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VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

A SEQUEL

TO
"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 shore,
Gently drifting before,
We may find the lost blossoms that once were our own."
—G. 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 inclined to mystify; and, second, because you have been taught to think of the after-death life 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 so 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 sublime. And, concerning this question, the truth is, that, as to logical coherence, the Summer-Land is this logical 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, unpeepably 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 interior or metaphysical thinkers will concede that there is a special sense in which they are exclusively expressions of states and changes of the spiritual consciousness; even as there is a sense or a degree in which "whatever is, is right"; but inasmuch as you cannot conceive of the origin of something out of nothing, or the existence of effects without pre-existent 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 scenery, continents, climates, societies, brotherhoods, religions, governments, and where the inhabitants can have no consciousness of eternity than the flowings of "time," and no other sense of initial than the sensations of "space."

Concerning this problem of time and space and 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 year-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 Alphas," whose members are engaged in greatest works of benevolence and art. 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 temple 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 million five hundred and sixty thousand seven hundred 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 previous chapter.)

The flashing rivers of light flow out of the 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 loveliest 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. Mountains 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 velvet 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, Italy. It is a very ancient association, and yet see how youthful the wisest appear! Ah! there are recent arrivals from the earth—clergymen, editors, artists, 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 heavy—of the earth, earthy; some of them jerk and jolt; some display actual folly and great inferiority by manifesting ignorance and high-mindedness and authority in the presence of their superiors; and this most of them easily take outside rank in this celestial university.

Now you behold the gracefulness of best mannered and most unfolded people. Persons you observe naturally set from their thoughts; thoughts spring out of feelings; feelings arise from their private spiritual condition. Graceful

manners are more beautiful than handsome faces 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 unreservedly 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 thirty minutes 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 group.

"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 consequent social madness. Alcohol hells 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 manufacturing for Associations of the homeless, idle, ignorant, thriftless." * * * (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 Thesbe; 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, Aps, Isis were reigning divinities; and the star-strewn 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. Kopernik (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 Poland 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 Sinai, 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 Kopernik) 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-ri-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 ideal. The stary 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 reward of virtue.

These are some of the doctrines of a people who lived and died on earth prior to the immortal 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 Diakks, 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 Diakks, 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 Caesar and all the wit of Charlemagne. Shakespeare can't hold a candle to light his pen in poetry. Our pupil talks sonorously about science, and stridently of philosophy. The mysteries 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 upon 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 Diakka is continuing to discourse to the increasing multitude about him. But it is the utterance of one who sees nothing nobler, purer, higher than the gratification of evanescent impulses. Although in the Summer-Land, and although all who compose 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 benevolence and most powerful influence to reach and convert these brilliant and cunning spiritual gypsies!

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

[Continued in our next.]

Foreign 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. 30, 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 inharmones; 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 seeing—seeing 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 Zealand, 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—say, 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 Esop, talk. Listen: "We, the funny 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. Ships, self-built, 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.

"Since 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 inter-married with the natives. Color, though of many shadings, presents no barrier to social or political positions.

The islands are volcanic in formation, the frutige tropical, the atmosphere humid, the sea-breezes 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 three-fourths of Scotland. The Duke of Sutherland, 1,327,453 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 officiating.

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 attendants, its methods and its psychic processes. One is the elimination of a hazy aura; another is the formation of an etherized cloud-like substance. 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 captain, the withdrawal of the aura, or soul-halo, commenced at the lower extremities, thus making 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 spiritual causes. In this insensible condition he was taken in charge by spirit friends and relatives, and placed upon a kind of magnetic chariot, 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 garments. In spiritual texture these corresponded to the mortal 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 and associates."

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 transition."

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 carbon-laden clouds, then flooding rain-torrents, and finally one vast universal ocean of tepid waters. These aforesaid with spirit, afire with oxygen, and vivified by sunbeams; there were naturally formed in them, about favorable island-like localities, emissive matrices out of which preexisting 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 philosophic Oken long ago taught, it was in the primary oceans warm and plastic that organic life first became visible.

Recent ocean dredgings prove that the stiffening ooze, 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 depths—manufactured from protozoa, globigerina, rhizopod shells, and kindred organisms.

Internal convulsions infinitely more terrific than the one that swallowed the Atlantis Isle caused the sea to give up its straitened dead. Struggle and death ever precede the higher life. Those strata of dead shells, those sedimentary rocks uplifted from their ocean-tombs 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 seedling and other conditions, to wave with the rustling corn leaves of autumn.

Turning from the minerals of the Archæan world—leaving the Silurian realm with its crinoids, crustaceans 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 nerve-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 preexisting 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-created 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 squid, 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 octopus 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 Liassic to the older tertiary. It is something stupendous, this, to consider a genus lasting without essential modifications through all this enormous lapse of time. . . . The highest living group of reptiles, the crocodile, is represented at the early part of the Mesozoic epoch, by species identical in the essential characters of their organization with those now living." Of the "ninety-eight species of mammals that inhabited Europe in the post-glacial period, fifty-seven," says Plotet, "still exist unchanged, and the remainder have been modified into a new form." "Species have not been made out of species," says Prof. Dana, "by any process of growth or development, for the transition forms do not occur. Types are wholly independent, and are

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

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Numbered among our Australian-bound passengers is James Mace, the great champion pugilist 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 fistuclim 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 23d, 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 Fijian, and Capt. Rich, a gentleman who had resided upon the islands a number of years.

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 kind-hearted. 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, liquor-drinking Caucasians may feel themselves quite safe among Fiji heathens. 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 *Tadaro*. To him they pray and offer sacrifices of flowers and fruits. The great and good God they denominate *Kalo*. He resides in the sun, whippers 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 exceedingly chaste, and indulge in a favorite drink called *Kava*. It is manufactured from a root found in the mountains, and when drunk 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 then—using 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." The Captain had seen them do this repeatedly. By-standers, 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, without exceeding 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 Sleight, 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 politeness 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 quadruple 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.

Sailing 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, "wherever there are traces of human life," says Max 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, *Vaiata*, expresses a great truth. The continued existence of the human soul after death is implied in their legends, their beautiful allegories, and in their pretended intercourse with spirits. Each island in the group has a dialect, a history and a worship of its own."

These Islanders also, 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 existence that very much resembles this. Hence

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 Unuku, runs thus: "I go toward the setting sun. I go far away, mother, by a perilous path to spirit-land. . . . Hail, Vera, on thy journey; turn thine eyes toward Mangala; look again at thy parents, whose days are spent in tears. They love thee. Tuera, 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 Korora for Varena: "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 return in renewed youth—return, leading us to the spirit-expanse. Let there be abundance of 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. 23th, 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 dew 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,
Blossoming so soft 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 Sandra, by the Spirit of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
Written through the mediumship of Adeline, Har-
monist, of Geneva, (see *Banner of Light*), Austria,
and translated specially for the *Banner of Light*
by Dr. G. Bloede, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

PREFACE OF THE MEDIUM.

My niece, Sandra B., was on a visit at my house. A bright child of ten years, she was subject to frequently recurring nervous attacks. I had undertaken to cure her, and in fact her attacks grew 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 Sandra every day. This originated the "Tales of the Sun-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 telling me some tale. I hope that these tales will give joy not to pure children's souls only but to sensitive human hearts generally.

ADELMA VAY.

A FEW WORDS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The translator, who is known to the editor of the *Banner of 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 for Sandra every day. In his opinion, they bear the unmistakable stamp, viz., characteristic and beautiful manifestations of the spirit-power through one of the noblest and most trustworthy mediums living, Adeline, Har-
monist of Geneva, in Styria, Austria. How these "Tales of the Sun-rays" originated, their earthly mechanical authors 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 Adeline at the close of her preface, realized within himself. 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 supramundane origin 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 effect as close as possible the characteristics of the original. From this consideration he hopes the kind reader will make full allowance for any occasional awkward turns of the language.

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 Sun-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 oftentimes quite curious things. They know the thoughts of men, they kindly enter into their pains and woes, and 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, 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 blooming; 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 dark-looking man in fetters. All three went their way in silence, 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 the whole scene, and could read in the heart of the prisoner. He walked on morose and obstinate, and would not hear of repentance. It looked 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 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 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 clinking 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!'

"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 compelled to leave the blooming, green, and fragrant 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! I kissed them all in turn, first the boys and then the girls, and oftentimes of a little fair-haired maid, with auburn, 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! 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 to Him."

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 war. The Sun-ray illumined the suffering countenance of the Saviour at the cross, when the 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 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 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; 'there 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 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 following 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 perfectly indifferent, and said we might do as we liked; so we hung a pair of dark curtains across the folding-doors—the doors being opened as wide as possible. We then wheeled a couch across the 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, and 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 reappeared 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 their 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 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 side-board, 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 372, 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 'a little foolish.' If we omit jokes, they say we are 'a little cold.' 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 bound to mind' with our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to our business. If 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.

SPRITUALISM.—We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the "Banner of Light," on our third page. It is the best literary journal published, and an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy now agitating the civilized world, has no equal.—*The Herald-Examiner* (N. Y.) Tribune.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large supply of spiritual, reformatory and miscellaneous works which we keep on hand at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, Mass. We are also prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared in the catalogue of works formerly offered by Andrew Jackson Davis, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world. We will also forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at special rates.

We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, send for a free Catalogue of our Publications. COLBY & RICH.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lecture appointments, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as Monday of each week, in order to insure publication in the same week's edition of the Banner.

In quiting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important facts, thoughts, but we cannot undertake to elaborate varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

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Letters and communications for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY.
Business letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—The key which unlocks the mysteries of the Past, explains the Present, and demonstrates the Future existence of man.

The Unseen Influences.

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 we live by the application of this rule, which is sure to introduce peace and harmony into the 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 debut 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 spirit influence 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 "prudent 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 Sydney, N. S. W., and return to Melbourne.

A STRAW.—June 7th, at the meeting of the National Medical Association at Chicago, Ill., where 300 delegates were in attendance, the question of reviving the fossilized pharmacopoeia was once tabled on its introduction. It looks as if progress is at a discount with the medicals!

The Vision 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 Omnipotence. 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 was notwithstanding the oft repeated press rumors to the contrary—nor will she 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 Mohammedan rule, even though Turkey might go down in the dust in Europe, she could bring an overwhelming Moslem host across from Asia and Africa into Europe again, and more than reenact the bloody scenes of centuries ago, when the sword of Sobieski 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 Attila on the fair plains of Italy were as by-play in comparison with what this host from the East and the South might accomplish.

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 Khannates 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.

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 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 him.

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 circular 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 United States Government; and they have just the 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 earnestly requested to forward AT ONCE whatever lists of signatures they may have obtained, to JONATHAN HOSMER, Nashua, N. H., 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 ought 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 mockery.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten closed her readings and discussions on Spiritual Science—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.

Thos. Gales Foster is reported as being in Baltimore, with a tour to Europe in prospect.

"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 copy. Subscriptions for the volume are now received at this office.

THE REALITY OF SPIRIT.

Proved from Records and Works on the Subject. BY "M. A. (OXON.)."

Introductory Chapter.—The general aspect of the subject—its many-sidedness—Certain broad views to be more particularly illustrated in subsequent sections.—The claims and present position of Spiritualism.

Section I.—Historical.—A retrospect of the history of the subject, illustrated from Eusebius Sargent's "Phantoms" (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 Edwards's "Tracts," &c. &c. 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 Spiritualism" (reviewed), Hare's "Spiritualism Scientifically Explained," Crookes's "Researches," Mrs. De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

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

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 Clergy in his "Debatable Land," S. C. Hall's "Use of Spiritualism."

Section V.—Clearance.—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), Cabagnet's "Arcanes de la Vie Future."

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 Transcendental 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 determining 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 phenomenal and religious aspects will be so arranged as not to trench on the works announced for future publication, "Spirit Teaching," and "Researches in the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism." M. A. (OXON.). 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 other kindred ways.

A circle was held in the afternoon, and another in the evening, which provoked no little interest and amusement, as several well-known mediums who were present were characteristically controlled by their familiar influences. The evening session 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" medicals show their heads before the law-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 trange and normal speakers and the music of Bond's Band. The occasion cannot fail of being a marked success.

The Massachusetts Eclectic Medical Society had a "growing match" in Boston recently, and its members were even almost lachrymously affected at the unprotected nature of the dear 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!"

The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Spiritualists seem on the alert, according to recent files of the Index, published at that place. Picnics, near Mission Creek, and lectures and socials at Crane's Hall, are among the signs of the times there.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway.

Whose diatribes against the spiritual philosophy and phenomena have been repeated ad nauseam by the Cincinnati press, and gulped down by papers in other localities as sweet morsels, does not always find it plain sailing. 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's vein, we should call 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 incoherence, even in these days, has its endurable limits, and that, even in abolishing Christianity, people have no right to repeat 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 reprint. JOHN FACS HOPPS. Leicester, May 14th, 1877."

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 add: "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 sances.

According to the Boston Post, a new secret political 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 Russell street, London, under the presidency of Mr. Alexander Calder.

The Nottingham (Eng.) Journal denounces the habit of reputed men of science refusing to investigate phenomena of nature in the shape of spiritual manifestation.

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.

Read the essay by A. J. Davis, the letter from J. M. Peabody, 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 Sturges, 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 518½ Congress street, Portland, Me., where he is healing the sick, and will be glad to answer calls to lecture or attend funerals at any points accessible. Spiritualists from a distance when in Portland will oblige by giving him a call.

W. F. Jamieson is to hold a debate with a leading representative of Christianity in Lincaville, Pa. For summer engagements address him Lincaville 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 notice.

Isaac Frazier writes: "Mr. F. C. Mills lecture in Fythian Hall, Lynn, Mass., June 24, afternoon and evening, to an attentive and appreciative audience. His subject in the afternoon was 'The Signs of the Times'; in the evening, 'What God has Spiritualism Done?' Mr. Mills is an able and earnest worker in the cause of religious reform, and well deserves the confidence of all true Spiritualists."

TAKE PLEASANT

CAMP-MEETING.

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

Public services commence Aug. 12th and continue Aug. 37th. A number of the most prominent lecturers have been engaged, and an announcement of names and the date assigned to each will be made soon.

A 10x12 tent can be loaned for the Camp Meeting season for \$7. with \$5. Larner or smaller sizes at proportion

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ers can be served at \$5.00 per week; or with slight meal
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1877.

Banner of Light Office, }
June 4th. 1877. }

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, happily introduced, spoke as follows: I am very happy to be here with these ladies and gentlemen, who I believe are brothers and sisters 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-wishers, and I am happy to be here and exchange with you all the spirit of good-will which should bring us together. I am very glad that we live in a common cause, a universal feeling.

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 the descending of other waters of life from the eternal sources

We welcome you [talking to Mr. Davis] to this Circle Room, 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, untrammelled by usage or personal preference or unacknowledged bias, and speak as we will, whether our 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 as 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 these earthlings, they yet held as dear; and she who, with all the period, she came to us, clad in her white robes of peace, and holding her hands above your head in quiet benediction, says: "Welcome! The circle is unbroken!" And many others are here, who the eye of the flesh

was no monopoly either of religious feeling or teaching, that—

"God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations suited to their needs,
Nor trusts his all of truth to any one."

— Publishers who insert the above Free Notice in their newspapers, journals, and mail circulation, to a certain extent, will be entitled to a copy of the EARTH OF THE FUTURE.