud E. Lord continues to hold séances at 41 Dover street, this city. No one can visit her circles without being satisfied of the truthfulness of the medium. The tests given confound the most skeptical. Last Sunday evening many applied who could not be admitted to the circle for want of room. We refer the reader to a report on our second page of several of her séances held recently in Philadelphia.

The Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism. That excellent steel-plate engraving entitled "The Dawning Light," is still mailed postage free for one dollar, former price two dollars. Indelible impressions will be sent for the same price for fifteen or more days, till the India edition is exhausted. Address the publishers, R. H. Curran & Co., 28 School street, Boston.

We call the reader's attention to the well-written brief essay by our old correspondent, Leon Lyneman, entitled "One Dual Primordial Element—One Unifid Dual Law or Principle," which we print in this issue of the Banner.

Miss Lottie Fowler, the excellent medium, has been, doing a good work in England for a long time, and it gives us pleasure to be able to state that she soon returns to this country, where she will be welcomed received.

See notice of the Belvidere Seminary in another part of this paper.

Donations.

Received since our last report: For the PAINE BUST FUND.—From Mrs. C. M. Emmens, Baltimore, Md., \$1.00; Henry Miller, Sacramento, Cal., \$1.00.

For God's Poor FUND.—From "Clisco," \$5.00; M. G. Baker, \$1.00; Jas. U. Stewart, 50 cents.

Picnic at Compoconce Pond.

The Annual Gathering of the Spiritualists and others of Western Connecticut, is appointed to take place on Wednesday, August 3d, at Compoconce Pond, James M. Peebles is engaged to address the meeting, and a good time may be expected. All are invited to be present and share in the enjoyments of the occasion.

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 Main street, Charlestown District, Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock. The exercises consist of speaking and tests by different mediums. 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. MINOR, each insertion. BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. *Agate*, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 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.

From Rev. M. P. Webster, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Weston, Mass. "Having been afflicted with dyspepsia, and all its attendant sufferings, for fourteen years past, and the last five or six with a chronic diarrhoea, I am happy to state that I find myself greatly improved. To those who are afflicted with the dyspepsia, or derangement of the liver and stomach, producing general prostration of strength, I would recommend the PERUVIAN SUPUR as one of the most effectual remedies that I have ever known." Sold by all druggists.

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.

Thousands acknowledge Mrs. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis of disease by look of hair. And thousands have been cured with vegetable remedies, unguentized and prescribed by her Medical Band.

Diagnosis by Letter.—Enclose 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. 377 Specifics 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. 13.13w*

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joralemon st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Jy. 15.4w*

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 10, New York City. J. 1.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy. 1.

J. V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., NEW YORK. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy. 1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. FLINT, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms, \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Jy. 22.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the independent and progressive physician, is successfully treating nervous and chronic diseases all over the country by letter, as well as at his office at home, by his original system of practice, which omits all drugs and mineral medicines of both Old and New Schools. Dr. Fellows has been steadily gaining upon the confidence of the public for the past eight years, during which time he has treated thousands of cases, eighty out of every hundred of which he has radically cured, while every case he has benefited. And at this moment he has patients in every State in the Union. Every reader of this who has any affection of the head, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, female womb, genital organs, or rheumatic or neuritic difficulties, or eruptions of the skin, blood impurities, tumors, cancers, or any nervous affections or diseases of the eye or ear, are invited to write to Dr. Fellows. A thorough treatment of the above named diseases will not cost you more than \$5 to \$10, perhaps not that.

The Doctor's warranted cure for Spermatorrhea should be in the hands of those suffering from this life-wasting disease. It is an outward application, and has made 800 permanent cures. Address, Vincennes, N. J. Jy. 22.—3w*

Phosphorus and nitrogen, so necessary to the proper nutrition of the human frame, are essential elements in the Royal Food. Prepared by K. Campbell & Co. Jy. 22.—2w

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOSES, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as President of the English Spiritualists' Association of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to see his circular can address Mr. Moses at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E. London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RIDGES, 99 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. A. K. BROWN, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Book-sellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. D. J. HAYES, 100 North Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, BOOK DEPOT. L. E. SMITH, 100 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., has for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

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 Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard Books and Periodicals on Harmonious Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. 14-Nov. 1.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. B. T. C. MORGAN, 609 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 100 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Liberal Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pems, Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Orion's Anti-Poison, Repellant's Balm, and other valuable Remedies in Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

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

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT. W. H. TERRY, No. 84 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales, general, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can call on Dr. RIDGES.

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. Cash orders, in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich sent free. AGENTS double their money selling "Dr. Chase's Improved" (6th) "Reform Book." Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich. Jy. 29.—1y

CLARA A. FIELD, Clairvoyant and Business Medium, 55 La Grange street, Boston. 4w*—Jy. 22.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Clairvoyant, 28 Kneeland street, Boston. 4w*—Jy. 22.

ANNUAL CAMP MEETING

OF THE

Liberal Spiritualists of New England

Will be held at HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE, Norfolk, Mass., commencing July 19th and closing August 9th, 1876. Food, drink, and lodging, may be obtained on the ground at reasonable rates. As far as practicable, those intending to camp should furnish their blankets and camp-equipment. Tents may be obtained by applying by letter or in person to DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk, Mass. Many of the most prominent Spiritualist and Liberal leaders will address the people during the continuation of the meetings. Speakers for Sunday, July 29, Prof. R. G. Eccles and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn. Sunday, August 6th, Col. Mencham, Miss Lizzie Doten and Dr. H. B. Storer. Several of our most prominent business, test and healing mediums will attend this Camp Meeting.

Leave Boston, foot of Summer street, and way-stations for the grove daily at 8 and 11:15 A. M., and 3:30 and 6:00 P. M. From Providence, R. I., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Worcester, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Springfield, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Lowell, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Haverhill, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Andover, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Amesbury, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From New Bedford, Taunton, Lowell, Fitchburg and way-stations en route, make close connection at Highland Lake Grove. Excursion tickets, good from July 19th to August 9th inclusive, from all points on the above roads, at greatly reduced rates, may be obtained at the railroad stations. Fare from Boston and return, 25 cents.

SPECIAL TRAINS. On Tuesdays, July 25th and August 1st, and Fridays, July 28th and August 5th, Special Plenary Days, a special train will leave Boston at 8:00 A. M., returning leave the grove at 5:30 and 9:30 P. M., stopping at way stations, thus giving all who desire an opportunity to enjoy an evening in camp, and attend the speaking, dancing, etc.

SPECIAL TRAINS. Sundays, July 23d, 30th and August 6th, leave Boston at 8:15 A. M., stopping at all stations, 9 A. M. Express, 12:15 stopping at all stations. Returning, leave the grove at 6:30 P. M. From Providence, R. I., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Worcester, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Springfield, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Lowell, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Haverhill, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Andover, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Amesbury, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From New Bedford, Taunton, Lowell, Fitchburg and way-stations en route, make close connection at Highland Lake Grove. Excursion tickets, good from July 19th to August 9th inclusive, from all points on the above roads, at greatly reduced rates, may be obtained at the railroad stations. Fare from Boston and return, 25 cents.

SUNDAY, JULY 23d, 30th and AUGUST 6th, leave Boston at 8:15 A. M., stopping at all stations, 9 A. M. Express, 12:15 stopping at all stations. Returning, leave the grove at 6:30 P. M. From Providence, R. I., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Worcester, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Springfield, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Lowell, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Haverhill, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Andover, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From Amesbury, Mass., at 1:30 and 3:30 P. M. From New Bedford, Taunton, Lowell, Fitchburg and way-stations en route, make close connection at Highland Lake Grove. Excursion tickets, good from July 19th to August 9th inclusive, from all points on the above roads, at greatly reduced rates, may be obtained at the railroad stations. Fare from Boston and return, 25 cents.

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Socialistic and Recreative CAMP - MEETING.

THE Free Platform Spiritualists, Radicals and Liberalists of every phase, will commence their Camp-Life and Reformatory Meetings at

LAKE WALDEN, CONCORD, MASS., On Thursday Morning, August 3d, 1876, and continue until the 22d.

All persons having Radical, Socialistic and Reformatory Tendencies, as well as those who are in sympathy with them, are invited to be present and take part in enjoying and perfecting the Science of Life.

Topics, Lectures, Moral Reform, and Halls for speaking and dancing, all in the open air. With other attractions for the young and the aged, the serious and the gay. Entertainment—Intellectual, Musical, Dramatic and Recreative, with dancing and singing, with diversity day and evening meetings.

Parties

Message Department.

THE Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circle and the Boston Circle, reported with their full contents in this paper, have been carefully examined by the friends of the Spirit-World, and their results are given in the following pages. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but that which is given in these columns, and to do so with a full and free mind. All expressions are those of the spirits themselves.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.
(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danks, of Baltimore.)

Mrs. Danks's Mediumistic Experiences.
Part Third.

BY WASH. A. DANKSKIN.

At times, when clairvoyantly examining a patient for disease, another interesting feature will be added. Some spirit friend of the person under examination will appear, and be described.

On one occasion, I remember when a bright boy of fourteen years was brought to the office. His case apparently was hopeless. He was not only a very handsome child, but intelligent, ambitious, and advanced intellectually beyond his years.

Having devoted himself too closely to study, his strength had given way, and when his parents became alarmed at his faded appearance and consulted their physician, his lungs were pronounced seriously if not hopelessly affected. His condition only growing worse under the "old school" treatment, he was brought by his mother to Mrs. Danks, and we had the pleasure of seeing him in about two months restored to health. He became, in a short time, under her treatment, the happy, sprightly, beautiful boy he was before disease had taken possession of his system.

His parents were Germans, and though having several other children their hopes and affections seemed specially concentrated on this one. His name is Cuno Rudolph, and at the close of the examination Doctor Rush said: "A spirit has come here with him, one who is deeply interested in his welfare; in answer to my question he says he is his brother." The mother asked, "What is his name?" Answer—Rudolph. I said, "That is not correct; that is the family name; that mother wants the Christian name given." The response came, "That is the name you ask for." The mother said, "Yes, that is correct; his name was Rudolph Rudolph." This sometimes occurs, when answering letters from a distance; but we have no control whatever over the manifestations. We can only gladly give them to our patients when they come.

Matthew Ward.

Matthew Ward was my name. After a severe illness of long standing, I fled from the tenement of clay to climes unknown, and from whence, it has been said, "no traveler returns." I lived on what is called Church Street, in Norfolk, Virginia, and I was forty-six years old.

I am standing now upon a pedestal, viewing the holy ground and making out the place where I will find rest. "There is rest for the weary, there is rest for you," has been sung and told in ages gone by, and who will dare doubt it, with a same mind? Not I, for I am a pilgrim, I'm a stranger in a foreign land.

Am I doing that which is forbidden, in speaking to the children of earth? Of what advantage will it prove to me, or of what benefit can it be to others? They know full well the grave has taken up the body, but what knowledge have they beyond the boundary of this little globe? How dare we search the mysteries of God, the unseen but not the unfelt?

Ho, woe, if in the net I've committed a wrong, I will pay the penalty, for curiosity, I acknowledge, brought me in the trail with others. Having seen through that, I gain experience; whether it be for good or evil, time will determine.

Phoebe Williams.

I died at my son's; his name was Williams. He lived on Hilyard street, Orange, New Jersey. My name was Phoebe Williams, the widow of the late Albert Williams. I was in the seventy-third year of my age, and the summons of death came, not with the horrors of the damned but with the pleasantness of the blessed. For many years back, confidence was mine in the wisdom of him whom I was taught to call Father. Having gone out into the beautiful world of realities, I have not been disappointed in the rules and regulations laid down under the law for the new-born spirit.

Has the human mind conception enough to draw the line between the material body and the spiritual body? As one passes into seeming decay the other is born anew, with all the faculties quick and active to perceive and to designate between beauty and deformity and between good and evil.

I am not gifted with prophecy; this comes from truthful inheritance, given to the spirit under the law of unfoldment. Son, sons-in-law, daughters, daughter-in-law, and grand-children, accept the announcement that is heralded, not in "thunder tones" nor "upon musical instruments," but spoken sensibly, whereby the enlightened and educated minds may draw their deductions and learn some little in theory if not practically of that country into which each one must go.

Heaven, in my conception, is a place of exquisite beauty; the inner and the outer lines speak of a Master Mind that has done all things for the progression of the soul; but remember the password is: "Thou must advance thyself by thine own energy."

Mary Dunn.

Mary Dunn was my name. I was forty-six years old. I was a native of the parish of Abbey-dorney, County of Kerry, Ireland; but for the last sixteen or eighteen years I've been a resident of Baltimore. My remains were carried from North Bond street. With no reluctance do I come, though little did I know except that which was taught me by others who knew more than myself. My illness was short, quick and speedy, but severe. My mind had not time to contemplate the change, but when I realized it I was not disappointed. It has proved a friend to me, though oftentimes, when in silence I thought about dying, there was a dread—a dread of something which I knew not of.

I have found these over here who resemble those I left behind. They draw around me and give me consolation, telling me not to be sad for having left friends behind me. They will by chance, they say, read this, and understand that God, in his mercy, has been kind to my soul, for it was baptized in the holy water that makes all things pure and clean in the sight of God.

I have no more to say; and now I go back again to the beautiful home from whence I came—not with sorrow, but with rejoicing.

This is the copy book which Mary Dunn gives to all her friends and acquaintances.

Thomas Mullen.

And it's the name that's the best thing to give first, is it? Well, my name was Thomas Mullen, and I was just about twenty years old. I had an awful long time of illness. My mother's name was Catherine, and my father's name was Thomas; but my father, he died before me, and I died after him. It was from my mother's residence I was taken out to be buried, and she lives on Josephine street.

If this is proper and nice, it's more than I know, because I know nothing about it; but I'll try it. I do not know whether it's right or wrong, therefore I can't say what advantage it's going to be to me to come and speak through a lady who does not know me, nor do I know her; therefore she can't feel any interest about it; nor do I know whether my mother will ever see it or not. If she does, I don't believe she will believe it, therefore I think it a waste of material; but I'll do what they tell me.

If, mother, you can ever see this, it will give you an idea that I've passed through the valley; went into a place that's given me life without any pains, without any aches. I am free now; I can sing just as I used to hear the birds sing, and oh! how I used to envy them, for they seemed so happy. But now I do not envy anything, for God and the bright angels have made everything pleasant and beautiful for me.

I know, mother, I wore your patience out. I know I was cross and irritable sometimes, but I could not overrule it, for I felt so bad; now that I am all gone; I am happy, I am content. I would not come back if I could. So if you see this, read it, and know that it is Thomas that is speaking from that beautiful world called heaven.

I have no more to say, but thanks to all my friends for putting away my remains so nicely.

Margaret Crook.

My death took place on Long Island, near Brooklyn, New York. My name was Margaret Crook. I was the wife of Philip Crook, and the daughter of Lawrence Van Cleek, of New York.

I knew but little of the change, but with all the mystery wrapped around the word "death," I find underlying it all things pleasant to gratify and satisfy the spirit that seeks it. In making a return from that bourne whence, in days gone by, we were told no traveler could come back—if, dear friends, in making this return, not by my own will alone, but by permission of one who has more power, strength and wisdom than myself, I establish the fact that we are not held in bondage in this world of delights, will you not receive it? Will you sit and ponder over the matter, and frame in your minds that it is a deception? What motive could I have in deceiving the kindred or friends that I have left behind?

The perfect reality of this life makes us almost doubt that we ever lived on earth; ever passed through sickness, agony and sorrow, and then gained the beautiful point of an eternal life, with all its pleasures, which have no drawbacks. Remember, in this beautiful world of realities we are compelled to bring all our faculties into requisition; having found the path that leads to the beautiful sphere of unfoldment, we must then exercise patience and perseverance in the grand and noble work that lies before us. Having accomplished this, we then find God in every step of our advancement—in every unfoldment of our intellect. When intellect is brought into play, we must exercise it to its finest point of development. The finer our perceptions are the clearer will be God and his manifest works.

What a grateful remembrance flows over me while I am a short-stayer in this mundane sphere. It brings up all things that I ever knew, and all things that I ever did, either in that we call good or in that we call evil. In comparing the two worlds I have not power to draw the dividing line. They are one and the same thing; it is the position from which we view them that makes the difference.

Now what a beautiful unfoldment has come to my mind—neither to fear death nor have any terror of the grave. And oh, friends! it is sweet thus to commune with you. Farewell! My part has been done; it is now for you to glean light from the sentences I have spoken.

Fannie Ramsey.

Oh, the shock! I very suddenly died, and in that death I found myself a personality with all the attributes of the woman still. Memory rife, friendship strong, love the same—how could I comprehend the change that had come to me!

While thus pondering, a voice soft, low and musical, spoke to me, and it made my heart bound. These questions were asked: "Who art thou? whence comest thou?" In a short time it spoke again, saying: "I am to teach you of the home into which you have passed. It is not for an hour or a day, it is for eternity. Now let your earthly garments fall and I will robe you spiritually, for you are not of the earth earthy any more, but of the spirit spiritually."

Fannie Ramsey was my name. I was of North Fifth street, Philadelphia. In the forty-fourth year of my age. The wife of Albert Ramsey. He and I were wedded harmoniously. But who can keep the voice from growing still to the earthly ear? Death must come, and in its due and beautiful time it sought me.

Death for a time creates sorrow, sadness and gloom in the household, but soon—it is natural—the once familiar face is forgotten; the footsteps are no longer listened for; something fresh and new comes and takes the place of the old; then hilarity once more reigns in the house. No condemnation, for the law now forbids the human mind to dwell on those who have gone before. But when the historic page bears written evidence that death is only seeming, not real, that God the Infinite, the Supreme, has filled all universes with his life, then death will be understood, and that which has so long been a terror will be looked upon with joy unspeakable.

May what I have spoken reach the minds and hearts of those who knew Fannie Ramsey.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

At our Public Free Circle Meetings, and reported verbatim expressly for the Message Department of the Banner.

Circles will be resumed on the 5th of September next, and continued regularly on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of each week.

Frances Augusta Barnard.

The question has been asked at this place—Why don't more of the friends of the parties who are present come to them, rather than that the medium who is here should be controlled by strangers? Were the circle-room opened entirely for the benefit of the parties visiting it, it would be very correct that spirits of the friends present should have the most of the time; but this department of the Banner reaches not alone the few who are gathered here this afternoon, but it reaches every State in the Union, and travels on across the waters, visiting other countries. Then we must provide for the wants of the majority, rather than for the minority;—but rest assured, friends, that whenever an opportunity presents itself, and we can possibly bring your friends to you, we will do so.

I was a medium when I was here—not controlled publicly, but privately. I felt the spiritual power, when I was called away from earth, strongly. It seemed to me as if I must reach my friends in the earth-life, and I worked many days and many weeks before I could impress different mediums and bring about a chain of influences to take a medium to my home, that I might take my mother in my arms again and tell her there was no death; that I had not left her, only for a season; that I might strengthen the faltering steps of a father; that I might hold a husband who is frantic with grief from my loss—that I might hold him still, bringing him back to a life of usefulness. I had a varied experience when here, yet for every experience I thank God to-day; for every cross there has been a crown for me. The spirit-world I was no stranger to; it seemed very natural to me. I met loved ones who went on years before, only to find that they had progressed so much beyond me that I must work to catch up with them in spirit-life; yet our home was one. And when I hear people saying how hard they have to work to get a communication from the spirit-world directly from their friends, I want to ask them if they realize for one moment how much labor we expend in giving these communications? If they for one moment realize what powers we put forth, how diligently we work that we may reach our loved ones? And perhaps, even then, after we have reached them and identified ourselves and made it all plain, they forget their promises to us, and feel that we are dead rather than that we still live! You know not, friends, what we on this side have to contend with. If you did, you would ever assist your loved ones; you would hold their hands and strengthen them with all the love in your hearts; you would assist them in their efforts to reach you.

I succeeded, after many weeks, in reaching my home—in reaching my friends. I succeeded in binding up their wounded hearts and pouring into them the consolation of the spiritual light, and when I had labored for two long years with them, from month to month, then I came to join a band of influences to assist those who wanted to communicate with earth; and we are enabled to do so, and, though I may go to my loved ones still, yet my work shall be for the spirits who stand waiting at the foot of the cross, saying, "Listen to me! let me come home to my dear ones! No; I have not forgotten home and friends. Dearest than ever to me they are. I would reach them as often as possible; still I have a higher work." Frances Augusta Barnard.

John E. Henry.

First, then, I am to give my name—John E. Henry. I've sometimes been called "Irish Hank." I am not a Christian, I never was. I was not a good man—I wish I was. I would be glad to tell you that I have come here with a good smooth story, and that I could say that I was smooth sailing on my side of the question; but I can only say I have come to my own place; yet I find here good angels—wise spirits they are, all of 'em—and for the helping hand given me to-day I say God bless them all, for I see a sympathetic look in many of their faces. I was tired of life. I had had a vision—I know it now, I called it a dream, but I know it was a dear, good spirit, an old lady that watched over me when I was a boy, and never expected to see me make the man I did. After that dream I wanted to be better; but did ever any of you want to leave off any bad tricks, and find you were encouraged in it? No sir. If you ever get into any bad habits and lead a tough life, remember, I tell you, if you want to turn over a new leaf, nobody will help you. That's been my experience. Of course those that don't know me believed I was humbugging 'em; they said it was too sudden a turn for me; and those that did know me believed I was crazy. I do not wonder at it. But when I looked on the dead face of my friend, Mike Cowell, I do not know what came over me; I felt as if it was time for me to stop and begin new, and I tried to tell an old friend of mine, Mary Farran—I won't tell her slang name, it was too bad. She was a kind-hearted woman, and came pretty near being accused of my murder, but she did not do it. I was telling her about it, when she told me of her daughter's going over; and taking it all together, with the efforts I had made in the last few days to try to do better, and the hard luck I had, I said, "It's time to get out of this," so with a pistol shot I got out.

Now, when I got on this side, I was told by several that if I'd free my mind—I suppose that's like the Catholic confessional, pretty near—if I'd free my mind, I should feel better, and see the light, and I am glad I come here, for I've seen more light within the last few minutes than I ever expected to see. I certainly rejoice at it. I know now and understand that I can turn over a new leaf, and paste it down, and it will be white inside, and I'm going to commence and make some new marks, and you may rest assured that my future shall be different from what my past has been. I am going to try to do better. All these friends tell me they will help me.

I want to say to the old "pals" down here, Stop! it's time for you to stop. You may say you do not care about the future; I tell you, you will care. It will all be plain to you when you get up here, and you will be sorry. It's time to stop, I say.

To Mary: If you'd brought your girl up right,

she'd be with you now, and not be sent out before her time. She might have been a good, respectable, fine woman. I am looking over you, and if you know what's best for you, you'll try to turn over a new leaf, with me.

[To the Chairman:] I've done the best I could, sir; I ain't used to confessing; I could better shake dice with you, or play thimble with you; but I've told you my story the best I can. I went out from San José, California. That's all.

Thomas D. Goodier.

Mr. Chairman, will you please record in your paper that Thomas D. Goodier went out from Minneapolis, of consumption, about two years ago? I would like to reach my friends in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. I am resting and growing strong, and shall soon be useful to them.

John W. Bradley.

I am John W. Bradley, of Carmi, Ill. I stand before you, to-day, Mr. Chairman, as a stranger, and yet I would lay off my shoes, for I feel I am standing on holy ground. I was a pastor of the Christian church, and I endeavored to lead my flock to fasten their gaze on the spiritual world as I saw it. I felt sometimes I had influences that were strange to me, and when I have been asked in private: "Do you think that spirits ever come back?" I have said: "It does not seem to me that, in the providence of God, we should forget our loved ones when we pass out and go to dwell in heaven." But I must say I was surprised when, a few weeks ago, I found myself on this shore; surprised to find that I, like the man who preceded me, had come to my own place; that there was no dodging any question; that we must depend on our own actions for the development of our spiritual; that we are building our own houses; that each act of our daily lives goes away up into the very heavens, and that Christ may be so near us in influence and spirit and power that we can feel like one redeemed each moment, if we only follow his example. I will send this word to my flock: There is a deeper meaning in the word spiritual than you have ever dreamed of. Read your Bible with newer light; let the light of the spiritual world fall on it, and receive not only the Father but the Spirit. Fear not to be liberal; let in all liberal thoughts, for they are flowers dropped by God and the angels. I would send my love to those that loved me here, to those I watched over.

Charles B. Corey.

My name is Charles B. Corey, of Westport Point, Mass. I have been gone about two years. The question has been asked, "Why do you not hear from him at headquarters?" I will answer, that I was weak when I went out, and I have really had no chance to manifest before. I am not asleep. I am working—working for the benefit of the loved ones here. The aged one will be here with me soon. I am trying to impress my earthly relatives, and shall reach them. Be not discouraged; the light will come.

William Thompson.

I didn't know there was so many folks here. I am a little boy. I was eleven years old. I was killed at the Dannel Manufacturing Works. I was struck on the head with something they called a mandril; perhaps you don't know what it is? Well, it's a big machine that they use; it struck me on the head, and I didn't get home alive. I've been gone some time over a year—a good deal. I thought I'd like to tell the folks that I wasn't dead. I didn't know anything, really, after it struck me. I was playing, and it came down and struck me on the head, and it killed me, so they said, and when I got out and tried to talk to them they wouldn't answer me, and they haven't answered me yet. I don't know how I got here, but this gentleman you call Mr. White, he said, "You'd better go with me," and so I came along, and he said maybe they'd hear me afterwards, or hear from me.

So I'll say I'm very happy, and I'm not careless now; but I'm in school and trying to improve all I can. My name is William Thompson. [Where did you live?] In Pawtucket, R. I. Do not you know where the Dannel Manufacturing Works are? [No.] I thought everybody knew. Excuse me. I've gained a good deal since I came up here.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

Julia, the Suleide; Wm. Fisher Patterson; Harriet Briggs; Barney Williams; Daniel C. Stratton; Isabella Manes; George Beckwith; John Whewer; Mary Johnson; Dr. Hall; John Ward; Henry Whims; John Dunlap; Ward Cheney; Henry Haven; Elizabeth Walker; George Coggeshall; Henrietta Grant; Sarah Reynolds; George Gage.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Mary R. R., of New Orleans; Luther M. Kennett; Emma Lingley Bugbee, of Charlotte, N. C.; Grandin, to Eliza Goodough; Mary Johnson; George, formerly of Market street, Baltimore, Md.; George Hanson Rowe, of Lawrence, Mass.; Monroe B. Cook; Henry Le Roy, of St. Louis, Mo.; Cyrus L. Durgin, of Montreal; Charles Brown, of Boston; Addie, mother, Harriet Whiting, of Meriden, Conn.; Dr. Mann.

To the Liberal-Minded.

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

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

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Grove Meeting.
The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Belvidere and adjacent country, will hold a three-days' meeting on the Beacon County Fair-ground, at Belvidere, Ill., on the 18th, 19th and 20th of August, 1876. The grounds are pleasantly situated, with fine groves, plenty of water, abundant stables for horses, and other buildings for the accommodation of all. Come, anticipating a feast socially, intellectually and morally.

The speakers engaged are Mrs. Mattie H. Parry, of Wisconsin; Mrs. H. Morse, of Iowa; Mr. Leonard Ellis, of Manchester, Ill.; Dr. O. J. Howard, of McHenry, will act as President of the meeting. W. L. Fox, of Belvidere, Corresponding Secretary.

Grove Meeting.
The Spiritualists of Kalamazoo, Mich., and vicinity will hold a two days' meeting in Elysian Grove, on Winlaw's Island, in the Kalamazoo river (three quarters of a mile from town), on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th.

1876. Admission to the Island by ticket only. Price ten cents. Passage each way by the steamer Commodore boat at the cable ferry free. Giles B. Stebbins and Mrs. Lydia A. Pearsall are engaged to be present, and other speakers are expected. Persons from abroad will be entertained by the friends as far as practicable. There will be each day a basket picnic dinner on the ground; also refreshments for sale. Let this our Centennial and second yearly meeting be a success.

Mrs. H. M. Smedley, Sec.

Connecticut.
There will be a meeting of the Executive Board of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists, at Compoone, Aug. 28th, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of making arrangements for our Annual Convention and the transaction of such other business as may come before it. L. ROBINSON, Sec'y. E. ANNE HINMAN, Pres. New Haven, July 18th, 1876.

Spiritualist Meeting in Ohio.
The Spiritualists of Portage County, Ohio, hold their yearly meeting at Mantua Station, on the first Sunday in August (6th), forenoon and afternoon. A. H. French and others are engaged as speakers. Persons coming from a distance will be provided for and made welcome, so none shall go away dissatisfied. Come and get your spiritual strength renewed. Bring your friends, and have a picnic at noon. D. M. KING, Mantua.

The Van Buren Co. Association of Spiritualists
And Free-thinkers will hold their next quarterly convention in the Public Park at South Haven, Mich., the first Sunday and Monday in August, 28th and 29th, 1876. C. B. Lynn and others will address the meeting. ROBERT BAKER, President. FRANK R. KNOWLES, Secretary.

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The Van B

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.
SARAH A. DANSKIN,
 Physician of the "New School,"
 WIFE OF WASH. A. DANSKIN, OF BALTIMORE, MD.,
 Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

DURING fifteen years past MRS. DANSKIN has been the pupil of and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her ministrations and clairvoyance. Reads the interior condition of the patient, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Rush treats the case with a 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 attention. Medicines, magnetically prepared, sent at moderate prices.

NEURALGIA.—A positive cure for this painful disease sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00 and two postage stamps. Direct to WASH. A. DANSKIN, Baltimore, Md.
 April 29.—3m

The Spiritual Magazine,

DEVOTED to the elevation of our race and country, is published at Memphis, Tenn., by SAMUEL WATSON. Belonging to no sect or party, allied to no creeds or catechisms, it will be independent upon all subjects. Believing that the teachings of Jesus, Science and Spiritualism are perfectly harmonious, this periodical will be published from this standpoint. This has been our avowed policy from the first, and we have not wavered. We adhere to these principles, we intend to extend to those who may differ with us respectful consideration, and at the same time holding for ourselves that we are not bound to have their own views and to express them fully, accountable to none but God for the manner in which they improve our privileges. We are always ready to have our opinions greatly regarded as untenable, but none of these things deter us from our work. It will be our aim to keep the readers of the Magazine in the world of spirits, and its development generally, especially in our own country. A new era is dawning upon us, the day long looked for, when the human system shall be perfected, and the Magazine is published monthly, containing 48 pages besides the cover, at the very low price of \$2.00 per annum; to all subscribers one dollar, postage paid.

Jos. John's Works of Art.

The Dawning Light.
 This beautiful and impressive picture represents the "Dawning Light of Modern Spiritualism," in Hylsville. Size of sheet, 21 by 30 inches; engraved surface, 14 by 11 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$1.00.

The Orphans' Rescue.
 This beautiful picture, and one of our most thrilling sentiments, lifts the veil of materiality from beholding eyes, and reveals the guardianship of spirits to the world of spirits. Size of sheet, 21 by 30 inches; engraved surface, 14 by 11 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$1.00.

Life's Morning and Evening.
 AN ART POEM, IN ALLEGORY.
 A river, symbolizing the life of every man, winds through a landscape of hill and plain, bearing on its current a three-wheeled bark, containing an aged Pilgrim. An Angel accompanies the boat; one hand rests on the helm, while with the other she points to the open sea—an emblem of eternity—reminding "Life's Morning" to live good and pure lives, so

that when their bark shall float at eventide, Far upon the wide sea that flows with wisdom, they may, like "Life's Evening," be fitted for the "crown of immortal worth."

Size of Sheet, 20 1/2 by 22 inches; Engraved Surface, 20 1/2 by 21 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$1.00.

The above Engravings can be sent by mail securely on rollers.

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

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed till further notice:
 Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

Dr. Willis can be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by his hand and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and penetrating clairvoyance.

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

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured of the most obstinate and chronic diseases, and all letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars and References.

July 1.

Catarrah, Diptheria,

And all Throat Diseases curable, by the use of

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

MR. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS writes: "Dr. Briggs's Throat Remedy for the Throat and Catarrhal Affections, including Diptheria, I know to be equal to the claims in his advertisement."

Price 25 cents per bottle.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

HOUSE No. 35 Woodward Avenue, Mt. Pleasant, 11 rooms, modern conveniences, for other one or two families. Price, \$5,500. It let, lower tenement \$25 per month; upper, \$22.

ALSO FOR SALE,

Houses Nos. 36 and 38 Clarence Street, new and good, modern conveniences, 13 rooms each, fitted for either one or two families. Prices—No. 36, \$9,500; No. 38, \$6,500. All the above nearly residence, 426 1/2 Hudson Street, New York.

April 22. ALLEN PUTNAM.

PSYCHOMETRY.

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, harmony 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. STEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia, Jan. 17.—t

GUN FOR SALE.

SCOTT breech-loading double-barrel shot gun. Laminate steel barrel. Gauge No. 12. Guard action. 18-shot. No. 10 and 12 shot. All original. With 100 lbs. of lead covering, and fine leather packing-case, \$100.00. Will be disposed of for \$85.00 cash. Apply at this office.

A. M. 22.—t

PATENT OFFICE,

48 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of fifteen years. Send for pamphlet of instructions. Dec. 20.—eow

POPHAM'S Best on Earth! Trial Package FREE. Address: POPOH, C. M. stamp, C. A. BHAM, SPECIFIC, Agent, 415 Washington St., Boston, Mass. April 8.—20eow

\$10 for \$1. Magnificent Chromos 2 1/2 feet long, 1 1/2 feet wide. \$10.00 for \$1.00. \$20.00 for \$2.00. \$30.00 for \$3.00. \$40.00 for \$4.00. \$50.00 for \$5.00. \$60.00 for \$6.00. \$70.00 for \$7.00. \$80.00 for \$8.00. \$90.00 for \$9.00. \$100.00 for \$10.00. \$110.00 for \$11.00. \$120.00 for \$12.00. \$130.00 for \$13.00. \$140.00 for \$14.00. \$150.00 for \$15.00. \$160.00 for \$16.00. \$170.00 for \$17.00. \$180.00 for \$18.00. \$190.00 for \$19.00. \$200.00 for \$20.00. \$210.00 for \$21.00. \$220.00 for \$22.00. \$230.00 for \$23.00. \$240.00 for \$24.00. \$250.00 for \$25.00. \$260.00 for \$26.00. \$270.00 for \$27.00. \$280.00 for \$28.00. \$290.00 for \$29.00. \$300.00 for \$30.00. \$310.00 for \$31.00. \$320.00 for \$32.00. \$330.00 for \$33.00. \$340.00 for \$34.00. \$350.00 for \$35.00. \$360.00 for \$36.00. \$370.00 for \$37.00. \$380.00 for \$38.00. \$390.00 for \$39.00. \$400.00 for \$40.00. \$410.00 for \$41.00. \$420.00 for \$42.00. \$430.00 for \$43.00. \$440.00 for 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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876.

Minutes of the National Conference of Spiritualists Assembled in Philadelphia July 5th, 1876.

(Official Report.)

Pursuant to a "Call to Consider the Organization of Christian Spiritualism in America," published in the "Banner of Light" and "Spiritual Scientist," the Conference met July 5th, 1876, in Circle Hall, Philadelphia.

The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock A. M. by J. E. Bruce, of Massachusetts, who read the "Call," and moved that Rev. Samuel Watson, D. D., of Tennessee, take the chair.

The organization of the Conference was completed by the appointment of J. E. Bruce, Secretary, Dr. H. T. Child, Assistant Secretary, S. P. Kase, Treasurer, with the following list of Vice-Presidents: Pennsylvania, Rev. Cyrus Jeffreys, Mrs. Grace Parkhurst, Dr. Henry T. Child, New York, Eugene Crowell, M. D., Rev. J. H. Hart, J. W. Seaver, Massachusetts, J. Hamlin Deway, M. D., E. Gerry Brown, Dr. Malm, New Hampshire, George S. Morgan, Mary Reed, Vermont, A. E. Standley, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, New Jersey, Hon. J. M. Peabody, A. E. Newton, Ohio, Hudson Tuttle, J. Murray Case, D. Winder, Indiana, Robert Dale Owen, H. Haight, Illinois, Cora L. V. Tappan, Dr. E. C. Dunn, Dr. J. S. Avery, Missouri, Rev. A. J. Fishback, Kentucky, Judge L. B. Spurr, Prof. J. H. Buchanan, M. D., Michigan, Mrs. A. J. Whitney, Delaware, Dr. Marshall, District Columbia, Dr. John Mayhew, George White, North Carolina, John Mac Rae, Alabama, C. Barnes, Louisiana, Dr. J. B. Cooper, Tennessee, Gen. Smith, Annie C. T. Hawks, Arkansas, Dr. J. A. Meeker, R. H. Righten, Texas, Mrs. S. A. Talbot.

J. E. Bruce, of Massachusetts, moved the following resolution: That the time is come for the organization of Spiritualism in America. After full discussion, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Hon. J. M. Peabody, of New Jersey, moved that a committee be raised to present to the Conference a Declaration of Principles embodying our idea, or ground of organization. A committee of nine, six men and three women, were appointed by the chair. It was also moved that a committee be raised to draft a form of constitution for local societies.

The Conference then adjourned till 3 o'clock, to await the report of its committees.

The afternoon session was opened with prayer by the President, Dr. Watson. Minutes of the morning session read and approved.

The committee on Declaration of Principles being called, reported the following statement, which, after being freely and critically discussed, was, with some slight verbal alteration, unanimously adopted:

PLATFORM.

Preamble: We, Spiritualists of America in Conference assembled, conscious of a deep religious nature in man, with its wants, its moral duties and its sacred obligations, conscious of a future existence made more clear and tangible by the present ministry of angels and spirits—believing, also, that the genius of true spiritualism, with its convincing demonstrations of immortality, is in accordance with the teachings and spiritual marvels of Jesus Christ—do hereby unite in the following Declaration of Principles:

While we seek after all knowledge, scientific, moral and spiritual, while we study to know the truth and dare maintain it, our immediate objects are to: (1) Cultivate love and charity; (2) become mutual helps in uplifting our scattered fellow spirits; (3) to be religiously active, to strengthen faith in God, protect and support worthy mediums and to encourage and promote purity of life, thus setting examples before the world.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men, and accept his two great affirmations of love to God and love to man as constituting the true ground of growth in the individual, and the only and sufficient basis of human society.

The committee on form of constitution for local societies reported the following, which, after due discussion, was unanimously adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

Preamble: We, whose names are hereunto affixed, wishing to be united in our faith and prayers for the better promotion of spiritual growth and the orderly development of human life in our own persons, and also for the promotion and development of the same in others, do hereby agree to do hereby adopt and subscribe the following Constitution as the basis of our government:

ART. I. NAME. The name of this Society shall be the Society for the Advancement of Spiritualism.

ART. II. SECT. I. MEMBERSHIP. Membership in this Society shall be without distinction of sex.

Sec. 2. Any person may become a member by subscribing to the Constitution and contributing not less than one dollar annually to the support of the Society.

Sec. 3. No person who is not a contributing member shall vote at the affairs of the Society.

ART. III. OFFICERS. Sec. 1. The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Clerk, Treasurer, and Collectors.

Sec. 2. The officers of the Society shall qualify in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided.

ART. IV. GOVERNMENT. Sec. 1. The Government of the Society shall be vested in an Executive Board consisting of five members, who, being duly sworn, shall be the sole and exclusive managers, directors, and be responsible for all the business of the Society.

Sec. 2. The President, Vice-President, Clerk, and Treasurer shall be added to the Executive Board, and shall act as ex-officio members.

Sec. 3. The President of the Society shall preside over the deliberations of the Board, and appoint, subject to the approving vote of the Board, the sub-committees of the Society.

Sec. 4. The Board shall immediately upon its appointment proceed to complete its organization by the appointment of a Secretary, who shall keep a fair and full record of all its proceedings.

Sec. 5. The following sub-committees shall be annually appointed:

1. A Health Committee, embracing the laws of health and disease and the care of the sick.

2. A Committee on Education, embracing the theory of human life, together with the general system of development; and charged also with the supervision and control of the Sunday-school, with power to determine (a) the method of instruction, (b) Who shall teach, and (c) What shall be taught. (d) To provide through books, maps, and oral teaching such instruction for teachers as may be necessary to fit them for their work. (e) To draw an order upon the Treasurer of the Society for the expenses of the school, subject to the approval of the Executive Board.

3. A Committee on Social Life, embracing the organization of the social element in the Society, in accordance with the principles of the sciences of man and of society, and the extension of these principles to the community, the community and the nation.

4. Committee on Reforms, embracing the true method of such changes in social, economic and civic life as the evolution of the time brings forth, and the best means of accomplishing them.

5. A Committee on Spiritual Life, embracing whatever pertains to worship and the development of spiritual life.

Sec. 6. The Sub-Committees shall, at the end of each fiscal year and two weeks previous to the Annual Meeting of the Society, make a report, in writing, of all their doings to the Executive Board.

Sec. 7. The Executive Board shall meet on the first Monday in January, April, July and October, or at the call of the President through a written order, whenever business demanding attention shall require it.

Sec. 8. Five members of the Board shall constitute a quorum, but a less number may adjourn.

Sec. 9. The Executive Board shall, at each Annual Meeting of the Society, submit a report, in writing, of the entire work of the year, whether done through the Board or the Sub-Committees.

ART. V. MEETINGS. Sec. 1. The Executive Board shall direct the Clerk to call an Annual Meeting of the Society, at such time and place between the day of — and the day of — as they may elect.

Sec. 2. The Annual year of the Society shall commence on the day of — in each year.

Sec. 3. The Executive Board shall call, upon requisition in writing signed by five members, such other meetings as the state of business may demand.

ART. VI. ELECTIONS. The officers and Executive Board shall be elected annually by ballot, and shall serve till their successors are elected.

ART. VII. QUORUM. Seven members shall constitute a quorum, but a less number may adjourn.

ART. VIII. APPEALS. In case of dissatisfaction with the action of a sub-committee, appeal may be had to the Executive Board, and thence, if satisfaction be not had, to the Society in lawful meeting assembled.

ART. IX. AMENDMENTS. Amendments, alterations or additions to this Constitution may be proposed in writing at a legal meeting, and shall be over seven days before action shall be taken thereon.

Sec. 2. A two-thirds vote of members present at a legal meeting shall be required to pass any amendment.

It was next moved that a committee of three be raised, to prepare an Address to the People, to go out with the Declaration which this Conference sends to the country.

It was voted that the Committee be authorized to prepare and print the Address as part of the minutes of the Conference.

The Conference then voted that a committee of twelve be raised, divided in groups of three, selected from the respective sections of the country—North, Middle, West and South—empowered to oversee the work of local organization; and also empowered to call, at such time and place,

in the year 1877, as may seem to them fit, a Delegate Convention, composed of five delegates from each society which shall be formed within the year, and of such other persons, in places where there are not enough to form a society, as may signify their sympathy in the movement and apply to the committee for credentials, which convention shall have for its main business to decide the question of a permanent national organization, and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

Considerable discussion was had respecting the name of the New Movement. But a hearty and unanimous agreement was reached that this was a question which ought to go over for final settlement to the Delegate Convention next year. And it was voted that this body, for the present, take the provisional title of "The National Conference of Spiritualists."

After passing a vote that a copy of the minutes of the Conference be sent to all the Spiritualist papers in the country and thanking Mr. Bliss for his kindness in the use of the hall, the Conference adjourned to meet at the call of the committee of twelve.

Names of the Committee: James Edward Bruce, M. D.; J. Hamlin Deway, M. D.; E. Gerry Brown; Rev. Wm. Fishbough; Eugene Crowell, M. D.; E. P. Miller, M. D.; Rev. A. J. Fishback; E. C. Dunn, M. D.; J. S. Avery, M. D.; Rev. Samuel Watson, D. D., with two other names for the South, which Dr. Watson shall select.

All communications respecting the movement in general should be addressed to the chairman of the committee of twelve, J. E. Bruce, Newburyport, Mass.

Localities wishing to form societies, or societies wishing to notify the committee of the fact of their organization, &c., will take notice that J. H. Deway, of Boston, Mass., is chairman of the committee for New England; Rev. William Fishbough, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., is chairman for the Middle States; Rev. A. J. Fishback, Webster Grove, Mo., is chairman for the West; and Dr. Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn., for the South.

J. E. Bruce, Secretary.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.

The public "Call" for this Conference has already made this notice a proclamation to the world: "We whose names are hereunto affixed, after a calm and conscientious survey of the present condition of Christendom, are convinced that the time is fully come when a new religious departure should be taken. We feel deeply that modern life rests upon a new spirit, and that the religious wants of men to-day can be met only by a broader and deeper interpretation of religion than is to be found in the current teaching of the churches. We feel that a New Movement in Spiritualism is demanded, whose aim shall be to indicate and organize the religious thought which underlies all modern life in such a manner as to afford a cultus and worship for all those who, by their lack of interest in existing church organizations, are practically without church relations, and deprived of spiritual blessings."

One or two things in this "Call" we wish to impress upon the people:

1. We are convinced the time is come when a New Movement in Spiritualism should be made. This conviction is grounded in the double fact, that a new spirit has arisen in the modern world, and that the old regime in religion is inadequate to satisfy the wants of this new spirit.

At page 205 of the January number for 1876, the Westminster Review has this somewhat remarkable passage: "A great doctrinal reform has become desirable, and no observer can doubt that it is rapidly approaching. The signs are unmistakable; the disintegration of the old establishments is steadily progressing, and while one part of our society is already proclaiming its complete emancipation, and attempting to live without any religion at all, another part, drawn into terrorized refuge, is abjuring evidence and reason to seek refuge in authority. Neither extreme will draw the center after it."

"The reign of ignorance and superstition will not return, neither will the mass of mankind succeed, at least as yet, in merging its accustomed hopes and aspirations in purely scientific pursuits."

"What the future vent of religious sentiment will be, whether we shall incline toward the conception of some Spiritualist, and find reason to believe in a hierarchy of beings usually invisible to us, whom we shall join at death, and with whom we are destined to progress, (we mention the Spiritualist creed as one which has considerable chance of gaining ground, but we regard it ourselves as a deplorable delusion,) whether we shall adopt Mr. Herbert Spencer's worship of the Unknown, or whether, instead of abstracting the nobler elements from man to clothe therewith an entity beyond us, we content ourselves with reverencing the ideal in human nature, and with seeking to enlarge the share of that ideal in our motives and desires—all these and many other issues must for the present remain doubtful."

Now this writer, whose paragraph respecting Spiritualism has come to our notice, and whose "Call" was printed, has, as you see, been traveling to a certain extent the same road with us, and has, we think, set forth very forcibly both the ground and necessity of a new religious movement.

He clearly perceives the inadequacy of the old order, and his admission that among the possible sources of supply for the wants of modern men, "the Spiritualist creed has considerable chance of gaining ground," is rendered all the more important and suggestive by the confession that he "regards it as a deplorable delusion." It is clearly not a case where the wish is father to the thought. The simple fact is, the progress of events in the religious world has brought this keen-eyed observer to see and admit what he neither wishes to see nor finds pleasure in admitting, viz: that in the modern world Spiritualism has a fair chance to become the religion of the future.

And this leads us to the nature of the new departure. Now here the language of the "Call" is significant: "We are convinced the time is come when a new religious departure should be taken." It is "a broader and deeper interpretation of religion," which is needed to meet the wants of men to-day.

The simple discovery of a new mode of communication with the unseen world is not enough. To have news from another world that our departed friends still live is no doubt a great consolation, but to be able to live ourselves in such a manner as to be deemed worthy to meet our dear departed, and to mingle with them freely in their angelic felicity, that is a deeper joy still.

It is Spiritualism's greatest danger to-day that, through lack of inspired religious imagination, it may settle down into the habit, so natural to men in this leaden age, of thinking of the spiritual world as in no way materially differentiated from this world except in mere endlessness of duration. If this calamity should finally befall our conception, God help us, for all hope that our movement might rise to the dignity and power of a religion would then have forever departed. Nothing is better established in spiritual philosophy than the fact that it is of the very essence of any divine message which it is possible for men to really care about, that it shall proclaim the ascent as well as the continuation of life.

The path to which it points its pilgrims may not be the dead-level of that dusty and weary road with which, alas! we are all too familiar here. Valleys have their uses, but an endless pace about the base of the mountain would render life monotonous by taking out of it all the beauty and glory of the landscape. So the pathway into Eternity must break up that low level of our present living.

It must be shown to be a spiral, whose beacons are better hopes, and whose constant stimuli are deathless aspirations to attain to higher and ever higher standards of being and becoming. And since science has made us familiar with the fact that human beings are but parts of a world where all noble attainment depends on growth, and where all growth is organic, we know that if we would grow and become perfect in spiritual life, we can only do so by organizing that life in accordance with the fundamental laws of its development.

Now, in aspiration toward an ideal we have

touched the most fundamental law of spiritual progress. But aspiration is grounded in knowledge, and hence a cultus or school of instruction must precede and accompany worship. Accordingly, after adopting a "Declaration of Principles," which in a sentence grasps the substance of all spiritual philosophy, at the same time that it lays bare the ground of all right conduct, and brief as it is, leaves out, as we think, not one essential feature of that primitive spiritual religion of Jesus, which, in spite of the hindrance with which ecclesiastical Christianity has weighted it, has yet made the modern world, the Conference deemed it wise to draw up and send to the country the form of a Constitution for organizing the idea and action of this "Declaration" in local societies. And as foremost among its statement of aims, the Conference has declared, "Our immediate object is to organize local societies upon a financial and religious basis."

Such societies are indispensable as the regular schools of training for the religious sentiment and the development of spiritual life. This object they will seek to accomplish through the regular and orderly administration of the two great principles of Knowledge and Aspiration, or Worship. In order to do this, societies must be firmly established and permanent teaching secured. This can only be done by settled teachers of the several groups of disciples, and for such orderly arrangement it is clear that an adequate financial basis is necessary. Much study of the nature and scope of our fundamental idea and of the practical method of its organization and action in local societies has been bestowed upon the form of constitution we send out, and we hope it will be generally acceptable to our people.

We send down no commands to the people. Our platform is not put forth as authority, but as guidance. We have not declared what men must believe—not even what we ourselves must believe in all future time. We have simply set down some principles which we hold to-day, but which, if we see cause, to-morrow may change. We have aimed to make our statement large and liberal. We have sought breadth and flexibility. We leave every man to read and interpret the Platform by the light that is in him. And with this liberty of the spirit we think the ground we have taken is one which every religiously disposed person can come and stand upon. At least we can work together here for a year. Our local societies can start from the point we have made. All that was done at Philadelphia is preliminary. We set forth our idea, we drew up the form in which it seemed to us it would be wise to organize that idea in local societies, and we appointed a committee to sit through the year and oversee and direct the formation of societies, with power at the end of the year to call these societies together in a Delegate Convention which shall have full power to continue the work of its committee, or to give it any new shape which the wisdom of the people in convention assembled shall decide upon. Virtually the Philadelphia Conference is, and in the nature of the case it could be, nothing but a provisional committee to prepare business and arrange for holding a convention of the people, with full and appellate jurisdiction over all questions relating either to the ground or method of the permanent organization.

Taking this view of its functions, the Conference left every question untouched, the decision of which was not absolutely necessary to set in motion the purely provisional work with which it was charged.

As an illustration of this the question of name is an instance in point. Several names for the New Movement were suggested; and there can be little doubt that if the matter had been pressed to a vote, "Christian Spiritualism" is the name which it would have been christened. But the fact of history is, those who were the most interested in this name were the movers in getting this, with other questions, put over to the People's Convention, and all heartily united in the vote that, "This body, for the present, take the provisional name of 'The National Conference of Spiritualists.'"

Now, brethren, our idea and its method is before you. It is no secret in the church and no schism in Spiritualism that we aim to establish. We are simply Spiritualists at work. Accepting what of verified fact there may be in the science, and holding by all that is well established in the philosophy of Spiritualism, but throwing out the vagaries of the one and discarding the crudities, and false, pernicious theorizing of the other, the New Movement goes forward to establish the religion of Spiritualism upon the enduring foundation of God and the soul.

Let every man and woman who has sympathy with the movement throw off her lethargy, and hasten to the front. God's bugle calls to the battle. Let the response be a great uprising of the people. Don't wait to hear from the committee, but let the committee hear from you. In every town and hamlet call your neighbors together, read over the Platform and Constitution; take this address for your preacher if you can find no better, and without delay organize a society, even if there be no more than six persons to start with. Do this, and God and angel helpers will do the rest. You will be moved from on high to go to work. The spirit and power will come into you, and all good influences go out from you to bless and perfect your fellow-men. Names of such as have in them the spirit of the New Movement will be added daily to your ranks, and in due time, if we are faithful, we shall mobilize an army whose tread will one day shake the earth, and whose great but bloodless victories shall be recorded in the heavens.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

Prof. William Denton commenced a course of lectures in Salem, O., Thursday, July 27th. He will remain in Ohio till the latter part of August, on the 27th of which month he is announced to speak at the Lake Pleasant (Mass.) Camp-Meeting. He will be at Lake Superior during September.

Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher arrived in this city, from England, Saturday, July 22d. We learn that she met with good success in the exercise of her mediumship while abroad. She will remain home until spring, when she contemplates returning. She will resume business in Boston the 1st of September.

J. William Fletcher will be absent from Boston until the 1st of September, being obliged by excessive labor to take a rest during August.

Miss Mary E. Currier, the musical medium, of Haverhill, Mass., will attend the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

Mrs. Susie N. White, trance medium, will be absent from the city during the next three weeks.

Mrs. Rachael Walcott is summing in the Allegheny Mountains. Her address, until the 1st of September next, is Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

James M. Allen has been speaking this month in Matfield, Mass., Bristol, Conn., and Athens, Ohio. His address during August will be Gates, McDonald Co., Mo.

J. M. Peabody is to speak at the Spiritualist Picnic, Compo-nance Pond, Conn., Aug. 9th.

Anna M. Middlebrook, M. D., will speak for the Free Lecture Association, New Haven, each Sunday during the month of August.

New Jersey.

At the Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists, held at Ancora, N. J., July 1st, the following named officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Dr. D. W. Allen, President; J. M. Roberts, First Vice-President; Mrs. E. P. Wooley, Second Vice-President; Miss Susan P. Fowler (Vineland), Secretary; H. N. Fowler (Ancora), Treasurer; Executive Board, Dr. J. B. Dunton, Vineland; John Wilcox, Ancora; Mrs. J. L. Nourse, Anne L. Atwater, Burlington, and Dr. L. K. Conoley, Newark.

We are in receipt, from many sections of the country, of complimentary letters similar to the following, which was recently written by a subscriber at Champlin, Minn.:

"The Banner improves with age. I could name more than a dozen articles published in the last volume, each one of which is worth the subscription price. It is more thoroughly read than any other of the many papers that reach our home."

Cut Out, and Circulate without Delay.

Complimentary 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 August. 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.

LIST OF DONATIONS.

NAMES. RESIDENCES. AMOUNTS.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen—
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

HAVE HOPE. Though clouds environ now,
And gloominess hides her face in scorn,
Put forth the shadow from thy brow—
No light can dwell in its own morn.

HAVE FAITH. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

HAVE LOVE. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou lovest best wilt find.—Schiller.

We all have our ideas of justice, integrity, purity, benevolence, and we cannot estimate their value to us. We may, and do, fall far short of them in actual life, but we can never go beyond them, for every new ascent in virtue shows fresh heights to be gained.

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house. "It ought to be," was the reply. "The painter gave it two coats recently."

A close thinker says that the reason why many people know comparatively nothing, is that they never can bear to be told anything.—Jewett.

Pretty good, Bro. Seaver. Some of your hypercritical correspondents need just such talking to.

Verbose Jo. Cose,
Don't get me down
At Dicky's "slipshod" rhymes;
For if you do,
It will kick you
Into a keg of limes.

Two young ladies of La Crosse were standing by a ditch thirteen feet wide, which they didn't know how to cross, when their escort said "snakes!" and they cleared it at a bound.

The Centennial grounds comprise 400 acres.

The first Russian newspaper dates from 1703. Peter the Great took part personally, not in its editorial composition, but in correcting the proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his majesty's handwriting. Only two copies of the first year's edition have been preserved. They are in the Imperial Library of Stockholm.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.—Johnson.

The danger of "sunstroke," so called, is not avoided by keeping out of the sun; exposure in a highly heated atmosphere, even out of range of the direct rays of the sun, will often produce all the symptoms, and sometimes the fatal result of sunstroke.

The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.

George Eliot thinks half the sorrows of women come from their foolish speeches. They never learn the happy art of saying nothing when they have nothing to say, or something that ought not to be said.

The sure method to prevent sunstroke. Keep cool.

Passengers can now leave Boston at eight o'clock in the morning and arrive at the summit of Mt. Washington in time for supper the same evening. . . . and catch a snow-storm.

A young man admiring the delicate fabrics for collars in a milliner's store, wished he was emperor of all the ruches.

The "heated term" culminated last Sunday in copious showers of rain—thanks to . . . cause and effect. Now we hope for a period of "lovely weather."

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses—so it would be with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.—Mason.

The Italians say that "she is beautiful whom you think beautiful."

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

Mr. Thomas Holloway, of England, is steadily pursuing his scheme for the erection of a ladies' college. It will cost him more than a quarter of a million of dollars. His convalescent hospital is another work almost as great.

A Minnesota farmer says, "We raise 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing, if we didn't raise bugs enough to eat 'em up."

Our Indian policy is called the "peace" policy. If that is the name of it, we should like a war policy. The policy has been one that allowed all sorts of swindles to be practiced on the Indians, the Government itself setting an example of perjury in violating treaties, and the Indians, often suffering for bread, always supplied with rum and rifles. We need a change.—Boston Herald.

The General Statutes Supplement for 1876, embracing the Acts supplementary to the Massachusetts General Statutes, with marginal notes, references to former laws repealed or affected thereby, with a copious and valuable index, is just issued from the press of the State Printers, Wright & Potter, 70 Milk street, Boston. This volume is published by the Commonwealth, and ably edited by Hon. Wm. A. Richardson and Hon. Geo. P. Sanger. Its style, for convenience of binding, is uniform with the General Statutes, and its value will readily commend it to the legal profession and others interested. The Secretary of the Commonwealth, by his official proclamation, fixes the price at fifty cents.

More poisoning from eating canned corned beef. The victims this time were Mr. Isaac B. Dodge, of New Bedford, Mass., road-master on the Fairhaven Railroad, and his wife and five children.

Two hundred tons of ice are made every day in New Orleans by the ammonia process.

It is noticeable that the Black Hills furor has not raged so furiously among the youth of our land since the arrival of news from General Custer's command. Many a boy who ten days ago was saving up his pennies to buy a railroad ticket and a revolver, now walks out into the back yard and cuts kindling-wood without a murmur.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

New Publications.

THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM.—We have received from E. V. Wilson, the widely-known lecturer and seer, (and editor of The Spiritualist at Work,) a book of over four hundred pages, bound in red cloth covers and printed on tinted paper, wherein are arranged a goodly number of those remarkable tests of spirit identity which he habitually gives at the close of his lectures; interspersed therewith are many which have come to him in hours of travel, at railway stations, on the cars, in the cabins of steam boats, &c. Much information from the spirit-side of life is conveyed by the volume, some of it in the colloquial style, and all of it interesting to a remarkable degree. To the Spiritualist the work is an armory of test-facts—where immortality or the continued existence of the human spirit after death has been proved by living witnesses—to be drawn upon at will, and to the skeptic the pages will present food for thought of a most decided character. We have glanced through its contents with a view to making extracts therefrom, but we prefer on the whole to recommend the entire book to our readers. The volume is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

H. O. HORTON & CO., corner Beacon and Somerset streets, Boston, bring out the ATLANTIC MAGAZINE for August in a style eminently attractive to readers during the heated term. Articles prose and poetic from Miss Preston, Charles Dudley Warner, Lucy Ellen Guernsey, W. T. Harris, Mrs. Kemble, Gen. O. O. Howard (The Story of Chattanooga), E. P. Whipple (Charles Dickens and the Pickwick Papers), and others. "The Characteristics of the International Fair," by a special correspondent, and the regular departments, make up a charming number.