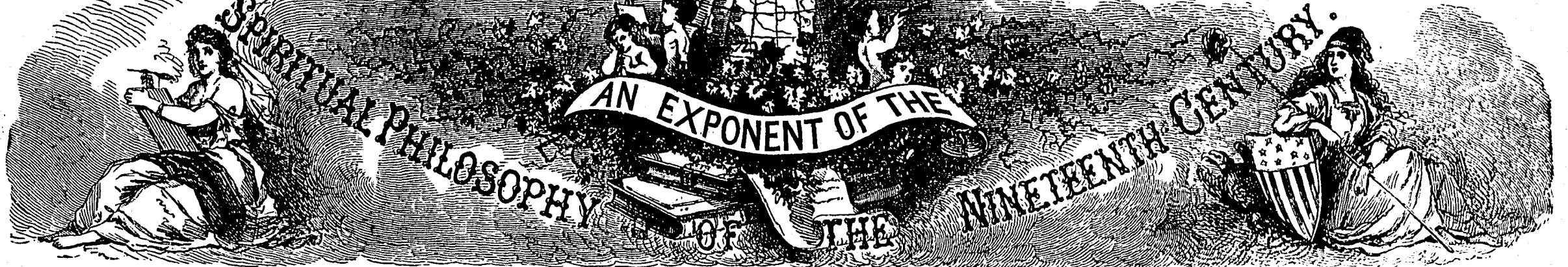


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Scientific.

Original Researches in Psychology.

An Address delivered before the Newcastle (Eng.) Psychological Society, by
T. P. Barker, F. G. S.

At the present time, great interest is being taken in the investigation of the alleged phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

Professor Barrett's paper, read to the members of the British Association in Glasgow during the present year, and the discussion which followed, combined with the prosecution of Dr. Slade by Mr. Lankester and Dr. Donkin, have served to direct the attention, not of the general public merely, but of many men of science, to the consideration of the occult phenomena that are said to occur at séances. It is not my intention to review the proceedings of the British Association, nor do I propose to refer to the prosecution of Dr. Slade, but I desire to place before you a record of a series of psychological phenomena, which, I believe, are unparalleled in the entire range of psychological investigation.

INTRODUCTION.

Knowledge in every department of nature is cumulative. The enlightened portion of mankind may be broadly divided into two classes—discoverers and disseminators.

The discoverers are original men, of analytical and practical minds, who restlessly investigate the mysteries of nature.

The disseminators are those who have the faculty of popularizing newly-discovered facts and phenomena, by presenting them in a clear and comprehensible form to the mass of mankind.

The facts and phenomena that present themselves to the human mind for investigation are practically limitless, and our knowledge of physical and psychological phenomena is ever on the increase.

From the most remote ages, or at least from the earliest historical periods, men in natural capacity for art, science and literature, appear to have not much, if at all, improved, but their acquired knowledge has ever been on the increase.

Much that in the early days of Greece and Rome was recognized as knowledge, was, in reality, little more than learned ignorance, the result of accepting the apparent as the real. Whilst the dialecticians of antiquity trained and strengthened the mind for the eventual comprehension of the riddles which nature is everywhere and always propounding to the students of her mysteries, they did but little toward the immediate interpretations of those mysteries. Not in metaphysics merely could the gordian knot neither be cut nor opened, but from the time of Thales and Aristotle, until a quite recent century, even in pure physics, the early notions of the peripatetics maintained their ground unimpaired, and almost unchallenged, until the period of Galileo and his learned confrères.

In the region of physics, there has been much progress since the days of Galileo and Copernicus, Newton and Bacon, but in no period of the history of the world has scientific progress been so rapid as in the present century. In psychology, however, the schools of learning are but little further advanced than were the philosophers of the Aristotelian and Alexandrian schools.

Insufficient as is the acquired knowledge of the world when compared with the to be known, it nevertheless requires the longest life, the most devoted industry, and the highest natural capabilities to acquire a mere fragment of the knowledge already accumulated; and hence, the learned world is being rapidly divided into sections of specialists, consisting of men who are abreast of the acquired knowledge in their specific departments, and who, in other departments, possess a mere smattering of the accumulated knowledge of the world. This state of partial knowledge of the known will increase with the process of accumulation; and well informed men will be all those who, in addition to well-disciplined minds, have a general knowledge of many subjects, and a special knowledge of one or more.

It appears impossible that any man within the limited period of terrestrial life, can gather within his own mind the present acquired knowledge of the world. We cannot acquire a complete knowledge of the known, and it appears certain that we cannot, either in this world or in the next, acquire an exhaustive knowledge of the, at present, unknown. This all cultured, critical, observing and industrious men may do; they may enrich our present stores of knowledge by original research and patient investigation, and they may avoid the common *a priori* error of affirming what is and what is not possible, apart from experimental research.

The field of pure physics is open to all inquirers, and is occupied by many of the profoundest investigators of the age.

Psychology, which, in this material age, has been recognized as barren of valuable results, has been to a large extent neglected.

RESEARCHES IN PSYCHOLOGY.

I propose this evening to direct your attention to researches in the region of psychology, such as I think of importance have not been excelled, and probably have never been equalled by any previous investigations.

FIRST SEANCE.

In the year 1875 I was informed of a lady through whose mediumship written communications of a somewhat remarkable character had been received, but my previous experience of written communications, together with the fact

that I was busily engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of materialization, led me not to pay so much attention to the information respecting the mediumship of the lady as it deserved.

Toward the middle of 1875, the lady's mediumship took a new form, and instead of essays and answers to questions, she developed into an excellent drawing and clairvoyant medium. At that time I had, to a large extent, satisfied myself as to the genuineness of what is termed materialization, and being interested in the drawing phenomena, I wrote to the lady, asking permission to attend her sances. She at once kindly invited me to attend her circles.

The sances were held on the Monday evening of each week, and on the evening of Monday, July 19th, 1875, I attended my first sance under her mediumship.

During the evening I sat as a spectator of the phenomena that took place, without interfering in any way with the mode of conducting the sance.

WHO ARE THE CONTROLS?

I ascertained that the lady was subject to several controls, and that the leading controls gave the names of John Harrison, Walter Tracy, Hummur Stafford, Nina, and Felicia Owen.

I have had the privilege of reading and copying the records of the sances which had been held previously to the time of my becoming a member of the circle, and from those records, together with the information that I subsequently obtained, I ascertained, according to the statements of the controls, that John Harrison was a well-educated country gentleman; that Walter Tracy was an American student and Federal soldier; that Hummur Stafford was an American, who had devoted several years to the study of the physical sciences in a German University, and departed this life in America in 1864; that Nina was a little Spanish girl, who was burned in the great fire in Santiago; and that Felicia Owen was a young lady who had died at an early age whilst an inmate of a convent.

These are the statements those controls give of themselves, but I have not yet made such inquiries as to justify me in certifying that their statements respecting themselves are correct.

INDIVIDUALITY OF THE CONTROLS.

Each of these controls maintains a strict and sharply-defined individuality; in fact, their mental characteristics are as marked and distinct as are the characteristics of as many typical people, such as we meet from day to day. Their ideas, modes of expression, and mental idiosyncrasies, are in all their communications clearly defined, and, without being informed who the communicators are, I could easily select their communications, from differences in modes of thought, styles of composition, and calligraphical peculiarities.

John Harrison has all the characteristics of a well-educated ordinary Englishman; Walter Tracy has the peculiarities of a raffish young intelligent American; Hummur Stafford those of a highly-trained, very refined, and unusually well-informed scientist; Nina those of an impulsive, simple-minded southern child; and Felicia Owen those of a refined, sensitive, poetical and religious English Roman Catholic maiden. It is not by one communication, nor by a very limited number of communications, that I am able to assert my ability to individualize the communicants. I have in my possession hundreds, probably thousands, of communications from those various controls, and throughout the whole the utmost harmony prevails as regards individuality.

Not only have I communications from controls whose names I have recorded, but there are also several, other communications from friends and companions of our other world communicators, who occasionally address us through the instrumentality of our lady medium. These intelligences, who are only occasionally present at the sances, or, at all events, who do not announce their presence, are numerous. One is a medical man, who gives the name of Willis, and is as well informed in anatomy and physiology as are ordinary professors at our Universities; another gives the name of Dr. Aaron, and professes to have been a disciple of the Alexandrian School of the sixth century; another control gives the name of Luther; another professes to be Nero; another, a lady, who gives the name of Katrina Schrouder, writes in mixed German and Russ; besides other occasional visitors.

IS IT HALLUCINATION?

The facts I have just stated will, probably, impress nearly all those who become acquainted with them with the idea that hallucination in this world is terribly rampant, and that special means should be taken to check it as speedily as possible. Permit me to say to such, that I have MSS. of all the communications to which I have referred; that I have the names and addresses of all the ladies and gentlemen who have attended these sances; and can refer inquiries to any one, or to all of them. I have attended every regular sance since July, 1875, and during that time, the majority of the questions were asked by myself. No one but myself knew the questions. The answers to many of the questions were entirely unknown to myself or to any one in the room. Many accurate answers given were contrary to opinions I held. The range of the subjects was so extensive, and the answers, generally speaking, so accurate and appreciative, that I do not believe there is a single living man in this world who could have answered the whole of the questions as well, under similar conditions to those in which they were answered, through the mediumship of a very ordinarily educated lady. To me it would be more extraordinary that any ordinary, or extraordinary, lady should answer the whole of the questions I put, than that they were answered automatically through the hand of the medium by the controls who profess to be the answers of them.

A NEW WORK ON PSYCHOLOGY.

When the work is published on which I am at present engaged, it will embrace the whole of the questions asked and the answers received, together with explanatory chapters and footnotes; it will readily be seen, on its perusal, that no single person could, under the conditions, answer the questions; and, as neither the lady medium nor myself have any pecuniary interest in the forthcoming work, and it will entail upon me a large amount of onerous but agreeable labor, I, with the more confidence, commend it to your earnest consideration.

When the work will be ready I am not yet prepared to state, because I hope to continue the investigations through the instrumentality of the same medium, until I have received replies to all the useful questions I may feel it important to ask, or have exhausted the information of the very communicative and very intelligent friends who have hitherto so ably answered my queries.

MODE OF CONDUCTING THE SANCES.

Before proceeding to describe the phenomena that took place at the sances, and the replies

given to some of the questions I asked, it may be desirable to place before you a description of a typical sance, so that you may know the conditions under which the communications were received.

The sances were held in the residence of the medium; the sitters were generally seven in number; they sat in chairs round an oblong deal table, about three and a half feet long and two feet broad, which was without a cover. The medium sat at one end of the table, Mr. Armstrong sat on her left, I sat on her right, and the other sitters sat round the table. A candlestick and lighted candle stood on the table, and a fire burned with ordinary brightness within the grate.

I provided MS. books, crown folio size, and at the commencement of each sance I wrote on one page of the MS. book the date of the sance, the names and order of the sitters, and any remarks about the weather, or amount of light. I thought proper to make all my writing on the MS.-book was in phonography, and when I wrote questions I read them aloud, so that the medium might learn the drift of each question, although she could not be supposed to understand its precise meaning, because of its technicality.

At the commencement of the sittings we placed the MS. book before the medium, our hands being in contact with each other on the surface of the table. We extinguished the candle, leaving the room lighted by the ruddy glow of the fire, there being sufficient light to see each other and objects perfectly. When we had sat thus for about two minutes, the hand of the medium began slowly to tremble; she then took up a pencil, and sat with the pencil pointing to the MS. book. In the course of another minute the hand began to write, and a communication of welcome was generally written, such, for example, as "I am glad to meet you this evening, and shall be happy to answer any questions."

We, after this invitation, proceeded to ask questions, generally on scientific subjects, usually restricting them to one department of science at each sitting. The subjects embraced frictional electricity, magnetism, galvanism, light, heat, acoustics, music, the laws of harmonics, the structure and functions of the eye, the structure and functions of the ear, the brain and nervous system, the conditions of the future life, and the philosophy of what are termed spiritual manifestations.

To the questions on all these subjects, we received able answers, such answers, in fact, as could only be given by a person, or by persons, familiarly acquainted with the subjects.

When an answer to a question was written, the candle was re-lighted, and the answer read aloud. Another question was then put, and answered with great readiness and rapidly, and this questioning and answering rapidly proceeded during the entire sitting, which generally occupied two-and-a-half hours.

At the close of each sitting, I brought away with me the MS. book, and copied the proceedings *verbatim*, so that a duplicate *verbatim* copy of the entire records is now in my possession, and both the original and the copy may be seen by any representative lady or gentleman.

ARE THE QUESTIONS EASILY ANSWERED?

In order to give a general idea of the nature of the several questions asked, I shall select two or three questions and answers from various sances, embracing different subjects. They will enable you to judge of the relevancy of the answers, and the ability of the controls.

As some of my audience may be under the impression that questions such as I asked the controls of the medium are comparatively easily answered, and that alleged psychological phenomena are really the shams which Mr. Lankester and Dr. Donkin appear to believe them. I am quite prepared to rest the issue of the difficulty of answering the questions on the answers that these impulsive young men would give to them under similar conditions; and I shall be very much surprised if these two gentlemen, professors in London Universities, and members of learned professions, answer the questions one-half as well as they were answered by the controls of this very moderately educated lady medium.

To come nearer home, I may take another test of the probability of the questions being easily answered, by reading a few of them to the audience now assembled, and, after each question, waiting for a short period, in order to afford any lady or gentleman present an opportunity of answering them. I shall adopt this course, and wait for answers by my hearers.

I shall select questions and answers from various sances.

HARMONICS.

Q.—Is Helmholtz right in supposing that the harmonics occur simultaneously with the tonic? A.—This must be incorrect, since the fundamental sound is the tonic, the harmonics only give intensity and brightness, as it were, to the sound of the tonic.

VITAL ACOUSTICS.

Q.—How is the sense of sound conveyed to the mind?

A.—This is a disputed subject. Of course you know that sound, like light and heat, is motion, and is caused by the particles of air being set in motion, amplitude of vibration, as you call it. These particles, which move in a backward and forward motion, cause a sound-wave to be propagated, which, falling upon the ear in close contact with the tympanum, causes the auditory nerves to vibrate, and thus convey the sense of sound to the sensorium.

INTERFERENCE.

Q.—Please to inform us how it is that two similar sounds produce silence, and two dissimilar sounds do not?

A.—Because the waves meeting each other stop the progress of each other. Take two tuning forks and try, and I will explain.

Q.—We have not two tuning forks; please to explain to us how to use them? I know how to produce the effect by using one.

A.—Take the two forks in either hand, strike them both with equal force, and touch the ends on the table, the waves meeting in this manner. You will see the crests of each wave will intercept each other. The experiment is worth trying.

HARMONY.

Q.—Please to inform us what, in your opinion, is the origin of harmony?

A.—I will re-write the question. What is the difference between harmony and noise? Will that do, seeing that the other question is vague? The difference between harmony and noise is this: that the waves of sound reach the ear in isochronous vibrations, music or harmony is the result. When the vibrations are not sufficiently rapid, the ear is only conscious of noise; when, again, the vibrations are too rapid, the ear is not conscious of any sound at all.

Toward the end of the fifth sance, after I had

asked many questions having relation to science, it occurred to me that probably those scientific questions and answers would be very uninteresting to several of the sitters at the circle, who do not profess to have any knowledge of scientific subjects, and I, therefore, to change the topic of conversation, asked if the control would give us some description of his present life, and of his departure from the present world. The reply was as follows:

A.—I will meet you on Monday evening next, and will tell you of our state here as much as I may, but you must not expect too much, for our state is beyond description. Such words as can best express our condition I will use; but, as far as I can judge, the English language is not in such a state of perfection that one can describe things celestial.

At the next sance, held August 23d, 1875, the control wrote, "I have arrived; what can I do for you first?"

THE FUTURE LIFE.

Q.—Will you kindly give us the information which you promised on Monday evening last, as to your condition and the general arrangement of affairs in the sphere in which you now dwell? That statement would be of great interest to all of us.

A.—I will commence with my experience on first entering my new life.

Q.—Thanks. We shall be glad to learn it.

A.—I told you before that the last nine years of my life were years of pain and agony, so excruciating that I looked and longed for death as the only means for relief from my suffering. Notwithstanding my German education, I had never taken to pneumatics or metaphysics, and had really never troubled myself about the future. To my mother and sister I owe all the good in my nature, and when I spoke to my mother as to the preparation necessary for the future state, she said, "Live, my son, so that when you leave this earth you may leave nothing to regret behind; be honest, truthful, and courageous, that is the preparation I advise." During the last few days of my life I suffered extreme anguish, and my mother was once sitting at my side, and, when I made a murmur of complaint, cheered me by saying, "Death is very near now, you will soon be free," and I blessed her then, as I have done since, that nothing in her words or manner made me afraid to die. I remember, after this, falling into a stupor, but I can still feel the kiss on my brow, and the words, "He is going." Directly after this the pain ceased, and I felt—how can I describe the exquisite pleasure, the intoxicating delirium that took possession of my whole body? I can only liken it to the beatific trance of the opium eater. I was roused from this trance by a form which bade me come, and then I knew, for the first time, that I had died.

Q.—You have now favored us with an account of your entrance into the other state; will you please to give us some account of your experiences when there?

A.—I remember wishing that my mother knew that the suffering was all over, but when I turned to tell her, I found myself in a strange place, with an old man standing looking pityingly beside me. I said, "I want to speak to my mother," but he replied, "Not now, come." So I followed him over hills, through valleys, the while drawing quick breaths of pure air, that every draught I inhaled seemed to give me life, strength and happiness. We came to a city, a city not built with hands, and such as I cannot describe; it was the very perfection of the architect's ideas. We wandered through it, and I saw a group of men discussing some weighty matter, and when I came nearer, I recognized some of the grand old heroes whom I had thought and spoken of with reverence during my life, and I involuntarily bowed myself before them. I enjoyed some exchange of words and ideas with them, and I found that they inhabited this beautiful place, not for the deeds for which the world remembered them, but for the self-denial and self-sacrifice for which they had received no thanks on earth.

After a while my guide beckoned me to follow him again, and we proceeded over more hills, fertile plains, and by streams sparkling as they flowed through the rich verdure, and we came to another city, village, (which you will,) and there we saw hundreds of little children. "This," said my guide, "is the children's village, and these women are the mothers who have left their own on earth, and who undertake the care of the little ones. You see how great the sympathy between them, how fondly each loves the other. These children will grow in wisdom and understanding, and will take their places among men." Then we passed on, and stood in a company of men, painters, writers, had been, but these great masters of the earth, how low have they fallen when compared with those who starved on earth for want of patronage. We spoke to all, and I recall with pleasure how each had some kindly word for the stranger. "Where," I asked my guide, "are the philanthropists, those men whose names stand high for their works of charity?" "This way," said my guide, so we turned and came lower, and lower, and lower, and saw a great multitude of men listening to the teachings of one who, when I came nearer, I recognized as one of England's greatest philanthropists, there continuing the work of raising those who on earth had not tried to raise themselves. "There," said my guide, pointing out to my notice some of the multitude, "are your kings and rulers, your statesmen; how low are they; see there in the rank above them are the poor, the beggar, who by reason of their greater aspiration after good are higher than kings or princes. There, again, are those who were idiots and insane; these are among the most promising of that vast multitude; see how eagerly they devour the knowledge that was denied them on earth; they came among us pure as the veriest infant."

Q.—We shall be glad if you will proceed with your description.

A.—I would rather, now that I have introduced the subject, that you would ask what questions you want information upon. This is a difficult subject to deal with, since I must use a metaphor all through, but I keep to the truth in every particular.

Q.—Have you and your companions in the spiritual world visible organized human bodies?

A.—We have visible organized forms, but such forms as you in your material form would not recognize. You see your friend, and know him to be your friend; so do we, when we see the spirit of our friend, know him to be our friend, in the same manner that you recognize your material eyes you would not recognize us. I can liken it only to this: The butterfly would not recognize in the chrysalis a fellow creature. We do not see the form, but the spirit, and recognize our friend by it.

Q.—Are your organs of vision the same as ours, and do you see by some kind of ether, as we are supposed to do?

A.—It does not require eyes to see, even on earth; sight is independent of the eye, even there, I believe. You can convey impressions to the brain in many ways. Yes, we have organs answering the same purpose in every particular that you have, but as to the ether particles, I cannot tell. I have never thought about the matter, but I will inquire and tell you more.

Q.—Do you partake of food for the purpose of supplying the requirements of your spiritual bodies?

A.—Do you give your brain food? We feed our bodies on the same food as you do your brain. We eat it, if you will, digest it, and cast away the more worthless.

Q.—Do you move rapidly from place to place, and how?

A.—We move from place to place rapidly, or otherwise, by the mere exercise of what you call will-power. We wish to be in a place, and, if circumstances permit, can be there with the wish. We, as it were, rid ourselves of the encumbrance of the body, and can travel quicker through space than electricity.

Q.—Is there a heaven or a hell, or are there heavens or hells, and do those who leave this world go on to either the one or the other? If not, what is their state?

A.—I have never heard of the hell since coming here, but of heaven I have, and that seems still above us. I think that the real meaning of the word (hell) is, a pit or grave. If that is so, then I imagine that the condition of some of the multitude I have mentioned may be the hell, but I am not sure.

Q.—Have you anything in your sphere equivalent to our time, and do you ever feel ennui or languor?

A.—We have days, nights, and seasons similar to your own. We fire sometimes, but take rest; not in the same way as you, but in a way well calculated to restore us.

Q.—What is your usual mode of social intercourse?

A.—We visit when we wish to interchange ideas, and get our friends to visit us. We spend much time in debating and organizing schemes for raising the status of the lower in condition to ourselves.

Q.—Have you any mode of worship, and, if so, what are your leading forms of worship?

A.—We have as many—no, almost as many—forms of worship as yourselves. It is the employment of very many, but put to greater use than on earth. By worshipping the Deity truly, we raise ourselves, and to do so truly, we must raise others; thus, by our own deeds, crowning ourselves and benefiting others.

Q.—Do you meet with any beings designated angels? Have they any direct relationship with mankind—I mean, were angels once men?

A.—There are angels, but they belong to a yet higher sphere than I have acquaintance with. They are sent at times with messages to us, even as they have been to yourselves; but, as to your question—were they once men—I believe if they were, they never lived on earth; at least, such is the opinion of many here.

Q.—Will you please to inform us with what sciences and with what languages you are acquainted, in order that we may ask questions in relation to those subjects with which you are most familiar?

A.—Acoustics, light, heat, magnetism, electricity, principally, but of a few more; but of languages, I know but little more than English. I certainly once knew German as well, but, during my illness, I let it go down; still I might be able to recollect it, if necessary.

HARMONICS.

Having asked the foregoing questions in relation to the condition of the future life, I asked for an explanation of an answer to a previous question on the harmonics of organ pipes, and received the following reply:

A.—I have misunderstood the precise meaning of the question, but the arrangement is one I have no practical knowledge of, and only speak from theoretical knowledge. First note in a stop-pipe occurs at one third from the mouth-piece. This I had not known, thinking it one-third from the stop; but I find the fundamental sound is carried from the mouth-piece to the stop and back again before the note is formed. This alters the arrangements of the notes, I find.

I then asked still further to vary the subjects of inquiry.

OPTICS.

Q.—Will you please to inform us, as briefly as you feel disposed, the difference between chromatic and spherical aberration?

A.—By spherical aberration we mean the distortion of the figures or objects looked at through a spherical lens; by chromatic, the ring of color round the object.

[Concluded in our next.]

Shakespeare's Inspiration.

In "Indian Wisdom" by Monier Williams, is the following translation from Bhantri-hari, Hindoo poet, who lived a thousand years before Shakespeare:

"Now for a little while a child; and now An amorous youth; then for a season turned Into the wealthy householdier, the stripped Of all his riches, with decrepit limbs. And writhed frame, man crows toward the end Of life's erratic course, and, like an actor, Passes behind death's curtain, out of view."

Shakespeare can hardly be supposed to have understood Sanscrit, and to have made a free translation of the above lines in his *Seven Ages*; and some Spiritualists point to the now well-known processes of spirit-writing, as the more than probable means whereby the above extraordinary coincidence occurred. Others of a similar nature can be found, indicating aid from Hindoo and other sources. It is asserted that there are 15,000 words in Shakespeare, while in the Bible there are but 5,642 and 8000 in Milton's works. Considering his early antecedents and opportunities, this stupendous vocabulary and his wondrous knowledge of human nature are cited as evidences that he was prompted by some power greater than his own.

Latest London papers contain the account of a public meeting in that city, at which Mr. T. Everitt made a statement that he had obtained, through the mediumship of his wife, direct writing at the rate of one hundred and fifty-six words in a second of time. In a letter written the next day to the London Medium, he said that he had referred to his diary, and found that his memory had served him correctly; nine hundred and thirty-nine words were written in six seconds. Besides the swiftness there is the smallness, closeness and the straightness of some of the writing, which renders it physically impossible for any mortal being to accomplish it under the circumstances. That it was not previously prepared, on any occasion, can be rendered certain by each of the circle affixing a private mark or seal to the paper. This test was adopted at the sance alluded to above.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Good-bye, Old Year, depart in peace!
Thy course of life is almost run.
All good things here in good must cease;
Depart, and take our good "Well done!"

Depart! we long the New should come;
We trust in it for further grace.
Thy days have reached the common sum,
Depart, and give the New thy place!

Depart, and leave thy royal seat;
The New shall do what thou hast tried;
Depart, since death for thee is meet!
Die brave as olden martyrs died.

Depart! the New is strong for work—
Has power to break the winter cold.
Depart! this task he dare not shirk!
Depart! for thou art weak and old.

Depart! thou hast our grateful sense,
Our blessing goes with thee at last.
Thy trials came to break pretence,
Thy trials, now, thank God, are past.

Depart! we must renounce thy reign,
Thy labors have for life and love;
We serve the New with greater gain,
That must from good to good improve.

Depart, Old Year, in sweet good-bye,
While snows thy course in white enshroud;
Depart to rest in yonder sky,
Or fade away like some faint cloud.

Good-bye, Old Year! good-bye, old friend!
We say in love with all our heart.
The New begins, the Old doth end,
Depart in peace, in love depart!

Spiritualism Abroad.

(From the London Spiritualist, Nov. 24.)

EVIDENCE IN DEFENCE OF DR. SLADE.

(Continued from last week.)

EVIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE C. JOAD.

George Curling Joad examined: I am nothing at all; I am nobody. (Laughter.)
Are you a gentleman of independent means?
—Yes.
Mr. Joad continued: I reside at Oakfield, Wimbledon-park. I have seen the defendant Slade on five different occasions. I wrote one letter to the Times. I have not had much experience in this matter. Three months ago I thought the whole thing a humbug. I went on the first occasion before Professor Lankester. On the first occasion I did not apply any particular test. I went twice after that to test him. On reading Professor Lankester's letter I wrote to the defendant, and said that as I was not satisfied, I should like to see him again, and he appointed an interview. I accordingly went on the Monday morning, and took with me a double slate. I first examined a slate of Dr. Slade's. I placed my initials at one corner. He then put the slate under the corner of the table, in such a way that my initials projected. The sound of writing occurred almost immediately, and the slate was raised without going out of my sight at all, and I saw a short message, "We are here," or something of that sort. I then said I would like to try my book-slate, and he placed between the two slates a crumb of pencil, and placed it under the table, without it having been out of my sight for an instant. It was then closed, and writing took place on one side of my slate. The slate was next turned over, and a piece of pencil placed on the side which was free from writing. Slade raised the slate, and placed it on my shoulder within my view, and I immediately heard the sound of writing close to my ear. The slate was brought down, and a message was found written on it, "We cannot do more now. Allie." I was pretty well convinced by this that the writing was genuine; but since this inquiry commenced I wished to try two slates of my own tied together with a string. Dr. Slade consented to this. I took two slates to him. He first said he would try a slate of his own to see how the power was. He was about to put mine under the corner of the table, as usual, but it seemed to be pushed away, and he remarked that the power was very strong. He kept swaying it to and fro a good deal, ultimately it came very near the ground, and I heard a sound as of a mallet or a hammer striking, and the slate flew into pieces. Slade then said he would try again with a slate of his own. He placed a slate under the table, and asked whether writing would come with this slate, and the reply was, "We will try." I said to him that I did not see how I could now tie the slates together, as one of them had been broken. (Laughter.) Slade then got a slate of his own which was at hand. It was of the same size as mine. I examined it, and found it clean. A piece of pencil was put on my slate. Slade's slate was next placed on the top of mine, and the two were tied together. He then took them up to one corner to place under the table, but they also appeared to be pushed away. I said, "Perhaps they want to write on the table." He replied, "We will try." He asked me to hold the opposite corner to himself, which I did, and we held the slates above the table, our fingers resting on the table. In two seconds the sound of writing was heard, and continued for at least five minutes. I said to Slade, "I want to open these myself." I then opened the slates, which had never been out of my sight, and on both the inner sides (his slate and mine) there appeared a long message containing fifty-seven words. That was perfectly convincing to me as to the slate-writing. A hand-bell was placed on the floor. I could see the whole of Dr. Slade's body. He asked for the bell to be rung, and it was rung twice. Then the bell rose up, passed over the table between him and me, and fell on the floor on the other side.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: I examined the bell. I found nothing whatever. I did not ask him to account for the phenomenon. He did not say whether he broke the slate himself, or offer any explanation with reference to it. I did not ask him for any explanation. I did not want to ask him.

EVIDENCE OF MR. ALGERNON JOY, M. INST. C. E.
Algermon Joy, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and formerly in the Royal Artillery: I have been interested in Spiritualism for over fifteen years. I had a séance with Slade at New York a year ago, which I described in a letter to the Times. I went, without any previous arrangement, with Col. Olcott and Mr. Massey. They had a séance first, and after it was over, Slade took me at once into his séance-room, without any previous communication with Simmons. There were two or three strong gas burners full on, immediately over the table we sat at, which was just like the one in court. Slade sat with his chair turned toward me and sideways to the table, and close up to and square against it, so that he could not possibly move his legs over to the other side, as the leg of the table was in the way, and close against his leg and the chair. Moreover, his legs were never out of my sight. I sat against the flap of the table, and close to the corner, so that I could see his whole body all the time, and I overlooked him as much as possible. It did not occur to me, as it did to some witnesses for the prosecution, to avoid looking into things. A chair, opposite me, and about two or three feet behind Slade's left shoulder, rose slowly as if by magic, and the air, and then topped over away from Slade, and lay on the ground about three yards from him. I got up, examined the floor, which was carpeted, and the chair, and satisfied myself that there were no wires, or hairs, or machinery connected with it. Subsequently, the chair, which I could see from

my seat as it lay on the floor, got up, and came back to its place at the table. Slade never once left his seat during the whole séance. I stood up at some distance from him, holding the slate up against him so that he could not see my hand nor the surface of the slate nearest me. I also made him turn his head on one side. There was no looking glass in the room. I then wrote, "Is my father Henry here to-night?" My reason for wording the question so peculiarly was that after I had written "Is my father," Slade said, "You had better give the name of the spirit you wish to hear from." I then turned the slate over to my hand, so that my hand covered the writing, and the blank surface was uppermost. Slade took hold of one corner, and we passed the slate under the table, when he instantly let go. I heard a sound as of slate-writing, and on bringing the slate up found on the upper surface the words, "Your father, Henry, is not present."

The slate had never left my hand, and Slade had never had an opportunity of seeing my question, or of writing on the slate, unless he did it by psychic force, whatever that may be, and had laid out my question by clairvoyance or mind-reading, if there is such a thing. I can swear that Slade did not write it by any ordinary means, or by conjuring, or anything of the kind. I have heard three sittings since Lankester's letter appeared in the Times. Once I went with Miss Kislinsky, who brought a new book-slate with her. It was never out of my sight for more than three seconds at a time, except when Miss Kislinsky sat upon it. We opened it, and saw that there was no writing on it. Immediately afterward Slade took it and held it under the table for ten or twelve seconds, during the greater part of which I could see a good portion of the corner projecting beyond the table. It was a front corner, and not a corner next to the hinged side, and I could see that the slate was closed all the time. He then brought it up and rested it partly on the edge of the table, when we heard the sound of writing begin, which continued for five minutes, during which he held the slate forward till it rested completely on the table, and then turned his hand over and rested the tips of his five fingers on the top of it. On opening it we found the message which I produce. Mr. Joy handed the slate to the magistrate. The message was as follows: "Dear Friend—We all feel to bless you for the kindness shown my dear husband. I hope he will not get discouraged, for all will be well for him. He is in the right, and in coming years will prove it so. I shall be with him to encourage and to give him strength. I am truly, A. W. SLADE."

Mr. Lewis (examining the message and handing it to the magistrate): You will observe that the spirit does not speak very well. "Shewn" is written "shown." (Laughter.)
Mr. Flowers: This spirit in the other world as they spelled in this, and a spirit that spelled badly would go on spelling badly. (Laughter.)
Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: While I was in New York, I took an opportunity of seeing as much as I could of several of the leading Spiritualists there, and though there is no class of beings about whom more scandalous stories are told than mediums, I did not hear a whisper against Slade's fair fame. There is no class who say more evil about each other than mediums, but even among them, some ten or a dozen whom I heard express an opinion, had not a word to say against him.

Did Slade say anything against any other medium?—No.
Did it not occur to you that three persons might discover what one would not?—Yes, but my experience in Spiritualism taught me that there were other reasons against the admission of more than two at a time. With some mediums the presence of mixed influences draws from and exhausts them.

Mr. Munton desired to put in as evidence a framed slate, which had written on its surface the Lord's Prayer in Greek, obtained at a séance at Dr. Slade's by a gentleman from Manchester. Mr. Flowers: I do not think it necessary. Your evidence is already overwhelming, supposing that I take it into consideration.

EVIDENCE OF MR. GEOFFREY SIMMONS.
Geoffrey Simmons: I reside at 8, Upper Bedford place, Russell square. I arrived in England two or three months since. I am an American. Prior to the war between the Northern and Southern States I was a merchant there. From April, 1863, until the close of the war, I was officially recognized as a sutler. I have known Slade personally since January, 1865. After the war broke out in 1865, Slade resided at Jackson. At the time, Slade was practicing as a clairvoyant and physician. At that time, according to the law of the States, men of that class paid a tax to the revenue. It was an internal revenue tax.

Mr. Lewis: What was the name of it; a show-man's tax? (Hisses and laughter.)
Mr. Munton having protested against this interruption, the examination proceeded.

Witness: It was a physician's tax. Dr. Slade has always, since I have known him, been a man in delicate health. He proposed to me at that time that I should go to Jackson, with a view to carrying on the commercial part of his practice. That was because, he required some assistance. Besides, the state of his health compelled him. He had two places of business. They were seventy-five miles apart. In the course of his practice he visited both. I accepted his proposal, after taking time to consider it. The war having ceased, and I not being engaged in my business, I agreed to stop with him; and for some years I acted as his secretary and treasurer, and carried on the commercial part of his business.

I believe you, after a time, shared the proceeds?—Yes.
Do you recollect Dr. Slade marrying in 1868?—Yes.

Did he marry a lady publicly known as a lecturer on Spiritualism?—Yes.
Did he die that lady died about a year after her marriage?—Yes.
Do you know of your own knowledge that these manifestations occurred to Slade?—Yes.

After Mrs. Slade's death did Dr. Slade commence to give sittings something like those he has been giving in England?—He had been giving sittings before I saw him, and he continued to do so after her death. I have continued to carry out the commercial part of his engagements ever since, and have shared the proceeds with him.

Have you been concerned in the correspondence with Russia as to an engagement?—Yes.
And that he has entered into an engagement with a Russian society?—Yes.
And that he is passing en route to Russia?—Yes.

Cross-examined: Have you received the larger share of the sovereigns?
Witness: No. Equal.

Did he pretend to produce spirit-masks?—No; never.
Did you ever have any masks seized?—No.
Did you ever have anything seized?—Only when Prof. Lankester seized the slate. (Laughter.)

Mr. Munton then said that that was the case for the defence. Of course his worship would recognize the fact that he had restricted the evidence on behalf of Dr. Slade.

Mr. Flowers said he knew that was the case; and that it had been done at his own request. He should take a little time to consider his observations on the case, and with this view further proceedings in the matter were adjourned until Tuesday.

DR. SLADE SENTENCED TO THREE MONTHS' HARD LABOR ON THE ALLEGATIONS OF MESSRS. LANKESTER AND DONKIN.

Dr. Henry Slade, a gentleman with an unblemished public reputation of fifteen years' standing, was on Tuesday sentenced, at Bow street, to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, on the evidence of Professor Lankester, F. R. S., of 38 Belsize-park, London, and Mr. Donkin, M. B., of Westminster Hospital. It is one of a class of cases well known to lawyers, in which two witnesses depose to certain things, and with nobody there to check them the experience of absent persons is considered irrelevant. The following is the decision of Mr. Flowers:

The questions in this case are two. Firstly—Do the facts alleged constitute an offence under the Vagrant Act? And secondly—Did Slade do what he is alleged to have done? The offence defined by the Vagrancy Act is professing or pretending to tell fortunes, or using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive or impose on any of Her Majesty's subjects. I think that in order to constitute this offence two things are necessary, viz., using some subtle craft, means, or device, like palmistry, and an attempt to deceive or impose on some person. Palmistry is defined in Richardson's dictionary thus: "Divination by inspection of the hands, from the rough tricks of the pretenders to this art. To palm is to trick, or play a trick, to impose, to pass or practice a trick, imposition, or delusion. More strictly, to palm is to hold and keep in the palm, to touch with the palm, to handle." The definitions given by Johnson and Webster are very similar. The trick imputed to Slade consists in falsely pretending to procure from spirits messages written by such spirits upon a slate, held under the table by Slade for the purpose, such messages having previously been written by himself. Such a trick seems to me to be "a subtle craft, means, or device" of the same kind as fortune-telling. In each instance the impostor pretends to practice a magical, or at least an occult art. I am confirmed in this view by the language of another statute, to which reference has been made in the course of these proceedings, the 9th George II., c. 5. This Act repealed James I., c. 12, by which witchcraft was made felony, and prohibited prosecutions for the offence of "witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment or conjuration," which apart from the statute of James was punishable by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and perhaps at common law. It then enacts that, for the more effectual preventing and punishing any pretences to such art or powers as are before mentioned, whereby ignorant persons are frequently deluded and defrauded, or if any person pretended to exercise or use any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment or conjuration, or undertook to tell fortunes, or pretended from his or her skill or knowledge, in any occult or crafty science, to discover goods supposed to be lost or stolen, he shall upon conviction on an indictment be liable to a year's imprisonment, and be set in the pillory four times. The punishment of the pillory is abolished, but the rest of the section remains in force, and I refer to it only to illustrate the meaning of the Vagrant Act. It seems to me that Act forbids substantially the same thing, the practice of occult and crafty sciences, to use the words of the Act of George II.; or subtle, crafty means or devices, by palmistry or otherwise, to use the words of the Act of George IV. For these reasons I think that if by the trick I have described Slade tried to impose on Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin, he committed an offence against the Vagrant Act. And this brings me to the second question. Did he do so or not? A question which lies in a narrow compass. Though much time has been occupied in its discussion, I was unwilling to exclude evidence to which the parties attached importance, and I accordingly admitted a good deal which when given appeared to me at the time, and still appears to me, irrelevant. On the one hand I attach no importance to the evidence of Mr. Maskelyne, given on the summons for conspiracy, because it proves what no one can doubt, namely, that some things done by Slade might be done by a conjurer. On the other hand, I cannot attach importance to the evidence of the witnesses for the defence, because they only prove that on other occasions strange, if you please, very strange, things happened in Slade's presence, and that he did not receive credit for these things. I forbear, however, to speculate on these matters, and confine myself to what happened between Slade, Lankester and Donkin. The whole case turns upon the evidence of the two last named persons, which, in a few words, is to the effect that they saw Slade's hands move as if he was writing, and that, on snatching the slate from him immediately afterwards, and before it was placed in the position in which the spirits were to write, and without any sound as if of writing, they found words written upon it. If this be true, it involves the inference that Slade wrote the words himself, and that, therefore, he could not think the spirit of his wife had written them. I must decide according to the well-known course of nature, and if it be true that the two witnesses saw the motions that they describe, and found the writing on the slate immediately afterwards, it is impossible for me to doubt, whatever happened on other occasions, that Slade did on that occasion write those words on that slate, in order to cheat Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin. It is true that Simmons said there was nothing to pay, as Lankester and Donkin were not satisfied; but the question is, whether subtle craft, means, or device was used to impose on these gentlemen, and it clearly was, as the money would have been paid if the trick had not been discovered. Upon the whole, I think that an offence against the Vagrancy Act has been proved, and considering the grave mischiefs likely to result from such practices—mischiefs which those who remember the case of Home, also a professional medium, cannot consider unsubstantial—I feel I cannot mitigate the punishment the law imposes. I, therefore, sentence the defendant to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, in the House of Correction. (Mingled cheers and hisses.)

Mr. Munton: With all respect, sir, for your authority, as this case is one which involves questions of importance, I desire to give notice of an appeal.

Mr. Flowers: I am glad to hear it, for although I have honestly given my opinion, I would prefer that the question should not rest there.

Mr. Lewis: Then, sir, it will be necessary for you to fix the amount of the bail.

Mr. Flowers: I think it will answer every purpose to bind the defendant in £200, and to require him to find two sureties in £200 each.

Mr. Lewis: But do you think, sir, that that will be sufficient?

Mr. Flowers: I shall do nothing harsh or unfair, Mr. Lewis. I have given my decision according to my view of the case; but I do not intend to let the defendant go to prison in the meantime if he can find reasonable bail. In fact, I think that until the defendant can perfect his bail, the same bail as hitherto—himself in £200 and two sureties in £200—will quite suffice.

Mr. Edmund Jones: I am ready to give the larger bail at once, and I have no doubt that if Dr. Wylid is here he will be ready to do the same. (Applause from the public.)

Dr. Wylid: I am ready to do the same.
Mr. Lewis: Of course I consent to these gentlemen being taken as bail, and have only to ask that the slates and table produced in the course of this inquiry be retained for the appeal.

Mr. Munton: I can certainly have no objection to that, seeing that we produced the table.

The bail was then taken, and the defendant was released pending the appeal.

In the future it would be well for the friends of the defendant to give special attention to what Messrs. Lankester, Maskelyne and Donkin swore about the table, as compared with the table itself, and the evidence of its makers.

DREAMING TO SOME PURPOSE.—Mrs. Allen, of Calaveras, Cal., lives on the stage road between Railroad Flat and West Point, and she dreams strange dreams. On Oct. 24th her house was entered by a robber during her absence, and her watch and pocket-book were stolen. That night she saw in her dream a thief enter her house, take the watch and pocket-book, and follow the trail up stream. A ride of a mile brought her to an abandoned quartz mill, and in the ruins she discovered the man she had seen in her dream. She accused him of the theft, but he stoutly denied having committed it. Dismounting and arming herself with a stout club, she coolly informed him that she knew he had the watch and money. She let loose the dog upon him, and dealt him a blow upon the head which felled him to the ground. She found her watch and wallet in his boots. Mrs. Allen, of Calaveras, then went home.—Ez.

A rural lady at the Centennial asked to be shown the leather building, and when she found that it was built of leather, she remarked that she could not see why the newspapers lied so about it.—Norfolk Herald.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZATIONS IN CHICAGO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thinking it would be interesting to your readers to have some account of what is done here for the cause, I will ask for space in your paper to tell what I have seen and heard at the circles of Bastian and Taylor in this city. These men are certainly wonderful mediums, and will compare favorably with any of the same phase of mediumship.

For two or three years past Messrs. Bastian and Taylor have been giving sances in this city, and their manifestations have been improving continually. When they first began, the materializations consisted only in the showing of hands and faces through small apertures in their cabinet; but now full-sized figures walk out through the door, and allow their friends to approach them close enough to recognize them.

For the purpose of improving even upon this, a few of the more enthusiastic Spiritualists induced Messrs. B. and T. to give them one evening a week for a private circle, to be made up of persons selected by the controlling band of the mediums, and who would be sure to attend punctually and regularly. About two months ago the circle was organized, and contains fifteen members, not counting the mediums. We were promised manifestations that would put in the shade anything heretofore accomplished by these mediums; but were told not to expect too much at first, as it would take time to harmonize the circle and put it in working order.

As the circle is now well under way and working smoothly, I will tell you from time to time what we are doing. In beginning the sances, a short time is given to a dark circle, when musical instruments are floated about and played, and hands touch everybody. But this does not differ materially from dark sances held by other mediums. It is in the light circle that the wonders are performed. I will only give you a few examples of what has been done in these circles, as a detailed account would take up too much space in your paper. One evening the wife of a Mr. Ashton came out of the cabinet, dressed like a bride, in a flowing white robe, and a veil enveloping her entire form. On her head was a coronet, which seemed like burnished silver, and this was surmounted by one large star over the forehead, and several smaller ones on each side. She said, "Good evening, Fred," speaking her husband's first name, which nobody present knew but herself. She allowed him to approach her, and greeted him with a kiss. I then requested her to approach me, and she came up to where I was sitting in the circle, and laid a beautiful lace handkerchief in my hands. I claim to be somewhat of a connoisseur of such articles, and do not hesitate to pronounce the handkerchief as fine a piece of lace as I ever saw. She promised to materialize one to give me sometime, when she gets sufficient power.

She then withdrew, and gave room for another lady, who gave her name, and called the name of a gentleman in the circle, and requested him to tell a friend of his, whose name she mentioned, not to mourn for her, that she was happy. She described her mode of death (shipwreck), and gave the name of the vessel.

On a subsequent evening a lady form appeared dressed in the habit of a nun. She allowed me to approach her, and laid in my hand a white cross, which had the appearance of ivory. She also had a rosary, which I asked her to give me. This she could not do, but said she would give me one bead. She retired to the cabinet, and shortly came forth again, and put a bead into my hand. When first placed there the bead was soft, and stained my hand, but hardened in a few minutes, and I have it now in my possession. The apparition proved to be that of an aunt of a lady present, who had died in a convent in Montreal.

The sister of a Mrs. Shepherd then appeared, dressed in white. She came out and sat down in a chair near Mrs. Shepherd. From a neighboring table-drawer she secured a pair of scissors and cut off a lock of her long, beautiful hair, and gave to Mrs. Shepherd, and then retired to the cabinet.

From the foregoing you may think that none but ladies visit us from the spirit realm, but that is not the case. Spirits of the sterner sex also give us a call. The most notable and interesting one of these is Dr. Fuller, the chief of my own spirit band. I have a crayon drawing of him, made by Prof. Anderson, the spirit artist, and the remark of every one who has seen it, is that it is by far the finest face they ever beheld. His forehead indicates immense intellect, while his eyes have a liquid, tender expression, full of kindness and love. About his mouth is a pleasant smile, and the whole countenance has a spiritual appearance, in which goodness, love and purity can be traced in every lineament. He has appeared frequently, both in the private and the public circles; but only in the private circles can he do himself justice.

The last time he appeared he came out dressed in a white robe, his beautiful black beard covering his breast. He walked up to Prof. Anderson and asked to borrow his cane, which the Professor let him take. He then walked the whole length of the semi-circle, touching every one on the head, uttering words of kindness and cheer to each one, and speaking of the beauties and glories of the spirit-world. In talking he always uses the most perfect language. I can only compare his sentences to beautiful bouquets of flowers arranged by a skilled florist. Each sentence is a beautiful language bouquet, every word of which is carefully chosen and put in its most appropriate place. After walking the length of the circle his power began to fall him, and he felt that he must return to the cabinet. When ready to go he said: "This is reality; life is eternal! Is it not glorious to be able to return and demonstrate the immortality of the soul?" He then started for the cabinet, but before he got there his power was so nearly gone that he almost faded from view before the door closed.

I will describe one more materialization, and then close this letter. A Mrs. Vanderburgh, a member of the circle, has two sons in spirit-life, and they sometimes appear together, one dressed in white and the other in black. When they come out their mother usually goes up to the door to meet them, and each one will put his arm around her neck and kiss her. She recognizes them as plainly as when they were with her in the body. They often speak to her about her private affairs, and give her advice.

In regard to the light in these circles, I ought to mention that, though it is not sufficiently light to recognize a familiar face at a distance of eight or ten feet, there is no trouble in recognizing it when close to it.

MRS. MARY B. CARY.
Chicago, Dec., 1876.

Children's Department.

BAWLING BELLA.

Oh, dear! some cotton! what a fearful din!
Why, there she stands, the sweetest of alive,
Her hair entangled by a curling iron's wire,
The widest little shoes we could contrive,
No corner corner soft ribs to front;
From a loose hair she is a curling iron's wire,
All speaks of smooth-faced comfort fair, and yet
She bawls! our Bella bawls!

And how she bawls! Just see those knotted scowls,
How the snobs struggle in her little throat;
What snoring gurgles, what tumultuous howls,
And then at last, that long, wild, piercing note;
Poor Bridget trembles, all these brothers peer,
Mamma turns pale, why? What's the matter?
And the wide eyes of startled guests say, "Hear! hear!"
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!"

And all the world seems bawling a reply:
"Nat barks like mad, the cross old parrot scolds;
The red peacock, swart to do the deed,
Shriek till a napkin every eye enfolds;
The robin whistles where the cherries grow,
The horses whinny in the distant stall,
The hens all cackle, and the geese cry—
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!"

With angry hum the bees go buzzing by,
The snarling bicker sharply on the eaves,
The rattled peacock, swart to do the deed,
The rose-tree rattles all her frosty leaves;
The wind whistles from heaven, in peevish daws,
Break from the howling howl of enormous squalls,
The sleety thunder growls, and all because
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!"

Why does she bawl? Dear me! I wish I knew!
Come see these lovely ladies in a row,
With yellow curls and eyes as blue as blue,
From Paris, all complete from top to toe,
What if those two who've lost their wigs look blue,
What if that stupid little will call them "daws,"
What if they're queens and the princesses, oh, still
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!"

She's turning purple! Oh, what shall I do?
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!" in a trice;
Come, darling, look! your tea things from Aunt Sue;
The net! this net and woe! the net! the net!
The raindrops have come just fresh from Spain,
And these merques, in melting, foamy balls,
The sweetest thing you ever saw! In vain—
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!"

Mama, mama! one choked and gasping cry,
Then shivering on that gentle breast she lies,
"Sing, sing!" she sobs; the tempest passes by,
The starling hummers in the solitary eyes,
And on the storm-swept little heart and brain
Falls the sweet voice, as David's harp on Saul's,
There is no charm like mother's slinging, when
"She bawls! our Bella bawls!"

TWO TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

Those of our young readers who have visited a telegraph office and have seen the operator tapping away on his little brass instrument, and have seen him send messages to distant points and receive answers almost "in the twinkling of an eye," have wondered how it could be, and looked upon it as "the most wonderful thing in the world." Did they comprehend the extended system of telegraphing connected with that one room and one man? The tiny wires radiate from him like rays of light from a flaming torch, and extend to all parts of the world. They carry the words to distant towns and cities, and quick as the lightning's flash they carry the news of a calamity, and ask for aid in case of great fires or floods. They extend also away through forests and over mountains, across rivers and lakes; they reach the broad Pacific, and over them the words written at one extreme of the country are carried quicker than they can be spoken. Away to the east they reach out their scarcely visible arms, and, diving beneath the Atlantic Ocean, tell the people of Europe and Asia what is transpiring in New York, Philadelphia or Pittsburgh, and Paris, Liverpool, London, Constantinople, and even India and China send back words from those far-off lands. Quick as thought, the messages fly around the earth and under the sea, carrying brief tales of joy or sorrow. Now look at another telegraph. A young man, woman and child carries a more wonderful and more perfect telegraph system than was ever devised by man, or operated by mortal hands. The human head is a great telegraph station, containing an invisible operator, and from that station the most minute wires—human nerves—radiate and penetrate to every line and muscle, and so numerous are the "stations," that in no part of the human body can the finest needle penetrate, without coming in contact with a "wire." If an injury is done to any part of the body or limbs, it cannot be known or felt until one of these fine nerves telegraphs the news to the chief operator in the head, who instantly telegraphs back what is to be done about it. Let a boy or girl accidentally lay their hand on a hot iron. The little operator in the hand telegraphs—"They are hurting my hand." Quicker than thought a message is returned: "Take it away, quick," and quick as a flash of lightning the hand is jerked away. Not until all this telegraphing is done, can the hand move, nor does it know even that it is hurt, until it is telegraphed to "head" quarters. This telegraph system not only exists in mankind, but in all animal creation. The head is the central telegraph office in all animals, and it operates the same in all; but the higher and more refined the animal, the more numerous are these nerves and the more wise the operator. In animals, this system of telegraph is called the nervous system. The nerves are the wires, and by and through their agency all feeling and motion is produced.

SILENCE.

The idea you have once spoken, if it even were an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you, so is life and virtue gone, and the vital circulations of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it. If you could not get it spoken, if you could still constrain it into silence, so much the richer are you. Better keep your idea while you can; let it still circulate in your blood, and there fructify; inarticulately inciting you to good activities; giving to your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. When the time does come for speaking it, you will speak it all the more concisely, the more expressly, appropriately; and if such a time should never come, have you not already acted it, and uttered it as no words can? Think of this, my young friend; for there is nothing truer, nothing more forgotten in these shabby, gold-laced days.—Carlyle.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood, and yet ninety-nine persons out of one hundred cannot name them. They are the Pyramids; the Temple, the walls and the hanging garden of Babylon; the Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias; the temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building, and which was 425 feet in length and 220 feet in breadth, and supported by 127 marble columns of the Ionic order, 60 feet high; the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected to the memory of Mausoleus, the King of Caria, by his wife Artemesia, B. C. 353; the Pharos at Alexandria, a lighthouse erected by Ptolemy Soter at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, 450 feet high, and seen at a distance of 100 miles; and lastly, the Colossus at Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height.

New Publications for Sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

THE MENTAL CURVE: Illustrating the Influence of the Mind upon the Body, both in Health and Disease, and the Psychological Method of Treatment. By Rev. F. W. Evans. Third edition. Boston: Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place.

This is an intensely interesting book upon a very important subject which has not received the attention that the subject demands. A great variety of facts are given illustrating the subject, which are of the highest value. Independently of the conclusion to which the author has arrived, the facts brought forward cannot be controverted by an earnest seeker after truth without a beneficial influence, both for this and the future state. We cordially recommend the book to our readers as worthy of attentive perusal. It contains a vast amount of information, while its style is pleasing and attractive.

VITAL MAGNETIC CURVE: An Exposition of Vital Magnetism, and its Application to the Treatment of Mental and Physical Diseases. By a Magnetic Physician. Third edition. Boston: Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place.

This book treats of a subject in which all are, or should be, interested. The science of vital magnetism is but little understood among the people. There is, however, an increasing interest manifested in its investigation; and this book will be of great service to all who wish to know the extent of the human magnetic force. It is a practical treatise, and contains a great many facts in its own right, and that of others, calculated to strengthen the conviction of its utility to the human mind, and to remove all doubts. It pays well for the reading, which is pleasant as well as profitable.—American Spiritual Magazine.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.
NEWBURYPORT.—A correspondent writes under a recent date: "Praiseworthy effort is being made to revive an interest in Spiritualism in this venerable town, so long sick and bed-ridden of Orthodoxy. Our friends, for some two months past, have met on Sunday afternoons in Chase's Photograph Gallery and conducted conference meetings under the lead of home talent. On a recent Sunday they were fortunate in securing the services of Miss Lillian Newell Goodell. The lecture, and some of the circumstances attending it, will not soon be forgotten. The lecturer stood under the sky-light, and the stars, as well as the angels, looked down upon the gentle lady, and the very strangeness of the scene contributed to the suggestion of open communion with the heavens. Appropriate music opened the meeting, followed by an invocation so tender in spirit and so elegant in expression that while it lifted all hearts to heaven it left lingering on our ears an exquisite sense of harmony, as if a spirit lute had been set playing in all our souls. We had been admonished that the speaker lacked experience, and that we must not do her the injustice of expecting too much. But from this point it was not possible to keep down expectation. We were not disappointed. In conception, in arrangement, in expression, in manner of delivery, the lecture was admirable. For nearly an hour the audience sat spell-bound under the simple yet searching appeals of the speaker. The lecture seemed the lady's self set in words. It was simple, sincere, genuine. It was manifestly a word of power falling on us out of the heavens, but so touched and attempted by the noble character of the speaker that it took on the fine forms of her life. There was no affectation of eloquence, no pretence of style, no pedantry of learning, no straining after effect, no consciousness that anything great or wonderful was being done. It was nothing but a girl standing there under the stars looking into her heart and reporting what she saw, and that was her sermon. Newburyport wants such sermons, and will keep this girl-preacher as long as possible."

Ohio.
SALEM.—John Gordon, forwarding his contribution to the Slade Fund, says: "I wish every one who takes any interest in Spiritualism would feel it a bounden duty and privilege to contribute to defend this dear brother—and also those who do not believe in it—for every one has a deep interest at stake in this matter: nothing short of his or her own individual freedom. Let the reason and motive of Judge Flowers for condemning Dr. Slade become prevalent, and who is safe in the premises? It is the same spirit that burnt Servetus, that hung Mary Dyer—the same spirit that murdered the noble Lovejoy, and that put the rope around the neck of the brave and dauntless Garrison. How my heart leaped up when I read the letter of Roger Shagreen, in a late Banner. Although he is not a believer in Spiritualism, he is a believer in man's inherent rights, and a de- tester of petty tyranny. I wish there were many like him. If Judge Flowers do not exalt a very offensive odor in coming time, then I am greatly mistaken."

KINGSVILLE.—Stuart L. Rogers writes: "I cannot go any longer without the dear old Banner of Light. I had actually rather go without my dinner every day than to be deprived of it. This place has at present something to talk about beside orthodoxy. Bishop A. Beals, of New York State, came and gave us an eloquent address on Spiritualism last Wednesday, (Dec. 14th) the hall being well filled with the respectable part of the community. Every thing passed off finely."

New York.
GLENS FALLS.—E. W. Knight writes, Dec. 19th: "Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham spoke for us in 'Good Templars' Hall,' on Thursday and Friday of last week, and was listened to with great interest by a full house the first night. The second, the house was crowded, and intense interest was manifested both in her discourse and the poems she improvised. Many church members from different societies were present. The Methodist minister attended. He is the most intelligent, enlightened, and progressive preacher (teacher) who has been with us for many years past. He expressed himself surprised at the wonderful powers evinced by Mrs. Brigham."

Vermont.
NORTH BENNINGTON.—Harvey Howes writes, renewing his subscription, and saying: "It is my earnest desire that the Banner of Light may be read in every dwelling in the land—from mansion to cottage—for sure am I that the result of such a circulation of its pages would be the elevation of the moral condition of human society to a higher standard than has heretofore been known. I also desire to appeal through the columns of the Banner to the Spiritualists of Vermont, (my native State, and where I have resided for seventy years,) and to urge them to come to the rescue and defence of spirit-mediums and the Spiritual Philosophy by contributing their money to swell the Slade Fund."

Iowa.
CEDAR RAPIDS.—Fred W. Faulkes writes Dec. 13th: "At last the spirit has moved, and in this beautiful city a fountain of spiritual knowledge has commenced to flow. Twelve months ago scarcely a believer in the wonderful phenomena could be found, while to-day they number nearly fifty. Circles are held twice each week, and already we have been favored with some fine manifestations, the principal mediums being Dr. Warren and wife, Mrs. Fosdick, and Mr. W. Williams. An organization has not yet been effected, but it is hoped such will be the case at no distant day in the future. To accomplish this purpose, and increase a knowledge of the sublime truth of spirit-communion, we shall labor and pray."

Patron Wanted.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
No artist in the past has ever succeeded until he found a patron to stand beside him with money and his influence; so I am now in need of such help. I have been in the lecture field for sixteen months and over, trying to accumulate a little means to enable me to let the artists in the other life work out more of those beautiful paintings illustrating the spiritual body, but to-day I have no more money than when I began these public discourses. Will some spiritual society give me a chance to earn some means, and at the same time place me where I shall not be compelled to pay out for board each week's earnings? Or will some one of the forty thousand Spiritualists who have seen these spirit-paintings, and heard the lectures thereon, assist me to room and expenses for a few weeks (free of cost), that I may permit these friends in spirit-life to work off some greater paintings than ever before?
These paintings have been appreciated by a multitude; the present drawings and paintings are quite worn out; the people have had the benefit; I have no means to enable me to replace them. Who will help me? Address
M. H. MARBLE,
Table Rock, Neb., Dec. 17th, 1876.

Nebraska.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Lincoln, Nebraska, delivered a very able lecture at this place on the evening of Dec. 7th. Subject, "God in the Constitution." He handled the subject without gloves. He is an eloquent speaker, and his clear and logical reasoning seems to carry conviction to the thoughtful and inquiring mind. Every blow he deals out is in the cause of reform. We hope we may have the pleasure of listening often to him.
M. H. MARBLE,
Table Rock, Neb., Dec. 17th, 1876.

THE FRIGHT OF ROWLEY HILL.

About a century since—accounts are vague—
In seventeen eighty-one or eighty-two,
(It matters little, since the account is true,)
A wild commotion was created here,
By the first symptom of the witchcraft plague.
One Hannah Hazen, whom report speaks well,
Was weaving as the dusk of evening fell,
When strange, mysterious noises caught the ear,
And fear seized all, and rumor filled the air.
In flocked the neighbors, all agape, to see
The fair, sweet worker of iniquity;
But stood aghast, with superstitious stare,
When thump, thump, thump, came from the
walls about,
As if some prisoned fiend would beat his dark
way out.

Chair, table, all things fled her evil look;
E'en the old meal-chest edged and edged away,
Though weighted with the gossips of the day;
Like chattering teeth the latches rattled wild,
And where she trod the whole house shuddering
shook.
The clergy were called in to exorcise
So foul a spirit in so fair a guise;
But no rebuke availed, severe or mild,
And consternation sat on every face!
When from abroad the Goodman now returned,
With wrath indignant from his house he
sprang.
All who had seen or sought its dark disgrace—
Not doubting what occurred, but yet too wise
To give his influence to the ungodly sacrifice.

This prompt, decisive, vigorous act of one
Who thought delusion better silent die
Than suffer the surviving infancy
That gives old Salem her unenvied fame,
For deeds of violence in wild frenzy done,
Was, through the love, not blind fanatic zeal,
He felt for truth and justice all should feel,
And saved the old town the ever-during shame
Of punishing, for no conscious fault or crime,
One he would shield, but whom the righteous
few

Who wagged their heads, and knew just what
to do,
Would, in the darkness of that troubled time,
Have dragged to martyrdom had he joined the cry
Of the unreasoning crowd that Truth would cru-
cify.

When, Hagard-like, the maiden fled in grief,
The chairs resumed their places, prim and stiff,
The tables ceased their role—all looked as if
No masquerading e'er had set them out
To revel in their master's absence brief.
So quiet reigned once more, and all went well
Till to the flames the house a victim fell,
As 'twere the scene of this unseemly rout
Should from the mind of man be swept away.
But mothers whispered to their babes the tale,
Tradition caught it up, till like a sail,
Lost in the purple depths of dying day,
This little glimmer from the long ago
Flashes upon the verge ere all is sunk below.

HENRY HENDERSON.
*Now known as Spafford's Hill, in Georgetown, which was formerly a part of Rowley.
It is said the heavy oaken chest, hatched into by inch across the room, with two or three men upon it, that the latches of the doors flew up and down violently when she approached them, and things generally seemed bewitched by her. The story is here given as the writer heard it in childhood from the old people of the place. The head of the house was away at the time, but laid about him in good round terms when he returned, and was ever afterwards averse to having the matter brought up. The house was burned soon after, but to this day the spot where it stood is pointed out as one of historical interest.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Dec. 2nd.]
Knowledge is the True Saviour—Benefits Resulting from Organization.

There are Spiritualists scattered all over the civilized world. They are holding communion daily, with not only the loved ones who have recently passed from their family circles, and hence are fresh in the memory of mourning friends, but this spirit-communion is rapidly being extended to spirit-scholars, statesmen, philosophers, savants, scientists, and the thinkers, who not only had large experience while in earth-life, but much greater in the spiritual spheres.
The inquiring Spiritualist is becoming familiar with conditions that exist upon the spiritual planes of the after-life. He learns that all improvements made upon the material plane of life, are but imitations of institutions existing in the spirit-world; and that, as yet, our best thinkers have but a faint conception of the labors bestowed by the wise and good in spirit-life, to ameliorate the condition of humanity—mortals and immortals.

In view of this grand truth what ought Spiritualists to do to accelerate the more perfect ushering in of spirit communion?
Millions of money are annually collected from the people and paid out to dogmatize and indoctrinate them into the fallacies of old and effete systems of theology.

While the world is progressing in the arts and sciences it should keep pace in the field of thought. To that end a united effort must be made; and to the end of making such a united effort, Spiritualists must devise means, as they would to secure any other great, good and desirable result.

Experience has taught the civilized world that by united governmental efforts great good is effected; and further experience has taught thinking people that that form of government which is simple, and leaves the individual in possession of the utmost freedom of thought, unoppressed by restrictive burdens, is most desirable. Even so with our organizations—let them be divested of everything that restricts freedom of thought, and the expression thereof.

By proper local organic efforts, the fact of spirit-communion will be brought home to every neighborhood. In a short time, conditions and circumstances will elicit a spirit of inquiry in every mind; as one friend after another passes the ordeal of death, the inquiry will involuntarily press itself upon the mourner, what of my beloved child, father, mother, sister, brother or friend? Where are they, and how are they situated, and do they know of our lacerated hearts, and do they still love and sympathize with us in our afflictions?

In these moments of sorrow and deep mourning, a well organized society of Spiritualists will be appealed to, for that knowledge and sympathy that binds up the broken heart, and affords the wine of consolation to the disconsolate mourner.
Its doors being wide open for the entrance of all, without creeds or dogmatic assumptions, even as much so as the laboratory of a scientist, or the halls of a bureau of public lectures, constant accessions to the ranks of such societies would be manifested.

As members increase, influence and capital would aggregate. As a result, enterprises innumerable could be devised for the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity.
Entranced and inspired mediums, as mouth-pieces for the wise and the good, would be developed from the young of both sexes in every neighborhood. Great and glowing truths would Sunday after Sunday fall from the lips of such mediums, even as they do from the lips of Cora Richmond, and many others, when inspired by the wise men and women in spirit-life, even to the interblending of the mortal with the immortal spheres of existence.

This outpouring of the spirit of inspiration would unite the men and women, so that all would work as of one accord, to carry out any grand and good measure that might be suggested by the controlling intelligences of a higher life.

Knowledge of all things that appertain to spiritual life originates in the spiritual spheres. The developments in the arts and sciences, the inventions of the mechanic arts, are transmitted through the receptive mediums. Not an inventor, or a discoverer, or a philanthropist has ever lived on earth who was not inspired to action by the wise and the good in spirit-life. And yet it is a lamentable truth that these wise men have been first ridiculed and coldly treated by religiousists and self-conceited men and women. How much more could have been accomplished

by the inspired thinkers of the higher life if their mediums had been cordially seconded by intelligent societies that had knowledge of Spiritualism, and a will to aid in the promulgation of the great truths being revealed.
But as yet we have spoken only in general terms of the wonderful revolutions in thought and practice that await the civilized world through the instrumentalities of spirit communion. The baptism of spirit inspiration is passing over the world like an irresistible tidal wave, and it becomes us who appreciate spiritualities to be true and faithful servants to the high inspiring intelligences engaged in this good and noble work. He that buries his talent or hides his light under a bushel, will most certainly carry the record of his doings (imprinted all over his being) into the higher life, to his own chagrin and sorrow.

DECLARATION.
We, the undersigned, do hereby organize ourselves into a Society of Spiritualists, and adopt the following

MOTTO:
"Think for Yourself, and Express that Thought! Free Thought will give us Truth!"

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.
ARTICLE I.—Name.—This Association shall be known as the "Society of Spiritualists of

ART. II.—Objects of Organization.—The objects which the members of the Society have in view, in organizing, are, in general terms, the attainment and promulgation of knowledge, as means for promoting the welfare and happiness of all mankind, now and forever.

ART. III.—Membership.—This Society may receive members on such terms and conditions as its By-Laws may provide.
ART. IV.—Officers.—The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Representatives, three Trustees, and such other officers or agents as may be deemed necessary, and whose duties, in general terms, shall be such as devolve upon like officers, representatives and agents in other similar organizations, when not specifically limited or provided for by the By-Laws of this Society.

ART. V.—Representatives.—For the purpose of cooperation with other Societies of Spiritualists, formed upon a similar basis, this Society may annually elect one representative for the Society at large, and one additional representative for each twenty-five members, or fractional part thereof, for the purpose of uniting with representatives of other like societies, in forming a district or state association of Spiritualists, without creed, confession of faith, or platform of principles, provided, however, that such district or state association shall be composed exclusively of like representatives, duly elected by similarly organized local societies.

ART. VI.—Amendments.—The articles of association of this Society may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all its members, at a regular society meeting, provided the proposed amendment has been submitted in writing at a like regular meeting of the Society, at least one week before the vote is taken.

ART. VII.—By-Laws.—By-laws not inconsistent with these articles may be adopted and amended at any regular meeting of the Society, by a two-thirds vote of all its members present.

ART. VIII.—Restrictions.—Any amendment or addition to these articles of Association which shall provide for a creed, articles of faith, or platform of principles, shall be utterly void and of no effect, any provision in these articles for the amendment of the same to the contrary notwithstanding.

ART. IX.—Officers, How Elected.—The first board of officers may be elected on the day of organizing the Society, without formality. All subsequent elections shall be held in accordance with the By-Laws of the Society. Officers shall hold their respective offices until their successors are severally elected and enter upon the duties of their offices.

Section First.—A failure to elect any officers or all of them, when provided for by the By-Laws, shall in no wise affect the organization, but officers then in office shall severally hold over until their successors are elected and enter upon the duties of their offices.

ART. X.—Vacancies, How Filled.—Any vacancy which may happen by death, resignation, or otherwise, of any officer, may be filled in such a manner as the By-Laws may provide.

ART. XI.—Powers of the Society.—The powers of the Society are unlimited, except by the provisions of these articles of association, the By-Laws of the Society, and the laws of the land.

SECTION I.—Annual Meetings.—This Society shall meet annually on the first Sunday in January, for the election of officers, at the usual place of holding meetings, at 11 o'clock A. M.

SEC. II.—Election by Ballot.—The officers shall be elected by ballot, and the one receiving the highest number of ballots for any office shall be declared elected.

SEC. III.—Term of Office.—Officers shall hold their offices one year, and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their respective offices.

SEC. IV.—Vacancies, How Filled.—In case a vacancy shall occur by death, resignation, or in any other manner, of any officer of this Society, it may be filled *pro tem.* by appointment of the President.

SEC. V.—Duties of Officers.—The duties of the officers shall be similar to the usual duties of the officers of other societies.

SEC. VI.—In general terms the President shall be the presiding officer, and in his absence the Vice-President shall perform his duties, and in the absence of both President and Vice-President, a President *pro tem.* may be elected to discharge the duties of President, for the occasion.

SEC. VII.—The Secretary shall keep a regular record book, in which he shall enter the proceedings of all meetings of the Society.

SEC. VIII.—The Treasurer shall keep a regular account book, wherein he shall make specific entries of all money received and disbursed by order of the Society, and make a full report of his doings at each annual meeting, and at such other times as required by resolution of the Society.

SEC. IX.—The Trustees shall see to the incorporation of the Society in due and legal form, under the statute laws of the State of _____, thereby securing the necessary franchises for the holding of estate, real, personal and mixed; and shall discharge all other duties devolving upon similar officers in other societies, and in accordance with the laws of the State.

SEC. X.—All other officers and agents that may at any time be appointed or elected, shall perform their duties in accordance with the directions or resolutions of the Society.

SEC. XI.—The President may call a Society meeting at any time he may deem it expedient, and at the request of any ten members shall do so.

SEC. XII.—Meetings, How Called.—Meetings shall be called by posting a notice in some conspicuous place on the building where the Society usually meets, or by a verbal or written notice to a majority of the members.

SEC. XIII.—Memberships.—Members may be admitted into this Society at such times and on such terms as shall at the time be deemed expedient, provided the candidate for membership present. But a membership fee of \$— shall be required to be first paid, unless specially remitted by a majority ballot vote of the Society.

SEC. XIV.—Letter of Fellowship.—This Society may, on application of any member, grant a Letter of Fellowship to him or her, certifying that such applicant is a member of this Society, in regular standing, of good moral character, and worthy of fellowship in any other similar Society.

SEC. XV.—Form of Certificate.
To Whom it may Concern:—Society of Spiritualists of _____ hereby certifies that _____ is a member of this Society in good and regular standing, of good moral character, and worthy of fellowship in any other similar Society.
In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, at _____ County of _____, State of _____, this _____ day of _____, A. D. 18—.

California Letter.

Stand Fast for the Cause.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In this great trial-time of Spiritualism it seems almost criminal to remain silent; and the long silence and seclusion required of me would now be unendurable, but for the knowledge that I am thus best serving the sacred cause, and being prepared to fulfill in the right time my part in the impending conflict. I long to be in the open battle! but must wait until the signal of action is given me, when, God willing, something more than words shall come to the conflict. The labor now is silent, unseen, but ere long it will prove that I have been faithful to the pledges made to my beloved audiences.

But now that the darkness long expected by the far-seeing and sensitive is looming around us, I cannot refrain from speaking a few words, possibly of cheer as well as of warning. Even to my quiet retreat sounds of rejoicing at our discomfiture (?) have come. But is this a time for our opponents to shout and exult at the cloud they have gathered? No! for "It must needs be that offences come; but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh!" They are but instruments in the hands of the powers above for the establishment of the living truth, and their every act but accelerates its sublime advancement. Soon throughout this cloud shall sound heaven's "voices, and thunders, and lightnings"; and presently an earthquake shall thrill the hemispheres from centre to centre. Then those who now hope to stop the shining of God's light on earth will call on the rocks and the mountains to hide them.

Nor is this the time for any Spiritualist to shrink from any duty, however unpleasant. Never before were unity, love, faith, and the free out-pouring of material means, as well as the heart's full tide of strong good-will, so greatly needed; for mediums one and all are summoned to trial. Some to open, remorseless persecution; some to secret, relentless labor; and all to the utmost that sensitive human nature can endure. This is the time spoken of by Jesus: "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you." Shall not this martyrdom even unto death be made as easy as possible? Called to battle, as we are, with the powers of earth as well as of the air, solid material resistance as well as spiritual is required as never before; and there is not one but can furnish some munition, either material or spiritual, for this great war. The conflict has come to the material plane. To hesitate now in freely giving to the utmost of the world's coin, the sinews of war now as truly as ever, is to unkindly prolong the martyrdom of mediums, and to postpone the final day of triumph. "He that hath an ear" will he not "hear what the spirit saith to the churches?" To give now is to save not only the life of mediums, but even that of the ineffable gospel they have been the means of introducing.

There are those whose hands are empty yet who can enrich the storehouse of strength. But some of these, whose hearts once burned with enthusiasm as the angels talked with them by the way, now turn deaf ears to the call for aid. May it be true that "the love of many shall wax cold"? Let this not be, we pray you! To doubt now, to withdraw cooperation is to place weapons in the hands of the enemy; is to deprive mediums of one vital source of their strength and power. Instead of this, we pray you pour out the soul's utmost wealth of love, prayer, sympathy and cooperation. To do this is to create a divine atmosphere impervious to foes within and foes without, which, encircling mediums, shall bear them triumphantly through the entire battle. Let us not fail now; let us have no fear of the end. That is to be the most glorious victory and vindication of the truth the world has ever witnessed! The fulfillment of John's Revelation comes on apace. "And I saw the beast and the kings of the earth and their armies gathered together to make war against him that sat on the white horse and his armies. And the beast was taken and the false prophet; and the remnant was slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse." Who will not be inspired to "endure to the end"? We shall come safely to the promised land of victory! And you, Mr. Editor, who through all the long march in the wilderness have borne aloft so faithfully the shining standard of the angels, shall not droop and die on Pisgah, having only sight of the fields of triumph and peace beyond; but you shall carry the Banner of Light to the highest pinnacle there, and when the conflict is ended shall transcribe on its yet brighter pages the full Gospel of the New Era.
Los Angeles, Cal. JENNIE LEYS.

Free Thought.

THE BLISS MEDIA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have had one séance with the Bliss media, but was not at all satisfied with what I saw and heard. The conditions and rules that were to be complied with would not satisfy any skeptic or careful Spiritualist. The voices of the spirits partook of the dialect of Mrs. Bliss, who has a foreign accent. No one was allowed to examine the cabinet after five o'clock the day the séance was held, or after the séance closed. A rule was given by the spirit guide that but a certain number could be admitted at one séance; but when a larger number arrived with their half dollars, the conditions and rules changed, and they were allowed to pass in. No one was to buy a ticket at the time of the séance, and when a medium was invited by Mrs. Bliss to attend, she was refused admittance, while other Spiritualists who had made no previous arrangement were allowed to pass in. Surely there was business in the management that was more prominent than that of satisfying the public of its being a reality.
A. S. HATWARD.

Boston, Dec. 9th, 1876.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Dec. 7th, 1876. Bro. Daniel Winslow, aged 73 years 1 month.
The white-winged messenger of death has entered the home of our friend and brother, Daniel Winslow, and with the gentle touch of his magic wand, introduced him to a ripe old age to the more completeness of life; therefore.
Resolved, That we all sorely feel that a vacancy has thus been created in our midst that can never more be wholly filled, and that we deeply sympathize with the family, and the deceased in their separation from one so beloved, and on whom they have these many years relied in all the relations of life. But our regret is only such as we would feel for a companion and friend who has gone to a far country, a better land than ours, where one and all may in after years meet him and enjoy his counsel and company even more than we have been permitted to do heretofore.
Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be transmitted to the family of the deceased.
M. A. BLANCHARD, } Com.
S. B. BECKETT, }
Portland, Me., Dec. 17th, 1876.
At a meeting of a Spiritual Association, held at Arcana Hall, Dec. 17th, 1876, the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions were passed, and ordered to be recorded and published in the Banner of Light.
WILLIAM TRAYER, Sec'y.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

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ISAAC R. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Spiritualism is a doctrine of a great truth, but it is not a doctrine of a great error. It is a doctrine of a great truth, but it is not a doctrine of a great error. It is a doctrine of a great truth, but it is not a doctrine of a great error. It is a doctrine of a great truth, but it is not a doctrine of a great error.

The Religion of Spiritualism.

So much has been said and written concerning the term religion, and so often has "counsel" with regard to it been "darkened" by words without knowledge, that even to pronounce it is the signal to call up in each individual mind a different picture—true to that mind, but perhaps the furthest from verity to the apprehensions of others in the mass of society. To the Catholic the word is pregnant with all the traditions of his grand and lofty Church; to the Episcopalian it whispers of churchman and dissenter, and perchance brings up unwelcome thoughts concerning the comparative standing of ritualism or non-ritualism; the Presbyterian, the Methodist, in fact all forms of ecclesiastical polity, entertain widely divergent views on the subject. And indeed, though the converts of each particular system claim to believe in its iron creed, if we go a little deeper, we shall perceive in our day that each mind even among these gives a certain latitude of interpretation to the articles of faith, cherishing perhaps a mental reservation regarding the extent of scope to be accorded to one point, and giving another (under the stimulus of awakened thought and an augmented freedom of reason) a broader and more charitable significance. Why, then, in view of this failure of uniformity of belief on the part of the disciples of the century-old religious systems, should it be expected that the adherents of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the believers in the demonstrations of immortal life embodied in the sense convincing testimony afforded by its concomitant physical phenomena, should in the short space of some twenty-nine years be able to present to the world any clearly-digested statement of what is and what is not Spiritualism?

The difference between this new claimant of popular attention, and the systems of ethics which have been acquired by entail from the past, is, that while the precursors of Spiritualism have all been based on the premise of an ancient and long-closed revelation, the Modern Dispensation claims—and demonstrates to thoughtful minds the verity of its statement—to rest upon a living and present revelation from the world of spirit—one which is never closed, whose prophets are yet with us in the flesh, in the persons of men and women whom we know, who have been characterized by the name mediums, and whose Apocalyptic angels are the disembodied spirits of those dear departed ones, the absence of whose material forms we have mourned in days gone by, but whose triumphant and clearly proven return over the "rainbow bridge" has stripped the mystery from the hitherto Isis-veiled face of the grave, and shown us Death as the angel of an eternal and ever-broadening dawn, rather than the goblin of a close-impending and rayless midnight.

It is a fact patent to all observers of its brief history, that Spiritualism has a side especially attractive to those who, accustomed to deal scientifically with stern practicalities, and to dissect and analyze the beauties and the shadows of the material world in which we dwell (that they may find their cause), have endeavored, but vainly—as to any definite conclusion—to apply the same system of analysis to the varied orders of faith concerning an after existence, which the widely out-lying schools of church polemics have unrolled before them. Therefore we find those among its followers who proclaim with a confidence born of their interior convictions that Spiritualism is not a religion but a science. Again, we meet with those minds who, either through early theological training or mental bias, feel called upon to stridently declare that Spiritualism is only an ordained and supplementary crutch with which the old creeds systems may sustain for awhile their failing footsteps; and such are ready to baptize the babe of Hydesville with the name of the babe of Bethlehem, and to proclaim that the modern movement is not merely a religion, but can only as "Christian Spiritualism" attain to a cognomen which in the proper degree symbolizes its nature.

Now in all reverence for the convictions of both these classes we desire to state that in our opinion the true ground concerning the Modern Dispensation lies between the two positions—giving equal support and countenance to the analytical and the intuitional side of human development. Spiritualism is not only a science, presenting to the trained intellect a subject for examination, the results of which point to a continued sphere

of activities in the beyond, but it also appeals to the sensitive soul, telling it that it is not companionless, even though the Matthew and Mark, Luke and John of the popular creeds "pass by on the other side," and leave it to social ostracism or silent contempt, when, pined by doubts that "will not down" and wounded by stubborn facts which it cannot ignore, it can no longer travel toward the theologic Jericho! not companionless, but girt around with an army of helpers, strong with the glory of a higher life, educated by experiences that lie beyond the limit of physical change, and bound to it by the golden cable of a love whose links death cannot sever, and which eternally shall only brighten. Spiritualism therefore meets the wants both of those accustomed to act through the intellect, and those who most clearly feel to live in the domain of the affectional and intuitional departments of human nature—therefore it is at one and the same time gifted with the distinct attributes of a science and a religion.

For the purpose of more unmistakably displaying our meaning we will define the term religion to be the representative in language of a something which, in accordance with the law of demand and supply, answers the instinctive yearnings of the spiritual nature of man, when the aspiration goes out and is met by a return wave from the Infinite Sea. "Man's highest inspirations are ever God's answers to his purest aspirations," said an old divine, who, though using the term God in the strictly Trinitarian sense, was (though perchance unconsciously) conveying to his hearers a glimpse of a great and fundamental law of the universe. Religion, to our mind, is a something which, while it ministers to the out-reaching of the individual soul is not limited to that soul, but can embrace within its fold others having congenial promptings, and therefore upon that substratum of mutual satisfaction a new-found brotherhood may be successfully based. Those who claim that Spiritualism is solely scientific, will perceive that the two-fold character which we claim for it does not weaken its position, since the endorsement of the mental powers of human nature bestowed upon the verdict of the intuitional faculties should really double the hold of the system upon the hearts of its followers, and deepen the force of its appeals to the skeptical to come forth through personal inquiry and experience into the light of the new day-spring.

Even looking at the word religion in the theological sense, has not Spiritualism a clearly-defined meaning? Has it not declared against that heirloom of ancient darkness, the vicarious atonement—proclaiming in its stead that man must work out here and now in mortal life, and for himself, a salvation from sin by ceasing "to do evil" and learning "to do well"—no scapegoat being acknowledged by the laws of the Infinite? Has it not declared that the hell of olden theology is the burnt-out crater of a by-past superstition, and pointed out to the human soul, however debased, that while a true life in mortal is the correct path, yet after death, however deeply it may plunge beneath the wave of darkness, there is yet a hope of improvement by efforts for light put forth under the tutelage of missionary angels from higher spheres—themselves full often of their friends and comrades when in earthly existence? Has not Spiritualism enlarged the human ideal of God, and given him an all embracing Infinity, instead of a limited and tripartite personality? Whatever cognomen its followers may choose to apply to the Supreme Power matters not—beneath the flesh surface of a name the rich blood of an interior and common acknowledgment courses calmly in the channels of the soul, unquenchable by false excitement and unchecked by creedal fear.

We give it, therefore, as our opinion—though we are but one in the mass, and have no desire to do anything looking toward sectarianization—that Spiritualism has a distinctive form as a system of religious belief, and its followers therefore are entitled to all the protection in matters of conscience which is guaranteed to the citizens of this free land. We hold that its media—chosen and ordained as they are by a power outside of and above themselves, are equally as deserving of defence in the eye of the law as are the staffed ministers of the popular churches, many of whom enter that profession in answer to the desires of friends, or through coveting the respectability and gilded ease which surround the pulpit and coruscate from the labarum. We repeat it, that defining Spiritualism as a system of belief, and we have cited its salient points, all of which of course rest upon the initial one of a proven power of return on the part of the disembodied human spirit—its disciples are as clearly entitled to the protection of the laws defending liberty of conscience in the United States as those of the most powerful sects which fill the land with their churches, and startle the beholder by their formidable following. Spiritualism deals, however, not only with belief, but stretches out its hand into the domain of knowledge. Through years of experience thousands, ay, millions all over the civilized globe, have had their faith in an immortal life upstayed amid the whelming deluge of doubt by the mental and physical demonstration that spirit communion is a verity. How pitifully absurd, therefore, and yet how unqualifiedly unjust is the spectacle—in this nation whose governmental foundations rest upon the declaration that no law prohibiting the rights of conscience in religious matters or the free exercise of the same shall be constructed by its Congress—of learned M. D.s, College Professors, and ministers of the popular sects combining from interested motives (there is no escape from that fact) to denounce the spiritual media as vagrants and impostors, and its believers as credulous zanytes or hopeless lunatics; a method of procedure adopted not long since by a sermonster entrenched in a Boston pulpit, and which is now being pushed to an issue under cover of law in San Francisco (detailed, as our readers will remember, in a letter from Dr. Peables published recently in these columns).

The widest freedom of thought exists among Spiritualists; those who cling to the name, and reverence the history of Jesus of Nazareth to such a degree that they would even endeavor to engraft the New Dispensation upon the old, and those who, unable to embrace the faith in its name, have yet in the new system found evidence of that immortality for man which the churches proudly claim it is their special prerogative to unfold, are free to express their opinions. The doctrines of the mediums and speakers and controlling intelligences may radically differ on matters of detail, but we submit (to recapitulate) that they essentially agree upon the points of the verity of spirit return and communion, the impracticability of vicarious atonement, the uplifting and out-broadening of man's ideal of the Infinite Father and Mother of us all,

and the grand doctrine of future and endless progression, and these afford to our religion of Spiritualism a ground more tenable in this age of pitiless inquiry than that occupied by any other system upon which the sun shines to day. Upon these points—throwing out all speculations as to who is "the spiritual leader of men," and therefore of the movement on the one hand, or as to whether science, from a strictly materialistic point of view, is its only true animator, on the other—it seems to us that the majority of the friends in various localities could honestly rally, for mutual protection against persecution, and for the purpose of disseminating broadcast a knowledge of the truth as it is in—man, implanted there at this modern day by an influx from the Beyond!

The Churches and the Poor.

It is estimated that the Tabernacle which is preparing for Moody and Sankey in this city, in which they are to hold their revival meetings, will cost, with all its appointments, some sixty thousand dollars. The clergy have exerted themselves personally to help on the work, speaking words of encouragement wherever they thought they would do any good, appealing to the church feeling with which they have previously saturated so many minds, and in every manner stirring up the public, like politicians in the heat of a canvass, to make good their pledge that this ecclesiastical enterprise shall not fall short of success. And when it is all over, they will be the very first ones to turn around and point to it as the work of the Lord. That is the way in which they notoriously work their machinery.

We have seen an estimate of what the cost of this Tabernacle would do for the poor of Boston this winter, if commuted into barrels of flour, tons of coal, yards of cotton cloth, pieces of flannel, bushels of potatoes, and those other things of which the very large class of people who are now out of work so sorely stand in need. Merely to run it over makes one tremble to think of how much suffering could be prevented, and how much actual comfort could be dispensed, if the sixty thousand dollars which this building is to take out of the pockets of the rich, were to be distributed among the poor. One naturally asks, therefore, why the clergy who are so ready to forward the building enterprise are not equally ready to organize and apply the effective relief for suffering. There is a plain and short answer to the question: In the one case they are cultivating their own field, in the other they are only scattering bread upon the waters. The latter does not seem to be their work.

Now so long as the clergy assume to run a particular section of the machinery of society, we insist that they thereby make themselves responsible for the moral and religious condition of society; and if that is helped by getting up expensive revivals, for the exclusive benefit of the churches, when thousands of human beings in the community are at a loss to know where to-night's fire or to-morrow's breakfast is coming from, then a system of morals has become insensibly established of which the people ought to be promptly apprised. The clergy of course answer, that the world will take care of the poor and the churches too. Kind and good world! that, though sore and sick with sin, according to the theologians, nevertheless pays for launching and sustaining all good enterprises.

Then, again, in making such an answer as this the clergy squarely admit that they are not set to do works of charity among the people, but ecclesiastical work solely. They confess by this answer that it is not for them to take care of the poor, but for those who contribute to the building of tabernacles to do that also. And in those tabernacles, too, they shout their anathemas against the same world on which they have just shouldered the cost of everything. It is too much like riding a free horse to death. First to beg the world's money all away, then to leave the poor and unemployed to its care, and finally to turn and lash it without mercy, for its sins, is too much like eating up principal and interest together.

Nothing is plainer than the need of joining sympathies and resources for the silent and steady alleviation of misery among people now unemployed, but who were once able to earn an honest living. These people are one with us, are a part of us, in fact help give vitality to the community. To help them is our first duty. It is so conspicuous a duty that it cannot be ignored. Better to call public meetings in the city and organize boards of relief, and thus practice the Christian spirit and theory, than to expend all in erecting tabernacles for preaching, expounding, reviving, and making converts, when people all around are starving. This first duty to society ought to be discharged first. The spread of ecclesiastical power may safely be left to take care of itself.

We wish that it were possible in these brief and few sentences to impress on the community a right sense of what belongs to it to-day. Moody and Sankey will come and go, and their work will go with them. Will the whole of it excuse the willful neglect of a single fellow-being who, by no fault of his own, has been made helpless when he was so lately a self-supporter? At any rate, the community will not be exculpated from blame until it has raised at least an equal sum for distribution among the poor with that which it is asked to put into a revival tabernacle. Getting up revivals is never going to conciliate a God who also sees the neglect of the poor and wretched. The clergy have an unerring instinct in these matters, and time their revivals with the periods of public distress; let them improve these periods rather to alleviate the real suffering of human hearts.

D. D. Home.

Writing from Geneva, Switzerland, promises the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial to pay \$5000 to the poor of his city if Mr. D. D. Conway can substantiate by satisfactory proof either of these assertions recently made by him in that paper:

"Robert Browning's story is different, being to the effect that Home was detected in the imposture of placing sponges dipped in phosphorus on wires at the top of the house, and confessed his imposture. Anthony Trollope is also said to have some ugly reminiscences of Home in Florence, and Adolphus Trollope is credited with having once kicked that eminent medium down stairs."

Mr. Home goes on to pronounce Mr. Conway "desitute of the instincts of a gentleman," and concludes thus: "I pronounce both of his fabrications to be the coinage of his own brain."

Read the opening installment of "Original Researches in Psychology," by T. P. Barkas, F. G. S., which will be found on our first page.

Dr. J. R. Newton has decided to visit Louisville, Ky., for a brief season, and will be at the Galt House Jan. 1st.

The Slade Defence-Fund.

Liberal measures have been taken by the English committee having the care of the Slade case, to make a gallant defence. Eminent counsel have been engaged, and the trial is likely to be distinguished by the display of great ability on both sides. For we now learn that the Prosecution will probably be conducted at the public expense. If this be true—and it is not yet quite confirmed—it is a monstrous and high-handed measure.

Lankester has probably represented that he has entered into the subject entirely on public grounds, and that should the case go against him, he will be heavily mulcted, &c.; and the Royal Society has in consequence exerted itself in his behalf, and Government has acceded. A more intolerant and intolerable act could not well be conceived. We hope the report is not true; but such is now the prospect and the probability.

Meanwhile we trust American Spiritualists will not slacken in their subscriptions. We see that the London Spiritualist republishes all the American subscribers whose names had been received up to Dec. 15th. At least a thousand dollars more are needed in order that America may contribute her share of the expense. Remember that many small sums will amount to a large one. Since we have put our hand to the plow, let us not pause in the midst of the furrow.

Happy New Year!

To all the readers, friends, and supporters of the Banner and the holy cause in which it is engaged, we extend the greeting we have written above. May they find in the year just opening the realization of hopes and desires which have not ripened for them hitherto. May they experience fresh delights in the practice of a faith on which, as a basis, it is possible for all the joy of earth to be built. May they so look at life and its apparent confusion that they will see in it the clear and distinct purpose of the great Author of order and law. May charity become their closest friend, and walk with them every day in deed and thought. May new resolutions be framed that shall lead to closer acquisitions of beauty and truth in the character.

The New Year is the very time to start afresh. At least once in a year we ought all of us to renew our promises to ourselves and to others. What though they become but forgotten landmarks after a time, they nevertheless assist in imparting fresh impulse and giving a new push to good designs. It may be necessary, in such a sense, for the Banner itself to put forth the leaves of a new promise—a promise to reach up and out in all directions for improvement, to labor with a devoted earnestness for the precious truths of Spiritualism, to consecrate itself anew to the great work in which it has been so long engaged. Let us then record such a promise on this threshold of the New Year, and call on all true Spiritualists to help us in the faithful performance of it. If renewed endeavor and a profounder trust, cooperating with the unseen hosts and the aspirations of believers everywhere on the earth, shall bring to pass the lofty wishes that continually possess and fill our heart, then we may positively promise a great advance in the future on the results of our work in the past.

Going to Heaven.

The Congregationalist, of this city, is of opinion that in making a change of worlds the theatre is the wrong place to start from—*apropos* of the recent burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. At any rate, it feels confident that such is the common sentiment, and insists that it be properly respected. On the other hand, Mr. Beecher is positive that it makes very little difference where a man is when he dies, believing he is just as near heaven in the theatre as out of it. There is in this difference of opinion a significant suggestion of the real difference between preachers of the liberal stamp and those who hold close and fast to bigoted Orthodoxy. The latter sect shows in this single feature of its creed how it cultivates bald and bare dogma more than living truth. The most of the ecclesiastical disputes, from time immemorial, have been over points of no more importance than this, and all of them leading to the same place, which is simply nowhere. A theatre, to be sure, may not be the most appropriate place to die in, all things considered; and those who go there with minds chiefly oppressed with thoughts of death, instead of wishing to be entertained, would do better to stay away altogether. People who feel nothing like shame in frequenting the theatre, have no reason to feel bad if death should happen to overtake them there. It certainly must somewhere, and they are not the ones to choose the place. We observe that those who are ready to preach in this doleful Orthodox way about dying in a theatre, are decidedly silent when reminded of the fact that there was where President Lincoln came to his end.

Lectures at Investigator Hall.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten spoke in this course Sunday evening, Dec. 24th, on "Religious Revivals." Next Sunday evening Mrs. M. P. Townsend, of Brattleboro', Vt., will occupy the platform, to be followed at subsequent dates by Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, Mrs. Dr. Bland, Miss Susan H. Wixon, Mrs. Hope Whipple, Mrs. M. J. Gage, and others.

Annie Lord Chamberlain has a letter in the Chicago Times of Sunday, Dec. 24th, in which she announces that on that evening two children would be christened by Mrs. Cora L. V. (Tappan) Richmond, previous to her lecture on "A Century in the Spheres," at Grow's Hall, No. 517 West Madison street.

The Illustration Espritista of Mexico says that the laws struck at Spiritualism in France, Spain, England and Russia have only elevated the victim, aroused curiosity and multiplied adepts and neophytes.

The promised account of the cremation of the remains of the late Baron de Palm (which was specially prepared for our columns), will appear next week.

An article prepared for the benefit of our readers, by Allen Putnam, Esq., on "Moody and Sankey," will be printed in the next number of the Banner.

Baldwin is "exposing" (?) Spiritualism in Toronto.

CONSCIOUSNESS—ITS SUNSHINE, DELIGHTS AND STORMS.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The counterpart structure of the universe, even to the coarsest observer, is too evident to suggest controversy. The scales hang evenly balanced in the hand of Eternal Justice. There is as much on one side, in one bowl of the balance, as there is on the other—a just and equal distribution, face to face, on exactly opposite sides, yet in conjugal harmony with each other—of every substance, essence, property, quality, impulse, purpose and destiny. But the extent and significance of this fact in nature is great or small, according to the state and culture of the observer. The loftier and purer the spectator, the grander and holier the scene. A limited mind, which may not be open on the spiritual side, observes a fact, and is mentally impressed with it; but such a mind feels nothing spiritual proceeding from it, and hence acquires from such fact only such knowledge as is kept in the pigeon-holes of memory. With Wordsworth, or upon minds of similar constitution, the effect of a fact is something spiritual and sublime. Walking in the fields and beside streams, he testifies that he felt the inner life of things.

A presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man; A motion and a spirit that impels All things in nature, all objects of all thoughts, And rolls through all things.

The inner life of a fact, to a mind thus spiritually impressionable, is, without hesitation or controversy, the pivot on which its significance rests and revolves. And hereby I illustrate to you what is meant by the term "Double Consciousness," which in man is a private demonstration and revelation of the counterpart structure of the universe.

That every fact, like every question, "has two sides," is, I repeat, indisputable. Human nature is built and endowed upon this principle. And it is because of this foundation and unchangeable principle, operating through a countless number and variety of methods and degrees, that causes mankind to make such a multitude of curious and conflicting manifestations. A man's mental wheels turn upon jeweled pivots, provided with compensating balance movements, and with every scientific perfection, so that he can make progress in all places and temperatures, and yet no "time-keeper" more often requires overhauling, cleaning, regulating, or more careful conveyance in a pocket warmed and nourished by the heart.

The sunshine of consciousness is lightest and most prismatic when the spirit is king, and rules benignly in the lower kingdom of the senses. Such a mind walks with his Heavenly parents; for his inner life throbs in sweet accord with the Infinite heart. The holy energy of Love floods his private purposes; and there are healing and happiness in the faithful exercises of his will.

But such delights cannot be experienced except for brief moments, often with painful and lengthened intervals between, because of the storms to which the consciousness is subject from the universe without. An interior communion, undisturbed for sixty consecutive minutes, would, I fully believe, unsettle the mind and disarrange its necessary and just relations to this sensuous life. Hence the storms which howl and break in such wild violence upon our daily and hourly pilgrimage. Of the existence of a spiritual universe we know in the delightful depths of a feeling (which is flooded with ineffable recollections,) even while oppressed by uncontrollable circumstances, or prostrated by the energy of opposing wills and conflicting associations.

Consciousness is twofold in its constitution and manifold in its practical operations. Sensitive persons, because of this conscious doubleness in comingling and indiscriminate exercise, sometimes seem to act or speak hypocritically, or to practice duplicity and "double dealing" in ordinary intercourse with their fellow-men. Thus the very spiritual mind is not unfrequently, also, a very weak and vacillating mind, judged by the standard of an ordinary, well-balanced intellect. But the injustice, not to say cruelty and diabolism, of such a judgment, becomes most apparent and insupportable when coupled with religious prejudices and social ostracism.

The writer's experience is grounded in a long exercise of the spiritual side of consciousness. He has attempted to live in both worlds naturally and healthfully; not, however, at the same moment and in the same hours, but at different moments and in separate hours in the same day; and his attempt has been crowned with a large, grateful, delightful measure of success. But a certain and complete failure invariably succeeded every ambition to exist consciously in both worlds at the same time. "Never attempt to do two inconsistent things at once," is a motto you will find at the foot of the altar in my experience; and need I say that obedience is with me an act of pure religion?

Ambitious Spiritualists, vainly attempting to take the kingdom of heaven by violence, have brought destructive storms far and wide over the stretches of their consciousness. It was with a kind of psychophonic listening that Wordsworth's internal ear caught "the still sad music of humanity"; and it was with a long-cultured impressibility of his spiritual consciousness that he "felt a presence that disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts"; but what think you would have happened to him had he attempted, at the same sublime moment, to have heard the barking of his favorite dog and felt the gratification of snatching a delicious steak?

Shall I say to church people that they are culpably ignorant of human nature? And that, consequently, they do not comprehend the true foundation of the religion of eternity? And may I also say to Spiritualists that they do not obey the pivotal principle of consciousness? And, therefore, that they fail day by day in reaping a harvest of imperishable riches from the fields of their immense opportunities. They are drifting oceanward without a chart, and many are speeding upon narrow and dangerous voyages without a reliable pilot.

The sunshine of consciousness is delightful with "the pure in heart." Opening of the interior feeling to a full and free communion with eternal principles, is the only door, swinging on golden hinges, which admits the traveler to the immediate presence of the Infinite Father and Mother. All other search after the Everlasting Centre will fail of complete comfort to the searcher. Facts to the senses, or even the hidden facts of consciousness, are fruitless unless their "inner life" is seen and heard and felt. To those who thus see and hear and feel, the dark luxuriance of the Diakka-Land and the flowering glories of the Summer-Land alike seem beautiful manifestations of the Infinite Wisdom, differing upon a twofold and manifold consciousness; without which a personal existence and consequent progression in any world would be an impossibility.

Orange, N. J., Dec. 17th, 1876

Boflin's Bower.

The annual Fair at this eminently worthy charitable institution, the special object of which is to furnish free dinners to the needy working-girls of Boston during the winter, begins at the Bower Jan. 1st, and will continue for a week or more.

Amid the numerous calls for assistance at this season of the year, none are more entitled to receive material aid and practical sympathy from the public than this identical Boflin's Bower; nor is there one where a little of the needful goes so far and does so much real good. The name of its efficient manager, Miss Jennie Collins, has become a "household word" among thousands, who speak her name coupled only with blessings on their lips and in their hearts.

The committee who have the management of this Fair, are not only well known in this community, but have heretofore in the same direction proven themselves a live and working body of practical men and women. The following list comprises the officers: President, Hon. F. W. Bird; Vice Presidents, A. A. Burrage, George A. Bacon, and Miss Jennie Collins; Secretary, Wm. F. D. Perkins; Treasurer, Dr. Howard F. Damon; Auditor, S. A. D. Shepard; Executive Committee, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, Hon. Wm. Gaston, Oliver Ditson, Esq., Wm. B. Smart, S. R. Uribino, Harry M'Glen, S. M. Waldron, Mrs. Louise L. Bacon, Mrs. M. M'Glen, Miss Mary R. Bird, Miss Jennie Collins; Soliciting Committee, Mrs. Wm. B. Smart, Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, Mrs. E. H. Smith, Mrs. C. Seavey, Mrs. Abbie Ripley, Mrs. W. F. D. Perkins, Mrs. M. Humphrey, Mrs. Hattie Rich, and Miss Collins, who are the only authorized parties to receive contributions for the Fair.

Several of the largest business houses and lending firms in Boston have already sent in their checks, together with packages of goods, and others have voluntarily promised to do likewise, so that the Fair will doubtless be a success. The following extract from an elaborate article in the "Golden Rule," which bears the finger-marks of Rev. Mr. Murray, is so pertinent that we cannot do better than to give it in this connection:

"Is it not high time to claim public recognition and support for a movement growing out of a deep feeling that neither the worst nor the most deserving poverty is that associated with dirt and ignorance and crime, but a poverty experienced by pure and sensitive natures—by industrious and virtuous self-dependent women who can get no work, or but scanty pay for their labor—by young women not trained to useful avocations who are suddenly thrown on their own slender resources, and forced to work for four dollars a week and lodge in a tenement house? Is it not time that thoughtful men and women should take some action on the very evident fact that the conflict which is to trouble even this new country of ours, in the near future, is not one between capital and labor, but between pauperism and labor—between ignorance and intelligence—between the American habit of knowledge, independence and virtue, and the alien element of ignorance, poverty and vagabondage? "The institution that recognizes these truths, and stands in friendly and helpful relations to thousands of girls who need help, has not received the support it should from the rich and benevolent women of Boston. It is a fact, we believe, that men have been its principal supporters. There are many rich women who will read these lines, their benefactions are generous and far-reaching. We beg them to pause before they fill up their annual checks for foreign missions and pauper charities, and go down to 1031 Washington street and investigate the work of Boflin's Bower. If they can catch some of the enthusiasm for good work which animates its manager, and learn of her needs and the opportunities for Christ-like service here in Boston, we feel sure they will not diminish their other gifts—but add to them, and in these near-at-home directions."

All who are benevolently inclined toward Boflin's Bower, and who wish to add to its measure of success, are requested to forward their contributions to the store of Macaulay, Williams & Parker, 400 Washington street. They will be suitably acknowledged. G. A. B.

The Banner Message Department.

We request especial consideration of the communications from disembodied intelligences printed on our sixth page—not merely of those contained in the present number, but as from week to week they appear. In the utterances reported—untaught and unpolished it may be many times—there is still to be traced the existence of an individualized identity, which is, after all, the prime object of the presentation of these messages to the public. And frequently, too, will be met with sentences which glow with inspiration, and are replete with insight. The following, which recently appeared in our department, is recommended to the attention of the reader as a specimen of Spiritualism's unfoldings concerning the life which is to come:

"How strange it seems when we look back and see the grand importance that a man places upon his earthly existence, and after the chapter is finished and cleared up, how insignificant look his ways and means. Whether he be groveling in poverty or whether he has riches and luxuries, one man, born of a woman, stands equal in the spirit world to the other. As I have viewed the law, there is no partiality. Each one has to unfold his own aspirations for the higher and the better. And he does the work, the better will be his condition in this world where there is no stagnation of life. Everything here has its full growth, full nourishment and highest achievement."

Legal Protection for the Green Mountain Medicos.

Joseph Flint writes us from Granville, Dec. 23d, that "The Legislature of the State of Vermont has passed a protective law for the doctors of drug medicines—they petitioning, not we the people, for the statute. Now if the acute law makers will give some leading sect of religionists the privilege of saving souls, and shut out Spiritualism and Liberalism, they will follow their initial step to its logical conclusion." We shall review the law and its provisions in a forthcoming issue.

"We are under special indebtedness to Andrew Jackson Davis for the fine series of articles which he is at present contributing to our columns—one of which will be found on our fourth page. Another of this course from his pen, on "The Pivotal Power—Its Laws, Servants, and Manifestations," will appear in our next issue.

The announcement of the Seventeenth Christmas Anniversary of the North Street Union Mission, Boston, Philip Davies, Superintendent, reached us too late in the week for insertion.

The official report of the Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists has been received, and we hope to print it in our issue for Jan. 6th.

Read the soul-inspiring letter from Jennie Lays, which will be found on our third page.

Mr. C. C. Massey on the Situation.

The following letter to the London Times on the Slade prosecution from Mr. Massey, one of the counsel for the defence, will be found of interest by the reader:

To the Editor of the "Times": Sir—The letter of Mr. Algernon Clarke, which you published recently, is a striking illustration of the ignorance which, in combination with a prejudice that is fast assuming the evil features of intolerance, is likely not only to "crush" justice to individuals, but also to reduce inquiries to the medieval resources of proscribed and clandestine investigation. One of the objects of the defence in the late prosecution was to enlighten this ignorance by the evidence of those who, from their long experience in this subject, may be called experts, and who would have dispelled several crude misconceptions which are at the root of unfounded suspicions, and of the demand for impracticable tests. That and other evidence Mr. Muntun was not permitted to adduce. With suggestions such as that of Mr. Clarke we are all familiar. They sound plausible, simply because people do not realize the distinction between physical and psychological conditions. Students of that deeply interesting and instructive work, Dr. Carpenter's *Mental Physiology* (with attentive and repeated perusals of which I fortified myself on entering upon my own investigations of these phenomena), are impressed by the multitude of examples of the paralysis or perversion of organic processes by emotional states. Now, if there is one fact which experience has abundantly proved, it is that the force, which we say operates beyond the organism, is most intimately associated with the mental and nervous condition of the subject. Agitation, anger, anxiety, depression almost infallibly arrest it. Equanimity—and "mediums" are often the most excitable of mankind—is usually an indispensable condition. To require that this force should operate in the midst of a jeering multitude, with the subject of it crushed and disheartened by apprehensions, by the sense of wrong, by solicitude for the result, is to betray an ignorance of psychology, pardonable enough in the inventor of "Psychic," but which those who have given years of study to the subject may surely be allowed to correct. Of this ignorance the prosecution in the Slade case have had and have taken the fullest advantage, while our hands have been tied by the rejection of all but a fragment of our evidence. Upon the legal admissibility of that evidence, another tribunal will have to decide; but the evident object of the prosecution being to discredit, perhaps even to interdict, an investigation which has become formidable, and, therefore, odious to certain materialistic men of science, it will be hard indeed if the Press, which should be the jealous guardian of the right of free inquiry, refuses us a hearing on a broader issue than that to which, it may be, the law confines us.

Your obedient servant, C. C. MASSEY.

Temple.

"A Book with a Revolution in It."

Madame Blavatsky has been for some time past engaged in preparing for the press a volume, which, if the information that reaches us is veritable—and we have no reason to question its reliability—is destined to produce a profound sensation in the world of letters. This work will be called "The Veil of Isis; or, Skeleton Keys to Mysterious Gates." It will comprise eight or nine hundred octavo pages. The publisher, J. W. Benton, has not yet determined whether to print it in two volumes or one, but inclines to the latter. It will appear simultaneously in London and New York. The MS. has been reviewed, and most highly praised by Prof. Alexander Wilder, M. D., the Platonist and Archaeologist, who pronounces it "a book with a revolution in it"—equal to Enenoser's great work on the History of Magic, in every respect. One of its chief merits he finds to be the fact that no statement is made upon mere assertion, but everything is fairly quoted when an author is cited, and chapter and verse are given.

"It is hard to say," states our informant, "which is abler—her analysis of the pretensions of modern science, or her sifting of modern religion—to each of which one-half of the book is devoted. Her long residence in India, Thibet and Egypt, her constant intercourse with the learned mystics of those countries, and her free access to the precious libraries of ancient books and MSS. in their hands, have fitted her as no other critic has been fitted for the colossal task she has now almost completed. Surprise will be evoked at the complete answers which she will afford to the many queries and speculations propounded by Max Müller, Haug, Kingsborough, Lord Amberley, Coleman, Inman and others, as to the real meaning of Oriental symbols and myths."

Donations

In Aid of the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings.

From Mrs. H. Lovewell, Morristown, Vt., \$1.00; Mrs. C. Boyd, Johnson Creek, N. Y., \$1.00; Thomas Mosely, Roxbury, Mass., \$1.00; Wm. Mason, Toulon, Ill., \$1.00; S. Bates, St. Ansar, Ia., 80 cents; Charles Chittenden, Boston, Mass., \$2.00; George E. Lewis, Peabody, Mass., \$2.50; Mrs. H. M. Crispin, Al., Ohio, 50 cents; C. B. Bidwell, Eureka, Nev., \$1.00; Thos. Wardwell, St. Ansar, Ia., 50 cents; Mrs. Gillman, 25 cents; P. Pollock, Virginia City, Nev., \$1.00; Eben Snow, Cambridge, Mass., \$1.85; J. E. Hayward, Quincy Point, Mass., \$2.00; B. Chadsey, Bushville, Ill., 85 cents; D. P. Marcey, S. W. Harbor, Me., 50 cents; S. Brooks, Winona, Minn., \$1.85; A. D. Francis, Clinton, N. Y., 50 cents; William A. Atkins, Provincetown, Mass., 85 cents; Bessie A. Follansbee, Mansfield, Mass., 40 cents; O. T. Stoughton, Bakersfield, Vt., 85 cents; William Brotherton, Tom's River, N. J., 25 cents; Gad Norton, Bristol, Ct., 85 cents; Gales Spencer, E. Greenwich, R. I., 25 cents; J. DuBois, Everett, Pa., 85 cents; R. S. Harris, Dubuque, Ia., \$1.00; Moses Goodwin, (for little Mary), \$1.25. For which we return our sincere thanks.

Donations for God's Poor Fund.

Received since our last acknowledgment:

From O. N. Bancroft, Tom's River, N. J., 50 cents; S. Hayward, Charlton Depot, Mass., \$1.00; Mrs. S. N. Thompson, Southboro, Mass., 85 cents; P. Pollock, Virginia City, Nev., \$1.85; Eben Snow, Cambridge, Mass., \$2.50; Student, New York City, 50 cents; Jefferson Cutter, Bedford, Mass., \$2.00; Fred M. Ashby, North Brookfield, Mass., 50 cents; Donations received at Banner of Light Circle Room, \$3.01; D. Collins, Standing Rock, Dakota, \$1.00; A. S. Barber, Pembroke, Mass., \$1.85. We tender sincere thanks to the kind-hearted friends who have remembered the destitute poor.

In the Vineland (N. J.) Independent of a recent date, we find the following clear-cut sentences, embodying the sum and substance of the Slade case:

"Dr. Slade, the spirit medium, who was on his way to Russia, under a contract, that would seem to take his movements outside of 'agency,' and who was arrested and tried in London, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor for that offence. It is a great wonder that Moody escaped while there. Slade attempted to prove his doctrines demonstrably by facts; Moody only made assertions, therefore escaped the prison."

Lectures in Parker Fraternity Hall.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Mrs. Britten's lecture on Sunday afternoon, 24th, was attended by a good audience, who listened to her fervent utterances with rapt attention. She commenced by saying that science had been divided into sacred and profane. This was a great error. There could be nothing profane in the investigation of Nature, which was what science really was. From the earliest dawn, man had been a scientific being, and his earliest studies, which were a necessity of his new condition, were agriculture, astronomy and architecture. The law of supply and demand regulated his progress. Thus he was led to subdue the forces of Nature for use. He had scaled the heavens, found system upon system, explored matter through its successive stages, from the mineral to the gaseous, and was now exploring the subtle electric, etheric forces. Man had accomplished much, and there was no horizon to his vision but his ignorance. Priests did not work in this direction, and thus did not touch aright, and religion was consequently found wanting.

There were three forms of science yet untried, Social Science, the Science of Character, and the Science of Spirit. These required to be studied in the light of Spiritualism in order to elevate humanity. Spiritualism was the hope of the world, and Spiritualists should be more alive to their responsibility in protecting the talent entrusted to them. It was now split on the rocks of Avarice and Sensuality. "See how these Christians love one another," might be paraphrased by the words, see how these Spiritualists deceive one another. It was our duty to love God, which we could only do by loving and benefiting our fellow-men. This is all we can do for God, and is the sum and substance of Christ's teachings. Thus and thus only would the world be redeemed. The three points indicated were elaborated in forcible and eloquent language, and the discourse brought to a climax by a peroration characteristic of the lecturer.

Miss Harrington sang two choice songs, and Mr. Cooper made a few remarks, in which he contrasted the energy of religionists with the apathy of Spiritualists, and urged upon those present to make an effort to continue free spiritual lectures, which he considered most important at the present time.

Mrs. Britten announced that on next Sunday she would deliver, at this hall, a New Year's Oratorion.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PARKER FRATERNITY HALL.—Mrs. Emma Harding holds her lectures on Sunday afternoon (3 o'clock) of each week. Meetings directed by Robert Cooper. Subject next Sunday, "A New Year's Oratorion."

TEMPLE HALL, 488 Washington street.—Spiritual lectures every Sunday at 2 o'clock. A New Year's meeting every Friday evening in the month except the first. F. W. Jones, Chairman.

LUTHERAN HALL.—The Universal Reform Association holds its lectures on Sunday afternoon (3 o'clock) at 2 o'clock. F. W. Jones, Chairman.

PYTHIAN TEMPLE, 176 Tremont street.—The Spiritualist Lecture Society will hold a Test Circle every Sunday evening, commencing at 7 o'clock. Many prominent mediums have volunteered their services. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. John Womersley, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT, Townshend Hall.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Rochester Hall.—Children's Progressive Lyceum met as usual on Sunday, Dec. 24th. Lectures were rendered by H. A. Johnson, Carrie Hale, May Potter, Beulah Fairbanks, Etta Farr, Edgy Washburn, Jessie Kimball, Jenny Miller, George Dodge, Edward Mennard, Alphonso Mennard, Florence Hall and Ella Carr. Songs by Misses Hawthorth, Alice Bond, Jennie Thomas, Mrs. Prince, the Misses Matthews, Nellie Shuman, and the Saunders sisters. Mrs. Charter, at the request of her spirit-band, distributed flowers and evergreens among the leaders and children, making at the same time appropriate remarks. The occasion was a pleasant one.

JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Sec. The Woman's Amateur Dramatic Club gave their first entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Lyceum at Rochester Hall, Dec. 22d. The programme consisted of a song by Miss Cora Hastings, select reading by Miss Ina M. Bridgman, and a drama entitled "The Spirit of '76," in which the characters were well sustained by Mrs. Hattie Wilson, Mrs. M. W. Whittier, Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, Miss Elizabeth Dawkins, Miss Celia Smith and Miss Mary Blake. Unluckily a severe snow storm prevailed during the evening, in consequence of which the audience was not large; but those who were there enjoyed the occasion very much, and a request is made that the Club repeat the entertainment, which they have promised to do during the season.

Christmas Exercises.—A full account of the Lyceum celebration of Monday and Tuesday last will appear in our next issue.

Temple's Hall.—The meetings at this place have been very fully attended during the past few Sundays. There are many who take part in the services, giving their experiences, which have been exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Tving has given very excellent satisfaction the last two Sunday evenings by relating her experience and answering written questions. After the regular evening meeting, Dec. 31st, we propose to hold a Spiritual Watch Meeting from 10 to 12 o'clock.

To Let.—Splendid new rooms, suitable for office purposes—in a highly eligible location—furnished with all the modern improvements: gas, water, and steam-heaters. Apply at the Banner of Light Counting Room for further particulars.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion.

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

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. Munison, P. O. Box 2619, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. 15w-N. 11.

From R. Fellows, M. D., of Hill, N. H. Although I have generally a great objection to patent medicines, I can but say in justice to Dr. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY that it is a remedy of superior value for Pulmonary Diseases.

I have made use of this preparation for several years, and it has proved to be very reliable and efficacious in the treatment of severe and long-standing Coughs. I know of one patient, now in comfortable health, who has taken this remedy, and who but for its use, I consider, would not now be living.

Throat Diseases often commence with a Cold, Cough, or unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," which if neglected often result in a chronic trouble of the Throat.

From Maine to California millions of children are wearing SILVER TIPPED Shoes. Why not? They are the cheapest, and never wear through at the toe.

Also try Wire Quilted Soles.

D. 30.3w

Dr. C. C. DUSENBURY, Magnetic Physician, 1123 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa. 6w-D. 9.

Dr. WILLIS may be consulted at the Sherman House, in Court Square, every Wednesday and Thursday till further notice, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. D. 30.

Spermatorrhoea.

Dr. R. P. FELLOWS'S warranted cure should be in the hands of those suffering from this life-wasting disease. It is an external application, and has made "eight hundred" permanent cures. Charges moderate. Address with stamp, Vineland, N. J. 4w*-D. 9.

THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCES have engaged the services of a remarkable Medium to answer SEALED LETTERS. \$2. Description of the writer, 81, 229 Broadway, N. Y., Office 55. D. 16.

Removed to New York.

Prof. S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., has removed both his Office Practice and his family to No. 232 West 11th street, where he should be addressed hereafter; and where also he may be consulted by all who require his professional services. Patients from abroad, who may be disposed to avail themselves of the Doctor's skill, and his agreeable and successful methods of treatment, by the use of Electricity, Magnetism and other Subtle Agents, may obtain board conveniently and at reasonable prices.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joralemon street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. D. 30.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, Dr. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh, between 5th and 6th ave., New York City. D. 30.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. D. 30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. E. D. SPEAR, So much celebrated for his remarkable cures, colic and residence, 87 Washington street, Boston, Mass., may be consulted on ALL diseases free of charge, or by letter, with stamp. References: The many in New England and elsewhere who have been cured by his treatment, dated from the past 30 years. Medical Hand Book free, sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents. 20w*-Nov. 27.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOISE, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Persons who desire to subscribe to the Banner of Light, or who wish to send a contribution, may do so by sending their names and the amount to Mr. J. J. Moise, at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

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

BALTIMORE, MD., BOOK DEPOT. WASH. A. J. BROWN, 429 North street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. L. RHODES, 918 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, and will also receive orders for the Spiritual and Reform Works published at the Harvard House, 321 street, and at the Philadelphia, Pa., and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. Rhodes.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER DEPOT. HANNING D. MILLER keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard House, 321 street, and at the Philadelphia, Pa., and at all the Spiritual meetings.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 291 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HUBBARD, Booksellers, 82 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HUBBARD, Booksellers, 82 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give them a call.

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

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. B. T. COLEMAN, 230 North Jefferson ave., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a supply of Liberal and Reformatory Works.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. MRS. A. J. BROWN, 230 North Jefferson ave., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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THE FIFTH OF A COURSE OF 10 LECTURES BY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN, IN THE FAIR MEMORIAL BUILDING, WILL BE DELIVERED ON

SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 31, 1876.

These Lectures will be of a very Liberal and Radical character, on various topics, interesting and instructive. The Lecture will be by

Mrs. M. P. TOWNSEND, of Vermont.

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JAY J. HARTMANN has rooms at 105 4th ave., where he will take Spirit Photographs on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays. His Patent Amber Photograph gallery is open every day, except Sunday, at 78 Broadway, New York City. D. 30.

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FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchitis, Tracheitis and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

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

SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious phenomena of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally. Those unacquainted with it would be astonished at some of the results that have been attained through its agency, and no domestic circle should be without one. All questions who desire to practice in writing, medium, or planchette, can ascertain by the use of the attachment whether they possess the true mediumistic writing power. With this attachment, the planchette becomes a scientific instrument for investigators.

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A SIMPLE and ingenious apparatus for the development of writing mediumism, and for the study of the planchette, and is designed to eliminate all theories of fraud and unconscious misdirection on the part of the medium. All persons who can successfully work the planchette, can ascertain by the use of the attachment whether they possess the true mediumistic writing power. With this attachment, the planchette becomes a scientific instrument for investigators.

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A Word to the Afflicted!

DR. L. W. HULL, Magnetic Healer, is now stopping at 407 Cumberland street, Portland, Maine, and holds his office in reading to all manner of diseases, either Mentally or Magnetically. The Doctor is a NATURAL PSYCHOMETRIST, and readily reads diseases without asking the patient any questions. He reads the connection between disease and nature, remedies, and his prescriptions seldom fail to give relief. As a Magnetic Healer he has few superiors, and seldom fails to render speedy relief to those afflicted with the following complaints, the most common of which are: Female Weaknesses, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, etc. Call and see him, or write to him, giving name, age, and complexion of patient, and enclosing \$1. Money returned if a *cure* is not established at the patient's residence. Dec. 29.

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DR. C. DUSENBURY, of the Hahnemann Magnetic Movement Cure, No. 14 West 11th street, New York City, will attend the case of "Philadelphia students after a year's residence." Call and see him, or write to him, giving name, age, and complexion of patient, and enclosing \$1. Money returned if a *cure* is not established at the patient's residence. Dec. 29.

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SUITES of Rooms in the new building, 82 Montgomery Place, Boston, are heated by steam, easy of access, and eminently suitable for lawyers' offices, etc. Apply for particulars to COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. 187-Dec. 9.

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MINERAL RODS.

IMPORTANT TO ALL

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, are published in this Department.

These messages are given at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, are published in this Department.

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings are held at No. 24 Montgomery Place, second story, corner of Province Street, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, from 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father, we trust in thee. We know that thou art everywhere. We look not to any personal being, but we look around us, and even as the red man of the forest, we behold thee in the beautiful flowers that bloom beneath our feet.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Have you any questions to-day, Mr. Chairman?
Ques.—[By C. E. B.] In your reply to my question in regard to the progress of imbeciles and idiots in spirit-life, the controlling spirit's answer (as given in the Banner of Sept. 16th) is, that the progress of idiots and imbeciles is slow in spirit-life, but that in five or ten years they would be scarcely recognized, and that in time they become well-developed men and women.

Fannie Williams.

I have been gone away some time, but I have brought many flowers of truth to my mother and my sister, and my uncle, and I would like to bring many more flowers. Will you please say that Fannie returns to her mother? Fannie Williams, of Providence, R. I. She reports to her from this place, saying, "Be of good cheer. I am close by you, and will hold your hand and will keep you; you need not fear."

William Turner.

I come, Mr. Chairman, because there seems to be a necessity for somebody's coming this afternoon. I come, but I know not what it is compels or impels me to come. There seems to be a power that which is nearest and dearest to your soul.

Once in my life, Mr. Chairman, I could call myself an infidel. I believed that when this life was over, that was all there was of us, that as a tree fell so it was, and that when our bodies were laid in the ground it was all there was of us. I can't tell you when the light dawned on my being and I saw for myself, not through a glass darkly, but I felt I was face to face with the great hereafter was close beside me and I could look into it. I could feel it. Why, I remember once, when my children passed away, that I cared not whether they were buried in an old box, or whether they were buried in the most beautiful casket that could be found; I knew there could be little of life. But when this great truth dawned upon me I was ready to do my share of work for it, and though I did it, perhaps, in a kind of awkward manner, yet I ever did it with a will, and I did trust that if I had lived long enough I would have seen Spiritualism take a place in my native town and among the people with whom I

lived; but it so happened that I was worn out. The old box that had held my spirit for some years became shattered. I burst it asunder and fled, as it were, to a new world, yet my children to day are members of the church. My wife has felt drawn to the Baptist church, although I know that in the innermost recesses of her soul she is a Spiritualist from beginning to end; yet the necessities of life and its conditions have caused her to call herself a Baptist. No; I do not countenance it. I suppose it is best for her, but I would rather have seen her stronger. I would rather have seen her hold on to her faith if she had had but one meal a day, rather than have yielded to the will of others and said, "Yes, I will believe." Why, she don't believe it a bit! In her soul she realizes and believes that Spiritualism is true, but policy and a lack of worldly goods induce her to say she is a Baptist. I would say, "Do, please, listen to the teachings of the angel-world and help our children—these little ones. Keep them out of the snares of the church, for I would have any faith or love from me, for I look at this thing with abomination, and cannot do otherwise." Perhaps it is the best thing she could do. I will give my name—William Turner. No matter where I belong. Your letter will get there, anyway.

Mike Manning.

Shure, sir, an' is this the abiding place of anybody an' every body that comes along? If it is, I want to know it. I see in your mind that everybody is welcome. Well, sir, I don't know much of this thing at all, but, sir, I worked to the last of my being, worked every bit of me strength. Yes, I tried the doctors one after another, and the devil a bit did they do me any good, at all, at all, and by-and-by, sir, I said to myself—well, I don't know what I did say—there was a lady that was down near me that was one of them things that ye call a clairvoyant. Shure, sir, ye know what they are, don't ye? An' what the devil are they, anyway? That was a mystery to me, sir. Shure, an' 'twas not a big woman at all, an' she didn't put on a bit of airs. Lord, sir, I remember 'twas a divil of a rainy day, an' she was clothed in one of them black things, I guess you call 'em waterproofs, an' if she didn't look like a picture. I was about half drunk, an' I told 'em if she could do anything for me I wished in God's name she would come to me. Fa'th, then she come, an' I might say, like the Bible doctrine, she told everything that I ever did in all my life. Fa'th, I looked at her, an' I thought she was the biggest little witch divil that I ever I see in all my life, an' I was skeered, sir, almost out of my boots, an' I said, "I will take the medicine, anyway, an' if it does me any good, all right." Shure the thing that come through her, that got hold of her—what-iver it was I did not know, sir—but when she herself she talked like a common decent woman, but when she closed her eyes an' went to sleep she talked as if she had a right to boss me about as if I was nothing at all. She stood forminst me, an' shook her finger in my face, an' told me this an' that with such much science as though she was the queen of England. Shure, sir, I was skeered, I prayed; I said me head, an' the more I prayed the worse she talked to me. Fa'th, she told me the truth, every word, an' I grewed more an' more skeered. I said, "Well, I've got the divil in me house this time, shure." So true did she tell me all my aches an' pains, and thin she bid—I don't know what you call it. She told me, sir, I never would get well. I would live but a little while. She could make me more comfortable, maybe, but divil a bit could she cure me.

Well, if that's all she could tell me I did not want to hear any more. Well, to be shure, sir, I took the medicine. I was better for a while, thin soon I got worse, an' I come out into the spirit-land, as ye call it. Shure, any prais't understands this, sir, but it's a mystery to me why they don't give it to us poor devils, so we can understand it too. Now I know heads of folks, sir, an' some of them hear raps, an' some of them hear sounds, an' they no more dare tell it than they would shut out their own breath, sir, because they believe, sir, that it belongs to the church. Now I've found out, anyway, that it no more belongs to the church than it belongs to me, an' that it belongs to you, an' that it belongs to all. I tell you, sir, I see some of my own countrymen hovering around you, an' ye need a heap of patience to understand the thing anyway. There's this thing about it, that I want the prais't to understand, that I've got just as good a right to find out all about this thing as he has, an' that I'm not afraid, but I'm going to find out all I can, an' if I can teach me brethren an' me sisters, shure an' I will be there. Me name is Manning, sir. Me friend is Farrell. Ye can call me Mike. Divil a bit do I care! I want out long ago from Rhode Island. I've made me mark, an' I'm coming agin when I git a chance.

Anna L. Knobbs.

It was an early hour that ushered me into the spirit-world. It was only a little past five in the morning when the angels beckoned me on, and when I went to that spirit-home. I found the pathway to that spirit-home strewn with bright flowers. The birds were singing sweetly the morning that I left. Light, light, and beauty came to me. So, though I regret the loved ones left on this shore, yet I am busy, and I shall find work to do in the summer-land. I did not realize it, I cannot realize it now, for only a few weeks have passed since I came home to this shore. It is a matter of surprise to me, Mr. Chairman, my being in your midst to-day, and hardly know whether I shall be able to make myself fully understood; but I desire that some of the friends that I have left behind may know that I feel their strong heart-throbs, for I loved them and they loved me, and I would bid them not look around upon the earth, groveling about here, but look beyond, look upward toward the sunlight, and they will find me at home when the evening lamps are lighted. Not like a shadow to the world would I come, but like a real, living being, with a heart for all, warm and true. It seemed almost hard to go away and leave my friends of earth, and yet, at the same time, it becomes necessary, as natural law calls us from earth.

My name is Anna L. Knobbs. I would say to John: Look for me at the twilight hour, and look for me when the sun is brightly rising; look for me when you are sad. I have tried to impress you and make you feel my presence. I would have you look for me often, for I lay my hand upon your shoulder; I have almost whispered to you, and I try to give you the spirit-kiss. I would direct my letter to John P. Knobbs, and to Simon and Elina Van Grafelein. Direct to St. Louis, Mo.

Franklin Gay.

Franklin Gay, of Cambridgeport, is desirous of meeting any friends that would be glad to meet him. I am myself gay as ever, and would be glad to communicate with my friends. I know of no other way of reaching them, really, except by coming through your Banner of Light.

Mr. Quimby.

My name is Quimby, of the firm of Hall & Quimby, of your city. This thing sheds more light than I ever supposed it would, therefore I announce myself a believer in spiritual life, and trust that I may do some good by entering my name upon your list. I do not expect to convert the world, neither do I expect to convert my friends, but I will have the satisfaction of reporting my name on the right side. I feel very much as did the old lady when going forth to battle. Running along by the side of the soldiers, she was inquired of what she expected to do. "Nothing," said she, "but I'll show on which side I am." Consequently I come here to-day to show on which side I am, and if anybody has anything to say in relation to the matter, let him search as I have searched, let him look as I have looked, and he will come to the conclusion that there is something hidden behind the veil of Spiritualism. We business men forget the spiritual in looking at the material; we forget to look to the inward while we are taking care of the outward, and I very much fear that many of the

trials and sufferings which we see about us are caused by this one thing. If we would only heed the old rule of right, not that might is right, but that right is might, I think we should get along far better.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Dankin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Fifty.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

One of the most interesting cases that has come under the treatment of Mrs. Dankin and her spirit-guide—Doctor Rush—is that of a young lady, whose condition was most deplorable when first she came for help to Mrs. Dankin's office. Tall, finely formed, handsome features, well-shaped head, evidently refined and gentle in feeling and culture. She had been so long tortured by the malpractice of eminent physicians, who were merely guessing at her disease from external symptoms, that her vitality had given way; and one who was formed by Nature to be both useful and attractive, at last found life a burden which she would willingly have laid down, rather than continue to suffer as she had for nearly five years. The mind had naturally become affected in sympathy with the disturbed condition of the physical system, and it seemed to Mrs. Dankin and myself that her case was hopeless.

Our spirit friend, Doctor Rush, however, saw more clearly than ourselves. Reading clairvoyantly the interior, he said that the original organization was so good, both mentally and physically, that skill, guided by wisdom, could, in time, throw off the abnormal conditions which had gathered about her, and build up anew the beautiful structure which learned ignorance and medical charity had so nearly destroyed.

She placed herself with the trusting confidence of a little child under Mrs. Dankin's care, some eight months ago, and although the case has been long under treatment than any other in our practice, she is now restored, both physically and mentally, and a few days ago stood before the altar, the blooming and beautiful bride of one of our most intelligent, active and successful merchants.

Her gratitude is unbounded, and while we are at liberty to use her name publicly, we decline to do so, but will send her address to any one who makes application.

Edward Pinckney.

Here I come, gliding down the spiral line of time! Oh, death, where are thy horrors? oh, grave, where are thy terrors? Death, with me, has been swallowed up in light—that light which burns, and never has a fading.

Edward Pinckney was my name, of Mont Clair, New Jersey. I was in the fifty—year of my age. It was in the month of November when the body laid down to sleep and the spirit arose. My burial took place from the First Congregational church.

Why do I figure here so largely, when I am only a speck upon the sensorium, liable to be washed by every wave? I feel the protecting care of One who gives his love to all who seek him. To me it is more beautiful to give than it would be to receive. I am trying to do a service to God's children, to uplift the souls of men, to take the scales from their eyes, and to pass them out of darkness into light.

Mysterious was this at first; with the prejudices of education I thought I had passed into a tangled web from which I could never more be taken. I felt as if I had sunk down, down into some lonely spot, without a friend or a comforter, but when the heart was mourning, a voice more sweet and mellow than the Zolian harp spoke like the gentlest zephyr, and bid me raise my eyes and look toward the bright and beautiful sun that was just rising. I lifted up my eyes, and there I saw those whom I knew—the friends who had gone before me. The echo came and went. I recognized their voices, and in that recognition, my heart became cheerful, my eyes became bright, my limbs elastic, and I arose to walk; instead of walking, I glided on the winds, and in the twinkling of an eye I was with them. Think of my joy when I knew that the grave held me not; when I knew I had passed through the valley; when I knew I was an inhabitant of that grand and beautiful home from which I was never more to depart!

Friends, this is true. I am happy, so happy! When you read this, let the heart bound with joy, for your case will be like unto mine. Let the darkness pass away, let the light come into your minds under the knowledge of the new dispensation.

Lizzie Buckley.

It was at Finksburg, Carroll Co., Md., in November, that I died of consumption. My name was Lizzie, my mother's name was Ann, and my father's name was Cornelius Buckley. I was their eldest daughter. Ah, mother and father, the torch was lit for your daughter Lizzie when she entered one of those beautiful worlds of which the Bible speaks. It is no fiction, it is no delusion. Though the body lies inanimate, the lids closed, the lips hushed and the footsteps heard no more, still that was only the outer substance; the inner now takes its place, and does its work in wondrous ways. It comes, it goes, it knows, it sees. Oh, mother, believe me when I heart bound with joy. God is good and kind, and more tender than you could ever have known. I know it is human to weep, to sigh and to mourn; but if you could see me as I am, so happy and so content, you would not, if you could with a breath, bring me back to inhabit my old decayed form.

I have no words, mother and father, kindred and friends, to tell you of this broad, expansive and beautiful home, where sorrow comes not; where pleasure ever is. All the aches and pains, all the restlessness, all the anguish, and all the care have been wiped away; for Lizzie, your daughter, has found a father, one upon whom she can lean her head, and from his sympathetic heart find consolation.

With me I can truthfully and honestly say, to die was gain. Oh, mother, could I but whisper to you of the sweet companionship I have with the angels—those whom I knew, and those whom I knew not. We are in kindred bound; what one knows not, the other teaches. All selfish feeling flees away. And now, mother, let these lines be a boon to your heart. May they take away its sorrows and the dread of the grave, for I am not there, but hovering ever near thee. Your spirit-daughter, Lizzie.

Reverend Jacobus.

Wonders never cease. I died suddenly in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania. I am your servant, or you are mine. Reverend and the Professor—Reverend Jacobus, a professor of the Western Theological Seminary. I was buried from the Third Presbyterian Church, Newark, New Jersey. Now, my honest friend, what more have I to do? I have reported from the other side of life; what have I gained by it? I do not perceive that it adds one tithe to my intellectuality. My want of scholarship, in this line, makes me not so well adapted as yourself; but how is it that thoughts, like electrical sparks, fly here and there at will? I comprehend that the mundane sphere holds the corruptible part of myself, but that which is incorruptible has passed on into realms of dazzling light, where glory shines. I see brightness surrounding me, though I have not seen my Lord nor my Saviour, nor has my Christ arisen; but I will, as I have before, beat the elements with my own weapons. I feel competent intellectually to come in contact with and analyze all the elements of Nature. Fear never predominated over me. I always felt equal to all the possibilities of my individuality; holding, interiorly, that the author of my being had infinite power to save.

What a sublime picture meets the eye of one who dies in the full faith of being resurrected into life! Here steps a beautiful female. She bows, but speaks not. She offers me a lily, exquisite in its outer and its inner lines. What is this? I ask. Emblematic, she says, of the life I led and the life I am to lead. Here my vision is a blank. I can see no further; I can hear no sound, for all is hushed except the little bird that chirps and the cat that roars. Are there dangers into which I have to pass, emerging from light into darkness? If so, they will be done.

As I have mastered many obstacles, so will I master this. Here is the dividing line between the mundane and the spiritual. I must leave, and gather up new thoughts before another revelation can be given. Force cannot do, there is no death. The universe holds nothing dead. If one man dies, all men must; and if all must, what would become of God's life? Give this to the public; let them doubt the worth and the honesty of the source whence it comes, for all men are born skeptics, and from skepticism comes knowledge—that which enriches human life.

Amos Smith.

I, too, went out like the snuff of a candle. Amos Smith was my name. I died in the forty-third year of my age, in the month of October, if I am correct. I was buried from the house of my brother-in-law, and his name was Pendleton. He lived in Brooklyn. I was buried from the Presbyterian Church, Babylon, Long Island. There's where the church was—do you understand it? A man is, to-day, and to-morrow he is not. Why do you sit up here in this apartment to listen to what spirits say? Why not have a congregation to hear their sermons?

Kindred and friends know us to-day, to-morrow they follow the body to the tomb, then turn their backs and homeward go. The house seems desolate. They mourn for a few hours or days, as it may be, and then memory holds the one who is gone no longer. He is left to be a traveler in a strange land. The ordeal is a wondrous one. Each man has to stand upon his own individuality, and answer in conscience for the deeds committed in the flesh. And here I must part company with you, for I have much to learn in this vast, grand and beautiful world. I must become educated before I can educate. I am only here to bear the glad tidings. Though I suddenly died, I have found peace unspeakable. The beauties that radiate from the atoms around me make my earthly home sink into insignificance. Receive the glad tidings, and believe that my soul is enjoying freedom—that freedom which passeth the understanding of men.

Robert Biggs.

That which was a mystery to-day seems to be unraveled to-morrow. A man dies to-day, and to-morrow he is buried. The world knew him when he was a walker with men, and in a few days or months he is forgotten; but that, to the progressive mind after death, has very little weight.

I died in Louisville, Ky., in the forty-seventh year of my age, full of hope, full of ambition, but stricken when the angel of death came and divided the body from the soul. My name was Robert Biggs. How strange it seems when we look back and see the grand importance that a man places upon his earthly existence, and after the chapter is finished and cleared up, how insignificant look his ways and means. Whether he be groveling in poverty, or whether he has riches and luxuries, one man, born of a woman, stands equal in the spirit-world to the other. As I have viewed the law, there is no partiality. Now, listen while I unfold this narrative. Each one has to unfold his own aspirations for the higher and the better. And the more energetically, honestly and truthfully he does the work, the better will be his condition in this world where there is no stagnation of life. Everything here has its full growth, full nourishment and highest achievement.

Now I will trace back my thought to earth. I knew not of this existing intercourse. I heard of it, but believed it not. I settled it in my own mind as delusion, but after having been a visitor, I now feel myself qualified to give, in truth and honesty, my experience. I can testify that telegraphic wires have been established between the celestial and the mundane worlds. There are some thousands of whom we are compelled to speak, for our anxiety is great, who are not so finely attuned, and thus come error. There are others, again, through whom we can communicate accurately, truthfully, and to the point, and when this is the case, the spirit gains much, and you, the mortals, gain more.

Stephen Grubb.

My purpose is to know and to be known. My name was Stephen Grubb, son of John and Ellen Grubb. I died in the thirty-fourth year of my age, and was buried from the residence of my parents, East Fourth street, Wilmington, Delaware.

Search, mother and father, search, and you will find that time has neither decayed nor destroyed the spirit, which is the life of the man. The faculties never die, but are quickened in power through that immutable law called death, which says, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, but the spirit to Him from whom it came."

I am telling my own story in my own way. I am telling of the lights and shades through which I have passed; I am telling of my ascension and descent, for all these things are essential to our gradual unfoldment. Allegorically speaking, I will ask for the wings of a dove, whereby, at certain seasons, I may flee away and be with you, and whisper to you beautiful home, and the more interior education which I am receiving. Underneath books, charts, or maps. Look wherever I may, with the mind unfolded, and I see the grandeur and harmony of the works of the Creator, who through his laws created me, fashioned me into manhood, then chemically dissolved the body, giving the spirit new life, and with that life power to see, to know and to speak to the friends I have left behind me. Thus, mother and father, you see I am not destroyed; neither have devils or devils tormented me; but I am passing through a beautiful unfoldment, and learning how to prepare a grand home in which to receive thee and others. Believe this not as a type or figure, but as an unchangeable fact, upheld under the law of good to others.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

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

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The *Dagbladet*, a paper in the Scandinavian language, but published at Chicago, has lately given Spiritualism a hearing. It, however, assumes that Mr. Slade may be guilty of fraud (some tricksters having been exposed), and that if governments and scientific bodies take hold of the subject we shall reach the truth respecting it. The editor of *Dagbladet* has evidently not read the overwhelming testimony published in the London papers in support of the genuineness of Mr. Slade's mediumship, and would not be satisfied if all the governments and learned bodies in the universe declared our faith to be founded upon an immovable rock. No; Spiritualism must be investigated by each one for himself, and only in that way can it be brought home to the hearthstone of the heart. But I will give a synopsis of the *Dagbladet's* article, kindly furnished to me by its editor: "The question is, is all in Spiritualism imposture, or is there in it something genuine? To get at the bottom of this is of the highest importance. It is important to know if the new religion be true; and if true, it deserves support; or is it like all former religions, full of superstition and imposture, a curse to mankind? Spiritualism is a doctrine which ought not to be overlooked or treated with proud disdain, but rather subjected" (as though it had not already been) "to earnest investigation. England and Russia will highly benefit the world by their researches in this matter—contributing to a relieving of the world of a new evil, or giving it a new blessing."

Two numbers of *Le Messager*, of Liege, have been received. One of the most important articles (in the October number) is on the relation of matter to spirit; a speculative analysis of elements manifest in the grossness of the fluid *perispirit* as effecting the finer portion of our being, the incarnated spirit. "It is in the lack of elements sufficiently simple to obey the will of the soul (*de l'ame*)," says the writer, "resides, according to our view, the principal cause of the numerous ills, too often followed by death, which afflict our terrestrial humanity."

At a meeting of the "General Assembly of the Federation" of Belgium, a grand lecture was read by Mr. Charles Fritz, an annual report, rather, of what was being accomplished, and of what had been done in Belgium, during the past year, in the cause of Spiritualism. The whole of the long document would be read with much interest by the patrons of the Banner, but space will limit me to one of two abbreviated extracts: "*Mediumistic curative faculty*: This mediumship, too little attended to, yet so useful to humanity, being more efficacious than medicine in general, is easily acquired if one will give himself to the contemplation and the moral study (*la morale spirituelle*) of the spirit and its forces and faculties."

In support of the sound theories presented by Mr. Fritz, two cases were cited: A child was seized with hydrops and scarlet fever. A doctor being called, had ordered vapor baths for eight days, and they were being used; but a spirit, through a medium, said: "Discontinue the baths or death may ensue." They were discontinued, and under the hands of the magnetizing healer, the child rapidly recovered. Another child was prostrated with typhus fever. The father, being a writing medium, received from a spirit these words: "Irritation of bowels, pure water to drink, avoid giving food," and the little one was doing well. The mother, however, over-anxious, summoned a physician, who ordered a cataplasm of mustard upon the bowels. A raging fever and delirium ensued. The spirit again came and wrote: "Take at once the cataplasm from the bowels and put it on the feet, and in eight days the child will be well." The order was fortunately complied with, and everything succeeded exactly as predicted.

It seems that *L'Echo de Bruxelles* has recently published an article extremely hostile to Spiritualism. M. Neckenheim replied, but the reply was not admitted into the *Echo* (a similar contemptible spirit of unfairness characterizes our journals), and only a laconic recognition vouchsafed. I will give the spirit of a paragraph or so of Mons. N.'s able letter: "Idolism is abused! do you hence pretend that it is false and dangerous? The press abuses its powers! one calumniates, one falsifies the truth, one spreads abroad a profusion of errors and lies! should we, on this account, attack the liberty of the press? In the midst of general corruption it is astonishing that there are to be found ignorant men (and women) who enter upon and make light of these things, which should be treated seriously? that others from sordid motives are led to trickery? that others, again, under the mantle of science, deceive themselves, and hence mislead those who trust them? Is Spiritualism thence to be taboed?"

The next number of the *Messager* is not less interesting. The most attractive of its contributions is a "Study of Christ the Revelator." From it, however, I can cite only a few lines from a couple of paragraphs: "Shall we put Christ in parallel with Pythagoras, who, after his long voyages in Asiatic India, revealed the high science, the grand religious truths taught by the Aryan people? This philosopher founded a celebrated school (philosophy) terrestrial existences. . . . Can we put Jesus in the same balance with Socrates and Plato? . . . The Christian idea had been presented by Socrates and Plato three centuries before the time of Christ, for all great ideas have a long gestation; and we can say that all the grand persons whom we have cited prepared the Christian era, for all is linked together in heaven and earth materially and morally. Socrates and Plato were the precursors of Spiritualism." "But Jesus," the writer admits, "possessed that which no person could imitate, no one could acquire in his rude friction (*frottement*) with man—*Le Sentiment*; this force descended from the superior spheres with him, the renovator, the gentle and all powerful revolutionist."

The *Agathocrit*, Lake Constance (Buffalo P. O.), at fifty cents a year. This is a remarkable small paper, presenting, however, many important truths in its efforts to which it is dedicated, "to abolish poverty, ignorance and wickedness." Its first paragraph is: "Anything that will unite people, make them behave well, may be called religion." "That nothing less than right-

living will answer, ought to be easy to comprehend."

La Ley de Amor, of Merida (Yucatan), of Nov. 1st and 16th, is at hand. *Amor* and *Desamor* (to bind and unbind) occupies the principal part of the November number. It is to the effect (replying, doubtless, to some Catholic assailants) that "there is no person on earth who has divine authority for anathematizing, or whose power reaches into the heavens." That paragraph in the New Testament which affirms that that which is bound on earth shall be bound in heaven is well explained, as also those teachings of Christ which, supposed to be general, referred solely to the apostles. Again, as "Jesus taught a doctrine eminently spiritual, it became necessary to use the language of parable, or similitudes."

Following the able article (so briefly noticed) of Don R. G. Canton, is one of ever increasing interest on the importance of the education of children; and yet another on "Charity," in its true Christian sense.

In the next number of this *Lan of Love* under review, is a communication of no little importance; and though it is given under the head of "The Day of the Dead," it enters into the views of people of remote times as well as of the present, regarding the future of the spirit, though superstition and the material interests of priestly castes have enshrouded it with meaningless drapery. "If the magi of that time" (that remote epoch referred to) "attained to a knowledge of natural laws," (through which they could work their wonders) says the writer, "they surrounded them with a thousand ridiculous practices whose mysterious workings were baptized by the name of magic. But let us limit ourselves to our beloved Yucatan, whose primitive history is hidden in the deep folds of the mantle of the past, . . . where, among the Mayas, are to be found always, though involved in superstitious practices, yet having the same foundation, the same ray of truth, a belief in the communication of the dead with the living. How is it that these ancient cities, so remote from each other, without reciprocal communications, have been able to converge such a unity in belief without a basis in nature itself?"

The November number of the Madrid *Crerito Espiritista* has been received. Its most prominent article is on "feigning media." "As in all things there is abuse," says the contributor, "so mediums, especially in the United States, wishing to try their faculties, have dedicated them to the production of phenomena, real or feigned, in sessions where money is paid on entering. We know that the spirits are not always at our command; and we may well have doubts of the results where pecuniary or mean motives actuate the medium. And here, where such interested mediums fail of the spirits' aid, they simulate the phenomena desired."

It is said that one who abandons an employment by which he gains a livelihood and gives himself up to mediumship, should be remunerated for it. This is a mistake. The gift was bestowed to be given away, not to be sold. In the latter case it is prejudicial to all concerned.

That which is given in the name of Spiritualism should be completely gratuitous. . . . If one thinks otherwise, or, still worse, if one acts contrary to this principle, Spiritualism is contaminated; it is beginning with such as Christ drove from the temple. . . . It is our duty to maintain this position, and not only unmask all whom we discover to be medium *fornantes*, but all who, with the object of pecuniary gain, pretend to mediumship."

Following the above is one of those characteristic articles of the Viscount de Torres Solano, which adds lustre to the pages of *El Criterio-Filosofia Nocturna*. "Some words have two significations," says this eminent writer, "the *proprio* of philological, and the conventional, which only use sanctions. Only in this last sense can it be called the *Filosofia nocturna* (or new philosophy), as it is without doubt the most ancient, considered as to its basis, of which history conserves any notice."

"In the Vedas, the fossil which modern Indian science is now unfolding to us; this fountain from which have drunk all the legislators, theologians and all known civilizations; in the Vedas are to be found the fundamental principles of this new philosophy which to-day some limited thinkers cultivate, and out of which they propose a new school." But four or five quarto pages of an exposition and comparison of modern and ancient philosophies can hardly be condensed into a paragraph or two.

In the Montevideo *Revista Espiritista* are several contributions of marked excellence. "The Religion of the Universe," continued through several numbers of this very acceptable periodical, has many rich thoughts enwoven in its paragraphs. The grandeur of the universe, the omnipotence, the wisdom, the glory which stretches away in an endless vista whithersoever we turn our material and spiritual eyes, and the reverence with which mortals should regard the Creator of all, are rendered with epigrammatic force and beauty. "Seventy-five millions of stars! Here is indeed a splendid decoration which approaches appropriateness in the temples of a Divinity," says one of the sentences. "But who sustains them, that powerful hand guides them?"

But I must turn to a later number of the same magazine, and notice very briefly an article on re-incarnation, by J. de E., and "The 2d of November," by the same. "Re-incarnation exists, hence exists progress" (*el progreso*). Such is the beginning of Don J. de E.'s declaration in favor of our spirit's transitions in mundane matter; and he advances some palpable propositions to sustain his position. The more a man studies and experiments—if pride does not blind him, if he be not poisoned by egotism—he says, "with more clearness he will see progress in all and by all, and that creation marches ever within this divine law, clearly defined. . . . Does a grain of sand remain a grain of sand forever? The infusoria which we see to-day, does it remain an infusoria forever? Hence the inference that man must follow this law, and be advanced step by step up the ladder of perfection. I cannot, however, do justice to this forcible writer, because I have not space for his many arguments."

His other contribution to the *Revista* refers to the "Day of the Dead," always observed with much solemnity in Catholic countries. Here Don J. de E.'s reflections are particularly good, and while he recognizes the natural impulse to honor the remains of those loved ones whose bodies rest in the grave, he turns to that higher source of comfort and light whence true consolation comes. In his closing paragraph he says: "In the mean time humanity does not comprehend and accept the benefits that will accrue from cremation."

The November number of *Psychische Studien* (Leipzig and New York), has a notice of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Glasgow, and a portion of the address delivered before it by Mr. W. F. Barrett. To this succeeds Von Reimer's "Spiritualism in England"; an article by the Baron Hellenbach; "Re-incarnation," by Von Heraeus; "Phenology," by Von A. Hoffer; and still others by Prof. Wittig (including Mr. Slade's

trial) and "short notices" of events of general interest to Spiritualists of all nationalities.

The little pamphlet on the "Siegfried Spirit" will be further noticed in my next Review.

A *transer les tides*, in the *Revue Spirituelle*, with "Concils" in the same, I should have noticed heretofore. I shall endeavor to do them justice soon.

End of the Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

The undersigned Committee, appointed to solicit subscriptions to a Birth-Day Testimonial to A. J. Davis, having closed their appeal, hereby make public their acknowledgments to the contributors:

In response to the Call already acknowledged in the Banner of Light, \$5,153.37
Dec. 20th, received from William Green, 3,000.00
Total sum received, \$8,153.37

EXPLANATORY REMARKS BY THE COMMITTEE.

The total amount of contributions received is eight thousand one hundred and fifty three dollars and thirty-seven cents, (\$8,153.37.) Of this sum, six hundred and sixty-five (\$665) are in promissory notes, payable to Mr. Davis in from one to ten years. Add to this expenses of printing, postage, &c., one hundred and nine dollars and seventy-five cents, (\$109.75.) Deducting these sums from the first amount, leaves seven thousand three hundred and seventy-eight dollars and sixty-two cents, (\$7,378.62,) net, which sum is securely invested.

It will be observed that the interest on this investment will give to Mr. Davis about \$500 per annum. From this time forward all communications and payments should be addressed direct to him at Orange, New Jersey.

In closing this Birth-Day Testimonial to the author of "Nature's Divine Revelations," the Committee desire to return their heartfelt thanks to all who have so cordially responded to the call and seconded the appeal.

WILLIAM GREEN, Chairman.
C. O. POOLE, Secretary.
New York, Dec. 20th, 1876.

LETTER FROM A. J. DAVIS TO THE COMMITTEE AND CONTRIBUTORS.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS: In accepting from your hands all the money and the notes which you have received from the contributors to the "Testimonial Fund," I experience a thankfulness which I cannot embody in words. Your investment of all the available funds is in accordance with my particular request, and meets my entire approbation. The security is ample, and I am certain that the interest will be promptly paid; as also would be the principal, should an emergency arise making it necessary.

To you, gentlemen of the Committee, and to each and all of the generous men and women who have made contributions and sent encouraging words, allow me to say that I recognize in your bestowments the beauty of spontaneous goodness and friendship, and my beloved companion unites with me in returning to you, one and all, to strangers and acquaintances alike, the profound gratitude of our gladdened hearts. The sum accumulated for and given to us—to hold up our hands, and to fortify us in our work for human progress and happiness—is much larger than we dared hope. Industry everywhere was depressed, business almost at a standstill, and even the exceedingly rich felt poor. Under these circumstances, to say nothing of the many large demands made upon believers in Spiritualism on all sides, it was not reasonable to expect anything. And yet, the responses to the call of the Committee were immediate, sympathetic and most generous-hearted. We did not before imagine that we possessed so goodly an array of practical friends. We feel deeply enriched by this discovery, and believe that the good of it will live within us throughout our lives. Besides the efforts of the Committee, we remember the loving and frequent service rendered by the editor and proprietors of the Banner of Light; also, the kindly and earnest co-operation of the editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*; as well as the words printed and spoken by our esteemed spiritual friends in England, Germany, Russia and Australia. The result upon us, so far, is: We have been enabled to withdraw from the external world of trade, by which for four long years we were constantly enthralled; and now we begin, faintly, to realize a degree of mental and spiritual liberty, which in due time may become fruitful. And for this great blessing, and more especially for the good that may grow out of it, we desire to render loving gratitude to all who have united in this Testimonial of friendship, fellowship and trust.

A. J. DAVIS.
Orange, N. J., Dec. 20th, 1876.

The Slade Fund.

As will be seen by the subjoined acknowledgment, the popular interest (in the United States) in this much-needed direction continues to give signs of activity. Our English exchanges are also filled to the brim with calls for an increase of the fund on the part of the Spiritualists of Great Britain, and with the most incontrovertible testimony to the truthfulness of Dr. Slade's mediumship from such men as M. A. (Oxon), C. Carter Blake, Charles Blackburn, J. Seaman, and others. Even Rev. John Page Hopps, editor of "The Truthseeker," and Robert H. Collyer, M. D., though far from being pronounced believers, give, in recent numbers of *The Spiritualist*, most positive proof that whatever occurred in the seances with Dr. Slade, which they attended, could not, in honesty and justice, and in the light of the facts, be for a moment attributed to the medium, whatever might be their source. We hope that the friends on our side the Atlantic will continue their subscriptions to the good cause.

Amount previously acknowledged, \$1,842.23
Received since our last issue:
H. Anderson, New Philadelphia, Ohio, 2.00
Agrippa Dow, Sycamore, N. Y., 1.00
Wm. Lovejoy, Milford, N. H., 1.00
F. W. Coffin, Ashland, Ohio, .50
John Gordon, Salem, Ohio, 1.00
Wm. Wilcox, Mansfield Valley, Pa., 1.00
Mrs. W. P. Bean, Medford, Mass., 1.00
A. Friend to the Cause, Argyle, Wis., .50
S. Fullagar, Penn Yan, N. Y., 1.00
Mrs. Ellen McGuire, Rose Bluff, La., .50
Avery Pitts, W. Randolph, Vt., .25
Friend, Northboro', Mass., 1.00
Mrs. E. Hill, Saxtonville, 1.00
Mrs. L. Newcomb, No. Scituate, Mass., .50
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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

The annual report of the United States Commissioner of Pensions shows that the total number of pensioners on the roll for 1876 is 24,821, or 2881 less than the year previously. The roll of army invalid pensioners has been increased by 232 names, and numbers 105,475. The number of widows and mother children on the roll is decreased 3718, leaving 101,855 names. The total survivors of the war of 1812 are reported at 15,675, showing that 1669 have died during the year. The total amount paid for pensions is \$28,351,609, leaving a balance of about \$1,650,000 not drawn from the appropriations.

Ministers of the gospel don't want women to preach. Why? Because it hurts their business. Neither do they want spiritualists to succeed. Why? Because knowledge supercedes faith.

Mexican news, at time of our going to press, are to the effect that Ichas has established his government at Queretaro, 120 miles distant from the capital, the place being garrisoned by 7,000 troops and six pieces of artillery. Diaz has assumed a military dictatorship, and on the 6th instant was advancing with 10,000 men, twenty field howitzers and ten rifled cannon on Iglesias's position at Queretaro. Diaz has also banished Mejia from the country.

Christmas passed off "quite merrill" in all parts of the country.

A million little diamonds
Twinkling in the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
"Tut, tut!" cried the old man gruff,
"A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away."—St. Nicholas.

The Scientific American has this comforting intelligence for smokers: "The effects of tobacco-smoking are discoloring of the teeth by carbon, excitement of the salivary glands by the ammonia, headache and lassitude from the carbonic acid, disease of the heart from the carbonic oxide, nausea from the bitter extract, and a tantalizing of the breath by the volatile empyreumatic substance. The system may become used to these things, yet is made liable to consumption, nervous exhaustion, paralysis, and other ailments."

The one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Trenton was celebrated at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 26th, all the features of the Revolutionary engagement being reproduced, including the crossing of the Delaware by Washington's forces, the fight in the town, and the final surrender of the Hessians. An immense concourse of people witnessed the event.

No well-regulated metropolitan newspaper allows the word "Indian" to be used in its columns. "Indians" is the odious substitute which the telegraph is helping to fasten upon the language. The hostility of the hostiles does not seem to have been so hostile as it did a few months ago.—Boston Herald.

Dr. Alonso Chapin, who died in Winchester on Christmas day, has been confounded by some of our correspondents with Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York—but the former (deceased) was in life a strict Calvinist, while the latter continues still to be a shining light of Universalism.

A correspondent whose editorial patron told him that his last article was as clear as mud, promptly replied, "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."

Gen. Crook's expedition has returned to Fort Fetterman, and the attempt to capture Crazy Horse's band has been abandoned for the present.

There is a haunting fear in man's regard, As if calamity had just begun; As if the vanward clouds of evil days Had spent their miles, and the golden rear Was with its host of thunder laboring up.

Five thousand houses were destroyed by fire in Tokio, Japan, on the 24th ultimo, the loss of property being estimated at \$10,000,000. Fifty persons are supposed to have perished in the flames.

In Danbury, the good boys who drop out of chestnut-trees invariably strike on their heads, while the bad boys as invariably fall on their feet. The News thinks that the Legislature ought to look into this.

As Mr. Moody is called an "evangelical hammer-ram," Mr. Simey may be regarded as an evangelical saw-phony.—St. Louis Republic.

The convent of the Sisters of Providence at St. Elizabeth, near Joliet, Quebec, was destroyed by fire on Monday night, Dec. 25th, and thirteen children were burned to death.

There is no better evidence of general depravity than to see those who flatter the most sinned the best.—Billings.

Thomas Marsh, stationer, &c., has removed his business to No. 53 Beach street, opposite Tyler street, Boston, (but a few doors east of his old stand,) where he will have a somewhat larger store, and increased facilities. He keeps the Banner of Light on sale.

Sarah Briggs (reading the police report)—"Sakes alive! I would not wonder more a child than 'nother' in the world! 'They're allurs cuttin' up some caper. Here's 'Alas Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias the Night-Hawk,' all been took up for stealin'!"

It is estimated that at least 250 men and 120 vessels have been lost on the northeast coast of Scotland since Friday, Dec. 22d.

MYSTIC.

You call me mystic? Nay,
My rule hath sterner power.
I am king of the world; I am
I am queen of the garish hour;
The seed's first thought of the flower,
And the gray dawn's thought of the day.
—Scribner's Magazine.

The Western Union Telegraph Company, regarding itself the confidential agent of all its patrons, will hereafter resist, by legal means, the publication or examination of its records. All messages, excepting such as the sender requests shall be preserved, are to be speedily destroyed, and the present action of the executive committee of the company, in removing all messages now on hand from the control of its officers at the different agencies of the country, is approved by the board of directors.

The death of Mr. Charles Tufts, founder of Tufts College, is announced.

Freshman talking rhetoric to senior who prides himself on his literary productions: "Chum, I'd like to make a quotation from one of your essays." Senior (delighted): "Which comes it to be?" Freshman (with a twinkle in his eye): "Oh, any one will do. The professor wants us to give an example of lack of unity."—Cornell Era.

The proposed new Territory of Huron, to be created out of the northern portion of Dakota Territory, has an area of seventy thousand square miles, and an estimated population of ten thousand.

The schooner Costello and from St. John, laden with laths, on a voyage to New York, went ashore and was wrecked on Sunday at Southwest harbor, 120 miles from St. John. The crew, consisting of five, perished. Three were found among the timbers frozen stiff, and naked except some shreds of clothing about the neck and feet.

A traitor has no friends—everybody hates treason.—Billings.

Mrs. Partington (inquisitor)—"But there! The Japanese department—I infected it thoroughly. It suppressed my highest exhortations. Such artistic brick-a-brack! Such fairs of un-g designs! Such vases and gardeners! Such rare articles of virtue! It beggars deception!"

Thirty-five thousand barrels, two iron tanks and five Erie railroad boiler cars filled with oil, were burned at Oil City, Pa., Monday afternoon, Dec. 25th, occasioning a loss of \$200,000.

A learned writer says of books: "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

Mrs. M. S. Townsend's address is West Newton, Mass.

New Publications.

HOLD THE FORT, the now famous Sankyo hymn, sung at so many of the Moody meetings, and listened to by so many thousands, has been made the subject of a Holiday Gift Book by the enterprising publishers, Wm. F. Gill & Co., of this city. They have brought it out on luxurious pages and with elegant type, and both illustrated and illuminated it freely. The designs are by Miss L. B. Humphrey and Robert Lewis, whose work is done artistically and well. The whole forms a positive addition to current Christmas literature. The air that accompanies this favorite revival hymn is very popular one with the music-loving public.

MARTIN F. TUPPER'S long-promised drama of WASBURGH has at last come in its paper covers to us, and bears the impress of its author's "true goodness" and "familiar philosophy." The general opinion is that it will not cause the Father of his Country to stir in his grave. New York: James Miller, publisher, No. 64 Broadway. For sale by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston.

LEAH, OR THE FORSAKEN, by Dr. Mosenthal, is published in paper covers, and furnishes the story on which the popular drama of that name is founded. It is from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

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