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COLBY & RIGH, Publishers and Proprietors,

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

\$8,15 Per Annum, } In Advance.

NO. 12.

Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.-Views of Our Heavenly Home-Chapter VIII. Foreign Correspondence:-A. Becond Pilgrim are Around the World. SECOND PAGE. - Children's Department; - Clover Blos

soms; Tales of the Hun-Hays. Aptrifual Phenomena.
—Remarkable Materializations. THIRD PAGE. -Banner Correspondence: - Letters from

Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Alabama, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, Arkansas, Wisconsin and Ohio, Postry: -The Voice of Silence. FOURTH PAGE. - Editorial Articles: - The Unsoen Influences, The Visions of the Prophets, A Ministers' Ex-

change, "The Reality of Spirit," etc. FIFTH PAGE. - Brief Paragraphs, The Children's Ly-

coums, Current Events, New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE. - Message Department : - Spirit Message through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie B. Rudd and Mrs. Barah A. Danskin. Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists.

BEVENTH PAGE.—Oblivary Notices. "Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscelleneous Advertisements. EIGHTH PAGE.—Informat Reception to Andrew Jackso Davisat the Banner of Light Publishing House.

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OUR HEAVENLY HOME

A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND,

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

CHAPTER VIII. "Oh, pure, placid river,
Make music forever,
In the Gardens of Paradise, hard by the Throne;
For on thy far abore,
Gently drifted before,
We may find the lost blossoms that once were our own."
—(B. F. Taylor.

Have I not sufficiently stored your mind with conceptions of magnitudes and distances? And may we not now intelligently approach nearer to the actual beyond the tomb? The gates between the stars are ajar, the ever-flowing river is prepared to convey you in perfect safety to the higher shore: Why, then, may you not accompany me to an exalted, interior place of observation? Come, let us look and see! and let us listen and hear!

But, first, let us inquire: Why should men's minds thoughtlessly surrender all ideas of a spiritual existence to utter obscurity, or to unreasoning faith? Or, rather, why do not mankind use as much reason, and why are they not as logical, when thinking about the next world as when thinking of the present? In yet other words: Why do you involuntarily exert your mind to make the spiritual unnatural? The true answer is, first, because the mind is ordinarily vious chapter.) inclined to mystify; and, second, because you as something supernatural, and, therefore, as an existence absolutely unhuman and inconceivable.

Swedenborg, laboring under the prepossessions of supernaturalism, although often a telescopic seer, but mainly and habitually an impressionist, and in contact with both worlds at the same time (which is impracticable), taught that time and space in the spiritual world differed from all human experience of them in this world. Distances after death, he said, were caused by dissimilarities in the life and affections; and time was longer or shorter, according to vital and affectional changes in the individual; thus annihilating both time and space, except so far as they are a part of subjective, not objective, appearance and experience. But in other respects Swedenborg recognized the perfect tangibility and naturalness of the spiritual world. He even went se far as to perpetuate, beyond the grave, the individual's special earthly surrounding circumstances; also his habits and daily associations; so that, he affirms, many a man, after death, does not yet know that he is dead, but seems to be living on exactly as before. Thus Swedenborg, for thirty years, mingled the natural and the supernatural the reasonable and the incomprehensible; because (see my chapter on "Consciousness," in a former number of this paper) he undertook the impossible task of practically and constantly living in and reporting both worlds at the same time.

The simple truth is always reasonable and adblime. And, concerning this question, the truth is, that, as to logical coherency, the Summer-Land is this rudimental Earth-Land continued. But, being far more interior and infinitely more refined in every form and in each external particular, it follows that parts of it resemble Saturn's scenery more than ours; while other sections, unspeakably more perfect, exceed in harmony and loveliness anything known or imagined upon this or any other planet in the universe. (Reasonings upon this and related subjects you will find in the "Stellar Key.")

Nevertheless, as regards the questions of distance and duration, or space, and time, all intefrior or metaphysical thinkers will concede that there is a special sense in which they are exclusively expressions of states and changes of the spiritual conscionaness; even as there is a sense or a degree in which "whatever is, is right" but insemuch as you cannot conceive of the origin of something out of nothing, or the existence of effects without preexistent causes, or of a physical world of matter which is "no matter," but only a sensation or an illusion of the mind: so you cannot conceive of "another world" without its own appropriate sceneries, continents, elimates, societies, brotherhoods, religions, govments, and where the inhabitants can have no of eternity than the flowings of "time," sense of infinity than the successions

Concerning this problem of time and space and | manners are more beautiful than handsome faces numbers in the spiritual world, I am moved to ask the reader's attention to the last chapter in the volume, "Death and the After-Life," wherein is an account (by J. Victor Wilson) of the great pear-shaped "Isle of Akropanamede," and also of the wondrous temple of antiquities called "Aggameda." The Isle is described as most beautiful, and as populated by the "Brotherhood of Plans de Alphos," whose members are engaged in greatest works of benevolence and There is a remarkable description given of the architectural form and dimensions of the temple. It reminded me of the great temple of Solomon; yet it is exceedingly unlike it. But inasmuch as the Order of Masons and Christian scholars have figured out the shape and size of the ancient King's temple; also as some have given us the dimensions of Noah's Ark, &c., the thought occurred to me one day to ask my friend Loomis, a mathematician, to kindly favor me with a calculation of the Isle and the Temple, on the basis of the (to me) vague and complicated description imparted by the communicator. And the following is the result of his calculations: The temple has twenty one wings, and in each wing seven mansions, making a total of one hundred and forty-seven. From this estimate it is shown that of domes and avenues, including central figures, there are twenty-one thousand six hundred and nine; the number of square furlongs covered by the entire templed structure, is four million five hundred and thirty-seven thousand and eighty-nine; and the dimensions of the vast Isle itself, in English square miles, are nine billion seven hundred and five million nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand and five hundred and one; and the numbers of men, women and children composing that noble Brotherhood, are one billion three hundred and eighty-six millions five hundred and sixty thousand seven hun-

dred and eighty-six. In regard to these figures, my friend in a note says: "I hand you these computations about the Isle of Akropanamede, which I think are nearly correct, although they may be considered more curious than useful." My reply was "Your computations, if nearly correct, are useful as a means of enlarging men's minds concerning the immensity of the next human world, 'not built with hands, eternal in the heavens." And in order to emphasize this point, I asked him to favor me with some familiar comparisons; and he then estimated that the Isle is equal nearly to four times the size of Europe; or twice the size of South America; or equal to all the continent of Africa with one million square miles added! (The outline of this great temple is attempted on the left hand side of diagram No. 5, in the pre-

The flashing rivers of light flow out of the have been taught to think of the after-death life darkness of distance. They surge, with pulses of undying music. Far away they flow among the flower-covered lands in our Heavenly Home. Overhead behold the forever rolling suns, and the ceaselessly turning planets. Through the boundless dome forever sweep the dazzling comets, enveloped in glowing splendors, like the flaming angels of God. Like a glorious dream arise the fragrances of millions of the lovellest flowers. A delightful crystalline light, subdued by the shadows of overhanging trees, spreads everywhere from the bosom of the rivers. Broad and grand is the landscape on every side. Mountains filled with immortal splendors; among them the homes of unnumbered Brotherhoods. Stars rise and set. like suns and moons, over very remote lands. Beautiful birds, bright representatives of affections, pour their music through the soft summer air, making even the sweet breathed roses tremulous, and sending musical throbbings through the fragrant hearts of whitest lilies. Mounts and streams glow with the warmth of overflowing love. And the laughing rivers shine with the deathless light of divine wisdom.

Behold! there is something of importance, situated on the right hand, near the river that flows earthward. (See diagram No. 5.) What impression do you receive? Oh, the beautiful warm world! The fruit-laden trees and the heavenly groves are dwelling places for the children of God; and the velvety moss-covered ground is a life-imparting floor beneath their beautiful feet. And yet, listening, do you not hear? There is there a high school, a college, a university. There is a vast congregation of persons associated with artistic, literary, and scientific attractions. They are bound together by grateful and profound recollections. Mental freedom, graceful moral culture, scientific knowledge, and free discussion characterize this august organization. There is an inner group among them whose use is to report tidings frequently received from a more interior universe. A beautiful and accomplished goddess is the presiding divinity.

Centuries ago most of them lived on earth—in Greece, Rome, Germany, England, France, Scotland, Etaly. It is a very ancient association, and yet see how youthful the wisest appear! Ah! there are recent; arrivals from the earth-clergymen, editors, artiste, writers, lawyers, statesmen -who, strange as it may seem, really appear older than those who lived in the days of Plato and Pythagoras. The new arrivals seem heavyof the earth, earthy; some of them jerk and jest; some display actual folly and great inferiority by manifesting importance and highmindedness and authority in the presence of their superiors; and thus most of them easily take outside rank in this colestial university.

Now you behold the gracefulness of best man nered and most unfolded people. Persons you nered and most unfolded people.

observe naturally left from their thoughts;
thoughts spring out of neitings; feeling arise.

thoughts spring out of neitings; feelings arise. thom their private apitimal on

or glittering garments. What a charmed Association is this heavenly host! They gracefully aid all visitors and the new-comers; and with equal grace they help mankind universally.

Children throng and play among the blooming

groves in the rosy background. Their tender imaginations are fed and nurtured in this natural home of pets and poets. There you behold many associations of mothers watching over and waiting for their unascended children. They lean their faces with sweetest touching affectionateness against the laughing little beauties; and they seem to be half-listening for infant tones and looking for dimples in faces long remembered. But yet (oh, how wisely!) they love and laugh with these happy hearts; and, although thinking most lovingly of their own, they nevertheless unrestrainedly join the glad groups with joy and song. The rich significance of the woman soul, as angel friend and mother, is poured like elemental wines into every child's bosom. But behold! Every childish face and eye is now lovingly, yearningly looking with a touching, adoring familiarity (as the highest angels are supposed to look at God!) toward a lovely lady whose very presence is a beauty and a benediction, and whose beaming face is quickened and radiant with a divine illumination. * * *

"Ma-Abo sha" is the name I have just heard. Did you not hear it? What does it mean? "Mother of the gods!" is whispered through the tranquil heavens. Angel mother! I behold your holy families all along the distant slopes of the musical mountains. Where you are, there are no lost little ones; where you are, there are no orphans and no one is homeless; all are free and happy.

A gathering of remarkably familiar-looking women and men you see at the rear of the great association. And there, with three strangers, is one woman I have certainly met years ago. For I recall the fluent glance of her blue eyes, and the delicate, yet downright and sturdy, perceptiveness of her temperament. She stands near her husband, and she also stands for woman. She is graceful, intense, severe and fearless; yet quite pleasingly social and exquisitely feminine.

Hark! There is a conversation. * * * (The last sentence was written about there winners ago.) * * * The woman's husband is a man whose great childlike face you may have seen in New York: he was not long ago one of the busiest of popular editors. Standing behind him is his golden-haired son. In an off-hand, earnest, conversational manner, he is now addressing the

"There are objections to such eleemosynary institutions," he says; "and for nearly forty years I used my pen and voice against them. Institutional schemes perpetuating poverty float over society like a solemn cloud that leaves a sense of thunder. I have discussed this question with my divine paternity pastor; who is still at it in one and another way. New York could support its poor in luxurious idleness out of the money derived from licenses granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors. A million men, women and children in the metropolis taxed and kept in misery to sustain seventy-four hundred drinking saloons. The island, from end to end. is threatened with moral darkness and conse quent social madness. Alcoholic helis blaze with the punitive fires that may blight religion and overthrow an admittedly corrupt government. Charity is an evanescent pity expressing itself hastily in alms. Build hospitals for the increasing army of non-productive mendicants, and cover the idle and ignorant and drunken with benevolent institutions, and the result will be the poor and the indolent will forever remain on earth. Had I to repeat my busy life, I would rather consign myself voluntarily to a penitentiary, or work with lamp and pick in a coal mine, than lose an opportunity, if I had one, of putting a stop to the manufacture and sale of those poverty-generating beverages. Ignorance and violence, incessant wretchedness in cold, hunger and rags, pecuniary embarrassments, miserable dependence, involving heart rending sacrifices of wives and husbands, children and homes, often ending in bloodshed and pestilence, or famine-all follow the daily use of Alcohol. Let them discuss the duty and the beauty of charity, either private or eleemosynary, it will do no lasting harm. It shall be my duty, however, to suggest and to insist upon an organization of the industries, with farms and manufactories for Associations of the homeless, idle, ignorant, thriftiess." * * * * (A few sentences in the foregoing were lost in the act of listening; but the main part of the conversational speech as above reported was psychophonically heard.)

Looking southward do you not observe, beneath the fruit-bearing trees, an assemblage, a nucleus of some vast congregation, of very different characters? Does it seem possible that they were once of the earth earthy? Can you believe that time was when each of them walked upon the burning sands of Egypt? Would you think they had once heard the desert's call and the river's ripple in the Oriental part of our earth? It is true. They lived before Homer taught in song: before were built the hundred gates of Thebes; before Pompey's pillar was erected; before Cephrenes and Cheops planned the pyramids; before the magi of the earliest kings acquired the power of holding converse with spirits. They lived in the dawn of the pyramid-building age. Osiris, Apis, Isls were reigning divinities; and the starstrewn sky was the field of their contemplations. They were the first of earth's astronomers.

Behold that central figure ! He is an embodiment of youth and beauty. (Yet older than the

pyramids!) His right hand holds the most ancient symbol of universal harmony, the lyre; his long hair flows back, and a sacred wreath adorns his fair brow. His adorable person is religiously regarded as specially divine. He is the prince Apollo among the many recognized authorities in this particular brotherhood. He is the recognized leader among many peers in this celestial association—a prince, a discoverer, a prophet, a warrior against wrong, a saviour of wanderers, the bountiful and quick promoter of Light, Health, Poetry, Art, Music.

This angel-prince, with his associates, first aided Poland. They helped that now mournful country to become (four hundred years ago) one of the noblest and most cultivated countries of Europe. Köpernik (who by the Latins was called Copernicus) was born and cultured under this prince's special guardian superintendence. Under his inspiring and magnanimous influence the youthful Polander made rapid growth in a spiritual direction. In 1503 he divided his time between the duties of the ministry, in acts of charity, and in studying the system of the stars. As Moses loved and sought the solitudes of Sinal, so this spiritual man loved the retirements of the Carpathian mountains. He at length erected a tower for the double purpose of interior communion and astronomical research. And now commenced the manifestations and benefits of this prince's guardianship. He succeeded in so illuminating the reasoning faculties of Copernicus (or Köpernik) that, before the invention of the telescope, and in advance of the inductive demonstrations of Galileo, he plainly unfolded the substantial truth concerning the underlying principles of planetary revolution.

"Ha-pri-anos" comes into my ear, and into my thoughts the meaning-" Morning Ambassador"; which is the true name of this august spiritual prince.

Continuing to observe this beautiful company. I discover that they still have beneficent designs upon Poland and Russia. They stimulate astronomical research and all the finest branches of educational advancement. They are angel-ministers out of the sky to whomsoever can receive aid from them. Ambassadors of peace among professional warriors; bearers of glad tidings to the bowed down and mournful; messengers of good words, passing to and fro between heaven and the people of the North. Their system of religion is sidereal. The starry realm, overhead and all around them, is the temple of the Infinite. Their ideas of heaven, like their views of hell, are profoundly astronomical. A local heaven or a local hell, they say, is "impossible." For they reason that the universe is as profoundly deep as it is high; that in every direction it is equally boundless and inter-coherent; that nowhere is there any place wholly and exclusively appropriated to either the punishment of vice or the roward of virtue.

These are some of the doctrines of a people who lived and died on earth prior to the immemorial pyramids! There is among them not one 'undevout astronomer''!

Far away westward (see Diagram No. 5) you behold the dim outline of a great forest. It is the heterogeneous wilderness of an almost innumerable multitude of Diakka, who may be said to have no religion, and to be deficient or weakened in their sense of moral responsibility. (For a description of these peculiar independents see the little work entitled "The Diakka, and their

Earthly Victims.") Some of them are learned, quite intellectual, and polished in certain manners. There! listen, and you may hear what one of their brightest orators is now uttering: "The non-existence of matter in space is a fixed fact. It is another fixed fact that there are no facts. Unable to conceive that mind is everlasting, or that it has any power to resist dissolution in time, sensible men wisely accept as their destiny a final quietus. A formless, unknown mass of mentality is their notion of God; and to be at last lost in it, is the sole aspiration of the biggest intellects. Gigantic attempts of little giants in Monotheism are charming; so are the pantheistic failures of devout pigmies. It is fun for twenty-five centuries to make an intellectual simpleton imagine himself an immortal God with a universal mission. He is immensely happy! So are we, for we are his instructors. He obeys our will by out-growing in a single day all the majesty of Cæsar and all the wit of Charlemagne. Shakspeare can't hold a candle to light his pen in poetry. Our pupil talks sonorously about science, and stridently of philosophy. The invsteries of creation flee at his approach. He, like us, grows egotistic and pluckily independent! Self-denial for any purpose, a conscience with a spur, or love poised up-on virtue, he, with us, rejects as even more useless and absurd than Jonah's gourd which grew and perished in a single night." You observe that this oratorical Diakks is con-

tinuing to discourse to the increasing multitude about him. But it is the utterance of one who sees nothing nobier, purer, higher than the gratification of evanescent impulses. Although in the Summer-Land, and although all who com-pose that great wilderness of independents and egotists were once in human bodies, yet it is true that they realize almost nothing of the divine loveliness and angelic purity which surround them and work for their advancement on every side. What a field for missionary labor is here prepared for those who will ere long leave the earth to unite with like disposed persons in the supernal associations, to exercise their benevo-lence and most powerful influence to reach and convert these brilliant and cunning spiritual gyp-

. . . An hour ago we terminated our seeing and hearing; and now, having returned to the ordi-nary condition, our chapter is ended. In the next I shall record many more things upon ques-tions recently awakened.

[Continued in our next.]

Koreign Correspondence.

A SECOND PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

NUMBER I.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Steaming away from San Francisco into the tremulous waters of the great deep on Saturday, Feb. 3d, 1877, we soon passed the Golden Gate and were fairly out at sea, destined for other lands and latitudes.

It is utterly impossible to be even comfortable during the first few nights at sea. The berths are narrow and coffin-like; the machinery is hoarse with reeking inharmonies; faces look as anxious as strange, while the thoughts, like polar needles, vibrate between loved ones left behind and the perils that pertain to pilgrimages under hot, equatorial skies.

Sunday, Feb. 4th, a fresh night-wind from the north rendered the sea rough and turbulent. As usual, it induced a deathly sea-sickness. This is among the many penalties paid for seeingseeing that one may know-and knowing that one may teach. The present age is eminently Baconian. What enthusiasts theorize about or believe now-a-days is of little account. But what any intelligent individual knows relating to science, literature or religion, is of vital interest to humanity.

Three days of sea-sickness-let them be forgotten as a restless dream! Then on deck, weak and feverish. But the Captain-where is he? we inquired? "He is ill, very ill, sir," replied the chief officer. Invited by the ship-physician, Dr. Rikard, we reluctantly visited him on the 7th. He had been under treatment for "pneumonia and hypertrophy of the heart" previous to leaving San Francisco. It was a serious case, the symptoms becoming more alarming daily. The treatment carefully outlined by the celebrated Dr. Hammond of San Francisco, was not only strictly adhered to by Dr. Rikard but was thoroughly orthodox.

On the evening of the 9th, with hardly an appreciable struggle, Capt. Ferris, of the steamer Zealander, breathed his last and passed to the better land.

A steamer at sea now without a captain. Are we safe? Can a Republic get on and prosper without a President? Can a measureless universe exist and be governed by immutable law without a God? Reason as we may, mortals are sailors upon the tempestuous ocean of life. Whither-ay, whither are they bound? Faith in the Divine existence, and demonstrations of a conscious and progressive immortality are among the blessings that flow from Spiritualism. . . . But men doubt, and fish, according to Æsop,

talk. Listen: "We, the finny philosophers that sport down deep in the darkness of the fathomless sea, never saw a sea-captain-there never was one-there is no use of any. Shins, selfbuilt, guide themselves!" The "fool hath said in his heart there is no God "-there is " no use for any God." So runs the chattering of fishes and fools

"Bluce fools alone all things believe In cloister hatched, or college, Some, by believing nothing, think They 're at the height of knowledge."

HONOLULU AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. A city, ethnically speaking, is an epitome of the social and commercial world. All moral zones may see the products of their sowing upon these islands; while the different belts of civilization may be seen along the streets and avenues of Honolulu, unmistakable reminders that both Europeans and Americans formerly intermarried with the natives. Color, though of many shadings, presents no barrier to social or political positions.

The islands are volcanic in formation, the fruitage tropical, the atmosphere humid, the seabreezes inviting, the summers perpetual; and yet leprosy is quite common.

The present king is a kind-hearted, easy-going man. The people lack energy. Do not tropical climes symbolize laziness? I saw but few improvements in Honolulu since my previous visit. The reciprocity treaty lately consummated between our country and this group of islands. will doubtless benefit the sugar-cane interests more than the commercial.

The labor question and the land question are here exciting a deep interest. There is the same grasping tendency in these islands that crops out so glaringly in England and America: the ownership of large tracts of land by one person. It is well known that less than one hundred and sixty families own half of England and threefourths of Scotland. The Duke of Sutherland, 1,827,453 acres; the Earl and Marquis of Breadalbane, 438,453 acres; the Duke of Buccleugh, 432,373 acres. These are samples of the vast estates of particular families. So on some of the Sandwich Islands a few individuals are in possession of the largest portion of the land, and, naturally enough, are constantly increasing their possessions. It requires no prophet to forecast the future of such proceedings. Are not the only remedies cooperation and communism?

Our Captain was buried in the Honolulu Cemetery Sunday, Feb. 11th, the English Bishop offi-

THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF CAPTAIN FERRIS. The birth of the infant into mortal life constitutes the first birth. The second birth, or the "new birth" of the Evangelist John, is that of the spirit out of the body into immortality. Jesus denominated it being "born of the spirit." The English trance speaker, Thomas Walker,

aboard our steamer on his way home to England, becoming entranced the day succeeding the death of the captain, the controlling intelligence, Mungo Park, said:

"Matter is spirit reflected, a shadow, a residuum. The human spirit during the earthly life is connected with the body by magnetic agencies and sundry vital forces. The Divine Spirit, or more properly the Absolute Soul of the universe, is the original cause of all motion, all life. Death, like entrance into mortal life, has its friendly at-tendants, its methods and its psychic processes. One is the elimination of a hazy aura; another is the formation of an etherealized cloud-like sub-stance. The moment this cloud is fully formed over and around the spirit, the physical body has no more direct communication with it. Earth is left to affiliate with its mother earth.

In the present instance, the death of your cap-tain, the withdrawal of the aura, or soul-halo, commenced at the lower extremities, thus mak-ing the body the channel of life-phenomena till every portion had departed. Then the spirit, rising momentarily from the body, fell back as it were into the midst of its own surroundings, becoming a magnetic sleeper in the world of spiritnal causes. In this insensible condition he was taken in charge by spirit friends and relatives, and placed upon a kind of magnetic charlot, that in your language can only be compared to a golden cloud of roseate light, a cloud fringed with sunbeams and smiles. After being bathed and sprinkled in a perfume of flowery fragrance, his spiritual body was clothed in appropriate gar-ments. In spiritual texture these corresponded to the moral status of the new-born soul. And now, with a song of joy sung by all assembled, the form was borne to the home of its guardian spirit, there to be nourished by the essences and fruits of heavenly climes, to be cared for socially, and to be introduced into the society of his friends

In answer to several questions put to this spirit, known on earth as Mungo Park, the African traveler, he said:

"Owing to this man's full habit and strong attachment to earth, he must necessarily have been unconscious for several hours." . . . "In dying his spiritual body was not disintegrated and

decomposed. Such a process would be as unnatural as unnecessary. He would naturally be confused when waking to consciousness; and at first may have been a little dissatisfied with his new conditions; and the more so, because not having been well prepared for the

THE OCEAN THE OVUM OF LIFE.

When ship-confined and ocean-tossed, what study so appropriate as the ocean! Though at the present moment proudly borne upon its heaving bosom, it was originally a floating gaseous substance, then condensed vapor, then carbonladen clouds, then flooding rain-torrents, and finally one vast universal ocean of tepid waters. These aflame with spirit, afire with oxygen, and vivified by sunbeams, there were naturally formed in them, about favorable island-like localitles, emulsive matrices out of which preëxisting centers and circles of life, monads, cells, germs and types might be evolved to commence their march in their several lines of destiny.

All organized entities and beings did not originate in "one or a few forms," as Mr. Darwin and his infatuated disciples teach. No, nature is not so barren, not so mean and wretchedly poor!

Not in the air, then, as the Brahmin poet sang; not upon the undulating earth, as Moses said; but as the philosophical Oken long ago taught, it was in the primary oceans warm and plasmic that organic life first became visible.

Recent ocean dredgings prove that the stiffen-ing coze, the different colored clays found upon the deep sea bottom, are the products of previous life. Rocks, Laurentian series, chalky strata, and even the most delicate white marble that dots our cemeteries, were manufactured in the sea denths - manufactured from protozoa, globigering, rhizapod shells, and kindred organisms.

Internal convulsions infinitely more terrific than the one that swallowed the Atlantis Isle caused the sea to give up its stratified dead. Struggle and death ever precede the higher life. Those strata of dead shells, those sedimentary rocks uplifted from their ocean tomus to rot and wear away under suns and showers, constitute the soils and moulds of mountain sides, which, washed into the valleys, cause them, with seeding and other conditions, to wave with the rust-

ling corn leaves of autumn.

Turning from the minerals of the Archiean world-leaving the Silurian realm with its crinoids, crustaceas and trilobites-we may reflect a moment upon that magnificent generalization that refers all animals to radiates, mollusks, articulates and vertebrates. This plan is both appropriate and unitive. The universe, like the human body, is in purpose and structure a unity. And possibly, as Swedenborg taught, it may be in the form of man. But as tarsal bones do not emerge into knee-joints, nor gray nervo-substance, nor cranial cells, neither do lower types and species merge into or transform themselves into higher species, but living and dying they form such higher physical strata as are adapted to the rooting and sustenance of higher preëxisting germs and types, which types, acted upon "by higher influences," to use the words of Alfred R. Wallace, result in new and higher forms of life.

AN OCTUPUS-OR WHAT?

Rising and pacing the steamer's deck the other morning before the sun had touched and tipped the sky with gold, a sailor approaching, handed me a strange ocean-oradied creature that had just lit, bird-like, upon our ship. How unique! it is a fish, yet not a flying-fish, for its sides are finless. What is it? "A flying : quid, sir," said the sailor. And see, it has glaring eyes, ten arms coming out of its head, its shell is inside of its body, and it flies with its tail. Agassiz, whom our nation mourns, said: "The progress of the ages is marked in the tails of fishes." What these sailors denominate a "squid," the scientist would call an octupus of the mollusk class, and a fine specimen it is, showing the persistence of types, for with the cephalopods it belongs away back in the old Silurian seas. "There are families of fishes," says Prof. Huxley, "whose type of construction has persisted all the way from the carboniferous rock right up to the cretaceous, and others that have lasted through almost the whole range of the secondary rocks, and from the Lias to the older tertiaries. It is something stupendous, this, to consider a genus lasting without essential modifications through all this mormous lapse of time. . . . The highest living group of reptiles, the crocodile, is repreat the early part of the Mesozoic epoch, by species identical in the essential characters of eir organization with those now living." Of the "injusty-eight species of mammals that inhabited Europe in the post-glacial period, fiftyseven," says Pictet, "still exist unchanged, and the remainder have disappeared. Not one can be shown to have been modified into a new form." have not been made out of species. Brot. Dana, "by any process of growth or ment, for the transition forms do not Types are wholly independent, and are

not connected lineally, either historically or zoölogically." So talk our scientists, and so fade away the dogmas of Darwin.

THE BURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Numbered among our Australian-bound passengers is James Mace, the great champion pugillst and body-bruiser. His physique becomes his profession. Upon his full, heavy breast, dangle several medals, and when in full dress, he wears around his loins the glittering belt of the world! With philosophers intellect is god, with millionaires gold is god, and with fisticuffing pugilists muscle is god. Pugilism-practically termed "the manly art of self defence"-is simply war on the individual plane of being. This man Mace, having had thirty-five stand-up fights, pounding men's bodies and pummeling their heads pretty well to pieces, is a nineteenth century hero, and flaunting his old gaudy war-belt, says: "Behold me, survival of the fittest!" Though the "survival" theory may be quite scientific, still we inquire, Can "fraternity and equality" and "the survival of the fittest" ever be inscribed upon the same white banner? Should Mace be proud of his "survival"? Is he a benefactor? Is he rightly educating the world? Ay! there may be muscle and sinew, there may be intelligence and intellect, there may be the profoundest research, there may be the most transcendent genius, yet unless integrity and justice, unless sympathy, charity and good-will to men underlie and overarch the character, that life is a moral failure !

THE FIJIS AND THE NATIVES.

On Thursday morning, the 22d, we reached Kandavu, one of the groups that constitute the hundred Fiji Islands. Considering the climate. soil, and fruits, it is quite natural that England should covet the control of these sunny isles. The Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, testifies not only to the general good behavior of the native Fijis, but to their "aptness to learn, and their readiness to adopt many of the English customs." Among others, we here took on board a famous native Fiji, and Capt. Rich, a gentleman who had resided upon the islands a number of

Seeing the Fijians in their palm-thatched huts, conversing with them and Capt. Rich, I have this to say: They are muscular and robust in physique; their features bear a striking resemblance to the Malays, with a marked tinge of the African; their hair is heavy, bushy, crinkley, and bleached upon the top with a preparation of lime. They are naturally peaceful and kindhearted. Originally they were cannibals; that is to say, certain tribes were man-eaters to the extent of eating their enemies slain in battle. They never relished the flesh of white men, because tough, salty, and pickled with unsavory stimulants. Therefore all tobacco-using, liquordrinking Caucasians may feel themselves quite safe among Fiji heathen. Gov. Gordon and Capt. Rich both agree that the Fijians have ever believed in God and a future existence. They also believe in inferior Gods and multitudes of demons. But there is one bad king-demon above all the host, whom they call Taboro. To him they pray and offer sacrifices of flowers and fruits. The great and good Godsthey denominate Kalo. He resides in the sun, whispers in the winds, smiles in the morning light, and manifests his displeasure in the hurricane.

They go in and about their huts nearly naked. are exceeding chaste, and indulge in a favorite drink called Kava. It is manufactured from a root found in the mountains, and when drank it paralyzes for a time the lower limbs, yet affects

the brain only to exhilarate. Capt. Rich gave me a most interesting description of their methods of holding converse with spirits. They fast for a season, and thenusing the Captain's language-"they go into a kind of a fit, becoming very spasmodic, and then they pretend that the spirit has come." In this ecstatic state "they profess to see their dead relatives and to foretell the future." They also have "seasons of casting out bad spirits." Captain had seen them do this repeatedly. Bystanders, looking on, say, "They 're gone mad!" The chiefs exercise a sort of a general supervision

over these manifestations.

ENGLISH TRAITS. Individuals and nations alike have their idiosyncrasies. These are radical. Cultured Englishmen are characterized by manliness, personal dignity, and solidity of character. As a sample, among our passengers is the Hon. James Young, of Montreal (English born), deputed by the Canadian Government to visit commercially the English colonies of the Pacific. He is commanding in appearance, unassuming, dignified, and, withal, exceedingly liberal in his religious sentiments. Sir Matthew Wood-observe the Sir-is a lad aboard our steamer, of some twenty years, and of texture too fine to eat with the passengers -it would be vulgar. His meals are taken to his room. He spends his time reading novels, talking of the races, playing chess, and petting the dogs. He is a telling illustration of England's

waning "blue-blood." Sergeant Sleigh, a whining, self-conceited London advocate, is the "butt" of the crew. No weather gratifies him, no servant satisfies him, and no dish suits him. The other day he pushed his trumpet-toned nose down close to my plate, bawling out, "Is your mutton tender? mine is tough as leather!" Grumbling with him has become chronic. Though politics and the London clubs are his general topics of conversation, he launched out yesterday into the realm of the occult, introducing the Dr. Slade case. The Sergeant knows about as much concerning psychology, clairvoyance and spirit-converse as a tattooed Maori knows about quadratic equations. And as it strains a wrestler to kick at nothing, I made but little reply to his incoherent harangue.

BELIEFS OF THE PACIFIC POLYNESIANS. Salling in the Southern Pacific waters, meeting and conversing with Southern-Sea Islanders, I have put forth every possible effort to sound the depths of their religious convictions, and get at the foundation of their myths.

Religion in some form is natural alike to savage and the man of culture. Accordingly, "Wher-Müller, "there are traces also of religion." And the missionary Gill, writing of that small cluster of Isles, known as the Hervey Group, observes that the "Polynesian name for God, Vatea, expresses a great truth. The continued existence of the human soul after death is implied in their laments, their beautiful allegories, and in their in the group has a dialect, a history and a worship of its own."

These Islanders all, so far as I have been able to form an opinion, believe in gods, good and bad; in the immortality of the soul; and in a future

Ikoke said when hearing of the murder of his younger brother, "I shall meet him in the warriors' resting-place, and we shall there again dance the warriors' dance."

A dirge for Vera, composed by Uanuku, runs thus: "I go toward the setting sun. I go far away, mother, by a perilous path to spirit-land. . Halt, Vera, on thy journey; turn thine eyes toward Mangaia; look again at thy parents, whose days are spent in tears. They love thee. Tueva, encircled with red leaves, is mourning. Oh northwest wind, bear him gently on his way. How desolate is our home. Perhaps he will return by a brighter path from the spirit-land. By the aid of a mighty god he shall return. The

morning will bring him. Do not weep, mother." The following is a portion of the death-chant of Koroa for Varenga: "Sweet was she who came from the sun-rising. In spirit-land she is now wed. She was wooed by a shadow. Such was my vision on the mountain. . . . At the gathering place of ghosts is her home, built by her ancestors, where spirits rest awhile-rest, or chant and sing in the evening. She has gone to her home. She has entered the expanse where, visiting the land-of-red-parrot-feathers, she will fragrant leaves, magnificent, sweet-scented flowers with garlands of myrtle for the advent."

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND. Reaching this South-Sea island early on the morning of Feb. 26th, we were met at the landing by the Hon. John MacLeod, for several years a member of the New Zealand and Colonial Parliament, and a devoted Spiritualist. Visiting this gentleman's residence, riding out to the extinct volcanoes, visiting the library, the Rev. Mr. Edgar, a liberal, unsectarian clergyman, and other persons and places of interest, we returned just before evening time to our steamer. Auckland is a beautiful and healthy city, with a population of 15,000. We are yet ten days away from Melbourne, Australia. Auckland, New Zealand.

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light. CLOVER BLOSSOMS. BY HATTIE E. CARR.

Down in the grasses are nodding Clover-tops, rosy and white, Wet with the dews of the night, Scenting the breath of the morning, Blossoming fragrant and bright! The pink and white clover,

The sweet-scented clover, Blossoming fragrant and bright! Where'er the clover-top bloometh Often the little bees come, Working away; hear them hum, Gathering their store for the winter Out from the clover-tops' bloom!

The pink and white clover, The honey-cupped clover, Fragrant with sweetness and bloom ! Dotting the meadows and hill-side,

Blooming so oft in our path, Waking the child heart to mirth, Gathered in gladness by children, Dear little blossoms of earth! ! Sweet like the clover. And loved by our Father, God's tender blossoms of earth!

TALES OF THE SUN-RAYS.

Dedicated to the dear child Sanda, by the Spirit of ... HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN; Written down through the mediumehip of Adelma. Bar-oness von Vay, of Gonobis, (in Biyria,) Austria and translated specially for the Banner of Light by Dr. G. Bloede, of Breeklyn, N.Y.

"PREFACE OF THE MEDIUM.

My niece, Sanda S., was on a visit at my house. A bright nervous attacks. 'I had undertaken to cure her, and in fact her attacks grow less, and under my eyes and by daily magnetic treatment the child recovered. She had a great admiration for Andersen, and would often read his fairy tales aloud, when one evening Andersen's spirit made himself known. The great friend of children promised to write a tale for Sanda every day. Thus originated the Tales of the Bun-rays.", Without any mental effort of my own, they were written by the spirit of Andersen, who acted as a motor on my brain and moved my hand in a merely mechanical way. I felt at the time as if a stranger was telfing me some tale. I hope that these tales will give joy not to pure children's souls only but to sensitive human hearts generally.

ADEMA VAY. ADELNA VAY.

A FEW WORDS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The translator, who is known to the editor of the Banner Light, and perhaps some of its readers, as a sincere Spiritualist, offers these posthumous tales of the great Danish writer to the public exactly for what they were given to him and of what, in his opinion, they bear the unmistakable stamp, viz., characteristic and beautiful manifestations of the spirit-power through one of the noest and most trustworthy mediums living, Adelma, Barness von Vay, of Gonobiz, in Styria, Austria. How these "Tales of the Sun-rays" originated, their earthly me-chanical authoress has stated herself in the simplest and most unpretending manner in her short preface. The translator can only add, that while he was reading the German manuscript sent him by his esteemed friend and companion in spiritual faith, he felt the hope expressed by Adelma at the close of her preface, realized within him self. He gladly joined, therefore, in her wish of seeing the "Sun-rays" translated into the English language, and, if possible, published through our wide-spread American organ. Our combined thanks are due to its editor for

granting this favor. In regard to his work, the translator would only beg to remark that his deep reverence for the supramundant rigin of the tales laid him under the obligation to render their mundane form of expression as literally as was compatible with the English language, in order to efface as little as possible the characteristics of the original. From this consideration he hopes the kind reader will make fair allowance for any occasional awkward turns of the language.

THE TRANSLATOR. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1877.

WHAT HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN TELLS A DEAR CHILD ABOUT THE SUN-RAYS.

No. I.

So much has already been written about the Moon, but no one has yet thought of telling anything about the dear Sunshine and the bright and friendly Sun-rays. But since I am basking now in the true light of this glorious life-giving Sunever there are traces of human life, says Max luminary, I will tell thee, dear child, what the bright Sun-rays used to tell me when they came up again in the evening. I watch them very often when they start in the morning to awake light and life on the Earth, and when they come home in the evening they have often seen quite curious things. They know the thoughts of men, they kindly enter into their pangs and woes, and pretended intercourse with spirits. Each island rejoice in their happiness. But, you know, the Sun-rays cannot weep, they smile only, and are sent by the good God above to dry up the tears of the unhappy. Thus to-night a Sun-ray has come up to me who was exceedingly merry. He had just brought down to Earth a little maiden, existence that very much resembles this. Hence and had laid her softly on the bed beside her

lovely mother. And the father stood at the bedside too, and both were rejoicing in the darling babe with eyes as blue as the sky above. And the Sun-ray played upon the pale cheeks of the mother; he kissed the little new-born maiden and blessed the head of the father. And then the Sun-ray looked once more through the window. Outside, everything was green and bloom ing; the birds sang merrily in the sunshine. Everything was full of heart-felt joy. This was a good Sun-ray! He really descended from God's Heaven to Earth, and brought down a little angel, that she might become a living Sun-ray, a joy and edification to men! No. II.

A second Sun-ray said: "I think I have done a good work to-day. When thus brightly beaming I shone over the turnpike, two soldiers came marching on it, who had between them a darklooking man in fetters. All three went their way in slience, when a rich citizen passed, and said: 'Well, have you caught him, your nice bird?' 'Yes,' said one of the soldiers, 'he was caught in the evil act.' And I shone bright on feetly indifferent, and said we might do as we the whole scene, and could read in the heart of liked; so we hung a pair of dark curtains across the prisoner. He walked on morose and obsti- the folding-doors—the doors being opened as wide return in renewed youth—return, leading us to nate, and would not hear of repentance. It looked as possible. We then wheeled a couch across the spirit-expanse. Let there be abundance of as dark in his soul as if no sun-ray of love could ever enter there again. I, however, accompanied him into the jail. They put him into a dark hole where the rats had their nests. He sat down on the damp straw, and with difficulty only I was able to glide a tiny ray of my light through the narrow iron bars of the small window. Still I penetrated! The soldiers had left, the door was closed with a bang, and there he now sat alone, the poor sinner, and had time for reflection. While he was sitting there and brooding, I was shining into the mouldy cell so brightly and warmly that he was finally compelled to look at me, and when he thus looked at me, it struck him that he once had been a little innocent child. He saw himself tending the cattle on a fine meadow. and he heard his dear mother's voice, who told him, 'Be good and honest, my son!' Yes, at that time he was yet happy and contented. He remembered then how brightly the sun was shining

> played on his father's face! "'Oh, yes!' sighed the gloomy man, and his eyes grew moist. But then in foreign lands, when temptation came, he grew worse and worse until he fell into evil vices, until not one more Sun-ray dwelt in his bosom, until all was overcast, dark and dreary. And the fettered man became deeply despondent. But suddenly the keys were clicking at the cell-door, and the jailer said, 'Somebody wants to speak to you.' A little bent old woman entered, and when she opened the door a large, splendid Sun-ray came with her into the mouldy cell, and it grew at once so bright, but still so sad in the soul of the poor gloomy man! He fell on his knees, and cried, 'Mother! mother!' and the little woman bends down and kisses the bad man whom all people hate, and says, 'My son !'

on the day when he set out from the cabin of his

parents to wander abroad, and when his old

father had laid his hand upon his head to bless

him, and had spoken, 'My son, be honest, for

honesty wins the day!' Just then a Sun-ray

"Look, children, I cannot weep; Sun-rays smile only. And I shone as strongly as I could, and said, 'Look up to the Heavenly Father of Light. He lets his sun shine over the good and over the evil; with him there is Mercy."

No. III. Wholly clad in purple and gold, a beautiful Sun-ray came up to me the other day. His tale sounded like heavenly music.

"Our Mother Sun," spoke he, "has set, and told the Earth 'good-night.' We are all now again gathered up here. I felt really sorry to be grant Earth! It was a glorious evening in May. The children were playing on meadow and field, and there was such a merry stir and chasing and catching is I kissed them all in turn, first the boys and then the girls, and oftenest of all a little fair haired mald with arch, brown eyes. They were culling Mayflowers, dancing, jumping, and singing, and all the Sun-rays of the setting sun were sporting with them, but chiefly I. And the green Earth was wrapped up in splendid colors and glimmering lights which were reflected from the clouds upon the hills and the dew which lay on flowers, and when I was just about to kiss the Earth for 'good-night,' my glance fell upon a little crippled child sitting in front of its hut upon a hill. None of the healthy children on the plain had looked at me or spoken to me. but the poor little pale child glanced longingly with its large dark eyes after the setting sun, and, softly whispering as in prayer, it said Good-night, dear Sun! Farewell, thou good, beautiful Sun-ray! Would I could catch thee But see, I cannot walk! I am a poor cripple, and must wait till they carry me into the hut!'

"And when there was only a small dot to be seen of the sun, and my ray streamed faintly over the child, it stretched out its lean arms for me and cried, 'Oh, take me along, good Sun-ray, take me along!' And I breathed the last power of my fading light into its soul, and the pure child-soul flew toward me. In close embrace I have brought it here. Look! what a beautiful little angel it is! I bring it to the good God!" And away sped the Sun-ray with his little angel

No. IV.

The fourth Sun-ray fell through the window of a chapel. There a mother was kneeling with her little daughter. With her tearful eyes turned toward the picture of the Saviour she prayed fervently for her husband, who was far away in The Sun-ray illumined the suffering countenance of the Saviour at the cross, when the little girl pulled her mother's dress, and askthe little girl pulled her mother's dress, and asked? "Ma, who is that poor naked man there in the large picture?" "That is the good God;" answered the mother. "Pray to him to protect thy father in the war, and to bring him safely home." And the dear voice of the child as it prayed: "Oh, dear my God, protect my dear father, who is in the war, and bring him safely home!" sounded like silver bells when it rose to the altar, to the image of the Saviour, where lay the Sun-ray.

the Sun-ray.

The kind Sun-ray took the child's prayer with him to heaven, and the good God sent an angel to the battlefield to shield the father of this child to the battlefield to shield the father of this child from the bullets of the enemy. But on the same day our Sun-ray looked into the room where the dear girl was who had prayed so nicely; and he heard her ask her mother: "Say, dear ma, why has the good God in the church no shoes and no shirt? Is he so poor?"

"He needs no clothes," said the mother. "But the little girl ran busily away, and soon returned with a little package under her arm. "Look here," said she; "here are a little shirt, my warm frock, and my slippers. "All these I am going to bring the good God in the church; for it is winter, and very, very cold. I will bring him warm clothes, that he may then protect papa in the war."

Dear children, this is a true story. I know

Dear children, this is a true story. I know the child and its mother, but best of all the good Sun-ray who told it to me. [Continued in our next.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

REMARKABLE MATERIALIZATIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The annexed account of a private sitting with Willie Eglinton will, I think, be of interest to your readers. The conditions were unusually favorable, and the results such as can only attend perfect harmony. The audience consisted of three ladies, two of whom are well known to the leading Spiritualists of London as unselfishly devoting their lives to the angel work of blessing others, and are both mediums of great power. The sitting was held at the home of one of these ladies, who kindly sent me the fellowing account of what took place:

"Willie arrived about eight o'clock, and immediately joined us in the front drawing-room, where we had been sitting waiting for him. We were anxious to commence at once, so asked him how we should arrange the room. He was perthe aperture in the small back drawing-room; for Willie to lie down upon. We locked both doors, and put the light out in both rooms, but lit an oil lamp in the front room, as 'Abdallah,' one of Willie's controls, likes to carry it in his hand. We three ladies then took our seats in the front room, placing our chairs opposite the curtains, so that we had our eyes fixed upon them, and asked Willie, who seemed inclined to sit and chat, to go and lie down on the sofa. He went, passing through the curtains at the side.

"He had no sooner put his head through than he said, 'there is some one here,' and the curtain at the opposite end was lifted. Before Willie had really passed through the curtain, a white, cloud-like form appeared, but was not fully materialized. In a few moments the curtain was again pulled on one side, and the head and bust of 'Abdallah' appeared and disappeared. After a minute or so his whole form was materialized, and he came out into the room where we were sitting. He came quite close to us, and took up the lamp, but that being out of order would not burn when moved; so we asked him if we should light the gas. He bowed his assent, and we lighted it. Miss B. being anxious to see his eyes distinctly, he stood under one of the burners and turned it on quite fully, raising his face to the light. We saw even the color of the white of the eye, which is of a yellowish tinge. Miss B. then asked him if he could show us his dagger. He retired, but soon reiippeared with a small dagger which he took great pains to make us all see distinctly. The jewels upon his breast were very beautiful, and he shook them that we might hear them rattle. They flashed brilliantly when the light fell upon them.

"'Abdallah' is a tall, well-formed man, with black beard and moustache; he has but one arm, and is at least twelve inches taller than the medium, to whom he bears no resemblance. After he retired a lady's hand and arm were shown through the centre of the curtains. Then 'Joey,' speaking in the direct voice, told us that he was much pleased to see us. He carried on a regular conversation all the rest of the evening. An old gentleman known to Mrs. B. and her sister, after appearing several times, came across to Mrs. B. and gave her a message to his wife. Next there came a very beautiful lady, who had appeared to me some days before, clairvoyantly, magnetizing me whilst I was suffering from diphtheria. She came and knelt down before me. She had three rows of pearls round her neck. She broke one row, and taking off one pearl at a time, gave us compelled to leave the blooming, green, and fra- each three, when she made the broken row as perfect as at first. She was retiring, when I begged some more. She quickly returned and gave me a whole row, kneeling as before. (Joey told us her name was 'Purity,' and that we were to wear the pearls always, as a protection against evil influences.) Purity then stood in the centre of the room, and dematerialized, when out of the mist rose 'Abdallah,' and remained visible some moments, when the process was repeated, and 'Purity' once again stood before us. I thought this very beautiful, as there was bright gas-light all the time.

"Whilst we were talking of what we had seen Joey came through the curtain with a bound, and stood before us. He remained with us at least half an hour. He took an orange from the sideboard, cut it in quarters, giving us each one, and eating one himself. He poured out a glass of water, and took it to the medium; we saw him distinctly give it to Willie to drink. He was just like one of ourselves, talking and laughing the whole time, and in every way conducting himself as we might have expected him to do when upon earth. Miss B. having brought a mouth harmonica as a present for Joey, he took it and played us some of the most beautiful music I. have ever heard produced from such an instrument.

"Several others spoke to us in the direct voice. Our séance lasted over two hours, and we had some form with us nearly the whole time. I need hardly tell you the medium was much exhausted when he came to himself."

Permit me to add, if there is any one in Quebec who is favorably disposed to Spiritualism, I shall be pleased to make his acquaintance. A line to P. O. Box 872, will find me at any time.

Yours very truly, Quebec, May, 1877. CHARLES DAWBARN.

What Shall He Do?

The editor of the Printers' Miscellany writes: "Editing a paper like the Miscellany is a nice business. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper. If we give complimentary notices, we are censured for being partial, if we do not give complimentary notices, folks will say we are jealous. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to min-"Editing a paper like the Miscellany is a nice jealous. If we remain in our omce and attend to our business, folks say we are too broad to mingle with our fellows. If we go out they say we never attend to our business, all we wear poor clothes, they say that business is bad. If we wear good clothes, they say we never paid for them. Now, what are we to do?

The troubles of the editorial sphere generally are succinctly condensed in the above serio-comic sentences, as any one will speedily find who enters into the ranks of the profession.

SPIRITUALISM: -We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the "Band ner of Light;" on our third page. It is one of the "light; best literary journals published, and as an exposition of the Spiritual Philosophy, now agitating the civilized world, has no equal.—The Hornelle wills (N. Y.) I ribuse.

Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA. - Ed. S. Wheeler writes under date of May 20th a letter from which we extract, the following: "Dr. Miller of the Presbyterian fold has been suspended from preaching on account of his belief in 'soul-sleeping,' or non-immortality of the spirit. This divine thinks that the grave covers us, and we know no more, at least not until Gabriel 'sounds his horn'; be-

I took but little counsel from fear, and yet the book has been honored by approval from the bosom of Calvinism, and has met with unexpected favor from the Orthodox of other sects.

pected favor from the Orthodox of other sects.
On the seventy-ninth page of the volume mentioned, all may read: But an enlightened faith dwells not in tombs. The soul scorns the history that ends at the grave; as we stand amid the trampled dust of by gone myriads, it lifts its valoe within, to assert the presence of the angelic hosts and proclaim over all the just and loving providence of God. The position of Dr. Miller was one of disagreement with the sense of the paragraph from which I quote; had he and his colleagues given one-tenth the study to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism they have done to the record of metaphysical abstractions, the Princeton Presbyterian College of Theology would have been saved from disturbance; upon one point at least, for the persistent immortality of the soul established on the basis of science and logic would long ago have been recognized as a logic would long ago have been recognized as a demonstrated fact rather than asserted in a dogma to be accepted as a matter of faith upon pain of

However, Princeton takes ground, in this mat-ter at least, with the Spiritualists, and the church moves on. Whatever the evolution of ideas, the external manifestations of religious organiza-tions abate not. I grow to think that Spiritual-ism in its increase is not to destroy altogether these forms, but to enter, possess, modify, unitize, humanize, and so utilize them. The other day, just as the Jersey peach trees were in full bloom, over a thousand of us visited the Presbyterian seaside resort of Sea Grove, finding it much improved and built up since last summer. Though all gneets of my Presbyterian feloric life.

much improved and built up since last summer. Though all guests of my Presbyterian friend Alexander Whilldin, we were not all Presbyterians by any means, and yet we had a very harmonious and happy, even a merry excursion.

The Permanent Exhibition opened on the tenth instant with much ceremony. The price of admission was the popular one of a quarter of a dollar. The exhibition itself, the ceremonial and musical programme, and the presence of the President and Ex-President, were attractions which, co-working with the local pride of the citizens, brought out an immense attendance, supposed to be over a hundred thousand in number. There were many strangers, of course, but the crowd was essentially a Philadelphian assembly. It is reported that nearly twenty thousand people visited the exhibition the second day; yesterday the attendance was over thirty thousand terday the attendance was over thirty thou-

eand, mostly children.

It will be the grandest triumph of the Permanent Exhibition that it will familiarize the twenty-five cent people with the best in art, in music and in civilization; the half dollar folks will care

ty-five cent people with the best in art, in music and in civilization; the half dollar folks will care for themselves. It seems a dreadful thing that this place, which its President called 'an object lesson on a grand scale,' should be inaccessible on Sunday—the very and the only day when so many could benefit by it! I am Puritan enough yet to enjoy the Sabbath; there is all too little of rest in this toilsome age; when Louis Napoleon decreed 'a free Sunday,' it was 'liberty to work on every day of the week' he gave the people! That which is needed is emancipation from too much service of the thing, and time, space and condition for soul-growth, for culture, 'Religion,' as Abbot of the Index would say.

The latest development of the spirit is in the Murphy 'Gospel Temperance Revival.' Murphy himself is a combination of Moody and Sankey in one. At times he is wonderfully eloquent and persuasive, since carnest. Never a city more than this needed to be taught temperance. At first the Orthodox clergy undertook to dry-nurse the movement, but I judge the enthusiasm has reached beyond them. I am satisfied good is being done, for Murphy and his friends not only convert the sinner from his ways, but they feed him and clothe him and put him in the way to help himself. So have done and are doing the members of the Godwin Association for the Promotion of Temperance. Such men, calling themselves Christians, may be 'fanatics,' but Elizabeth B. Browning describes such: 'Earth's fanatics make heaven's saints often.' Elizabeth B. Browning describes such: 'Earth's fanatics make heaven's saints often.'
In Spiritualistic matters there is much done,

and to my knewledge the thoughtful are often convinced. There is but little excitement about it, however. The fact is, the most wonderful it, however. The fact is, the most wonderful things are scarcely commented upon. At the residence of Mr. Kase, the other day, I saw a lady seat herself and play at a large square plano and saw it move up and down without any apparent cause. There was no circle, and no one near the plano except the player, and yet the heavy concussions shook the house! Placing myself in the position of the lady, my whole strength could not stir the plano. 'So we go,' so they come; and the miracle of to-day becomes the commonplace of to-morrow. 'Prayer is lost in praise.'" in praise."

New Jersey.

TRENTON.—S. C. Fuller writes, May 25th "Several circles are held in this city, and good "Several circles are held in this city, and good mediums are being developed. We hope soon to be able to have meetings here regularly. I had the pleasure of attending the convention held in Philadelphia, March (Stat. I also attended the circle at the Blisses' the same evening that Mr. Haard so truly described in a late number of the Banner. The materialisation of the two persons at once rather automated some of those present. I also yisled the Camdan (N. J.) Lyosum on Sunday afternoon. After the Lyosum was over Mrs. Powell held a large circle. Eveny may over Mrs. Powell held a large circle. Several nowers and plants were brought in the hall in the full day-light."

Alabama.

MOBILE —C. S. Colbourne writes, May 20th, as follows: "In the Banner of Light Issued April" 10th, 1870, the prophecy of Old Mother Shipton in the year 1448, was brought before the controlling intelligence for an expression of his views upon it, which were given at some length. Again, in one of your issues of a recent date, which it is not taken the trouble to hunt up—this ship prophecy was still to be a forgery; and further, in the Banner of Light is all I have could have some one to start them up a little."

Englished Hear 1912, You her Editor, this work in the party is made this extrement incertainly in error. The prophecy is the party of the year 1863, which is the party is the party in the party is made this extrement incertainly in error. The party is the party in the party is the party in the party in the party is the party in the party in the party is made this extrement incertainly in the party in the party is the party in the party MOBILE.-C. S. Colbourne writes, May 25th,

yet I knew of this prophecy before I came to America; in fact, I am certain that I have seen the same thing in print in some of the old publications years before I left. Of course I cannot sufficiently tax my memory to say where, or in what particular book I read it; yet I am as certain as I am that I live that I did read it somewhere."

Massachusetts. WENDELL DEPOT.-A correspondent, in the

course of a letter renewing subscription, gives ithat the grave covers us, and we know no more, at least not until Gabriel: sounds his horn'; besides, he has ideas concerning the Trinty which are quite unusual among the Orthodox, ideas somewhat Unitarian in character, I should say, if Tdared attempt to define that which so exceedingly able a man as Dr. Miller is judged to have stumbled over.

Though he be suspended Dr. Miller's book circulates, and he will be felt even if unheard. Considering that a few generations ago Christians in Asia Minor slaughtered each other by socres of thousands in their rage about similar differences of opinion, it is most encouraging to see that the debate at Princeton of late was so free from discourtesy and recrimination. Nevertheless' there was a tremendous battle at the itial, and the daily papers published columns of theological lore 'cheek-by jowi' with 'our graphic account' of the last horse-race and prize-fight.

Last year you remember I brought out a book, 'Scheyichbl and the Strand,' in fact I believe you have copies of it for sale among the multifarious note alittle apprehensive the egotism of my expression of thought would needlessly shock rather than benefit Christian friends. However, I took but little counsel from fear, and yet the book has been honored by approxal from the book has been honored by the following views on the vexed question of orof persecution. It reflects upon all who do not see fit or feel able to belong. It naturally mo-nopolizes. Those with larger self-esteem, force, and so on, will at length get into the high places of power. One degree of organization suggests another, and we see that even those denominaanother, and we see that even those denomina-tions that are partly congregational think they need fatherly bishops and kind elders to protect the ministers against each other, and at the pres-ent day to check ignorant or obstinate parishion-ers, that the pastors may not be annoyed and hastily ousted. I have often thought what would become of mediums and speakers, but for the tender and powerful paternity of the noble Ban-ner of Light."

Illinois.

CAIRO.—A. A. Harrell writes, under recent date: "I read in the Message Department of the Banner of Light of April 29th, 1876, a communication from 'Maggie May Ely,' of Cleves, munication from Maggie May Ely, of Cleves, Ohio. The message said she was five years five months and a few days old when she died; that she was accompanied by an old lady from out West. Having some reliable friends in Cleves, Ohio, I at once wrote and inquired if any such person as Maggie May Ely ever lived there, and, if so, in what manner she was connected with a dear old friend of mine, who was also, during her earth-life, a resident of Cleves, Ohio. I received this answer: 'Maggie May Ely was the dearest, brightest little girl I ever knew. She died last February; she was five years five months and three days old.' The friend to whom I wrote knew nothing of Spiritualism, and had no idea how I came by the name. The Elys had lived in that town only about eighteen months. no idea how I came by the name. The Elys had lived in that town only about eighteen months. The mother's heart was well nigh broken. The little one sent a loving word to its 'mamma' in the message. To comfort her, I sent it to her, with a request that she should tell me whatever she could in regard to her darling. She got the message and the letter, but is, I presume, afraid of the power that gave to her indisputable evidence of the existence of her baby-girl; anyway, I have had no word from her, and send you now, at this late day, these facts."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.-William Wiggin, 1860 Broadway, writes, June 3d: "Recently a farewell reception was given at the residence of H. J. Newton, Eeq., to the Spirit-Postmaster, J. V. Mansfield, previous to his departure for Colorado. Among those present were Dr. S. B. Brittan, Mrs. Lou M. Kerns, the noted ballot test medi-um, Nellie J. T. Brigham, the lecturer, Judge E. D. Culver, C. M. Kimball, spirit artist, J. J. Wat-son, the violinist, Mrs. F. S. Adams, Prof. Geo. Plumber, psychometrist, Mrs. Hoffman, and others. The exercises were commenced by Mrs. Adams, who played very acceptably on the plane. Prof. Brittan then stated the object of the meeting, briefly mentioning how Spiritualism was permeating all the various strata of society, and how the veteran Mansfield should be credited with doing a large amount of work in convincing thousands of the fact that spirits can and do communicate with mortals. Prof. Watson execommunicate with mortals. Prof. Watson executed some very fine music on a Cremona violin presented to him by Ole Bull. Mrs. Brigham, under spirit control, made a short address pertinent to the occasion, advising that we should sustain our mediums by sympathy, and in all other possible ways. Mrs. Van Horn gave a recitation which elicited considerable applause. A purse of money was made up and presented to the timetried worker. After a few remarks by Judge Culver, Mrs. Adams sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' Prof. Watson accompanying on the violin, and the audience joining in the chorus. During the evening Mr. Mansfield described and gave the names of the spirit-friends whom he saw around names of the spirit friends whom he saw around the persons present, and in almost every instance the description and name were acknowledged as

Arkansas. HOT SPRINGS.—A. Hammond writes: "This is a good way from Boston by land, but not far in spirit-life, and not so far on land as to hinder the Banner from reaching this place. Every week there are quite a number here who read it week there are quite a number here who read it, and all the spiritual papers they can get, or that fall in their way. The Southern mind generally is not as progressive as the Northern—not so much activity nor love of inquiry. This may safely be laid at the door of the old ideas—the Church and State and social teachings—which have been ingrained for generations in the mental make up of its population. Notwithstanding the opposition of the churches—to all progress, there are still some noble spirits in the South the opposition of the churches to all progress, there are still some noble spirits in the South who are doing much to place it on a high road to light and mental freedom. By and bye it will wake up and make a race that will not be in value, and may outstrip the North in mental progress and noble acquirements. How we all shall rejoice to see it on the top of the wave and no longer swept down by the surging billows. The clouds are fast passing away, and soon the spiritial cause will be stronger in a brighter light than ever before. I want much to be out in this great harvest field. As soon as health will permit I shall try to do the work the angels may call me to do. I have spoken several times in this place; visitors and citizens have intended with carness attention. Numbers have sought private conversation, and have shown much interest. conversation, and have shown much interest. The angels are sowing for a more glorious har-

feet in the frequent meeting of private circles and the numbers attending and wishing to attend them. Old Theology here, as almost everywhere, is forced to resort to every device possible to raise the pecuniary means to keep its organizations in running order, and I opine more than half of the intelligent hearers do not believe a tithe of the doctrines dealt out. The influence of Spiritualism is visible often where least looked for. Spiritualism knows no real retrogression anywhere; its march is steadily onward toward the enlightenment of the benighted."

> THE VOICE OF SILENCE. BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Bright on the sparkling sward, this day, The youthful Summer gleams; The roses in the south wind play, The slumberous woodland dreams:
In golden light, 'neath clouds of fleece,
'Mid bird-songs wild and free,

The blue Potomac flows, in peace, Down to the peaceful sea. No echo from the stormy past

Alarms the placid vale; Nor cannon roar, nor trumpet-blast, Nor shattered soldier's wall. There's nothing left to mark the strife, The triumph, or the pain, Where Nature to her general life Takes back our lives again.

Yet, in your vision, evermore, Beneath affrighted skies, With crash of sound, with reek of gore, The martial pageants rise:
Audacious banners rend the air, Dark steeds of battle neigh, And frantic through the sulphurous glare Raves on the crimson fray!

Not time nor chance nor change can drown
Your memories proud and high,
Nor pluck your star of greatness down
From glory's deathless sky!
Forevermore your fame shall bide—
Your valor tried and true; And that which makes your country's pride May well be pride to you!

Forever through the soldier's thought The soldier's life returns— Or where the trampled fields are fought, Or where the camp-fire burns.
For him the pomp of morning brings
A thrill none else can know: For him night waves her sable wings O'er many a nameless woe.

How often, face to face with death, In stern suspense he stood,
While bird and insect held their breath
Within the ambushed wood! Again he sees the silent hills,
With danger's menace grim;
And darkly all the shuddering rills
Run red with blood, for him.

For him the cruel son of noon Glares on a bristling plain;
For him the cold, disdainful moon Lights meadows rough with slain.
There's death in every sight he sees,
In every sound he hears;
And sunset hush and evening breeze
Are sad with prisoned tears.

Again, worn out in midnight march. He sinks beside the track; Again, beneath the lonely arch, His dreams of home come back; In morning wind the roses shake
Around his cottage door,
And little feet of children make Their music on the floor.

The tones that nevermore on earth Can bid his pulses leap Ring out again, in careless mirth, Across the vales of sleep;
And where, in horrent splendor, roll
The waves of Vict'ry's tide,
The chosen comrades of his soul
Are glorious at his side!

Forget! the arm may lose its might, The tired heart beat low,
The sun from heaven blot out his light,
The west wind cease to blow;
But, while one spark of life is warm
Within this mould of clay,
His soul will revel in the storm

On mountain slope, in lonely glen, By Fate's divine command, The blood of those devoted men Has sanctified this land The funeral moss—but not in grief— Waves o'er their hallowed rest; And not in grief the laurel leaf Drops on the hero's breast!

Of that tremendous day.

Tears for the living, when God's gift— (The friend of man to be)— Wastes, like the shattered spars that drift Upon the unknown sea! Tears for the wreck who sinks at last, No deed of valor done; But no tears for the soul that past

When honor's fight was won!

He takes the hand of Heavenly Fate Who lives and dies for truth!
For him the holy angels wait,
In realms of endless youth! The grass upon his grave is green
With everlasting bloom;
And love and blessings make the sheen
Of glory round his tomb!

Mourn not for them, the loved and gone !
The cause they died to save
Plants an eternal corner-stone Upon the martyr's grave:
And, safe from all the ills we pass, Their sleep is sweet and low,
'Neath requiems of the murmuring grass
And dirges of the snow.

That sunset wafts its holiest kiss Through evening's gathering shades, That beauty breaks the heart with bliss The hour before it fades; That music seems to merge with heaven

Just when its echo dies, Is Nature's sacred promise given Of life beyond the akies !

Mourn not i in life and death they teach This thought—this truth—sublime: There's no man free, except he reach Beyond the verge of time!
So, beckoning up the starry slope,
They bid our souls to live;
And, flooding all the world with hope,
Hape taught us to forgive.

No soldier spurns a fallen foe! No hate of human-kind Can darken down the generous glow

That fires the patriot mind!

But Love shall make the vanquished strong, And Justice lift their ban-Where right no more can bend to wrong. Nor man be slave to man!

So from their quiet graves they speak,
So speaks that quiet scene—
Where now the violet blossoms meek,
And all the fields are green;
There wood and stream and flower and bird A pure content declare;
And where the voice of war was heard Is heard the voice of prayer.

Once more in perfect love, oh Lord, Our aliened hearts unite; And class, across the broken sword,
The hands that used to smite!
And since beside Potomac's wave
There's nothing left but peace,
Be filled at last the open grave,
And let the sorrow cease.

Sweet, from the pitying Northern pines,
Their bying whisper flows;
And sweetly, where the orange shines,
The paint-tree woose the rose;
Ah! let that lender music run
O'er all the years to be;
and Thy great blessing make us one—
Skudimakeus one with Thes!

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When-asks a spirit-will men learn that if they wish to draw the nobler influences of the unseen world around them, they must make their own interior conditions attractive to such influences? A few on earth realize this now, and yet but dimly, not as they will when they have become divested of their fleshly tabernacle. Would that the secret law might be made as plain to all as any of the ordinary laws of visible life! But experience is a good schoolmaster, and it will teach the precious secret in time. Why do we have crime? Clearly because we put ourselves in such a condition of mind that we can be easily accessible to dark and undeveloped spirits. Let us once close these avenues to their approach and they cannot work their will through us upon others. No law ought to be plainer, as none when once understood will work better results. We are continually open to the reception of spirit influences, either good or bad; it lies almost wholly with ourselves to say which shall operate through our organizations.

If we would draw down to us the elevated and ennobling influences which there are spirits always ready to exert over us, we have a rule by which it can at any time be done. At all events, we must give hospitality to either one or the other class continually. We exist between the two, and are educated and disciplined by them in turn. How blessed a thing it is to know that it is within your power to have the company of none but the good if we will. How very precious the thought, that we can so easily expel unwelcome guests from our minds by so simple a process as that of inviting none but the good ones. This is a vital point in true Spiritualism. None of us can really call ourselves Spiritualists until Europe, she could bring an overwhelming Moswe live by the application of this rule, which is

heart. Unless we live according to the laws which we profess to know the existence of, of what use to speak of these things to others? The world best knows what it most distinctly sees, and all the argumentation and preaching that can be showered on its head will never have the effect of a practical demonstration,

We might learn a valuable lesson from the church itself on this point. That does not yet recognize the operative existence of such a spiritual law, and therefore it goes on experimenting with its power and pomp, its authority and worldly methods. It talks about a "still, small voice," but has never heard it. It does not yet recognize the simple truth that we all make our own surroundings, but is satisfied still to leave it with the minister, the synod and the council. Not for them is it to impose upon the human spirit a silent and hidden law which must take it up for itself. There is no authority outside the law that is greater than the law. And this is the time for all true and good Spiritualists to preach the truth on which they have laid hold far more effectually by obeying its hidden statutes than by combating hostile opinions or even impaling error with the sword of the intellect.

The Philadelphia Weekly Times, through a correspondent, resuscitates the fact that Anna Dickinson made her début as a public speaker at Clarkson Hall, on Haines street, below Race, that city. "The hall was used by the Progressive Friends and Spiritualists, and here Anna Dickinson, who then claimed to be under spirit control and in a trance condition, was in the habit of speaking for hours together under the spiritinfluence of Col. E. D. Baker." The account goes further, and attributes to her language used more recently, which openly declares her own belief that she has always received in her public addresses the help of "spiritual guides," and that this would long ago have been acknowledged but for "prudential considerations on the part of her friends."

Neither of the London secular papers showed fairness enough to publish the challenge of Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons to Prof. Lankester (which appeared in our last issue), and it is now proposed by the English Spiritualists to insert the document as an advertisement in some of the daily journals of that metropolis.

John Tyerman, we regret to learn from a recent number of the Harbinger of Light, Australia, has been forced, through an alarming relapse in the state of his health, to give up his engagement at Sidney, N. S. W., and return to Helbohrne.

A STRAW.-June 7th, at the meeting of the Mational Medical Association at Chicago, Ill., whereat 650 delegates were in attendance, the question of rectaing the fossilized pharmacopoela self once tabled on its introduction. It looks as if morrows is at a discount with the medicas!

The Visions of the Prophets.

The events that are massing rather than as yet transpiring in Europe, incline one to think that some of the old visions recorded by the ancient prophets and in the Apocalypse may be on the verge of realization. The London Times concedes that the last hope of the Turkish Empire is gone, and that nothing remains but to look on and await the catastrophe. Even a factitious power like Turkey, that has kept its footing in Europe for over five hundred years, cannot go down out of sight without a shock and a shiver through the whole of Europe. If its existence was necessary for many years to preserve the balance and harmony of the European family, its disappearance will of course disturb that harmony in a greater or less degree, and force upon the other nations a policy of reconstruction.

What may happen is at present hidden even from the eye of prophecy. On what brink England, France, Germany and Austria may be standing at this day is of course known only to Omniscience. We are certain at present of this. that Russia now intends to make peace practically on her own terms. Twenty-one years ago she was forced to submit to the terms imposed by others, but that was before Germany, now her most effective friend without being an open ally, became a great and independent power. Now Russia feels strong enough to scornfully defy the interference of Western Europe in her quarrel with Turkey, and she openly declares that she will do as she pleases. In other words, she is not so ready to talk of terms of peace as she wasnotwithstanding the oft repeated press rumors to the contrary-nor willashe consent to think of them at all until she has at least a guarantee of a recompense fully equal to what her preparations have so far cost her.

Almost eight years ago, a most capable medium in this city saw in vision the White Horse foretold by John in Patmos, and the hosts gathering for the final contest. What confusion is likely to prevail in Europe almost any one who has carefully followed the course of events, and reflected on their tendency can readily see for himself. Germany paralyzes France while she seconds Russia. England does not move because she has no ally. It is rumored that she has secretly approached Austria, but receives no encouragement. Between Russia and Germany, the rest of Europe is split up and disarmed. Russia stood by and helped Germany in her three last successful wars-with little Denmark, with Austria and with France-and now Germany is returning the substantial favor. But if Germany were to be engaged for any reason against Austria, it is not improbable that England might enlist France in an alliance with Austria and herself against Russia and Germany together.

And then the whole continent would tremble with the tread of armed hosts and the inland seas swarm with the fleets of the conflicting nations. On land and sea the contest would be waged, and all the pent-up passions of the Old World would burst forth in lava tides to desolate the continent. In fighting for her approaches to India, England would defend Constantinople to the last, while she would make a desperate stand at Port Said for the protection of the Suez Canal, which is her direct route to her Indian possessions by connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea and Arabian Gulf. What is stranger than all, England would summon her Moslem forces in the East to join in the fray, and the very earth of Asia would shake beneath their tread. She would present the spectacle of a Christian power leading into battle a vast Moslem host.

And with the standard of the Prophet raised by the Sultan, and holy war declared throughout the wide realms of Moliammedan rule, even though Turkey might go down in the dust in lem host across from Asia and Africa into Europe again, and more than reënact the bloody scenes of centuries ago, when the sword of Sobleski of Hungary first made her pause and then retreat. That mysterious standard would be able to bring into the field almost by magic two hundred millions of religious fanatics, whose faith is that to die in the cause of the Prophet is to ascend at once to the rewards and bliss of Paradise. What could all the forces of Europe, collected and maintained at such enormous cost, even if they were united against this vast Moslem power, avail to check or subdue it? The descent of Alaric and Attlia on the fair plains of Italy were as by-play in comparison with what this host from the East and the South might ac-

complish. Look at the roll of them. They would flock in obedience to the summons of Holy War, from the heart of Africa; from Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli; from Egypt all the way up the Nile valley; from Arabia, where riders are fleet and fierce in an encounter; from the mountains of upper Hindostan; from India; from the Khanates of Central Asia, burning to avenge the wrongs laid on them by Russia; from Persia and Asia Minor. And this countless army would devastate the country, clearing it of its supplies, bringing all the diseases of warm climates with them, and scattering their prolific seeds among the armies and the people of Europe. They would fall in myriads before the modern instruments of war, but they could not be conquered. May not this be the vision of the White Horse and his rider, with the flaming sword in the air seen by John?

A Ministers' Exchange.

Other callings have their times and places for making their bargains and presenting their propositions, and why should not the ministry? New York has already acted on the hint, and established a ministerial employment bureau. The object set before it is to find places for preachers who have none, and to advise applicant churches of eligible preachers who can be had for the supply of their want. Considering how fast the theological seminaries are turning out young ministers, it was time to start an enterprise of this character. A great many churches, too, are without pastors, and they are compelled to trust to luck alone to find them. A bureau like this should prove the very thing for them, bringing together the 'two parties that otherwise might never find one another out.

And not only will each side be accommodated when all it wants is to be brought into communication with the other, but the bureau will prove to be a quiet way of quelling mutual dissatisfactions when they exist. For instance, a church that is not exactly suited with its head can make application to this bureau unknown to its pastor, and before he is aware of what is going on request his resignation, confident of supplying his place when he is fairly dismissed. And, on the other hand, he can work his cards after the same fashion, so that in fact neither side can complain. In Baltimore, with a tour to Europe in prospect.

The chief of this ministerial bureau informed a Sun reporter that "he, the pastor, continues his labor with them, the church, until the arrangements for a change are satisfactorily made. He gives notice of his intended removal, and at the appointed time he severs the old connection and takes on the new. Many a preacher in the country is wearing himself out in a church in a climate which his constitution cannot stand. He is poor; his acquaintance with the outer world is limited; and his only prospect is to work himself out and die where he is. This bureau will give him facilities for the needed change such as he never dreamed of."

Now this sounds like business. In point of fact, it is business altogether. And that leads us to remark that nothing will help more to wear off the crust of superstitious feeling with which the clergy are as a class regarded than this very process of settling and unsettling them with the aid of a bureau, or exchange. It puts the whole on a different footing. In place of a parish feeling obligated to retain a minister after his usefulness to it is worn out, it will give him to understand that there are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught yet, and that he must earn his salary if he cares to stay. And vice versa: the minister announces to a parish that he can provide himself with another place whenever he feels tired of the present one, and that he is under no more obligations to the church than the church is to

There are plenty of "good" people who will deplore such a change in the relations of minister and church, and will say that those relations are much too sacred to be handled in this way. But that is the very point. That assumed sanctity, of which many ministers have been too ready to take advantage, will have vanished before this business view of things, and a preacher will come to be regarded like any other man, and be judged by the same standard. It is going to be a good thing. It will prove the entering wedge to split asunder the spirit of personal worship and the spirit of dogmatism. Hereafter, minister and people will come together on a practical, common-sense/basis, and only so long as each proves a help to the other will the mutual relation be likely to be sustained.

Small as may seem such an agent as this employment bureau for ministers, it will nevertheless prove large enough and influential enough to work a radical change in a system that needs revolutionizing as much as any other, as is sufficiently plain from the rapid changes which are going on in the churches by the dismissal of their pastors.

"Great Fortunes."

A Mr. J. H. Blake sends us a postal card cir cular from Denver, in which he states that he shall be pleased to forward a copy of the Colorado State Directory for 1877, postpaid, if we will insert the accompanying notice. This notice is simply that "great fortunes in gold and silver are reported daily from the Black Hills and San Juan mines," and that the rush of people to these mines puts the rush for California and for Pike's Peak entirely in the shade.

Mr. Blake would evidently like to engage our services, in other words, to assist him in deluding trusting men into a belief that they can make fortunes by going out to the mines. Now we shall not only do no such thing, but we shall turn about and seriously advise all men who may be led to think of it not to go, nor to have anything to do with the matter.

In the first place these miners, who are not making fortunes, but on the contrary are suffering untold misery from want and exposure out there, have no business in the Black Hills region. That entire territory belongs to the Indians, to whom it was ceded by a solemn treaty by the other kindred ways. United States Government; and they have just same right to defend their territory that we have to defend our farms and homesteads.

White men have no business there : they are marauders and plunderers; and all these efforts. to induce them to go there are made by those who only want to get their money away from them, after which they leave them to their fate. We therefore denounce this class of operators as conspirators to delude the honest whites and to rob the Indians, and we ask all persons to take no stock in them. If there are such fortunes in the Black Hills, why do these advertisers not hurry after the chances themselves?

The Medical Law of New Hampshire. The friends in different parts of the Granite State who have been circulating the petition, printed in these columns, for the repeal of the law regulating the practice of medicine in that Commonwealth, are carnestly requested to forward AT ONCE whatever lists of signatures they may have obtained, to JONATHAN HOSMER, Nashua, N. II., who will see that they are laid in proper form before the Legislature, which is now in session.

At the recent excursion of the Rubber Dealers down Boston harbor, one of the speakers took occasion to refer to Goodyear the inventor, and to the glow of satisfaction that would permeate his soul could he witness the success attending his labors, and of which the present meeting was an index. The spirit of that earnest toiler must have smiled bitterly, if he heard these words, giving him a stone now, instead of the bread he needed so much while on earth. Goodyear lived a life of penury, passed on leaving his family destitute, and returned through Mrs. Conant years ago, lamenting the sad fate of those loved ones he left behind. Have the merchants who have heaped up riches from the results of his inventive genius ever done aught to alleviate the pressing wants of his family? If they have, then it is well that they honor his memory, otherwise their lip service is the sheerest mock-

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten closed her readings and discussions on Spiritual Science which have for some time past transpired at New Era Hall, Boston—on Sunday evening last, June 10th.

At Mrs. Britten's concluding reception additional interest was afforded by the inspirational singing of Miss Parks, a young lady of this city, who during the past few months has been developing as a musical medium. Miss Parks sings in a very pleasing manner, accompanying herself on the piano, and the music, though not of a high order, is certainly very remarkable when its impromptu character is considered. Mrs. Britten, who is herself an accomplished musician, thought well of the performance, and considered it to be of an unmistakably inspirational character.

"The Reality of Spirit."

The programme of the new work by M. A. (Oxon.), which we published some weeks since in the Banner, was incomplete and in some respects erroneous. The following is a correct

Proved from Records and Works on the Subject.

BY "M. A. (OXON.). Introductory Ohapter.—The general aspect of the subject—Its many-sidedness—Certain broad views to be more particularly illustrated in sub-sequent sections—The claims and present position of Spiritualism.

Section I.—Historical.—A retrospect of the his-

Section I.—Historical.—A retrospect of the history of the subject, illustrated from Epes Sargent's "Planchette" (reviewed), Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's "History of American Spiritualism," Wallace's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," Shorter's "Two Worlds," Judge Edmonds's Tracts.

Section II.—Scientific.—Dealing with some aspects of the phenomena of Spiritualism in reference to theoretic explanations that have been given. Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritual-

ence to theoretic explanations that have been given. Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritualism" (reviewed), Hare's "Spiritualism Scientifically Explained," Crookes's Researches," Mrs. De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

Section III.—Phenomenal.—Dealing with publication and additional section and section in the section of the section in the section i

Section III.—Phenomenal.—Dealing with published accounts of form-manifestation, especially from Olcott's "People from the Other World, (reviewed), Epes Sargent's "Proof Palpable, Wolfe's "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism."

Section IV.—Religious.—Showing the religious side of the subject as brought out in Crowell's "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism." (reviewed) Dale Owen's Address to the

"Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism" (reviewed). Dale Owen's Address to the Clergy in his "Debatable Land," S. C. Hall's "Use of Spiritualism."

Section V.—Clairveyance.—Dealing with the inherent powers of the incarnate human spirit, especially that of clear-seeing or super-sensuous perception as exemplified by simple clear-sight or psychometrically, in Denton's "Soul of Things" and Andrew J. Davis's "Magic Staff" (reviewed). Cahagnet's "Arcanes de la Vie Fu-

viewed), Cahagnet's "Arcanes de la Vie Fu-Section VI.—Occultism.—Dealing further with certain occult powers of the human spirit, and with phenomena attributed to them, as shown in

"Art Magic," "Ghost Land" (reviewed), and further illustrated by records of phenomena hitherto unpublished. The Transcorporeal Action of Spirit-especially during Sleep, immediately before and at the

Time of Death, and under some Strong Passion or Emotion.—This will form a considerable section, distinct from the rest of the book, and will include a large number of facts, new and old, arranged on the principle of reference to their de-termining cause, where such can be ascertained. Note.-The above scheme of the book of

essays and reviews, previously announced under the provisional title that heads this syllabus, is a draft, subject to any alteration that may be deemed desirable. It is published in compliance with a request from many sources for information as to the title and scope of the work. The title now affixed explains what is intended. The scope of the work is to notice some aspects of Spiritualism as they are presented in the works of other authors, and so to point out and summarise the best books on the subject.

Though the plan may be modified, it will not be substantially changed.

The sections which deal with the phanement

The sections which deal with the phenomenal and religious aspects will be so arranged as not to trench on the works announced for future publication: "Spirit Teachings," and "Researches in the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism." "M. A. (Oxon.)."

Spiritualism."
London, May, 1877.

A Birth-day Party.

Mrs. Cushman, the famous musical medium, celebrated the anniversary of her birth last Friday, by a large gathering of her friends, who assembled at her residence in Melrose, one of Boston's pleasant suburbs. The entire day was given up to the reception and entertaining of visitors. During the day and evening upwards of a hundred persons enjoyed the hospitalities of the hostess and her companion. The passing hours were very pleasantly spent in social and fraternal converse, in exchanging civilities and

n the evening, which provol and amusement, as several well-known mediums who were present were characteristically controlled by their familiar influences. The evening scance concluded with one of Mrs. Cushman's own musical exhibitions of spirit power, an account of which has often appeared in these columns. At a late hour the company dispersed, many of them taking the steam cars for this city, leaving with the lady hearty wishes for many returns of the day.

"An Earnest Appeal for Medical Freedom."

Those who have read the exhaustive and painstaking essay, bearing the above caption, which has recently been given to the public through these columns, are informed that, in obedience to the oft repeated requests of our correspondents, the matter has now been arranged in pamphlet form, and may be purchased at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The brochure is emphatically a standard tract, fitted for use in every locality where the "regular" medicos show their heads before the aw-makers. Circulate it, friends!

Picnic at Highland Lake Grove.

The First Picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity for the season will be held at this location (so well known to the pleasure seeker), in the town of Norfolk, Mass., on Friday, June 22d. The natural attractions of the spot will be reinforced by addresses from able trance and normal speakers and the music of Bond's Band. The occasion cannot fail of being a marked

The Massachusetts Eclectic Medical Society had a "growling match" in Boston recently, and its members were even almost lachrymosely public, preyed upon as they held it to be by uneducated pretenders to medical practice. The State Societies were called upon to unmask the "unprincipled dissenters," wherever found. The ground that the dissenters—which term we suppose may be construed to cover all physicians (outside of Allopathy and Homeopathy), Spiritualist or otherwise, who refuse to give in adhesion to the Eclectic School-are all wrong, and that the "Regular Eclectics," if the term be admissible, are all right, must be refreshing indeed in its coolness, now that summer has set in.

It was only a little while ago that these same Eclectics were vociferously calling on the State to tie the hands of these dissenters, but our good Commonwealth, through a liberal-hearted Committee, refused to resort to class legislation, "Hence these tears!"

Mr. Moncure D. Conway.

Whose distribes against the spiritual philosophy and phenomena have been repeated as nausea by the Cincinnati press, and gulped down by papers in other localities as sweet morsels, does copy. Subscriptions for the volume are now received at this office.

On the strength of his reputation in one or two cities in America, he has lately assumed to lecture Englishmen on other topics about which he knows just about as much as he does concerning Spiritualism. And this is the way in which he is answered by a contributor to a London Journal:

"If we did not know that this kind of thing is in Mr. Conway's English Correspondent vein, we should tell him that he is simply ignorant of what is going on, and that he ought to write about things he understands. As it is, he must be plainly told that literary incontinence, even in these days, has its endurable limits, and that, even in abolishing Christianity, people have no right to repeal the Ten Commandments. I do not want to be over hard on Mr. Conway. He has had for a long time to supply an article of a certain kind for the American market, and he has had to make very free with other people to enable him to do it; but, though this may explain the extraordinary address before us, it does not excuse or justify it: hence the plain speaking of this reproof.

John Page Hopps.

Leicester, May 14th, 1877." "If we did not know that this kind of thing is

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

On our fifth page will be found the announcement made by the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, concerning their fourth annual gathering at this popular resort, on the line of the Fitchburg Railroad. The time chosen for the meeting is Aug. 6th-28th.

We are pleased to see that the committee of citizens to whom were entrusted the preparation of the "poor children's excursions" of Boston for the present season have decided that the plan is practicable, and have arranged for seven as the number to be held. It is requested that all subscriptions in aid of this worthy enterprise be sent to Peters & Parkinson, 35 Congress street, Boston. They are set down for July 7th and 17th, and Aug. 7th, 14th, 18th, 23d and 30th, at Highland Lake Grove, on the New York and New England Railroad.

R. P. Burhaus, writing from Denison, Tex., June 6th, says that E. V. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge and others, have recently done good work for Spiritualism in that State, and adds: "Next fall we shall organize a Spiritual-Liberal Association, quite a number having expressed a desire to become attached to a movement of that kind."

A correspondent after reading Rev. James Freeman Clark's sermon as printed in the Boston Advertiser of June 11th, in which he defines his conception of what Unitarianism is, comes to the conclusion that the views set forth "accord wonderfully with those embodied in the Spiritual Philosophy, as given by manifesting intelligences from spirit life for the past twenty-nine years."

In The Spiritualist (London, Eng.) for June 1st, Mr. Harrison, its editor, and Thomas Blyton, Honorary Secretary to the Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism, give the test mediumship of J. William Fletcher strong endorsement, founded on individual experience at his sćances. According to the Boston Post, a new se-

cret polictical organization, based on the idea of papal supremacy, has been established in Rhode Island, with a reported membership extending all over the United States. On Tuesday afternoon, May 29th, the

third annual general meeting of the National Association of Spiritualists was held at 38 Great A circle was held in the afternoon, and another | Russell street, London, under the presidency of The Nottingham (Eng.) Journal de-

nounces the habit of reputed men of science refusing to investigate phenomena of nature in the shape of spiritual manifestation s.

Essays by George Wentz-"Discovery of Spirit"—and Ichabod Carver—"Organization ' -in type for this number of the Banner, are deferred until another issue, through lack of space.

We see by the New Zealand papers that Mr. Charles Bright has been engaged to lecture permanently in the Princess' Theatre, Dunedin, every Sunday.

Rend the essay by A. J. Davis, the letter from J. M. Peebles, and the "decoration" poem by William Winter, in the present issue of the Banner.

Robert Dale Owen visited New York recently.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums. C. B. Lynn will close his ministrations of nearly four months' duration with the Springfield friends, the present season, the last of June. In July he will labor in Ballston Spa, N. Y. His permanent address is Sturgis, Mich.

W. S. Bell will lecture Sunday, 17th inst., in East Dennis, Mass.

Mrs. Maggie Folsom, as will be seen by her card on our fifth page, can now be found at the Beachmont, on the line of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad.

Mrs. Susie Nickerson White will speak in Orleans, (Cape Cod) Mass., Sunday afternoon, June 17th.

D. W. Hull, M. D., is permanently located at 5181/2 Congress street, Portland, Me., where he is affected at the unprotected nature of the dear healing the sick, and will be glad to answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at any points acce ssible. Spiritualists from a distance when in Portland will oblige by giving him a call...

> W. F. Jamleson is to hold a debate with a leading representative of Christianity in Linesville, Pa. For summer engagements, address him Linesville Station, Pa.

J. William Fletcher will remain in London, Eng., for the present. He has met with the most flattering success in the exercise of his mediumship. His address is 14 Southampton Row.

William Alcott will speak for the Spiritualists of West Cummington, Mass., on Sunday, June 17th, and on alternate Sundays until further no

Isano Frazier writes : "Mr. P. O. Mills lecture in Pythian Hall, Lynn, Mass., June 8d, afternoon and evening, to an attentive and apprecia-The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Spiritualists tive audience. His subject in the afternoon was seem on the alert, according to recent files of the the Signs of the Times; in the evening White Index, published at that place. Pionics, near Good has Spiritualism Done? Mr. Mills is an haracter.

Mission Creek, and lectures and sociables at able and earnest worker in the cause of religious.

Thos. Gales Forster is reported as being Crane's Hall, are among the signs of the times reform, and well deserves the confidence of alltrue Spiritualists." The transfer of the

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON, -Ay I there may be muscle and sinew. there may be intelligence and intellect, there may be the profoundest research, there may be the most transcendent genius, yet unless integrity and justice, unless sympathy. and good-will to men underlie and ove character, that life is a moral failure !-Dr. J. M. Peebles.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith.

We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used.

When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recom mend for perusal.

Prof. Alvergnat, who died of hydrophobia in Hartford, Conn., recently, was one of Louis Phillippa's soldiers. He was an untiring student and a very estimable man. During the recent jubilee the Pope's cash presents

amounted to \$1,100,000.

Benjamin Havens, the original "Benny Havens O," of the West Point song, has just died at the age of 88. Benny's inn at Buttermilk Falls was a club room for the ca-

A rich man died in Baltimore recently. One half of his property was left to charity and the other half to conjecture.—Othermati Raturday Night.

ZELL'S ENGYCLOPEDIA. -- We have received from Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn., (Eastern agent,) Nos. 57, 28, 39 and 40 of this valuable compend of information on all current topics, as well as reference-work on historical and geographical subjects. The installment brings the richly illustrated letter-press to MASS, and gives a fine map of France and Switzerland. Mr. King will send a specimen copy, with map, to any address on receipt of twenty cents.

The forgers in Sing Sing Prison are employed in the blacksmith shop.

The society which once consisted of compact families has got extremely near to the condition in which it will consist of individuals, when it has finally and completely assimilated the legal position of women to the legal position of men.—Mains.

A calculation made forty years ago stated that for home use and for export purposes 20,000,000 plns were required daily in England. The real quantity now produced is 50,-000,000 per day, of which Birmingham produces \$7,000,000, leaving 18,000,000 as the product of London, Stroud and Dublin, where pins are also made. The weight of wire consumed annually in the pin manufacture of England is about 1,275% tons, or 2,875,120 pounds, one-eighth of which is iron wire, used in the manufacture of mourning and

LIFE's DISCIPLINE.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences in life. It is life's ringsed experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and its alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that which makes man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education.

Let every man have faith in himself, and take hold of life carnestly, scorning all props and buttresses, all crutches and life-preservers.

"Nobody knows to this day," says the Brooklyn Eagle, " what a time Noah had of it in the ark with the antedliuvian ancestors of the present Kentucky mule. "

George P. Rowell & Co. deserve the best thanks of the advertising community for their efforts to prevent advertising community for their efforts to prevent advertising from being imposed on by unsorupulous publishers. Every koneat publisher will also thank them for the aid they have afforded them in maintaining their competition for business by fair means, against the fraudulent practices of dishonest rivals. Messrs. Rowell & Co. alone of Newspaper Directory publishers, have had the courage to undertake the task of disori-minating among the statements of newspapers, and to face the hostility which such a course was sure to excite among those who profited by misrepresentation. Notwithstanding the "crushing" articles that from time to time have been hurled at them, sometimes by parties who ought to have known better, they have persevered in their course, and they have had their reward. Their publication has taken the first place as the standard authority among American Newspaper Directories, and a reference book for every large advertiser and advertising agency in this country.—Jersey Ulty Journal, May 22, 1817.

The old king of Gaboon, in Africa, is dead, at the age of nearly 100. His eldestson, Adaube, at once, on succeeding him, cashiered the hundred women of his father's harem, liberating fifty slaves, and abolishing the sacrifice of human beings at religious rites.

Number 333-which is the New York Herald-remarks: "About this war we'd like to get at the Batoum facts."

An indiscriminate slaughter of do ss is threatened. All right; but remember that every dog killed leaves several hundred fleas to be cared for and amused.—Danbury News.

Lives of great men all remind us we can have our lives well done, and, retiring, leave behind us insults in the New York Sun.

Mr. Beecher said in his Friday night talk: "I mean to keep on the good work for twenty or thirty years more, until a meighty or ninety, if the Lord don't Interfere, if I live, I work; if I don't live, I go to be... "n." That's so, if the Lord don't interfere, — Puck.

A Russian soldier who fails three tim as in discipline may be whipped. Hence the old remark ' Thre: times and

The property which Parson Brownlow left consists of his homestead, with about \$4000, a life insurance policy and an interest in the Whig and Chronicle newspaper. which is in a prosperous condition.

THE MODEL PRINTER'S GUIDE.—This handsome Journal, published by J. W. Daughaday & Co., No. 723 Chestnut street, Phi adelphia, deserves the patronage of every one. It is not only a perfect gom in its typographic appearance, but is full to the brim of choice literary matter, while the information it imparts in reference to the art of printing is simply invaluable. No boy should sleep sound-y until he has ordered it, and its suggestions would be found to be of immense advantage to business men everywhere. Ten cents and a three-cent stamp for postage is the price for a year, and certainly such a sun could not be better spent. A handsome, 100 page Printer's Instruction and Specimen book is sent free to every subscriber.

" Will you have peaches and cream ? " is the question in Florida, and the delicious interrogation point is gradually working its way across the country northward.

Barah Hawley, one hundred and one years old, whose father stood by the side of Warren when he fell at Bunker Hill, is living on West Twenty-Third street, in New York city, and has never visited a theatre or ridden in a horse -

"Oh that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!" I would cry to all worthy working-woman, to all energette, honorable young men seeking an opening for talent, a field for honest industry, keep away from Washington! Avoid the place as rearfully as though every department of Government were a pest-house—as though Congress, instead of beneficently legislating, were doing a lively business in all the plagues of Egypt.—Grace Greentood.

The great railway bridge over the Mass, at Rotterdam, by which direct rallway communication between Antwerp and Rotterdam has been established, was formally opened on the 28th of last month. The cost of the bridge has been about 2,000,000 florins.

"To arms! To arms!" says Coxe, says he;
Then Venus snatched hers from the ses,
And clapped them on and slapped her knee,
And cried, "1" ve got 'em—do n't you see?
Two arms! Two arms!
And here they be!"

have the courage to condemn.

"The Insbriate's Home, "says a morning paper. Glad to hear it. Hope he 'li stay there, — Com; Adv.

Current Events.

The war in Europe seems about to reach a more interesting stage. As we go to press the announcement is abroad that the Russians are preparing to cross the Danube by flank movements on the right and left of the Turkish quad-rilateral of fortresses, and the indications (by telegraph) are to the effect that the Turkish troops are greatly outnumbered. The Czar has called out an additional levy of From Asia we have the ridiculous story of the Turkish

garrison of beleaguered Karssallying out and pursuing the amy with their artillery for miles! Such a story, when is either the dram of a maniac on the joke of a punata In Europe the Turks endeavored to force the terrible Dues Pass in a recent action, and after five days of the erate fighting, wherein they lost 4000 men, they left, the field to the victorious Montenegrins, and poor Micele had to go without the much needed rations which ha was trying to carry to its garrison at the point of the bayonet. The fortress, it is thought, will now

A Russian force of 8000 men made two ineffectual atapticito cross the Danube near Glurgevo on Saturday, time the Both efforts, however, were repulsed with seri-ing tool. The river is reported to have overflowed its banks is several points on flunday, 10th, greatly impeding army

il seribonate and tical-waves on the South

American coast were of a terribly destructive nature. At least six hundred persons periabed, and the destruction of property will amount to twenty million dollars. Nearly a score of fowns and cities were wrecked, and in some cases their sites almost obliterated.

France and its parties stand on the tip-toe of expectation, but nothing of an overt character has yet transpired on either side.

At a fire in the hat factory of Glover, Sanford & Sons, East Bridgeport Ct., June 7th, eleven persons were burned and crushed to death while endeavoring to save the property of the firm, by the falling of the east wall of the build-

The Children's Lyceums.

Boston, Mass.

W. H. Mann, Recording Secretary of the Rochester Hall school, reports that "on Sunday morn. ing, June 10th, the programme was somewhat varied, from the fact that a great proportion of the recitations, etc., given, were those originally intended for the previous (Decoration) Sunday, but were left out on that day from want of time. The recitations were by Mr. Simonds, Lizzle Giles and Willie Cushman; readings were given by Mrs Carnes and Mrs. Hattle Wilson, and songs by Neilie Thomas, Neilie Delan, Helen Sawyer and Mr. Fred Heath. A fine cornet solo by Mr. Maisinau, an equally fine clarinet solo by Mr. Fred Heath, and an excellent piano solo by Professor Eisenbeck, were also well received by the large and highly appreciative audience. Next Sunday being the last of the season, arrangements have been made for a reception and welcome to Andrew Jackson Davis, the father of the Lyceum movement, and his wife, Mary F. Davis. Mr. Henry C. Luli and other speakers will be present, and a pleasant and profitable meeting is expected." ing, June 10th, the programme was somewhat

The Conductor of this school gives, in the subjoined, his views concerning the needs of the Lyceum cause, and the duty resting upon adult Spiritualists in this regard:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: You will pardon me for encroaching upon your space, but as you have extended an invitation to all concerned to ald you in making your Lyceum column a matter of interest, I thought perhaps a few words from me would not be out of place. I, for one, feel very thankful to the proprietors of the Banner of Light for opening this avenue for the benefit of the young, as they are the class that we, as progressionists, ought to look after.

As the fiscal year is about drawing to a close, I feel that it is my duty, as Conductor, to return thanks to the Spiritualists of this city for the able support I have received from them during the twelvementh; and I trust that they will con-tinue to furnish their aid to such an extent that the city of Boston may never be without a school of this nature. For some unexplained reason, many cities and towns where Lyceums were once supported have allowed them to close their doors, and, as a matter of consequence, the children attending them have found their way into the Orthodox Sabbath schools, which, to my mind, is the very thing we ought to guard against. I am well aware that there is considerable labor atwell awate that there is considerable labor ac-tending the management of a Lyceum, but when we take into consideration the work that has been performed by others for the cause of old Theology, we, as Liberalists who are professing to have something a great deal better, should endeavor to do what we can toward enlarging the area of its usefulness among men, regardless of time or money, since the moment we stop to think of remuneration just that moment our lib-

think of remuneration just that moment our lib-eral ideas amount to nothing.

During the forthcoming camp-meeting to be held at Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk, Mass., July 20th to Aug. 6th, there is to be one day de-voted to this Lyceum movement, and I hope that the Spiritualists in every city, town and village will send delegates. Let us unite in one grand union, the efforts of which cannot fall. Andrew Jackson Davis and wife have signified their in-tention to take a prominent part in these exer-cises, and undoubtedly some action will super-yene at that time which will be for the interest vene at that time which will be for the interest of all who feel any concern for the moral welfare of our children. During the past year I have formed the acquaintance of several Lyceum Conductors from afar off, and I find that among other points the school at Cleveland. O., has been favored with a live man — Mr.
Thos. Lees, Esq. This gentleman devotes not only his time upon the Sabbath, but is an earnest worker at all times for the good of humanity. I second the wish of Brother Lees that all conduct ors at once send their address to the Banner of Light office, so that we can confer together.

J. B. HATCH.

Address 31 Lexington street, Charlestown District. Boston.

Cleveland. O.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: We are just now demonstrating the fact that Spiritualism is not dead in this vicinity. It has always been surprising to me that the spiritual papers have not been better patronized than they are—particularly the Banner. Spiritualists are too apathetic as a class; they need some of the zeal of the churches. The work is not evenly distributed—it comes on a few. I find that unless you keep working all the time, societies, lyceums, papers, flatten out. Whenever I find a Spiritualist taking his "Fireside Companion," "Saturday Night," or smoking three or four clears a day, and complaining he is too poor to take a spiritual paper, I know his spiritual status

I am pleased with the manner in which other Conductors have responded, in the way of giving points for your columns concerning their schools. I hope all engaged in these efforts for the young will do what they can to awaken the public at-tention. I think a great mistake is made on the part of Spiritualists generally in not paying more attention to the Luceum interests. This is our attention to the Lyceum interests. This is our recruiting ground. THOMAS LEES. recruiting ground.

... Melbourne, Australia. ⁴

A correspondent informs us that the school in this far-away land is doing laudable service. At a recent meeting, prizes were awarded to the scholars for elecution, good conduct and punctuality, the following being the successful competi-tors: the Misses Brotherton, B. Bonney, K. Stew-art, E. King, Miss A. King. The Conductor ac-companied the presentation of each with a few Peebles gave an instructive address, advocating the cultivation of the physical, but at the same time showing the greater importance of cultivating and using the moral and spiritual faculties.

Verification of a Spirit Message. To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of the 5th inst. I see a message from my mother, HARRIOT BUTTS, which was correct, giving her birthplace, her residence for the last fifty years, her father's and mother's names, and her own age, she having passed on the day be-fore she was seventy-five years old. The ideas of a life beyond this were as she had expressed them to me many times. Before she passed on, for some four or five years, and through her sickness, she had a great desire to again visit the scenes of her young days (having been brought up in Baltimore). It was not strange to me, therefore, that she should give her first message through Mrs. Danskin, as she remarked to me a few days, before, passing on that, if not allowed, to visit her old home in the body, she should have naught to preyent her when she became a spirit. She has only carried out her ideas, which makes me more happy to be able to confirm the message in the interests of truth.

Yours truly,

M. W. BRIMTMALL.

Beston, Unstriction. District, May 1818, 1877.

which will be forwarded to any address dree of postage, and then you can pales saddle and the destanding of the artill sace. All orders by mall promptly filled.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. ROCHESTEE HALL. — Children's Progressive Lyonum No. 1 bolds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, 720 Washington street, commencing at 10% o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

EAGLE HALL, SIS Wackington street.—Text Circle every Bunday morning at 10% A. M. Inspirational speaking at 2% and 7% r. M. Good mediums and speakers at ways present. Free Conference Meeting every staturday evening at 80 clock, sharp. Doors closed at 8%. All are invited.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Platform Modeley of Hpiritualists hold a Free Circle, with good, reliable mediums, every Bunday, at 10% A. M.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT, Evening Star Hall,—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday afternoon, as 3 0 clock.

Eagle Hall.—Mrs. Dick gave two very interesting lectures at this hall last Sunday afternoon and evening, upon "Reformations and Reformers." Mr. John Hardy also read an essay upon "Demons or Angels—Which?" which was well received by the audience.

Mrs. Dick will lecture at the above named hall next Sunday afternoon and evening, upon "Love." F. W. J.

Charlestown District - Evening Star Hall .-The course of Sunday afternoon meetings was confinued in this hall June 10th — speaking and tests by Mrs. L. W. Litch. She is one of the best mediums in Boston. Her address is at No. 169 Court street, where she may be addressed by societies needing her services. Next Sunday, at 3 P. M., Mrs. Eliza M. Hickok will give a lecture in this hall. Subject, "The New Dispensation."

A Season of Rest.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A limited vacation for rest and recuperation has, at my request, been granted by the committee, and the séance room in Pence's Hall building will, on the 17th inst., be closed, and again reopened after devoting two weeks time to recreation, and the seances, under the vivifying influence of renewed power and lucreased energy, resumed. ANNA STEWART.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 4th, 1877.

To the Spiritualists and Prec Thinkers of the Morth-West,

The undersigned, owing to the fact that greater facilities are afforded for real enjoyment and instruction at grove meetings than in any other way during the summer months, propose holding a series of such meetings wherever the friends of progress will furnish a grove properly seated,

and make all the other necessary arrangements.

Let the friends awaken to the importance of keeping their spiritual armor bright, and let us show the hosts of old fogyism that we can keep the car of progress moving in spite of Moody, Sankey, and "hard times."

If the friends will do their part by furnishing the place, we will do ours toward giving them an enjoyable and profitable meeting, relying ou the generosity of the lovers of truth for our remuneration. Address.

1. W. STEWART, Geneva, Wis.

J. O. BARRETT, Geneva, Wis.

Grove Meeting, Summit Co., Ohio.

The Annual Meeting of the friends of Spiritualism will be held on Sunday, July 1st, in the Grove of Dr. A. Underhill, two and a half miles north of the city of Akron, to commence at 10 A. M. and continue in the afternoon. The invitation is to all. Good speaking may be expected.

A. UNDERHILL, Secretary.

[From the Daily Free Press and Times, Burlington, Vt.]

[From the Datly Free Press and Times, Burlington, Vt.]
The Vescolius Amber Cintment is becoming a household necessity, and many people in Burlington and violinity are testifying to its wonderful merits. Dr. Vescolius has recently received the following statements from some of his patients in-regard to it as a bealing agent:

Mr. M. C. Spaulding, of Watertown, N. Y., writes:

"The box of Amber Cintment came duly to hand by mail: It has worked wonders on felons; one that had been very painful for a week, was made comfortable in less than one hour, and cured in less than two days." Miss Almina Gordon, of Burlington, had a cancer under one eye, it was very much inflamed, physicians who examined it thought a surgical operation was necessary, she heard of the Vescelius Amber Cintment, and through the influence of friends, concluded to give it a trial. The pain and inflammation were subdued immediately and the cancer cured in one week. A young man on Wincoski Avenue, Burlington, was burned on one cheek; he called at Spears & Co.'s grocery store. Mr. Spears urged him to try Vescelius Amber Cintment; it was applied late in the ovening, the next morning it was cured. Mrs. Peter La France, Burlington, had a scrofula sore on her limb, extending from the knee to the foot; it was inflamed and very painful, the bone exposed in many places; the first box of Amber Cintment removed all pain, inflammation and corruption; the second box healed the sore, and left the limb in a perfect y healthy condition." The Vescelius Amber Cintment is for safe by Druggists, or by Dr. W. I. Vescelius, magnetic physician, Burbank House, Pittafield, Mass. Prio 25 cents, postpald. Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., wholesale agents, Boston, Mass.

For Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published mouthly. Price 80 cents per copy. \$3,00 per year, postage THE LONDON SPRINTAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly. Price 30 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year, postage 25 cents.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly/Journal of ZoisticScience and Intelligence/Published in London. Price 25 cents per copy. \$3.00 per/year, postage 25 cents.

THE SPRINTUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 5 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year, postage 51.60.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBHEAK! A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 5 cents per copy. \$2.00 per year, postage 50 cents.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents per copy. \$4,15 per year.

THE SPIRITAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor: Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents. \$2.00 per year.

THE GRUUBLE. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.

cents.
THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING. A Monthly Magazine, published in St. Louis, Mo. Per annum, \$1,25. Single copies, 15 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent in-

SPECIAL NOTICES. - Forty cents per line. Minion, each insertion. Minion, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDN.—Thirty cents per line,
Agate, each insertion.

Fayments in all cases in advance.

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

AP Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1,00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. My.12.13w*

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS
FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—DR. BUTTERFIELD will write you a clear, pointed and correct
diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress,
and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines
the mind as well as body. Enclose One Dollar,
with name and age. Address E. F. BUTTERFIELD, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette sts.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
GUARANTEES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

GUARANTEES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

If a man wants a Bottle of Whiskey, let him buy it and take it home like a man, and not sneak home with a bottle of "Bitters," or "Cordial," and pretend that it is medicine. If he wants a tonic that is something better than a temporary stimulant, he should get a bottle of Peruvian Syrup, (an Iron Tonic,) that will vitalize the blood and give durable strength to the 2w.Je.9.

COCOA BUTTER, for external use, is superior to glycerine, and meets with great success in cases of sore throat and typhoid fever. This excellent remedy is prepared by Watter Baker & Co., the great Chocolate manufacturers, and may be produced of druggists in any part of the country.

Change of Locality.

DR. WILLIS may be consuited at the QUINCY HCURE, in Brattle street, Boston, every Wednes-day and Thursday till further notice, from 10 Ap.7. A. M. till 8 P. M.

SEATED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. FLIRT, 58 Clinton Place, N. Y. Terms, 59 and 5 3 cent postage stamps. Honey refunded if latters sent are not knowled. North Res 18. 36.16.

On One O Gricks Pice Disects Physician Str. Bremont street, Boston, Mass.

DR. S. B. BRITTAN treats chronic diseases, es-DR. S. B. BRITTAN treats chronic diseases, especially such as are peculiar to the female constitution, by painless methods, using the best remedies known to modern pharmacy, together with Electricity, Magnetism, Medicated Vapors, and other subtile and psychological agents. Rooms at 252 West 11th street, New York.

Patients visited at their homes when necessary

MBS. NELLIE M. FLIET, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joralemon st. ect, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Je. 18.4 w*

J. V. MANSPIELD, THET MEDIUM, answers scaled letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms. \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Ap.7.

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

Public Reception Room for Spiritu-alists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have assigned a suitable Room in their Establishment expressly for the accommodation of SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visit-ing the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS,
J. MORISE, the well-known English lecturer, will act
as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Hamburg
of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring
to so subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his residence,
Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London.

BOCHERTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
WILLIAMSON & HIGBEE, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., Keep for sale the Epiricual and Research Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT FUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, M. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
WELD & JACKEON, Buoksellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform
Works published by Colby & Rich.

E. M. ROSE, 55 Trumbull street; Hartford; Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and a full supply of the Spiritual and Referm Works published by Uolby & Rich.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.

RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1010 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANKER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Ecorm. Works published by Colby & Rich. BALTIMORE, MD., BOOK DEPOT.
WASH. A. DANSKIN, 70% Saratoga street, Baltimore,
Md., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Mei reitual and Reform Works published by Colby & Ific h.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the Banker of Light, and a general variety of Enginemailst and Referra Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Gelden Penn, Planchettes, Spence's Featitive and Regative Powders, Orion's Anti-Tobscoe Preparations. Br. Storer's Mutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. AP Remittances in U. B. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN BNOW, P.U. box 117, Ban Francisco, Cal.

OMECAGO, ELL., PERSODICAL DEPOT. W. PHILLIPS, 100 Medison street, Chicago, Ili., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT.
WILLIAM WADE, 828 Market street, and N. E. corner
Eighth and Arch streets. Philadelphia, has the Banmer
of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

MEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY.
OHANNING D. MILES keeps for sale the Basmer of
Lights and other Spiritual Papers and Reform Books pub-lished by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard Rooms, 421 street
and 6th avenue, and Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.

DR. J. H. RHODES, 259 North Ninth street. Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult DR, RHODES.

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

MRS. M. J. REGAN, 220 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., Keeps constantly, for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Apprilual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT, And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY,

No. 84 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the works on Spiritualisms. LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

W. H. HARRISON, No. 33 Great Russell streat, London, Eng., keeps for sale the Bannese of Light, and a full line of Spiritual and Reformatory Works published by Colby & Rich. Healso receives subscriptions for the Ban-

J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Equare, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Booksellers

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KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF.

Spiritual, Progressive, Reform,

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

AU Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order.

OF THE

Spiritualists of Boston and Vicinity FOR 1877,

WILL BE HELD AT HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE, NORFOLK, MASS. ON FRIDAY, JUNE 22D.

A CORDIAL invitation is extended to all lovers of orthis Grove Meeting. Addresses by able Transe and Normal Speakers. Danching, Bowling, Boating, etc., will be in order. The Children's Progressive Lyceums, of Hoston, are expected to be present. Bond's Example will furnish the music. Dameing free.

Excursion tokets from Boston to Grove and return may be obtained of the managers, and at the ticket office of the Debat of the N. E. and N. L. R. R., foot of Summer st. Adults 85 cents. Children & cents. From way stations, except between Boston and the Grove, on the line of the above R. Road and its branches, our friends will take the regular trains to and from the Grove at reduced rates of fare. Besure to call for excursion tickets at all stations. A special train will leave Hoston at 905 A. M., stopping at way stations, Regular trains leave at 8 A. M., atopping the M. F. GARIDNER.

M. Beturning, leave Grove at 805 A. M., stopping H. F. GARIDNER.

June's.—Wis J. B. HATCH,

June's.—Wis J. B. HATCH,

June's.—Iwis J. B. HATCH,

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING, for June. Contents: spiritualism and Religion: The Outcome of Spiritualism Cowardly Journalism; Is it Right? Bible Revision: The Woman Movement: The Spiritual Offering Revision: The Woman Revision: The Spiritual Offering Revision: The Lyoung Religion. Press; The Lyoung Religion. Press; The Lyoung Religion. Press; Invocation: The Value of Life; The Phantom: Loom; Science and Religion. Address RETTIE FEARS FUX. Editor, 2000 Borth 5th st., St. Louis, Mo.

June 16.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP-MEETING.

THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION will hold their fourth annual Camp Meeting at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., from

August 6th to August 28th. Public services commence Aug. 12th and con inue to Aug. 27th,
A number of the most prominent lecturers have been engaged, and an announcement of names and the date assigned to each will be made ston.
A 10x12 tent can be leased for the Camp Meeting season for \$7: with fly \$6. Larger or a maller sizes at proportionate rates.

tory; with, ye. Darger or aniet size at proportionate rates, and captured.

Two good caterers have been secured, and regular boarders can be s-reed at \$6,00 per week; or with slugle enems at fair prices. Greceries, provisions, and other articles required for housekeeping, can also be obtained on the ground.

Excernsion Tiekeen at reduced rates will be placed on the Fitchburg, Vermont and Ainssachusetts R. R., and all connecting roads.

A further announcement will be made in a few weeks.

Parties desiring other information in the meantime can address either

ddress either

DR. JUSEPH BEALS, GREENFIELD, President,

W. W. CURRIER, HAVERHILL, Treasurer,

JUMN BMITH, (Box 1200) BPRINGFIELD, Secretary.

Per Order of Directors.

2toow—June 18,

The Scientific Wonder! THE PLANCHETTE.

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

SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious perform-ances of this wonderful little justrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or men-tally. 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 investigators who desire practice in writing mediumship should avail themselves of these. Planchettes, which may be consuited on all questions, as also for communications from deceased relativos or friends.

The Planchette is furnished complete with box, pencil and directions, by which any one can easily understand how to use it.

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

MEDIOMETER,

Planchette Attachment.

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Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs.
JANNIE B. RUDD, are reported eschaffm, and published
sech week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mis. Banan A. Danskin.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an undercloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no dectrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive-

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings
Are held at 10, 9 Montgomery Place, (second story,) cormag of Province street, every Turkbay, Thursbay and
Friday Aftkingon. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock,
and services commence at 30 clock precisely, at which time
the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor
agrees until the conclusion of the seance, except in case of
absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

Are as most of the messages given at the Hanner Circles and mublished on this page are from entire strangerspirits to our medium and ourselves, it is destrable that
those who from time to time may recognize the party communicating, should forward such verifications to this office
for publication. A few do so, but we verbally hear of numerous verifications, yet those most interested fait to give
us the proof. This is to be regretted. But we hope those
interested will in future do us the favor to respond to our
request.

request.

Questions answered at these Séauces are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers solicited.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRA. JENNIE A. RUDD.

Invocation.

Give us light, oh Father; give us strength, give us wisdom as we come to-day to earth. May we scatter seeds of thought which may spring up and bear fruit in the coming future. May we bring from the shores of the Summer-Land sweet influences to lift the soul up higher. May we be able to strew the pathway of each and all with bright flowers, and may the everblooming gardens of the spirit-world be shown to the children of earth.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for your

questions, Mr. Chairman. Ques.—[By W. Peckham.] How can any man woman truly elevate any one without first be-

ing truly elevated themselves.

Ans.—It is a generally received opinion that all things above draw the lower to them. Then we should know what is the higher—what is the lower. But it is possible for individuals who have, maybe, lain in the gutter, or have not lived a life that has been acceptable to society, to do kind acts which may assist a brother or sister, and in assisting such they themselves progress on to a higher plane, as every good deed of life is the stepping-stone to the soul's advancement. Your idea of elevation is to step down and pull somebody up; and yet it is not impossible to stand side by side and push, as it were, somebody up one step higher, and in seeing how they step, you yourselves can step

Q.-[By the same.] How can a man worship God without truly knowing God?

A.—It is difficult to decide what worship is.

If worship is to adore or love, to praise and fear, we think there are but few that ever worship God. I do not, for my own part, understand how ludiv duals can really love that which they know nothing of; and if they love not anything they certainly cannot worship it. We believe each individual, no matter what his reli-gious belief may be, has his idea of God, and so far as he can understand God, he probably tries to love Him; but it seems to us almost impossi-ble to love anything, to worship or adore anything we do not understand.

Q.—To what extent should we ignore self-in-terest, and practice self-denial and self-sacrifice for the benefit of others in this life?

A .- Each individual must decide for himself. While "charity begins at home," it must not would wish them to sacrifice for you were you makes fun of it. She says, "Divil a bit! I'll to change places with them. Do unto others not have any ghosts round me." all that you feel you would be glad to have them

Q.—Have the artists in spirit-life any encour-agement to give to M. Milleson, in the labor of presenting the anatomy of the spiritual body for objective teaching?

A.—We would have you persevere. The right must at last come uppermost. Though discour-agements crowd around you, though everything seems dark, obey the teachings of your angel guides; go where they direct, no matter what the consequences may be. The time will come when you will be appreciated and the world will understand you.

Caleb Eldridge.

If I was to say from where I passed away, I should say I came up out of the sea. I died some sixteen years ago, on the passage from Gaudaloupe to New York, on board the Juliana—that is, I lost my body. Clouds, storms, sunshine, all have tried their powers on me, and yet I survive, and I have felt within the last two weeks that I would make a grand effort and would come here and see how it seemed; and if I liked the lay of the land, and the sailing of the ship, and the way it was rigged, and the man at the wheel, I would subscribe my name on the pages of the book as Caleb Eldridge. I think there may be some one in Chatham, Mass., that may know me. 'T was rather sudden. I did n't expect it, but it's all right. Say to my friends, what few remain, never to think of it, never to worry over it, for I recognize the hand of an over-ruling Power, and that now all the dreams of life are real, and I enjoy each day.

George S. Hammond.

You can say that George S. Hammond, who t one time lived in Marblehead, and went to California a good many years ago, was on the road home, and lost all there was of this earth earthly in New Orleans. I have been gone some thirteen or fourteen years. I trusted to get home.

I felt that I was called upon to get there as quick as possible. I know, now, that there was a power around me, nights, for weeks before I started from California that was urging me on. If I had obeyed a little sconer I should have got home; but it's just as well, maybe, for I've got home now. I have some dear friends here. I wanted to speak their names, but they are gone from me, and I'd like to have them know that I am round, that I know all that has occurred, all the words that have been spoken. I understand all about the business, notwithstanding that I have done what I could, without a body, for them, but I trust that after this I shall be stronger, and better able to help them. I always was pretty good at a tug when, it came to the last point. I tried to bring myself to be strong enough to get home, but it caught me too quick. I do n't know, sir, but what I ve taken up too much time here. It's the only way Iknow of to send a letter.

have been asked, Mr. Chairman, to come to your circle by one who is a constant resider of your paper, and tell what kind of a home I have in spirit-life. I will say that the home I occupy at the present time is on the banks of a river, and Movers bloom without any cultivation all it I have grand walks in the forest, where in listen to the songs of the birds, where I can minns with presences that are higher than self, not exactly as you commune with us the but there is an internal spiritual experi-

ence which meets the internal spiritual experience of others, working out a higher plane of development. We can meet and talk, and I have enjoyed much since I have been here. I have felt no weight of care; that has been lifted. I have met those that I loved, father, mother, brothers and children, and I have in my home one who passed on when only a child. I can seem to see him as I stand here on earth to-day, a little boy, yet as I look at him in spirit-life he is a mature man. He became a teacher to me, and assisted and guided and helped me. My spirit home is bright with pictures and with flowers, and I can enjoy that part of my nature which in earth-life called for music that I could not make, and I can have all the books of knowledge that I want, and I can search and learn much of the spiritual. I will simply sign my name E. M.,

I have done as requested, and trust my friend will try and realize that I have told the truth.

George T. Weeks.

Please say that George T. Weeks, who passed away from Jersey City, over four years ago, re-turns here to day and gives his name. He would be glad to communicate nearer home, but con-cluded that half a loaf of bread was better than none, consequently I came to Boston, and am ready for whatever I may be called upon to do.

Perry Boyce.

My name is Perry Boyce. I lived up in Dover, N. Y. I want to send a letter to my mamma and my papa. Tell 'em that I came way down here to Beston, and that I wanted to send the letter straight so they 'd know it was me. Tell mother she did n'e know and understand what the matter was, but 't was a real good thing that I went away, because I was a real good thing that I went away, because I was n't all right in my head. And I want her not to get discouraged; we are going to help her, and papa, too. We are going to get him out of all his troubles, so they need n't worry; I'll take care of 'em when I get growed up. Papa's name is Theodore.

Charles H. Manchester.

Please say that Charles H. Manchester, who left Frankfort, Ky., about five years ago last August—I think the last week—has made a great effort to come here. I want my brother Henry to know that I have come. I don't suppose I will find him there, but parties who know him will send him word. I didn't believe in this thing when I went away; I was mere of a Methodist in belief than anything else; that is, I had thought of that more than anything else. It was many times a matter of doubt to me whether anybody lived after the body died, but you can-not cross the lines without finding out that there is no such thing as death, and I have come to the conclusion that there is more life up here than there is down on your planet.—After all; the earth is simply a bogus sort of a place, a poor imitation of this world; and if you could take a glass some way, and look at the other, you would learn how things are done; you would learn this—that it does n't do to its up here. If you do, your neighbors find you out. It would n't do to steal, because they would find you out. No matter if you put on a broadcloth cloak and a slik dress, it won't cover up the false one bit, for it shows just the same. I find that every bit of patchwork that ever was on me shows today; but I 've made up my mind that by coming to earth and trying to help somebody else come, too, maybe I shall get some good. I suppose I 'll be of the class spoken of in the "Questions and Answers," those-who were down low and trying. to help somebody else up. If I can't pull 'em up, I 'll push 'em, and hold on to their coat-tails. I was about forty-five years old. I passed out with

Mike Murphy.

Does your post-office reach everywhere, sir?
Does it go to New York City? [Yes.] Does it
go to Philadelphia? [Yes.] Then I'm all right,
Sure, sir, I come here to-day because I see'd a
woman I thought I knew. I'm not sure I do.
I thought I'd seen her before. Anyway she brought me here, she an' the praist, an' I sup-pose it's confess I've got to, sir? Well, sir, I got out of the world—what will I call it?—out of my coffin, out of my body, with a shot, a long time ago; it was in the days of the war. An', sir, it was down there where they had such terrible times, near Fredericksburg. I had a cousin in Boston, an' a sister in New York, that I want end there. You should do whatever you feel to be right; "do unto others as you would they should do unto you"; sacrifice whatever you for sometimes reads these things to her, an' she

I want her to understand if I am a gnost I am round pretty often, an' if she do n't min i I'il be taking my shillalah to her. It was the praist that brought me here, sir—it was Father Lynch him-self. I used to know him long ago. I knew Father Driscoll—he s not come over but a little while, sir. He helped me; he said, "Go, learn all you can," an' I come.
Ye can say it's Mike Murphy, an' sure if she reads of this sha'll be sure it's me.

Dr. Hinckley.

This is what you call living, is it? Well, it is living, after a fashion. I wish I had my old body for a while, because I think I could work with it. I visited your Circle Room to-day for the with it. I visited your Circle-Room to-day for the purpose of getting some strength, and understanding a little more of life. I've hunted for the spirit a good many times, but never was able to find it, but I can understand it now, and I've been trying to let my mantle fall on a friend of mine for a good while, but I haven't succeeded very well. Meeting some friends here to day, and feeling just in the mood, I thought I'd put in an appearance. I've been here a good many an appearance. I've been here a good many times, but I thought I would n't have anything to do with it, yet I don't know but I might as well say it as anybody else. I want to let my friends in Boston, and East Boston, and round about this region, know that I've come back. You can say it's old Dr. Hinckley. I am doing the best I can. I'll bring all to bear I can. [A gentleman from the audience asked, "Which Dr. Hinckley is it? One was a small man, the other a large one."] I am a considerably good-sized man. I guess you can call me a big one, if you want to. You can call me the "old fever and ague man," if you can't call me anything else. I am glad to come, and wish I could have done

Julia J. Kane.

Please say that Julia J. Kane returns here to-day, and has reported the best she knew how. I went out, or died, rather, in Savannah, and a friend of mine brought me here.

John H. Pierson.

I present myself here, not expecting to gain the ears of my friends or to do anything wonderful. With a long experience on the earth-plane, and fourteen or fifteen years in spirit-life, I felt that I would like to come here to-day-and express my feelings on the subject of Spiritualism. I am a business man, or was. In fact, I am now, for I am earnestly seeking truth wherever it may be found. I do not believe I was a lazy man while on earth, and I think I am a busy man now. God knows I would utter nothing but truth. I have experienced the sorrow of losing dear loved ones from earth. I know what it is to have then elees their ever and one way from man and ones from earth. I know what it is to have them close their eyes and go away from me, and not be able to speak to them or to hear their voices, and to be told it was death. I also understand what it is to go through the scene which the world calls death. But to me surely it was life—and, I believe, life everlasting—for I see a busier world before me than I ever expected to behold. There are no drones in the hive of spirituality. We work with a will. We can visit foreign nations, and even distant planets; we can return to earth again with the knowledge we have acquired. But this is not necessary, to give you to day. I know that this Circle-Room was established for the purpose of enabling spirits to return and prove they are the same identical individuals they formerly were. I remember the said hours when my boy went to spirituits, about

two years before I did. I had thought to lean upon him in my old age. I had said to myself, "Andrew will bear my cares and succeed me after I have passed away and been gathered to my fathers." But it seemed he was destined to go first, and I was to join him. Dear ones have come to me, and I rejoice in their presence in a happy home.

come here for the purpose of realizing what it is to communicate with earth. I enjoy coming, for I can examine the working of the machinery. whereby spirits control earthly mediums. My name is John H. Pierson. Many in mercantile life will remember me, doubtless, for I was engaged in sending vessels out to different ports. At one time I was said to own four countiesmeaning the names of four vessels. I was somewhere about sixty-four years old. I was born in Wilmington, Mass., so I am, as it were, a Bay

State boy.
Would that you all could realize the spiritual as I realize it. I rejoice in it. I might say I am being bathed in its waters, baptized anew in its influence. It is glorious. Goodness of life on earth is a true passport to heaven.

Emma M. Emery.

I have long wished to come to this room and make myself known to the friends I have left behind—to the dear ones that are still leved by me. I watch over them at night, at morning and at noon. I seldom am absent from the side of the dear ones at home. I know the changes that have come and gone. Every breath of influence from them has been felt and known by me. I long to clasp them by the hand. I long to have all my friends know how strong I have grown, and that I have visited so many beautiful homes in spirit-life, and met many of the dear ones. They will know I have gone. They will know I have gone. They will know I have come. They will receive it, I know they will. They know that their Emma ever was ready to do all the good she could. It was but little I could do, but whatever I could, I was willing to do. I recognized that the angels visited the earth, and I knew they often came to me, and that I felt their presence; and when I came to spirit-life I realized it more than ever before. I am glad, dear ones, to be a teacher among the little ones who have been sent out from earth untimely, sometimes, because earth's people have not understood the care of the children. I am glad to be established in a school where I can love the little ones and they can love me, and where I can feast my eyes on the beautiful pictures and statues, and listen to the enchanting music, which stirs one's very soul. Please say it is Emma M. Emery, from Glenburn, Maine.

Jacob N. Blakeslee. I wish you would say that Jacob N. Blakeslee, of Watertown, Conn., called here. I have
got into good quarters, and I understand life just
as well as anybody. My love for animals is just
as strong as it ever was. I shan't drive any cattle to market again, but I enjoy their presence
and being among them. My favorite old breeds
will still be with me. I like the dear old Devons
just as well as I ever did. I am an old man. I just as well as I ever did. I am an old man. I ever tried to be active. I am active now. I mean to do my work, no matter where it calls me. I probably shan't talk as smoothly as most of the people that come. I want to let the folks down my way know that I am still alive, and am working for what I suppose to be the truth. I believe you Spiritualists have got the nearest to it of anybody. You let us come back, and that proves we live after we leave our old bodies. I can't really understand why there is so much opposition to Spiritualism. It is the most natural thing in the world, if I went to New York, for me to write to my friends at home, and for them to want to know where I was and what I was doing. Then why, when we come to the spirit-world, should n't we want to send word back, knowing the fact, as we do, that we can return and speak through borrowed bodies?

I was an old man, somewhere in the neighborhood of eighty-eight, but I enjoyed as much of life as anybody, and I enjoy it now. I can go out and see all the animals I leved, and I enjoy that exceedingly. I put my letter in this post-office with the greatest of pleasure.

Nathaniel Coggeshall.

I wish to say to some gentlemen in Newport, who aided my daughter in her efforts to obtain certain funds from the bank there which were left by me, that I thank them, and I am very glad that the money will land where it ought to. I have known all that has been done. I have worked for her with all the power that I possessed, and she has been assisted, directly and indirect in Newport. My name, Nathaniel Coggeshall.

Lily D. Mills.

It was dark to me when I first went away, but the sunlight of love overpowered the darkness and brought me out into beauty and light, and I rejoice in the love of the dear ones. When my dear sister, Mary, that had gone on before, held my hand so strongly, and pointed me way up yonder where the brightness seemed to shine, I almost doubted that it was for me, for I had always been taught that he or she who passed away without the baptism which the church gave, and without the power which came to them, said to come from Christ, could not be saved, but must pass into outer darkness! But the

I have felt sometimes that I would like to come back and say to a sister of mine, who sometimes looks over the columns of the Banner and wonders if Lily will ever come and speak to her, that I have felt I would like to come here, so far away, and make myself known. I would say to her, "Yes, Abble, I return. I have brought brightness with me that mother and Mary gave to me. I have met all; I know all. Now I can return with a clear consoloring, bringing you bright roses." Say it is Lily D. Mills, of Trenton N. I. ton, N. J.

Francis E. Kent.

I went away from Newbern. . I suppose I was a Southerner; but here there is no distinction between white and black, bond and free, North and South. I come here, trusting that I may reach some hearts, for I have friends still left upon the earth. I have a brother Harry. I have not known where he was for years, but I was told if I would return to earth that I should gain sufficient. clent power, when I left your room, to be able to find him. I went out in a battle between the North and South. I blame no one. I supposed we had the right of way, and you in the North supposed you had; and if might made right, surely you prevailed, and we had to subside and get out of the way. It was rather hard to see our country desolated, and to find our homes broken up and the substance which make desirate. up, and the substance which we had gained scattered to the four winds of heaven; still it was to be. It was the flat of Fate. My name is Francis E. Kent.

Mary E. G.

Mr. Chairman, I suppose I am trespassing in coming here. In fact, I feel I am trespassing in going anywhere. If you ever went anywhere and felt you were not wanted, you can realize my condition. I was not wanted on earth. I think I am not wanted in heaven. I don't believe I am wanted here or anywhere else. I never remember the time when there was room enough on earth for me to stand. I remember enough on earth for me to stand. I remember the time when I was told I was in the way, and I had better get out of the way. Those things which I have done in earth-life, which rendered me unacceptable to my people, they can lay at their own door. Had I received love's caress instead of bitter, chiding words, or had I received one half the kindness which they lavished on their lap-dog, I might have taken a different place in spirit-life. I will not harrow up their feelings, but I know that they will recognize me. I will only give my name as Mary E. G. I passed out from this earth, hoping to leave it forever, in New Orleans. Many people from our place have been here, and I followed them. I will not chide. I will only say to them, "In the future, please I will only say to them, "In the future, please deal mere gently with erring ones; drive them

not away, but rather give them courage and strength." Had they done it to me I should not have fied from home, neither would I have come unwanted and unbidden to the spirit-world. You can tell them it is growing brighter, the clouds are breaking, and that dear old grand-mother Esther is holding my hand. I shall grow stronger by-and-bye. I thank you, sir, that you have not thrown to me the feeling that I was not wanted, peither have the people before me, wanted, neither have the people before me, whom I did not expect to meet. I supposed I was to come alone, or that there would not be many present.

Col. John Brooks.

I do n't know much about Spiritualism, sir. I never have tried very much to influence medinever nave tried very much to influence mediums. I have been in the spirit world a great many years. I must say I am delighted by contact with earth again; glad to return and make myself manifest. I am happy to know, there is no death. I feel a determination, and the same feeling prevails among spirits who come here, to assert that Spiritualism is true, and endeavor to avert an influence in Roston. and endeavor to exert an influence in Boston, and everywhere else in its favor that will over-power the combined efforts being made to put it

down. I have friends who live in Medford, Mass. passed out in a very pleasant way—got blown out of existence, as it were. I went out by the explosion of a steamboat boiler. I will give my name as Col. John Brooks. I want everybody to know that I am alive, and have got as pleasant a home in spirit-life as you can find. I've got as good a vessel as is necessary. I've got as good a uniform, and I command as good a regi-ment of soldiers as I could wish.

A Father to a Daughter.

Mr. Chairman, in behalf of your philosophy and in the name of Spiritualism, I would say to one whom I have left here on earth, a dear child, that if she will look on the brighter side of life, leaving the shadows out of the question, if she will try to be pure and true to herself, will be childlike and listen in faith to the spirit, and with meekness bow before the cross, we will ald and assist her. We can answer her question: we are often near her, our hand often guides hers; we see her suffering and the heart-throbs which come. We cannot always cast the burden aside. Be patient; watch and wait, and you shall soon hear from us.

Mr. Chairman, will you please to print my message soon? Say it is from a father to a daughter in New York City.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences · [Part Bixty-Nine.]

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN,

Among the many experiences of the past there is one so painful in some of its aspects that I have hesitated when approaching it, yet so distinct and striking in its manifestation of the beneficent power of wise and kind spirits that I do not feel justified in withholding it from the

readers of the Banner.
In their eager pursuit of tests and wonders many seem to have overlooked the grand purpose for which this most important development of the nineteenth century was instituted. It was certainly not merely to gratify an idle curiosity, not simply to exhibit the power of an invisible and heretofore unknown agent, in lifting tables from the floor, in the ringing of bells, or the un-tying of ropes. Spirits did not overcome the ob-stacles which were so numerous and so mighty in their resistance, without having intelligent views of the great needs of humanity. They have opened the pathway between the two worlds to enable them to bring the blessings and the joys of the heavens to alleviate the sorrows and the griefs of our earth; and most kindly and wisely

do they sometimes exercise their power.

Some years ago, a person who was deeply interested in Spiritualism, highly sensitive and susceptible, with much mediumistic power, became embarrassed pecuniarily, and sought refuge in the temporary oblivion of drink. He became for a time the slave of this appetite, and one day, with his whole nervous system unstrung, he came to our home, and appealing to our friend. came to our home, and appealing to our friend-ship for him, said we must save him or he was

lost; that for two or three days he had been on the verge of suicide. The spirit of my father controlled Mrs. Danskin, and with words kind and gentle made him understand that while he looked with sorrow upon his sad condition, he did not condemn nor censure him; that he would aid him to throw off the influences by which he was surrounded, and under whose control he was, but that his sal-vation must be the work of his own will. Inration must be the work of this own will. In-herent, this divine power made man master over all conditions, enabled him to hold himself spirit-ually erect under all circumstances, however un-pleasant externally, and distinguished him from

all other forms of animal life.

By thus counseling and cheering him, he brought the higher faculties of the man into play, aroused his dormant energies, stimulated his ambition, and throwing around him that magnetic aura which shielded him for the time from detrimental influences, he enabled him to recover his lost equilibrium, to regain his normal condition, and after remaining our guest about a week, he returned to the duties which he had abandoned, and became a highly respected mem-ber of that society which he had been about to abandon in despair.

By their strong magnetic influences spirits not only cure the diseases of the body, but restore the healthy tone of the mind. In Mrs. Danskin's extensive medical practice

she finds many whose minds have to be restored to their natural balance before the aliments of the body can be relieved.

Robert Beaver.

Without any voluntary act of my own I died with apoplexy, in the sixty-sixth year of my age. Robert Beaver was my name. I lived on Grant street, Brooklyn. Causes lying deep in the system, obstructions strong in the flow of blood, overtaxation mentally, bring on the conditions of apoplexy.

Friends around invalids should always see the croppings out of this condition but they do not

croppings out of this condition, but they do not. For my part I feel satisfied to be a dweller of the interior world. What cannot be avoided must be borne with. The law in our lives varies, not for station or opinion; it stands the same to day and to-morrow. to-morrow. The other life is different in many respects

The other life is different in many respects from what my education and thoughts had pictured; however, I cannot go into the minutime of all my surroundings. There are alcoves where myriads of angels gather and are gathering to make known to the higher spheres of life the wants of the lower. Those alcoves are beautifully arched, and around them are wreaths of variegated flowers—each color being a symbol of some condition of those who are stayers—theresome condition of those who are stayers there-in. Most beautiful! I could not fashion in lansome condition of those who are stayers therein. Most beautiful! I could not fashion in language to the human mind its beauties and its grandeurs as they present themselves to me. The terrible monster death is being little by little swept away from the human mind. Man, the highest type of God's handlwork, should not be taught to despise the author of his being. He should love him; through that love he should reverence him, and through this law of harmony man will attain that perfection which the infinite mind has wrought out for him.

I can say, Lord, Lord, thou art in thy temple, and I, thy servant, would hold silence, but thou biddest me speak, and my mouth doth ope and words come forth to cheer the lonely ones.

Though gone, still I am nigh. The line does not divide us. I stand in the spirit, you in the flesh. Still the voice tells me we stand as one family yet. Soon we shall mingle more freely, and know each other. So now I go, knowing where this will reach without asking the question.

John Vanderbilt.

The dead talking with the living! Why, this kind of conversation would turn the world upside down and inside out. When a man dies who wants to hear from him?

side down and inside out. When a man dres
who wants to hear from him?

If I must talk, do you see to it that I talk well
and tell my story straight.

My residence was Flatbush, Long Island;
there I died and was buried. Buried! I know
I was buried, although I am here now talking to
you. My name was John Vanderbilt. I was
just about the age of fifty-nine—no more nor no
less—may it please you to put it down so.

Every man has a standard of his own, and I
am not alone in that particular; there are many
like me. To me the spirit-world is a place of
realities, substantialities; nothing romants nor
filippant about it; a fine place for rest and cultivation; a text-book, in which all your private
and public matters can be written. If your
character stands clear, and the paper upon which
it is written has no blots, then your chances are
good for quick progression. Progression of the
spiritual man, not of the earthly man, for he spiritual man, not of the earthly man, for he has been consigned in physical form to mother earth, to pay that grand and universal debt

which all must pay.

I was not nonplussed nor awe-struck when I entered into the other life. I took things as I found them; those things which would not become subservient to my will I passed over—let them alone. Little by little we began to under-stand each other, and then all the seeming difficulties passed away, and I am now, working on the broadside of life, hoping to benefit myself if

I cannot benefit others.

Now I have no more to say, only, Look out for number one, and number two will always look out for you.

Captain Edwin Barstow.

It was at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, Captain Edwin Barstow. I was a merchant of the city, in my sixty-sixth year. It is a written rule with many men not to allow the right hand to know what the left is doing. In that consideration I never allowed others to know concerning my business, consequently few knew that I was an investigator after the new life.

If fulfilling the law according to the letter whilst dwelling in the mundane sphere, we find but few interruptions on the other side of life. I do not wish men to think that any miraculous

but few interruptions on the other side of life. I do not wish men to think that any miraculous change will be wrought after death. We pass gradually from one condition to another. The more we cultivate the mind and develop aspirations for the beautiful, the more comprehensive becomes the spirit-mind. We have judgment, we have cause and effect, we have all things broadly laid out; it is for the mind to accept and work out the beauties of the interior life. If one is not disposed to do this, he stays in spheres more nearly allied to earth and earthly things. If the mind grows, becomes cultivated, and is exercised with grand and sublime thought, it reaches that point, men and women, where the reaches that point, men and women, where the streets are paved with gold, and where there lie in myriad groups gems more beautiful than the diamond.
God, as a personality, I have not met. God,

God, as a personality, I have not met. God, in His spreading out at every point of life, I have net, and we know and recognize each other; for the winds and the breezes speak his very name. So now, my friend, you will see that heaven is just what we choose to make it.

I am more happy, more content than words can express, for the glorious realities of the spirit-world surpass my concention. I now can say

world surpass my conception. I now can say, Vain world, adieu. I have no regrets at having left it, for all things on the other side bear the impress to my soul of nappiness, peace and contentment.

Now I go, having filled a part of my mission. I go whence I came, to gather more thought for advantage to myself and advantage to others.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED: GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS, JENNIE B. RUDD.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

Arthur Curtis; William J. Dowd; John F. Moore;
Thomas Monretus; George Carroll; Julian McLin.
Hannah Howe; Cyris Corbett; Ossimus Cutler; Mary
D. Jones; George T. Holden; James Samples; Harry D.
Warren; Morning Star.

(Owing to our limited space, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is necessarily omitted, but will be reprinted at a future day.]
MESSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK:

WISSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK:
William P. L. Bradiloy; William D. Powell; Nellie Sheehan; James Miles; Russell Crane; Julius Dearborn; Sam
Leonard; Marian D. Morse; Patrick, to C. B. B.
Benjamin Franklin; Andrew D. Miller; Sarah J. Potter; William B. Brannan; Jane Elizabeth Davis; William
Angell; Rose M. Andy; James W. Field.
George Hillars; Rachel W. Tolias; Arvilla Damon;
Anna A. W. Smith; Rachel L. P. Lewis; Randolph; James
Augustus Davenport; George Davis; William Badger.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. BARAH A. DANSKIN. Benj. McClellan; Cahill; Rebecca Dana; Com. Edwin

Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In accordance with previous announcement, the Spiritualists of Western New York met in Good Templars' Hall, in the city of Lockport, on Friday P. M., May 4th, 1877, ntinuing Saturday and Sunday. J. W. Scaver called the meeting to order, and after a

alists of Western New York met in Good Templars' Hall, in the city of Lockport, on Friday F. M., May 4th, 1577, continuing Saturday and Sunday.

J. W. Scaver called the meeting to order, and after a season of silent meditation, an invocation was given by the above named, after which he expressed much graftfule and hearty thankfulness to the friends of Lockport for their kind and generous offer to hold these quarterly gatherings the ensuing sea.

The season was occupied in conference. Mr. Greenheit of Hornels was a season of silent method of Hornels will be season was occupied in the first strict of Hornels, and the season was occupied in the season was refused for the time war bing brought home to Hyron to be buried, the use of the Preshyterian church of that place was refused for the funeral, because he was a Spiritualist. The same church recently opened its doors, and was filled to overflowing, to pay the last tribute to the memory of an aged tiphi tunistic aft. Seaver officiated, inviting the pastor to take plart in the exercises, which he did. G. W. Taylor, to take plart in the exercises, which he did. G. W. Taylor, to take plart in the exercises, which he did. G. W. Taylor, to take plart in the exercises, which he did. G. W. Taylor, to take plart in the exercises, which he did. G. W. Taylor, to take plart in the exercises, which he did. G. W. Taylor, to the plant in the exercises, in the few years as he had devoted and consecrated her life to the work of her mediumistic gifts, which comprise very many phases.

The Evening Bession was occupied by the several speak. The season of the season of the plant of the time of the plant of the time of the plant of the plan

Miscellaneous.

J. H. RHODES, M. D.,

Clairaudient and Clairvoyant, Medical

and Electro-Magnetic Healer.

PEADS the interior condition of his patients with per-lifect correctness, pointing out every diseased condi-tion more readily than the patient could do. Dr. Bhodes is a regular graduate of the Medical School, thus making the conditions necessary for receiving knowledge and power from physicians in spirit-life. He has for the past ten years been Practicing Physician in the city of Phila-delphia, and is acknowledged and enrolled as such by the Board of Health.

Spirit Physicians Examine the Patient

Dr. R. will, on receiving full and exact name and address, age, married or unmarried, and \$2.00, request a spirit doctor to examine the person named and report all the diseased conditions, also the mode of treatment necessary for the most speedy and permanent cure, and will warrant satisfactory results if directions are strictly followed.

warrant satisfied by the sent by mail, be sent by mail, and two spirit magnetic treatments be given, and whatever else the spirit doctor may direct. In all cases of treating patients at a distance successfully, letters from the patient or a hear friend should be received as often as once a week, se as to keep up the magnetic current which flows from the healer to the patient.

Medicated and Magnetized Paper,

Magnetized for each special case, is one of the most potent remedies, and often the best mode of giving magnetic treatment, as it involves no feeling of delicacy to a sonsi-tive person. He has had the best of success in curing dis-case of the Lumga, Meant, Liver, Kisimey and Stem-sels, or any diseased part where it can be applied. Price, six sheets \$1,00, with full directions.

Liver and Blood-Purifying Pills,

Composed of the best known Anti-Bilious and Blood-Purifying proporties in the vegetable kingdom, and made by hand while under the magnetic control, thus giving them the spirit vitalising power which is the only force that can throw off disease and revive and build up an exhausted system. Price \$1.00 per box of 50 pills.

The Doctor has made diseases of women and children a special study, has had the best of success in treating them, and has received many testimonials.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Of the following named persons can be procured at the Bookstore of GOLBY & RICH, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

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This is an enlarged copy of the original taken in London by the magnosium light, and represents the full-form ma-terialized spirit, Kaile King, alias Annie Mergan. Price Science and the control of the control of the control

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Hosce Hull,
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W. Frank White,
Dr. H. Blade,

The Spirit Bride, 25 cents; size \$xi0, 50 cents; The Spirit Offering, 50 cents; Finkle, the Indian Maiden, \$10 cents.

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The Orphans' Rescue, size 15/x10½, \$2,00. The Dawning Light, size 20x2t, \$1,00. Life's Horning and Evening, \$2,00. Rev. John Plerpont, \$1,00.

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THE SPIRITUALIST NEWSPAPER.

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Henry Ward Beocher,
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Thomas Paine,
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Any of the alieve for 25 cents.

Any of the above for 50 cents each.

Wm. White.

J. H. RHODES, M. D.,

259 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

vention from abroad, are hereby tendered our appreciative thanks for the same.

After a song, "Shall We Gather at the River?" and a benediction by J. W. Basver, the meeting adjourned to meet again in Lockport the 3d of August next.

Pochaster, Haw., 1877. Rochester, May, 1877.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Peabody, Mass., Mrs. Harsh J. wife of Mr. John McNell, aged 53 years 5 months and 3 days. McNeil, aged 53 years 5 months and 3 days.

Hister McNeil has during many years been a great sufferer, and has been most tenderly cared for by her companion and her beloved children; most of whom are cheered in this hour of sorrowby the knowledge that in their hours of sedness, as memory recalls the sweet ties of past times, ahe will be permitted to repay their tender care by the benediction. of a companion's, moiber's and sister's love from that better land where all the links in the chain of human affection will be eternally reduited.

Funeral services, conducted by the writer, assisted by a fine quartette choir, were held at the residence of her son, Mr. Hilo McNeil, on the afternoon of May Eist, when her remains were tenderly lad to rest, with the bright suntight resided upon her grave, even as the spirit annight resided upon her spirit, and compelled her to utter as the last words of consolation to her loyed ones: "All is bright."

May the parent, sister, and kindred be cheered by the assurance of a future refinion.

J. H. CURRIER.

From Springfield, Ill., April 21st, on the 58th anniversary of her offil, Mr. Minerva Church, wife of T. M. Church, and mother of W. T. Church.

Charlell, and mother of W. T. Ohurch.

For twenty years she had been a firm and consistent florithmist, demonstrating in her life and character that Spirithmist, demonstrating in her life and character that Spirithmist, devotion to tamily, triends and the interests of humanity in general, which we many think can only exist in conhection with the more popular religious beliefs. In all the relations of life, as wife, mother, friend and neighbor, ahe was a model of patience, helpfulness and love. While rendered almost help-less for many months by paralysis, which finally proved fatal, her patience and gentleness never forecoker. With perfect composure she met the change, confident of a loving welcome to the other shore from her eight children and hosts of friends who had passed on before her, and of a meeting in the not distant future with her kind husband and three sons and a daughter who are left to mourn so sincerely her departure.

J. N. Wilson.

From Providence, B. I., May 28th, Mr. J. Hazard Boss,

From Providence, B. I., May 28th, Mr. J. Hazard Boss, in the 64th year of his age.

He became early convinced of the reality of the ministration of angels, and from that time to his death he stood firm for the gospel of Bpiritualism. His home has many times given welcome to necdums, and his centre-table was well stocked with books on the subject nearest his heart. He spent a life full of usefulness and self-sacrifice: he was a skillful mechanic, a grenial friend, and a kind husband. For several years his partner had been blind, and his only misgiving was in reference to leaving her whom he had so tenderly cared for, desitute, in this cold world. He had used every means to have her restored to sight, but in vain. He saw, just as he was at the portal of the beyond, aspirit-girl with a bouquet of flowers for him. The functal was on the 30th ut. Mr. L. K. Joslin made pleasant remarks, followed by reading of a poem and singing. Mr. Wm. Foster them addressed those assembled and the bereaved wife.

From Windsor, Conn., May 31st, Oliver J. Thrail (son of Mr. Willard and Mrs. Helen Thrail), aged 2 years. He was a sweet little boy, and gave promise for the fu-ture. The funeral was largely attended on June 2d. C. B. Lynn conducted the exerciser.

Cobituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published graintituely. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of agate

Adbertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Physician of the "New School," Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Office, No. 70% Baratoga Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

DURING fifteen years past MRS. DANSKIN has been the pupil of and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently curst through her instrumentality.

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Application by letter, enclosing Consultation Fee, \$2,00 and two stamps, will receive prompt attention.

The American Lung-Healer,

Prepared and Magnetised by Mrs. Danskin, Is an unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Tunesculle Consumption has been cured Lungs. Tubercular Consumption has been cured by it.
Price \$2.00 per bottle. Three bottles for \$8.00. Address WASH. A. UANSKIN, Baltimore, Md. March St.

DR. J. R. NEWTON

DOSSETSES the power of healing at a distance, in a degree never equalled. However great the distance, Dr. N. performs cures as wonderful by magnetized letters as any made by personal treatment. Fee for magnetized letter, 5 dollars. In most cases one letter is sufficient; but if a perfect cure is not effected by the first treatment, magnetized paper will be sent at one dollars a sheet. Register your letters. Post-Office address, Old Orchard Beach, Re. April 21.

F. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed till further notice: Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

DR: WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this print becan attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivated, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knewledge with keen and searching clairvoyance.

Dr. Willis claimacepocial skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervotus system; "Cancers, Scrotule in all its forms, Epilepry, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

Dr. Williss permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others had falled. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Bend for Growlers and References.

April 7.

SOUL READING,

Gr Fsychemetrical Delimenties of Character.

MRS, A., S., SE VERANOE would respectfully announce
of the public that those who wish, and will visit herinperson, or send their sutograph or lock of hair, abe will give
an a peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and
future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor;
what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be
successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmonicoasty married, Full delibestion, S., O., and four secant stamps.

Address.

Gentre street, between Ohurch and Prairie streets.

April 7.

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THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.'S

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PSYCHOMETRY. POWER has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their intums and their best locations for health, hattinginy and business. Persons destring add of this sort will please send me their handwriting, each age makes, and endors \$1,00, with stamped and acceptables and sections and sections. Jan. II. S. M. M. M. Wernen st., Philadelphia.

English Spiritual Magazines.

We have district Witnessell, of Saint heather of the Low-DOM SPIRITUAL MARKETS and SID MAN NAVERA, which we will send by mail to say, sidered for it cents per copy— retail price 30 and 30 cents, maked very— COLEY & HIGH. No. 9 Marketselly, Place, corner of Province street (lower Scor), Hopkin, Mass,

PR. JACOB L. PANSON AND CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

NEW COSPEL OF HEATTH. O'NTALISTIC avent protions on Vital Magnetium and this control state of the province of the sale this control of the sale

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Ourse Office D Reason before to both sexus when
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Mediums in Boston.

ME NOTICE THE CHANGE OF PLACE. DR. H. B. STORER'S

New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

MRS. JULIA M. CARPENTER. Medical Cintroyant WE TREAT all forms of Chronic Disease with remark-wable success, by direct applications to the nerve cen-tres of the spine, and by our

NEW ORGANIC REMEDIES.

Reselvent, Detergent and Nutritive.

Clairvoyant examinations, by full name, ago and lock of hair, written, \$2; when present, \$1. Medicines, with full directions for freatment, sent to all parts of the country as heretofore.

Dec. 22.

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OFFICE at 8/4 Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston,
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June 2.

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THOSE desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please enclose \$1,00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. All Medicines, with directions for treatment, extra.

April 21,—12w*

MIND AND BODY. DR. W. F. EVANS, June 9,—iw

Mrs. S. E. Crossman. M. D CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN also Trance Medium. Speciality: Curing Cancers, Tumors and Female Complaints. Examines at any distance. Terms \$2,00. Also Midwite. Magnetic Paper \$1.00. 51 Trancount Street, Boston, Suite 8.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER. THE world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned from Europe. 10 Oxford street, Boston. Hours 11 to 7.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,
MEDIUM—Test, Medical and Business—120 Castle at.,
near 250 Tremont st. Hours 9 to 9. Sundays 2 to 9.
June 2.—5w²

MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical V. Clairvoyant. Rooms 943 Washington street, (cor. Indiana place.) Hours from 9 A.M. to 12, 2 to 5. General sittings, terms one dollar. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Admission, 25 cents. 18w*—April 7.

M. HARDY PERKINS,

THANCE MEDIUM, No. 4 Concord Square, Boston Umoe hours from 9 to 8. 13w - March 24. TRANCE and MEDICAL MEDIUM, 130 West Brook-line street, St. Elmo, Suite 1, Boeton. Hours 9 to 4. Public séances Sunday evenings. Feb. 17.

A S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician, will opice 50 ots). Letter address 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. May 12.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Healing, suite 3, Hotel Norwood, cor. of Oak and Washington ats., Boston, (entrance on Ask st.) Hours 10 to 5. April 7.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Test, Cinirvoyant, Business and Healing Medium. Six questions by mail 50 cents and stamp. Whole life-reading, \$1.00 and 2 stamps. 75 Dover street, Boston. MRS. C. H. WILDES, No. 8 Eaton street, Boston. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. 2we—June 16.

PHYSICIAN, "Hotel Kirkland," suite No. 1, Boston.
From I till of P. M. Swe-May 12.

LIZIE NEWELL, 120 Tremont street, reliable
Clairvoyant, Healing and Business Medium. Electricity applied.

We-May 25.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 40 Dwight st. Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. June 2.

CLARA A. FIELD, Magnetic Physician, Inspirational Speaker, Pellet, Test and Business Medium, 28 West street, Roston, Mass.

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DR. MANSFIELD, 208 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Diseases of women and children speedily oured. Consult him. 18w-June 2. MRS. GORDON, Magnetic Healer, has restreet, Boston. Hours 9 to 12 and 2 to 6. 2w—June 2. MISS H. A. POLLARD, Healing and Writing Medium, 74 Chapman street, Boston. 4n°-June 9.

THE NEW MOLA:

The Ghostly Land,

BY THE LATE DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, Author of "Eulis," "Pre-Adamite Man," "After Death," "Ravalette," etc.

TVERYBODY should read these works who cares for Truth, the Immertality of the Human Boul, the Prolongation of Earthly Life, and the attainment of Mental and Magnetic Power; also the Secret of Magic.

Both 'Moia' and 'Ghostiy Land' will be sent to one address for 75 cents.

All works by P. B. RANDOLPH may be had by addressing R.-C. RANDOLPH, 105 Missouri street, Toledo, Ohio.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

A IN TO LOW OF ANGELES, edited and managed by a spirite, heretwiore published monthly, containing nothing but messages from spirits of all grades of progression, will be issed the lat and 18th of each month from its omee of publication, 8 Dwight street, Boston, Mass., commencing sanuary 1st, 1877. Price per year, including postage, 81, 60; less time in proportion. All letters and matter for the paper (to receive attention) must be addressed (post-paid) to the undersigned. Specimes copties from The "Hale," an antobiography of the undersigned, for sale as above. Price \$1,50, postage 10 cents.

Dec. 16. Publisher Voice of Angeles.

Wanted. Gentlemen of Education And culture, to take subscribers for

Encyclopædia Britannica. of publication: To ministers without charges, or to Professors and Teachers unemployed, this is a rare opportunity, as the work stands prisminent in its class, and very liberal terms will be given to men possessing the necessary qualifications. Apply for full particulars to Teacher Rev Register.

June 2.—w

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whom the matter was referred, has mot with a signar que that it is to residents in other States purchase and directate this pamphlet, for the arguments which apply to the one in manchinests are equally true in every State in the Union, and the gravit of trough! furnished by Alea Patrama, and the gravit of trough! furnished by Alea Patrama, and the gravit of the part of the pa

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Mor, 4.

Banner of Bight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

Informal Reception to Andrew Jacksen Davis at the Banner of Light Publishing House; Remarks by Allen Putnam, Esq.; The Seer; Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd; A. E. Giles, Esq.; Mrs. Fmma Hardinge Britten, and Others.

The arrival of Mr. A. J. Davis in, Boston was the signal for the awaking in this community of a spirit of pleasant recognition both of the unswerving character of this veteran apostle of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of the ever increasing value of the works which he has from time to time been inspired to give to the world. Such being the case, nothing was more fitting than that that spirit should find fitting manifestation, which was consummated by an informal meeting convened in the Banner of Light Building, Wednesday afternoon, June 6th, at 2 o'clock, under chairmanship of Allen Putnam, Esq., who is so widely and favorably known as a genial gentleman, prolific author and scholastic thinker.

As a preface to the meeting a number of cards of invitation, of which the following is the text, were sent out from the Banner of Light Office to subscribers and friends generally, resident in this city and vicinity:

Banner of Light Office, June 4th, 1877.

Andrew Jackson Davis, of Orange, N. J., who been rightfully termed the seer of the Nineteenth Century, is now enjoying a season of re-pose and recreation as the guest of Alfred E. Giles, Esq., Hyde Park, Mass.: Happy ourselves in being able personally to welcome at our office-his genial countenance—with its interior backing of unswerving and manly devotion to convic-tion—we have felt that there are many in this community who, either through old-time acquaintanceship or the perusal of his valuable works, cherish a lively recollection of what Mr. Davis has accomplished for truth in the past and will consider it a pleasure indeed to meet with him socially; to listen to his voice, and to clasp his hand in friendly remembrance or ap-

preclative recognition.

In accordance with this conception on our part, we have arranged an informal reception to Mr. Davis, to be holden at the Banner of Light Publishing House, at 2 o'clock, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 6th, at which you are respectfully invited to be present.

Fraternally yours,

Coldy & Rich.

Notwithstanding the day selec ed proved to be one of the most unpleasant of the present "rainy season," a goodly number of the friends assembled in the Public Free Circle Room at the appointed hour. The place of meeting had been tastefully decorated with the banners and flags of Children's Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, the work being accomplished under the direction of Messrs. J. B. Hatch, Conductor, and G. A. Downs, Assistant Conductor of that flourishing school. On the platform table was placed a fine barket of flowers.

The exercises of the day were introduced by congregational singing—"Nearer, my God, to Thee"—led by Misses Nellie M. King, Pauline Helman, and Mr. Robert Cooper. At the conclusion of the hymn, Mr. Putnam arose and in-troduced the guest of the occasion in the subjoined earnest and elequent fashion :

Ladies and Gentlemen—At a late hour yester-day I received a letter asking me to act as Chair-man at this meeting. From that time to this I have, perforce, been very much occupied with other cares—my thoughts have been engrossed by other subjects than the one claiming attention now. I have come directly here from the funeral of one of my aged and most valued friends, and without having made any preparation for speaking. Many of you well know that I lack the gifts needful for extemporizing a speech, and my words must be few.

Nearly twenty five years ago, about the time there came into my hands a book entitled "Nature's Divine Revelations." Perusal of that work filled me with admiration—I may say with reverence. Its clear manifestation of the passing of the mind of an unlettered young man out beyond the realm of matter which so closely confines most mortals, and of its entering and traversing the realm of spirit or realm of causes, and there gathering in and thence bringing back informa-tion of things and scenes pertaining to spheres above that to my mind were new, vast, astounding, and yet probably true, because devoid of any hue of fiction—that clear manifestation, I say, of the capabilities of an embodied spirit to soar so high and so widely, and to drink so copiously at the founts of inspiration, and thence bring accounts that strongly tended to elevate thoughts beyond their accustomed range and lead them onward and upward to where new glimpses were gained of the vastness and richness of the field which Spiritualism seemed to be opening up for man's investigation-that prolonged manifestation filled me with reverence—reverence reaching forth toward the Great Giver of all gifts.

light was furnished for man. In due time came the several volumes of the Great Harmonia, succeeded soon by many other works, till at last from the same source we have been furnished with vast and rich stores of in-formation relating to scenes outside the reach of our ordinary senses. Teachings vast and grand to a degree almost beyond expression, have come to us through that instrument—that marvelous

but naturally clinging the while to that wonder-

ful instrument through which more and new

But of late years, my admiration of the man has been not less than of the seer. Gifted beyond his fellows in power to traverse Nature's mystic chambers and win the broad world's notice, he walks before us in charming modesty and great kindliness. No act or word from him has ever indicated any desire to be a leader, exercising dominion and winning popular applause. Simply and quietly he has pursued his journeyings through realms which few others can penetrate, and in which he has been a patient and compression. hensive explorer, and from which he has come back to us bringing the treasures he has gathered and laying them at the feet of our common hu-manity with all the simplicity and generosity of a loving, self-forgetting child. In neither his inspirations, his normal writings, nor his spoken words, do we find anything like personal asper-sion, rude sarcasm, nor an unkindly spirit tosion rude sarcasm, nor an unkindly spirit to-ward any one, or in reference to aught which any person has said or done. In the midst of this world, where misrepresentation, abuse, envy and calumny abound—the forces of which have often been brought to bear upon him—that modest one has ever held an even temper, undisturbed by the Babel of unworthy tongues. That man—the com-municator of "Nature's Divine Revelations," and a pattern of modesty and loving kindness— Andrew Jackson Davis—I now introduce to the assembly, trusting that he will speak to you at. embly, trusting that he will speak to you af-

assembly, trusting that he will speak to you after another song has been sung.

The choir then executed, "We give you Joyous Greeting," from the Spiritual Harp.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, heing introduced, spoke as follows: I am very happy to be here with these ladles and gentlemen, who I believe are brothers and slaters in our common cause, the cause of human happiness and human progress. I was notified that this occasion was to be informal in its character, and that I was to meet at these Reception Rooms with friends and well-withers, and I am happy to be here and exchange with you all the spirit of good-will which has imposit us together. I am very glad that was all like a common cause, a universal feeling,

and to which I desire to give the fullest expression: to do something in a real and kindly way toward testifying to one another that we are on-gaged in the front of a very great and almost endless battle with Error on every side, a conflict with ecclesiastical organizations which are arrayed in the interests of Superstition. I do not consider or receive this meeting as a personal vis-itation on your part paid to me, but rather as a emembrancer bestowed on the common cause in

which we are all engaged. So far as our venerable brother, the chairman, has referred to me, my thanks are due to him for the expression of his good wishes. As regards my work, I will say that I recognize by spiritual in spiration the incoming of truth from unexpected sources—the dawning of the spirit of light and life, of knowledge and wisdom from the unnoted crevices of human society and human understanding. I can look back upon myself as existing in the days of childhood, and compare with pleasure and gratitude the bright outcome of the present from the dark outlines of the past. I said to my friend Giles, as to-day we together walked along Tremont street: "If you could look back a number of years [which I mentioned] and see a boy sitting on a doorstep there who would present to your gaze a fac simils of myself at that age, you would say: 'There is an urchin whose body will never survive the struggle necessary to his development into manhood, and whose mind would not be worth the trouble of any effort toward an unfoldment in a parallel direction." And I don't know but I have thought so myself under certain circumstances. [Laughter] To this my friend Giles, being a legal gentleman, and always careful not to commit himself, made no reply. The only plece of gold with which he presented me wassilence! Be that as it may had to appear on the stage of earthly being, I was no choice of mine—and I beg everybody's pardon. With regard to my subsequent career I may safely say after "I came," "I have seen a great deal; and I have never been conquered." All things which I have seen have gradually become next of me and an analysis.

come parts of me—an education.

I begun with the eyes of the spirit, as we all chall when we disrobe, but it became necessary to broaden that power of vision in me by prac-tice before it could reach to reliable results. I began, for instance, first to see the watch and the hour it marked when in the subject's pocket, at Poughkeepsie, then a clearer development enabled me to look beyond the extraneous circumstances of the metal time-keeper and gaze upon the workings of the vital time-keeper, the heart which beat beneath it. This process was all an aston-ishment to me; the first time I saw the human heart I reported to Mr. Livingstone that it was a tumor—and after all mayhap I was not so far out of the way, for every selfish heart looks like an indurated tumor! [Laughter.] When I got to understand that a great shadow meant disease, and that a disturbance in any part of the system showed that nature was trying to dis-perse the cloud, a new idea came to me, and then came the language, and then came the explanation necessary to lead people around to know what was being said.

A little further on in time I saw the human brain—the human head. I remember how it appeared. The brain of one subject, a well-balanced man, gave to my sight the appearance of a mountain-top full of little cones, which were like volcanic peaks (as marked on maps) from a quar-ter to half an inch high, disposed with all the regularity and mathematical precision seen in the mechanism of the honeycomb. This view did not last long; the points disappeared, and out of them came little flames of light, and the blending of the little gleams that came from these small centres formed a thought. I watched the formation of thought till the lesson was closed. After I had seen this process three or four times in one week the lesson was closed finally, and was not repeated till I began to deliver that book of which the chairman has spoken to you. When Mr. Livingstone asked questions, or desired explanations on any topic leading out of the suggestions thus given, the reply would invariably come: "These queries will be answered one of these days through the leaturest learning to the support of t these days through the lectures I am going to These things repeated to me when in a more natural condition were very perplexing, and nothing seemed more unreasonable to me than the delivery of the lectures mentioned. But the time came, the change of magnetizer became ecessary, and the book concerning which the chairman has spoken in such complimentary terms was one of the results. I cannot say that it affected me on reading it as it did him. On the contrary, to use a Latin term with which my friend Giles is familiar, it "objusticated" me entirely. I was totally unable to apprehend or appreciate anything about this book. I have never yet had a sensation derived from that volume of a nature approaching anything like what the chairman has avowed concerning it for himself; what I have experienced or received of value has been from Nature in her varied forms, not from these volumes, or any other; I have read the book of Nature as far as it has been accessible to me in the bounds of space; and the books to which Mr. Putnam has referred so kindly have been the production of these experiences just as grapes come through the vitality of the vine that springs out of the ground. I never sat down deliberately to do anything that would ultimate in a book for any human being. Therefore I have taken a course that has been marked out by the Guiding Power, teaching that I have received—faithfulness to which has been my only realiging. religion. Faithfulness is the word, and integrity to what I understood to be my path, my duty, and the work to be done. And whatever good has come out of it, has come because of faithfulness and integrity, which I am thankful that I have been able to practice, with many exceptions, from the time I started to the present day.

Now with respect to the spiritual experiences

that have burst upon the world since that volume was given I shall not say much, because this is an informal meeting—and please regard every-thing I say, also, as informal. I wish to say of Spiritualism only a few words. It has burst out of these unexpected places in society, through lips that before were dumb, through the avenue of minds that might, in some cases, rank with the imbecile and weak, through the humble and unregarded of earth. It has come through those who were adapted for its expression—whether strong or the opposite—and, unfortunately, through some who were not, and to its standard have flocked those alike who were prepared by Nature to take command of the various legions of our great army of truth, and those persons also fitted only for the back seats, who could but shout "Amen!" when they thought the proper point had arrived! Now this Spiritualism, I will say, has been always, to my conception, utterly informal / and not only so, but it is unformable. I am glad that it is. It is utterly superior to form or shape, beyond the grasp of any ambitious sys-tem of organization. I know that we can dic-tate, to some extent, the order of the expression of its spirit, but over the spirit itself we have no power: just as we can dictate the way this meeting shall be conducted. This piece of paper [referring to the minutes on the chairman's desk] contains the names of some speakers and sing-ers, and the order in which they shall appear, but that does not effect the spirituality of the matter. But if, on the contrary, that paper said "Mr. Putnam," or "Mr. Davis, you must say just so much and no more, in the course of your remarks, or day after to-morrow, after a meeting of this organization, you will receive a let-ter of dismissal, and you shall go out where there is weeping and walling," that would be an interference with the spiritual freedom of expres-sion. Spiritualism contains nothing of that kind; it is like an undefinable rain from the sky—here it is like an undefluable rain from the sky—here and there are torrents, at another place only drops, at another no rain at all, nothing but an arid waste, at another a rushing flood of the people full of the uncontrollable waters of life, perhaps jarring and disconant in expression, like so many wheels in the mill; turning they know not for what, and making a remarkable noise they know not how or why, but delivering delicious grists that can be made into bread for sonsumption by the needy.

And Spiritualism is like that shower; it is the Pentecostal age; it is the rising from beneath of the waters of life through human nature in the form of hope and aspiration, and this descending

form of hope and aspiration, and the de of other waters of life from the starns as descending

to meet and mingle with them in a flood that shall float the great stranded ship of humanity, and to meet and mingle with them in a flood trat shall float the great stranded ship of humanity, and lead doubting souls skirting its margin to fear-leasly embark on its beautiful waters. But some people may be said to lose their lives in those waters, because they lose their position, and their neighbors say, "There goes a man, there goes a woman—their feet are going from under them; they are growing into discord with the world thrilling about them, and also into discord with themselves." But in this case how true the declaration of one of old that "he that loseth his life shall save it." We are not the choosers of the form and shape which Spiritualism shall take in our midst. We can build a wall around a spring, and can say, "Here is Jacob's well; it shall be stoned up, and a grand temple built above it," but the fact of the spring will be the same; the extraneous masonry, to use a trite expression, "will last as long as it continues," but the spring, the only thing of real value, will continue forever, and will, if left free to show its natural characteristics, be unchanged in its crystal manifestations. So, even, of the flow of the spirit in this our day and age.

I will now close, with the hope—expressed informally—that the scenar of hermony, now being

I will now close, with the hope—expressed informally—that the season of harmony now being enjoyed may be utilized, that if you and I have had any bad feelings toward one another [laughter] we may shake them off as we shake hands, and that all may, in years to be, experience a true and joyous life. [Applause.]

Miss Pauline Helman then sang in solo "The Bright Beyond," (Miss Nellie M. King acting as accompanist,) as a prelude to the words which friends on the other shore of life might feel to say through the lips of the Banner of Light medium, Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. Mrs. Rudd being entranced spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends, Brothers and Sisters—We greet you to day with the most heartfelt pleasure. You may not understand, perhaps—you who live upon the earth plane, and who hear our voices as we come through our instrument from time to time—you may not realize the efforts put forth in the past by the disembodied ones to bring about communion between your world and the land of souls; yet if you will look back over the years of earth's history, you will find where spirit control has cropped out many times and oft; here and there at different intervals all over the world it has appealed to man's acceptance, and as often has the stern hand of persecution thrust it down—down into the darkness, saying. "Thou art a hydra-headed monster, but thou shalt obtain no foothold in human thought." Even in the days when Christ came to earth, laden with his rich burden of love from the spirit-world, when he who hear our voices as we come through our inburden of love from the spirit-world, when he came preaching peace and good will unto all the came preaching peace and good will unto all the people, there arose the same ory of persecution, and the unthinking multitude, led on by the pharisale element of the hour, oried "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and he was nailed to the cross; and they also who dared to walk in his footsteps were martyred for their faith; and in time even those who in common professed to believe in his name joined to crush out their brethren, whose only offence was that they had become the recipients and exponents of more enlarged views concerning life and human destiny.

views concerning life and human destiny.

And so this crushing process went on, and the agents of the unseen ones were put down, till the spirit-world became possessed of a firmer deter-mination than ever before to make known its existence to the children of earth in a broader measure than had yet been known, and to react upon the influence of bigotry which had so long shut doors of human hearts in the faces of the waiting angels. The denizens of the world un-seen felt that they must send something to the people of earth—that they must build a bridge over the river of life, so that there could be pass-ing to and fro between the two stages of being, until death should lose its horror and the grave that darkness which had been mistakenly at-tached to it for so many years. And when in the fullness of time the hour arrived, and we of the spirit-world were privileged to put our hands upon the head of this child (referring to the early years of the life of the Seer), you can never realize, people of earth, during your life in matter with what intense love we in the sphere of causes tooked upon him the individual where the realizations. looked upon him—the individual whose after-experiences were commissioned to bring forth so much for the good of all: Mr. Davis, who has just addressed you to day. Every hair on his head is precious to us now—every breath he draws seems to us an aid to inspiration. We watched over him from his childhood days up to manhood. The people of earth might look on his body, poor and frail, and (as he said in his speech) consider it, and perhaps the mind it enshrined, "good for around him, and drew him upward to the sublime heights of divine inspiration, and said, "Thou shalt go forth and say to the people words that shall burn in the very souls of men." it has been done, and we are most happy to-day to greet him in this room dedicated to angelic communion, a place most fitting wherein to ex-press the appreciation felt by his fellow believers for the work he has so faithfully performed. We wish to say to you, nearly of earth that we love wish to say to you, people of earth, that we love him, and every instrument that affords to us the avenue through which to speak with those yet embodied in the flesh. It matters not to the spirit-world whether the critics on your side of life declare our mediums to be, as men and women, "good for nothing"; we know their priceless value to us, and to the yet unthinking world; we understand their worth, and we only wish that you Spiritualists would understand it too. We only wish that you could protect them, and give them the warm hand of kindly sympa-thy. We wish you could protect him who stands before you to-day; we wish that you could place him in a temple dedicated to the Great Immortal Life, and there surround him with the higher influences such as he is so eminently capable of re-ceiving; then results would be achieved which

would surprise none more than yourselves.

Think not that the little word that we bring from time to time is all the wisdom that we have in the spirit-world; far from it; but we are obliged, or, rather, you oblige us to speak just as you do, to come down to your level, because the instruments we utilize are controlled by material needs and surroundings more or less—pecuniary necessities act upon them as a heavy incumbrance, and we have to do the best we can. But we do say this to the individual, our medium, our child, our boy, our man [referring to Mr. Davis], that never has he refused us when we have said, "We want you to shut out the world and to enter the closet of your interior soul;" at such times he has never said, "I cannot go, because I need five or ten dollars to carry me along through the week!" No matter what his condition of life, when such a request has come to him from our side of existence, the doors of materiality have been at once closed, and he has entered the state of spiritual seclusion in order to allow us to speak whatever we had to say; and the far greater inspirations than any individual has ever been empowered to afford. We fear not a comparison with the words of the ancient days, for we know that his recorded utterances have been higher and holler in their effects upon those who have perused them than those handed so reverently down the ages, and embodied in what is habitually held up to the Orthodox world as a sacred book.

We welcome you fturning to Mr. Davis) to this Circle Room, which is dedicated to free speech—this Circle Room, which is, in the experience of some of us, the only avenue to which we can come in perfect freedom, untranneled by usage or personal preference or unacknowl-edged bias, and speak as we will, whether our ideas are in accordance with those of others or ideas are in accordance with those of others or not; whatever views we have here expressed, we have never been called upon to hear the words. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." And she who so long ministered in this Circle-Room; she who for so long bore the brunt of the battle for truth; she who so often voiced the messages of the returning ones to those on earth whom they yet held so dear, and sent them out to all the world, she comes to day with her white robes of perfect peace, and holding her hands above your head in quiet benediction, says: "Welcome! The circle is unbroken!" And many others are here whom the eye of the flesh

sees not, who come with gladness to lend their armonious effluence sto the present hour. Brothers and sisters in mortal, when you take the hand of your guest to-day, the hand of one who has filled so important a part in the battle front of the army of truth, know also that you take the hand of one whom the spirit-world folds with its maritle of love. As we look out into this audience we see those before us who have had in the past to bear with grievous discouragements who have been turned back from darling hopes who have been turned back from darling hopes, or cherished ideals, or seemingly needful projects for the supply of material wants, and who have felt as if they could no longer stand, and we bid them remember that the angel-world forgets them not, and that in the next few years a pathway will be opened before them, over which they shall move onward to assured and final victory.

We give you welcome [again addressing Mr. Davis] in the name of those who own this building, who have fitted up and who are now sustaining the Circle-Room, and who are instrumental in sending out to the world the printed sheet which regularly bears the messages here given to the walting hearts of earth; we bid you welcome in the name of all that is good and true. welcome in the name of all that is good and true.
"God and the angels bless you!" and may you
remember that your name is written high on the
scrolt of the apirit world, and that when your
days on earth are ended we shall welcome you
with gladness to the bright shores of the Morn-

ing Land. [Applause.]
The Chairman then announced John W. Day who read the following original poem which he had written in honor of the present event:

LINES, Respectfully dedicated to Andrew Jackson Davis BY JOHN W. DAY.

The tube the Tuscan artist wrought— Amphora brimmed with wine-of power— Full many a secret truth-gem brought
To grace the future's shining dower!
From wheeling moon and pilgrim world,
Whose rapt effulgence dreamed on high,
Faith's mildew'd sail he downward furled,
And oped fresh fields to Reason's eye! The tube the Tuscan artist wrought-

Columbus, o'er a wave unknown, Like arrowy Fate his voyage pursued;
Firm seated on Sensorium's throne,
One aim his every doubt subdued, Till spoil of tribes and shining isles Fell bright from ocean's conquer'd palm, When morning lit the world in smiles, And all the subject air was balm.

For centuries dim unmarked thy flow, Pacific, wooed the tropic land, Till stanch Balboa saw balow,
From Darlen's crest thy shield expand!
One hero burst the prelate's chain, And bade Promethean Science rise-One traced new lands beyond the main-One gave a sea to man's emprise!

These deeds, the fruit of human toll, Through close-linked ages brightly burn; But we who, pausing 'mid the moil Of life, do here in welcome turn, Bring offerings to a soul as grand

For truth to strive, for right to win, As thrilled the Tuscan's lens crown'd hand Or throbbed these voyagers' breasts within We hall the SEER whose wakened gaze The STELLAR HEAVERS in freedom roves :

The STELLAR HEAVERS in Reducing Toves:
The sape who leaped the spiral line
And saw Truth's ocean far outspan—
Whose lips from "NATURE'S" tome "DIVINE"
Rich "REVELATIONS" breathed to man.

The "GREAT HARMONIA" from his band Its torch of inspiration waved!
With "Magic Staff" he troi the land
Where "Arabula's" "Fountain" laved.
"The Temple"-"Penetralia" dim,
With "Stellar Key" he plerced, and saw
"Harmonial Man" skirt Godhead's rim—
And "Inner Life" the ruling law.

A" HARBINGER OF HEALTH" he brought; DEATH AND THE AFTER LIFE" he spann'd

"THE APPROACHING URISIS" clearly taught;
"PRILOSOPHY OF EVIL" scann'd.
From lauds 'neath summer's deathless arch
He caught the LYCEUM's choiring song, And taught earth's child th' inspiring march.
That sweeps fair Alden's plains along!

On roc-like wings the years outsail, And men as aging prisoners hold; Up-borne from Being's lowllest vale Through grief we breast the heights of gold ; Though bodied atoms writhe in pain, Each soul its solemn sequel bides: May all here met clasp hands again

Where Morna rolls her sheeny tides! Hall to the SEER! While days for him The stamp of earth's experience bear, May joys his chrysmal cup o'erbrim, And friendship blend in blessings rare.

And when, to quit this mortal plain, He doff; the pligrim's staff and shell, Love-guided be his steps, that gain
The HEAVENLY HOME he traced so well!

After another song, the chairman took occasion to introduce A. E. Glies, E.q., to the audience. Mr. Glies, after expressing his pleasure at the course the meeting had thus far taken, referred to that portion of Mr. Davis's remarks wherein he had said that faithfulness to and integrity toward the light given him had been his religion. This was true, and as the inner life had opened more and more to him (Mr. D.) he had cultivated those sterling qualities in the fullest degree, and done honor to his religious aspirations. This reference to religion carried the speaker's memory back to a point some forty years ago, when he himself was "converted" to religion. At that time he was a youth, preparing for college at a Baptist secta-rian school in Worcester. Afterwards he graduated at Brown University, one of the chief seats of learning of the Baptist denomination. But gradually enlarged knowledge and wider observation diminished his faith in the religion in which he had been trained; doubts arose in his mind, not only as to the foundation but as to the morality of the system commonly known as evangelical religion. Ministers and religious books then did not minister to his needs nor answer his inquiries. For twenty-five years he was a member of the Baptist Church, and gave his hand, his heart, his affections to it. In the meantime he was led to peruse certain of Mr. Davis's works, among them the "Magic Staff" and the "Great Harmonia," and the theological system of thought upon which he had builded his boost hears to stake. system of thought upon which he had builded his hopes began to shake. He at that time had many anxious hours, and feared lest he was worked upon by the Evil One, through the volumes he perused. Finally he consulted with Rev. Dr. Wayland, who had been President of the University from which he had graduated ten years-previously, one of the noblest and best of men that Mr. Glies had ever known, on the subject which was working upon his mind, and the visions and experiences which he had had from time to time; that gentleman assured him that his was not a new case to him; that he considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true and heart a large with the considered him (1) a true with the considered him (1) a ered him (4.) a true and honest man, and there-fore what he said must have some foundation; he acknowledged that Spiritualism, upon which his visitor discoursed, was noised abroad in com-munity, but dismissed the matter by saying that he did not understand it. The speaker went out he did not understand it. The speaker went out of the presence of the professor more than ever disturbed by the problem—then facetiously presented by the press of the day—as to what it were best to do, whether to cling to "Jesus and him crucified," or to accept "Andrew Jackson Davis and him magnetized." He finally arrived at the conclusion that he could take them both as connection of his thought. These changes of his at the conclusion that he could take them both as counselors of his thought. These changes of his mind regarding religion brought on for a time seasons of doubt and uncertainty, and the "obfustication "complained of by Mr. Davis had also failen to his lot; he had struggled with the currents which bore him further from the shore of exangelical religion and out upon the bosom of the broad ocean of reason, but the time arrived when with Lowell he felt that there was no monopoly either of religious feeling or teaching, that teaching, that-

y sums, od sends his teachers unto every age, o every clime and every race of men, lith revelations suited to their gestia, or trusts his all of truth to one sols race.

Ours was one of those epochal cycles, akin to that of Pericles in Greece, the Reo Platonists in Egypt, the Elizabethan age in England, during which the human mind took on higher views and assumed advanced positions under a strong inspiring influence from sources beyond. The prime agent of this spirit of progress in matters religious in our day was our honored guest, Andrew Jackson Davis.

The chairman then announced that he should take the liberty of calling on that able and eloquent expounder of the Spiritualistic faith, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. Mrs. Britten, in commencing, said: Mrs. Rudd has eloquently spoken in behalf of those whom we all recognize as our teachers and ministers of the spirit-world; I on my own part desire to supplement that beautiful tribute to Andrew Jackson Davis by a few words in behalf of spirits yet in the form. Speaking for myself and tens of thousands scattered broadcast over the world, I thank Mr. Davis for three great benefits conferred by him upon the nineteenth century. I thank him for his seership—for that which has given a demonstration unparalleled in any age that the human form is vitalized by a soul, a soul whose powers and functions and possibilities and forces as far transcend those of matter as the heavens are higher than the earth. All this he has proved; the poor peasant boy has blossomed out into the mighty seer, and become the leader of thought in the nineteenth century. What he has accomplished will receive yet higher recognition when we look upon his form no more, but take stock of the jewels he has left us. I say that the seership of our brother proves and establishes the power of the spirit over matter, and all that we have dreamed of through the interior reachings of the soul has been demonstrated as verity, through him. I believe that for that rior reachings of the soul has been demonstrated as verity, through him. I believe that for that purpose he was born, for that purpose he has achieved his way step by step along the path of

rior reachings of the soul mas been unmanass average as verity through him. I believe that for that purpose he has achieved his way step by step along the path of unfolding development.

I thank him for the Harmonial Philosophy. The speaker aid the time was when that system of thought had been beyond the reach of her power of comprehension, but satisfied to her mediumship, had break the rough experiences of practical life, and her to look upon it as perfect in its tenden, "however his reaching, and so comprehensive the science, "however his reaching, and so comprehensive the science of life which it unfolded, that she felt to wiknowledge, that she hereif had not yet attained oil to sear ago! in fact, so broad were its reachings, and so comprehensive the science of life which it unfolded, that she felt to wiknowledge, that she hereif had not yet grown into the full spirit of the Harmonial Philosophy, "Sie was attified that the day would come when, while spiritualism still continued to be the foundation or preparatory system, we would yet graduate out of it and rise into the visit of the services of the foundation of the principles developed by the sill philosophy which we would in time come up out of our disjointed informality, and unite one up out of our disjointed informality, and unite in the ranks of a religious philosophy and a philosophy mad philosophy mad philosophy mad philosophy with the come up out of our disjointed informality, and unite in the ranks of a religious philosophy and a philosophy mad philosophy mad philosophy mad philosophy mad philosophy with the server developed by the had visited in the come up out of our disjointed informality, and unite in the ranks of a religious philosophy and a philosophy mad philosophy and philosophy mad philosop

tion or of any party of men and women laburing for a united object, but was the product of individual enterprise. He was convinced that the people who had created and prepared this building for the objects to which it was devoted deserved the thanks and kindilest appreciation of all friends of the cause.

Those present then gathered around the guest of the occasion, and some time was pleasantly passed in friendly greeting and the interchange of congonial thought, after which the audience slowly dispersed.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

May 28th, Mrs. Emma G. Brackett, aged 30 years. May 28th, Mrs. Emma G. Brackett, aged 20 years. Mrs. Brackett was formerly planist for the Boston Lycoum for several years, and firmly attached to the officers of that institution. Her demise was sudden, and transpired after thirteen hours of severe sickness. As a faithful wife, affectionate sister, true friend and loved daughter, she will be missed by husband, father, sister and friends; but may her kindred realist that truth, that in a little tim; they will join her never more to part.

From Somerville, May 20th, Mrs. Mary A. Wiggin, aged

After a lingering sickness (consumption) she has gone to her rest. A faithful sister an lone son have now another tie to bind them to their spirit home.

40 Dwight street, Boston.

BAMUEL GROVER.

From Eden, Vt., May 15th, Mrs. Charlotte C. Boott, aged 55 years 6 months.

aged 55 years 6 months.

A fond friend, a faithful wife and devoted mother. Eminently social, as sought and enjoyed society, never wearying in laboring for those she loved: Her last illness was protracted and trying in the extreme, but uncomplainingly she wasted day by day, going pascefully down into the valley, where, amid the deepening shadows, as laid down the heavy crost, and angels placed on her immortal brow the fadeless crown. She leaves a husband and three sons to mourn the loss of her earthly presence. Not without hope do they lament. Already has the vall been lifted, and the bereft husband, through the rifting clouds, has caught a glimpse of the eternal land whither she waits his coming.

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