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VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

A SEQUEL

TO
A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

CHAPTER X.

"How beautiful the burst of holy light!
How beautiful the day that has no night!
Who shrinks from death? Come when he will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day!
He calls—his tones—we neither seek nor shun;
His life is ended when his work is done."
—(S. O. Hall.)

The principal object of the "Stellar Key," to which this is a sequel, is, first, to discuss the possibility and to demonstrate the certainty of an inhabitable zone within the starry heavens adapted to mankind's existence and progressive happiness after death; and second, by a few sweeping generalizations, to show the process whereby the constitution of that zone was evolved and incessantly fed by what I term "humanized atoms"; by which I mean those earthly materials which, having been suitably refined "in the mills of God," the highest of which is the human body, ascend to and become the actual foundation and formative substance of our Heavenly Home.

At this point a questioner appears with these problems:

"On page 107 of the 'Key' is the following statement: 'Innumerable atoms arise and continually ascend from the bodies of persons composing the human family (not less than 800,000,000 tons per annum); atoms that float out into space in the rivers of ether, and enter into the constitution of the Summer Land. This process has been long known to seers.'"

It is also stated in the same work, p. 135, that 'the second sphere is the daguerrotype of earth; the refined matter which ascends is prone to assume the forms from which it was liberated on earth. The scenery is more beautiful and ethereal. Trees, fruits and flowers are not individualized; that is, their emanations do not ascend to the spheres in an identified form, but their particles are more prone to assume such forms than any other.'"

It is not stated how long the emanations from human forms and inanimate substances of the earth have been ascending to the spheres; but if they are ascending now, the process must have been going on for an indefinite period—many ages—in the past.

Assuming that there are 1,000,000,000 of human inhabitants on the earth, of all ages and sizes—probably not far from the actual number—and that their average weight is one hundred pounds each—probably a liberal estimate—their combined weight would be fifty million tons of two thousand pounds; just one-sixteenth part, if my estimate is correct, of the emanations annually given off from human bodies, to be floated away to the spheres. How is this vast and rapid waste of human bodies supplied?

Again, it may be reasonably assumed that the emanations from all other earthly substances, brutes, fowls, trees, flowers, minerals, &c., are at least equal to those from human bodies. This would give one thousand six hundred million tons of substantial, though refined, matter annually transported from the earth to distant spheres and appropriated there; a vast amount, even compared with the entire substance of the earth. Is this waste supplied or returned to the earth in any manner? If so, how, and from whence? (Signed) A. T. S.

Let us first understand one another. In the book "Stellar Key," when speaking of the atomic emanations ascending from the "human family," I did not intend that the reader should think that reference was made solely to the population of our particular earth. For the truth is that all of the races of men who are living on the several globes in our "inland solar system," are equally and unreservedly taxed, physiologically speaking; and thus all human natures everywhere throughout the earths of the sixth circle are compelled, under the prompt demands of chemical laws, for these laws are merciless tax-gatherers, to deliver up with every tick of the watch a portion of their atomic substance. These universal and incessant emanations, like the ethereal dewdrops of insensible perspiration, in total weight cannot be less than eight hundred millions of tons per annum. And the speed and precision with which these atoms—the humanized atoms of elements in the human body—fly off to their celestial destinations, is far more wonderful than any miracle reported in Christianity. A series of chemical changes thus incessantly occur between every human body and the physical constitution of the Summer Land! To my eyes they seem like a fire running along countless trains of gunpowder. And yet so perfectly and absolutely natural, so self, so unobtrusive, and undisturbingly common (or ordinary), is all this, that not a person, unless sensitive to a medium or seer, as a

clairvoyant, is at all conscious of any such wondrous chemical transactions in the universe about him.

Concerning the problem of "waste and supply" in Nature there is an immutable law, which should first be consulted. The rate at which nervous motor sensibility travels in your body this moment is about one hundred and eleven feet per second! Of course this rate of motion is different at different times in the same person; and in different individuals the speed is variable; owing in all cases to the prevailing temperature, and to the nature and extent of the exciting cause. (Therefore thought, which is the result of sensation, is not inconceivably rapid.) In some circumstances the vital force can travel over a nerve at the enormous rate of three hundred and fourteen feet per second. Now couple with this another fact, namely, that the universal familiar energy called electricity can speed away as still as a baby's breathing at the frightful rate of eighty-nine thousand five hundred miles per second, or more than three times around our great globe in a single beat of your pulse—with this fact, added to the first, can you not understand that it is just as easy for billions and trillions of tons of matter to hasten from the inexhaustible resources of the infinite immensity to the earth and to other earths, to the human family here and on other globes—just as easy, to say nothing of the scientific rationality of the proposition, as that a like quantity of refined and purified matter should emanate from the earth, and from the human family in general, and enter into the composition of the Summer Land?

In connection with this problem of waste and supply, I am frequently stopped with the questions: How do the people (spirits?) personally look or appear to an observer? Are they always dressed? And in what style? And, again, do they eat? If so, what is their food? and how do they perform their functions? And do they procreate, bearing children? &c., &c.

Answers to many of these questions have already been published, which I will not here repeat. (See "Answers to Ever recurring Questions.") But I have some important physiological facts to record just here; which will cover a large field of curious vital truth, and may be of value in this world.

And first, in general, as to the law of progress or growth in matter and mind. Later teachers use the word "evolution." Take this law to guide you, and you can begin with a seed and follow it through successive evolutionary changes until it has culminated into a full grown tree; or you may trace the series of progressive developments which occur between the primal cell, or ovum, and the perfectly unrolled physical organization. This doctrine of divine spiral evolution, after waiting thirty years, is advocated by the ablest intellects.

In the progression of Nature, as I have before said—from the lowest living substance to the complex and final organization of man—everything follows the principle of evolution. The lowest is radical, because it is the root; the highest is fruition, because it is the perfect unfoldment. In the germ, or "protoplasm," (as the primal substance is called by the scientific Huxley,) is deposited the properties and potencies necessary for the development and regulation of that particular organism, in its various progressive steps up the spiral ascent of Nature. The visible process is that of progressive development. And as all below man is thus regulated and unfolded, reason asks: "Why may not the body of the spirit follow the same divine principle?" If the material universe ripens up into the full-orbed organization of man, "Why may not man's spirit be likewise invested or clothed with the ultimate organs of evolution?" Reason puts no questions which she is not capable of answering. The interior Sphinx puts no riddles she cannot herself solve. Reason, when in her superior condition, and the universal common sense of the world, affirm that the continuation of human existence after death is no more improbable or wonderful than its continuation after birth. And moreover that the principle of progress is immortal; and evolution is its mode of action throughout external spheres; which, therefore, must yield the true explanation concerning the appearance of the body of the spirit in the Summer Land.

Physiologists know that there are parts and organs in man's body, like certain casual appendages to the intestines, and like the spleen itself, which do not perform any important offices; in other words, they are the remnants of a lower stage of organism through which mankind have passed. And the time will come when, by the operations of the evolutionary law, these and other parts of the existing human form will be diminished and overcome and utterly destroyed. For do you not know that the ancients are organic stepping-stones upon which minerals and vegetables ascend to the development of the physical man?

It is well known that since mankind's advent, many species and varieties of animals have become extinct. Now is it not as reasonable to believe that when the human race shall have become sufficiently refined and spiritualized to no longer need or feed upon animals, they will all disappear from the globe? And may not internal parts of the human body likewise disappear? Animals are to the erection and completion of the human kingdom what scaffolds are to the construction of a dwelling. When the structure is finished the builders remove the various instrumentalities, so that other and higher artisans may proceed with their work; and after the gardens are prepared, the decorations completed, and the furniture arranged, it is then natural to

expect and welcome the angel of the house. And if animals are man's indispensable predecessors and subordinates, are they not fully entitled to human sympathy and uniform kindness?

In the Summer Land some of the vital organs and other portions which are no longer needed, do not appear within the spiritual body. There are no fluids requiring kidneys; no negative or broken-down blood requiring pulmonary air cavities; no physical digestion requiring such organs as stomach, liver and intestines; no propagation requiring the external organs of generation; consequently, the body of the spirit appears, both male and female, in the most perfect bodily shape, preserving all the symmetry and intrinsic excellences and ultimate likeness of our best-blossomed human form; which is sometimes clothed and sometimes not, in accordance with the customs of the society, or the peculiarities of the latitude in which they find their habitations. But the ultimates of all the organs are preserved in perfect form; and they perform spiritual uses corresponding to the natural body.

With regard to their foods, and how they eat, &c., your attention is asked to the difference between a mortal body and the body incorruptible. The ultimates of the natural only exist in the spiritual. All incompleteness, all imperfection, all that is not of eternal use, is eliminated. There are hundreds and thousands of feet of threads in the mortal body, which are called nerves and the cellular tissues. These tissues are the natural protectors and the natural feeders of all the membranes, and of all the vital parts; and to this end they also exist universally beneath the skin; which is the seamless garment covering the entire living temple.

Now, having said so much as a basis, I come to my cardinal affirmation—that, throughout all the ages of eternity, all human (or angel) feeding and all breathing among the elements of eternal beauty and youth, is accomplished by and through the mediumship of what in the physical body we erroneously term the "nerves" and the cellular "tissues." Youth and health are eternal; because there is a perpetual exchange of these elements, causing and eternally maintaining an everlasting equilibrium between the body and the spirit. Sickness, old age, death, can never be known where exists this perfect just interchange and this unalterable equilibrium.

In evidence of the possibility of what I have said, your memory and judgment are referred to a few terrestrial instances of cellular and nerve feeding. The Seeress of Prevorst was a remarkable example, who was under the protection of her heavenly guardians. But do you not recall instances in our day and country, where young women (because their nerves and tissues are far finer than man's) have lived days, weeks, and even months, without eating anything substantial, and sometimes, also, wholly abstaining from drinking? Their breathing, however, went on all the same, but, in some cases, all the bodily functions were permanently suspended. And yet, because the patient partook of spiritual meat which only the angels know, the physical body did not rapidly waste away, and the physiological wonder grew among men, greater and greater, day by day. These cases on earth are crude illustrations of eating, drinking and breathing, in the Summer Land.

Resuming our celestial observations, we pass beyond the Blanka Reservation, where congregate the bright-witted, the striving, the skeptical, the darkness-loving, the sunset-haunted. We look beyond the color-line where the dark luxuriance ceases and the region of light and loveliness begins. You behold a vast continent of what may be called *Religiousness*.

We stand almost beneath the path in which our sun rolls on its journey toward the Pleiades. The characteristics of the landscape surprise you; for these realms are unlike anything terrestrial. The far-away fields of mossy green and twinkling gold, flowers, and the immense mansion-like chapels and pavilion-looking cathedrals, decorated with myriads of shadowy vines, remind you faintly of scenes upon the planet Saturn. Bright, billowy-topped trees, and velvety, white paths between, and solemn, anthemial music filling and thrilling the whole with a feeling of unutterable sacredness; and processions of thoughtful men and women, and long lines of persons who (you can easily see) were once halt and sick and maimed and deaf and dumb and blind, and groups of singing and worshipping children—all impress you as a new world created in the heavens, designed for those who are wholly devoted to "the love and worship of God."

The castle-like chapels and the cathedral-looking temples are the dwelling places of grave and dignified hosts, who were once Popes, Prelates, Bishops, Cardinals, Priests, founders of Secret Orders, Saints, and Dignitaries from every kingdom and principality that ever existed since the foundation of human history. Embowered and sheltered, throughout a vast continent of great natural beauty, and pervaded with a feeling of solemnity, these ecclesiastical associations are glorious and well-nigh irresistible. Here you behold the immemorial holiness and awfulness of what, in religion, is called "very ancient." The sacred clouds of the world's many past ages hang over the gates of every half-hidden sanctuary. Here you recall the poet's line—"The splendor falls on castle walls, and snowy summits old in story"; but you substitute for "snowy" the literal word *shadowy*; for the slumbers of ten thousand centuries seem pooled away in these structures.

From the examples of sacred precedent, and from a slowly broadening system of ecclesiastical

government, these great societies of Religiousness exert very wonderful influences upon the human family, whether on earth, in the Summer Land, or upon the nearest approachable planets. In their united strength they send forth upon the golden and purple seas of human life a fullness and a diffusiveness of religious warning and aspiration—this influence that moves millions, as if it were a breath from the very mouth of God himself. Their great empire stretches from northeast to southwest, pervading a country almost as large as the entire dry land of earth. And their history is coeval with that of the human race. Individual freedom—the gratification of the private will—occupies a trifling point; the unification of mankind "in one faith and one baptism" is their settled mission; and the steady progress they make from age to age sufficiently attests their earnestness and success.

"What!" you exclaim, "is all this in the Summer Land?" Truly all this is in the world after death; where freedom for every sincere conviction is universally assured.

"Why do they not open their eyes, use their reason, and see their errors?" you ask.

For the same reason, I reply, that they did not open their eyes in this world. They believed while on earth, and they still believe that what they did not then have, or what they do not now know, is unattainable and unknowable. The spirit of love, the spirit of worship, the spirit of wisdom, and the spirit of beauty, they believe they alone possess in true form and in largest abundance. What better can they do than as missionaries, and as heaven ordained ambassadors of the everlasting truth, to reach out their philanthropic hands full of salvation for mankind wherever found? Do you think that you can "convert" any one of them to the acceptance of your convictions? If so, suppose you begin to morrow upon your nearest ecclesiastical neighbor. When you cause him, in the full blaze of the science and reason of the nineteenth century, to open his eyes, and to see with them what, as you do, they may find more consistent inquiry why there are sects in the Heavenly Home. (You will remember that the opening of the spiritual senses, as an immediate consequence of death, is not necessarily followed by a corresponding opening of the affections, will and understanding.)

Behold the religious habitations of the representatives of every imaginable sect scattered all over another great section, which is as large as the continent of Asia. Look now far away to the southeast of the renowned and solemnly magnificent associations and brotherhoods which we have just contemplated. (Allusion to these sects may be found in the volume, "Death and the After-Life.") The heavenly country in this section is ineffably glorious! The plains, and valleys, and groves, and fountains, and sparkling rivers of living water, exceed in degrees of beauty and holy loveliness all verbal expression. The different sects are fraternizing, and seem animated with feelings of mutual affinity, being engaged in a common purpose, namely: In the great work of saving mankind from endless desolation, and in promoting, through grace and regeneration, the desirable ends of universal purification and refinement.

It was a perception of this, doubtless, that impressed Swedenborg to affirm that, in all the heavens, the "word" was recognized and read in its true spiritual and celestial sense, and in the ancient language of correspondence; for there, in yonder vast northeastern continent of most advanced sectarian religions, you behold profound veneration for what upon earth is called "God's truth," or "Bible truth"; and, most remarkable to relate, some of the assembled congregations are this moment receiving instructions from men who on earth were distinguished clergymen, discoursing upon themes involving a figurative translation of parts of the New Testament! Camp-meetings and grove-gatherings of the different forms of religion, all upon a Bible basis, seem to be almost the only thought and purpose of the countless multitudes. "Religion is the chief concern" of immortals who, not enlightened upon great and most interior principles, and finding that they yet have time given them to "make their election sure," give themselves up to the most incessant industry among each other, and also as missionaries to all accessible earths in their universe. Beholding all this splendor and gorgeousness in the country of the "house of many mansions," and especially realizing how intellectually contracted, and how spiritually honest and faithful withal, all sectarians naturally are—even after death, when many men and women become very beautiful spirits and angels in the sky—you inevitably acquire a foretaste of the fields of usefulness which will forever open before you, as a philanthropist, a philosopher, a scientist, an orator, a traveler, and a lover of mental freedom and eternal truth.

If you believe that the time will ever come, in any of the future cycles of eternity, "when every knee shall bow" at one and the same time, and if you believe that "every tongue shall confess," and "every eye see," and "every mind comprehend," THE WHOLE TRUTH AND ALL BE AS ONE, "knowing the Lord from the least to the greatest"—without requiring the intervention of an incomprehensible miracle, which an unchangeable God never can perform—if you believe this, then you have little knowledge of human nature, less comprehension of the inflexible laws of everlasting progression, and most limited information concerning the harmonious system of government which flows from the hearts of Father God and Mother Nature.

(In the next chapter we will continue our observations of the Spiritual Spheres.)

Original Essay.

MIND AND MATTER.

BY JOHN WETHEBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Man and Matter would be a better title for what I have to say on this subject, somewhat discussed of late, since the able and disheartening essay by Mr. Stoddard at the Radical Club on the subject of "Immortality." An evangelical man is always non-sensical in treating of this subject, and a materialist, however scientific, never reaches it, and his conclusions are a wet blanket on human hopes. I must possess some modest assurance, after the foregoing compliments, to attempt to say my say sensibly, where ignorance is the rule, the exception seldom if ever putting in its appearance. One thing in my favor: a Modern Spiritualist has the start in the logic of this subject, and so in the light of Modern Spiritualism let us look at it.

Some have asked, Is spirit substance—that is, matter in its refinement—or are there two essentially distinct things in the universe—spirit being one and matter being the other? I think the latter is the true idea. By spirit in this connection I do not mean the spirit-body, as we use the term in connection with our departed friends; that may be, and probably is, matter in its refinement; nor do I mean mind exactly by the term spirit in this connection, but I will not at this point give any definitions, but write my thought out as I have begun, which will be a definition, at least it will be mine, and pass for what it is worth.

I know of no difference, except in degree, between mind as the phenomenon or outcome of the thing called man, and fragrance as the outcome of the thing called a flower. There is a spirit lying back of matter in all its forms of manifestation. We call it force scientifically; without it matter is not. In the animal we have force plus instinct—different, but indivisible. In man we have force, instinct, and intelligence; who can find the dividing lines—different, but indivisible? I said, without force, matter, as we know it, is not. Without force, then, corporeally speaking, man is not. Is he otherwise—that is, otherwise than corporeally? That is the question, or that settles the question; if solved affirmatively the answer comes, and man and matter are distinctly two.

So far we have spoken of man and mind as synonymous. I do not so consider it; man and spirit may be, in a sense. Mind is the manifestation of the organization called man, as fragrance is the manifestation of the organization called a flower, or a rose. I think there is a spirit, as I have said, distinct from matter, and lying back of all matter; it may be potentially intelligent; I will not make the assertion, though I think it not improbable. The poet has said of this spirit, and may be speaking wiser than he knew: "It sleeps in the stone, it dreams in the animal, and it awakes in man."

An orphan individual—I think it was Goethe—when asked, "What is matter?" replied, "It has no inside." He would probably have said if asked "What is spirit?" "It has no outside." The equation would then be $x + a = m$, or man.

There is where I stand: inside plus outside, conditions being right, and we constitute man. As surely as God and matter are two, so are man and matter two. Is the material universe, in its totality, God? and is the intelligence everywhere manifested only the phenomena of the universe, or matter as an organization? Or as the materialist would say, when speaking of man, that his intelligence is the phenomenon of his organization or material brain—or is the material universe the phenomenon or manifestation of an infinite Mind or Spirit?

Is God the soul of the universe, and the universe the objective manifestation of God? Or is the intelligence or divine mind the product or effect of the universe? As the greater question is answered, so is the lesser; only "the fool has said in his heart, There is no God." If the material universe is a gigantic materialization, or spiritual manifestation, why is not the epitome, the human body, the manifestation of the indwelling spirit? We all separate, and must, the Divine Mind from the material universe; this Mind or Spirit we worship instinctively as God, no matter what we name it or Him. Many give intelligence to nature; we do not mean by nature a range of mountains objectively, or a continent; we mean the intelligent power, or wisdom, lying back of all mountains, continents, worlds or systems. Why not, then, separate the human mind from the human body? I speak here of "Divine Mind" and "human mind" as synonymous with God and Man.

The whole scientific world has got the cart before the horse, by considering matter as antecedent spirit. We never find them separate, so the idea is speculative; but in logical order it is first spiritual, then material. I am aware that St. Paul says, "First the natural, and then the spiritual,"—giving the impression that the body antedates the soul, and hence the resurrection; but we might say that St. Paul was as ignorant on some things as Dr. Hammond, and defy refutation; but there is no necessity for saying that; for everything that is, is natural; but everything that is, is not material. When the Copernican system of being is discovered, and the world is led to recognize the true order of things in spiritual matters, as it now does in astronomical matters, that matter is not the centre of the universe, but that spirit is, and that matter revolves on its axis around spirit, and that spirit does not rise in the east and set in the west, figuratively

speaking, we shall have made a Sabbath day's journey toward truth. Let no critical soul, or spirit, or "inside," dwelling in a body, say to my assertion, that the fragrance being the effect of the flower, therefore the mind is the effect of the man, and neither are two, because, minus the flower and minus the man, the effects are minus also; for I agree with him. But back of all is the spirit, which says, I am, which is not matter. As God is a spirit, and the cosmos his manifestation in that other thing we call matter, so man is a spirit, and his material body his manifestation in that other thing we call matter.

Now all the foregoing is fair inference without calling in the aid of spiritual manifestations, which to the believer settles the question. The spirit, or man, does not die with the body, for he communicates with us after his body is dead and worn-out; not always, or often, with as much identification as we could wish, but with unmistakable evidence that the communicating spirit belongs, or did, to the body politic of humanity.

But numerous are the instances where those in the form have evidence of themselves being distinct from and independent of matter. I had that evidence myself, when I know I saw my body lying down and I was actually looking at it, and I was conscious, and not dreaming. I had an aged relative that had the same experience many times, who left his earth-body as he would his clothes, and wandered with his more ethereal but just as real and tangible body, and mingled at such times with the dead, or those he had followed to the grave, and in this state found them alive and happy; and sometimes he got information that was valuable as well as supermundane.

I have a near relation who was once traveling in a southern country, when from over-exertion and a poor state of health she lost her consciousness; and while in that state she saw several persons around a prostrate form, saying, "No, she will get over it," and, "Poor thing!" etc., and she noticed one was her grandfather, who had been dead a few years; one was Adeline, an aunt, who had been dead a dozen years; and others she knew. They seemed quite natural, and looked as they used to when alive. She drew near the prostrate form, and was shocked to find it her own body that they were caring for; she could not help taking an interest and listening to their remarks and seeing what they were doing to her body. One of them said just then, "There, she is coming to," or, "going back," and then she lost herself, and the next thing she remembered was some moisture and manipulation of her head and face. She opened her eyes; she was very weak, and people were attending her, and had been for a long while, and were filled with joy at her returning consciousness.

She says she was lying just where she saw her body when she saw the relatives and friends, who were spirits, caring for her; when she came to she was in and not outside of herself, and living friends were doing the attentions. When she was in the spirit, or spirit-world, if I may call it so, she saw her spirit friends around her prostrate body; when she returned to human consciousness she saw her earthly friends at work. Is it any stretch of the imagination, or of the truth, to say that both the spirits and the mortals were in attendance upon her at that time? Do we not, or may we not be living always in both worlds at the same time? Is it not more than probable that we are always so surrounded, all of us? and only needing death, or its contingency, to dissolve the mortal surroundings and bring into view the immortal?

Now, returning to the question mind and matter, whether two essentially different things or different conditions of the same thing, or whether the thinking man is a product of the material organization—who or what was looking at that prostrate form of which I have spoken? It must have been the conscious I am, in her and in all; the spirit, which is not matter; the thing that has no "outside," and distinct from matter which has no inside. Spirit everywhere controls matter. God is a spirit—man is a spirit. Matter everywhere is the manifestation of spirit. The universe is an extensive materialization, or spiritual manifestation. "God manifest in the flesh," that is matter. Man manifest in the flesh, that is matter. God and man are not matter. God is a spirit. Man is a spirit. Spirit and matter—the inside and the outside of the universe.

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE SUN-RAYS.

Dedicated to the dear child Sandra, by the Spirit of

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
Written down through the mediumship of Adeline, Harmonia von Vay,
of Gumbolt, (the Nymph), Austria, and translated especially for
the Banner of Light by Dr. G. Blodde, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

NO. VIII.

On the earth it was winter. The Sun is then most longed for and loved. The Sun-rays are then real messengers of joy from heaven. "The Sun had already not shone for several days," told the eighth Sun-ray, "until he broke at last through all the snow-clouds, and smiled upon the earth."

"I shone through the little window-hole of a house, or rather a hut. In the room a little girl was sitting at the spinning-wheel. She greeted me with a half-loud, joyful voice: 'Oh, thou dear Sunshine! hast thou come back at last? and just to-day on Christmas!' And she took a little flower-pot with a rosemary bush in it, and put it right into the sunshine, that it might have a joy on Christmas-day, as she said."

"Inside of the hut it looked poor enough. It caused me pain and exertion to peep through the small window-pane on which stood a large ice-flower. The girl, however, breathed upon the pane, scratched the ice off with her tiny fingers, and thus I could soon illumine the whole little chamber."

"Dear Sunshine," said the child, "to-day is Christmas Eve, and all children get fine presents. But look! I have not even a pair of shoes and stockings, no warm jacket, and no skirt, and can't go to church! Thou good Sun-ray, pray tell the Christ-child to bring me something!"

"I heard this, and betook myself into the city. There I shone through several windows into a big house. I beheld there everywhere how they fixed up the trees—how they were gliding nuts and apples, making chains of raisins and almonds; nay, in one room it looked particularly distinguished. There the tree was hung with nothing but marzipane and chocolate. 'None of the mean apples and nuts,' as the daughter of the house expressed herself. 'Those,' she said, 'are only fit for poor children! I want fine confectioneries!'

"I now peeped into the garret room of this house, and there saw the poor tailor dressing with his wife a little Christmas-tree for the children. There were horsemen and cattle and various figures, made of gingerbread, and red-cheeked apples and fine nuts, but ungilded, for the people were poor."

"In the fourth story lived a poor scribe. He was sitting quite alone in his room and rubbing himself against the cold stove. He thought of his childhood and of his dear, deceased mother, who had always hung the Christmas-tree for him. Next door to him lived two old spinster ladies. They were sewing all kinds of little frocks, jackets, and caps for the great Christmas presentation the 'Poor Association' was preparing for poor children."

"The third story was the dwelling of a captain with his family. He had seven children, who all were already impatiently waiting for Christmas Eve. The mother was dressing the tree, the father cutting all kinds of paper chains and flags, and they were very merry over it."

"The most beautiful sight, however, I had in the second story of this house. There was only one little girl there, but quite a lovely child she was. She had asked her parents the permission to bestow Christmas presents on some poor children. And now there she stood, dressing the tree, which was the finest in the whole house, and hung with many, many lights. And this child was the merriest of all. I thought of the poor girl in the hut in the country."

And now I looked into the first story again. There were three, even four, these spoiled children, who thought of nothing but themselves. And I soon left them and went down to the garret, who with his good old wife was contentedly

sitting in his warm lodge. They had no children, and therefore no tree to dress.

"Oh if I could only," said the old woman, "send something to my poor little niece in the country! In this house there are so many beautiful things! If I had only a little frock for the poor child!" She thought of the tenants of the first story. But no, she would not ask them—they never gave the poor anything. Yes, the little girl in the second story, she was good, but she had already bestowed so many benefits on her that she now was ashamed to ask for anything. The captain's family in the third story had scarcely the needful, and the ladies of the 'Poor Association' in the fourth were always unkind, and would not hear anything of outside poor; they had, as they said, enough to do for their own. The poor tailor, of course, was quite out of the question; to him she had herself given the apples and nuts for the Christmas-tree. And thus the poor old woman sighed on account of the poor child out there in the hut.

"But I, the Sun-ray, I can instill men with thoughts! I beamed quite brightly upon the forehead of the good girl. And lo! then she thought of the old porter's wife. She remembered that she had a poor sister and a little niece in the country; in a hurry a little package was made up, a nice warm suit, shoes and stockings, and ginger-cakes too were put in; and then she rushed down into the lodge of the porter. 'Here, dear old mother Hanna! Here, I bring down some Christmas gifts for your poor niece! Fortunate that I thought of it!'

"Look here, children! That poor child had prayed the good God this morning to give her some Christmas gift; the Sun-rays are God's servants; I took the prayer up and put it into the good child's heart, where I knew it would take root. And thus it came that our poor child had had a very merry Christmas-day."

NO. IX.

"To-day I have been drying cloth the whole day," said the ninth Sun-ray. "I shone upon the green meadow, the drying-place of the little town, and dried cloth with all my power. There were all kinds of skirts, gowns, jackets, blankets, hanging about indifferently. I could review the whole white company. The ruddy stout washerwoman went to and fro with her red-cheeked maids on the place, hanging up and inspecting the cloth. 'Look ye,' she said—'the good March sun—the girls fit freckles, the cloth it bleaches!'

"There the cloth of people who themselves never met in life was peacefully hanging together. Such a drying-place, I thought, is in fact very much like a cemetery: there everything lies, and here everything hangs together!"

"The cloths were dry. The stately washerwoman came with her maids; they put everything nicely into large baskets, and off they went. The Sun, too, was near going down, when a man came strolling over the meadow. He looked down on the soil, as if looking for something. 'Ah! there I have it!' said he, 'the first violet! I will bring it to her!'

"I went with him, and came to a house in the little town, which was just brightly glowing in the setting sun. There was a young sick woman sitting in an arm chair, wrapped up in pillows. 'Look here,' said the man, 'the first violet, my sweet darling; the hard winter is passed, and with spring you will recover!'

"Her large eyes looked at him thankfully, and he kissed her. She drew the fragrance of the little flower into her sick bosom. On her cheeks, too, bloomed two roses. Were they roses from the grave? I do not know! for quickly, quickly, the Sun went down!"

NO. X.

To-night a very talkative Sun-ray came to me. He said he had peeped the whole day into all kinds of houses and family circles.

One household—he related—interested me particularly. It was a mansion on a little height. Everything around it, trees and meadows, was covered with snow, white as sugar. Inside of the house there was stirring life. The cook ran tripping up and down the stairs, busily engaged. Then she went for her baby, which was sitting on the bed propped up with pillows, and looking round with its little eyes quite cunningly. "Sanda! Sanda! Yes, where is our Sanda?" said she. And the baby, on hearing this name, looked knowingly at the door. "Yes, there she always enters when she comes to the kitchen for some goodies. And then she takes thee up in her arms, and rocks thee to sleep, you little darling! I wish she was back, our Sanda!"

Then I saw the coachman, as he was dressing the horses and washing the coach, whereby he said to himself: "Well, very soon we shall drive to the railroad, to fetch little Sanda. In fact, she is the sunshine in the house; we really miss her laughing and singing!"

The mother of Sanda sat musing and dreaming at her work; she was just sewing a frock for the child. Turning her eyes toward heaven she sent up to God a prayer, a fervent prayer for her child.

The father went out, his gun over his shoulder, and he, too, thought of Sanda, who, merry as a skylark, came every day to bid him "good morning." The little dog also was sniffing round in search of the little mistress. He sat down in front of the mother, scratched her dress with his paw, and looked wistfully at her as if asking her: "Where is Sanda?"

See, dear children, thus everybody in the house sighed for little Sanda, who was at the seminary and was soon expected home for the Christmas vacation. We only hope the sweet child may prove grateful for all this love by being dutiful to her parents and charitable to everybody. For those who are loved so much have the obligation to show themselves worthy of such love.

[Continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

MEMORIES.

BY BISHOP A. DEALS.

Dear Memory, now as oft before
I taste thy rich and precious store;
And gems of thought and pearls of light
Rise glorious to my mental sight.

And while the evening shadows play
Among the golden threads of day
I float with its departing beams
Within the silent land of dreams.

And find a world of radiant hue
Among the fleecy clouds of blue,
Where flowers in rich profusion grow
And living waters gently flow.

Beneath a green arcade of trees
That wave their banners in the breeze,
Where shady bowers invite repose,
Amid the fragrance of the rose;

And those I loved in years ago
Again around me gently throng,
And tender thoughts from starry eyes
Reveal the glory of the skies.

Through all the drifting flood of years
A mother's face still bright appears,
And by the magic of her love
I see the world of light above.

And cares that cloud my wrinkled brow
Are lifted by the vision now,
And o'er my senses softly rolls
The music of the land of souls.

"Till, wafted near the gates of heaven,
The wisdom words of light are given.
These hours of sweet communion bring
The gardens of immortal spring.

To lend their fragrance, and impart
A holy freshness to my heart,
And every shadow disappears
In Memory's light from vanished years.

A little four-year-old had been intently watching the process of corn-popping on a stovetop in the beginning of winter. Happening to turn to the window, she observed for the first time the falling of snow. Amazed and delighted, she ran to her father, and exclaimed: "Oh papa! do look at the funny rain! It's popped out all white!"

Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While in Philadelphia, last April, I attended several of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss's sances. Some of the incidents that occurred at the first of these sances have already been communicated to the readers of the Banner. The following comprises a brief summary of some of the phenomena I witnessed on subsequent occasions, as recorded within twenty-four hours after each sance:

Wednesday evening, April 4th, 1877. At Mr. and Mrs. Bliss's, 1027 Ogden street, Philadelphia.—Clara Wolf, a beautiful young female spirit, came out of the cabinet in full form, clothed in the purest white, and beckoned her two brothers to come to her. Next came the Princess, attired as usual in her brilliant, sparkling dress, and after going through with a dance, beckoned me to come to her, and gave me a fresh gathered rose from her own hand.

Theodore Parker showed his face at the aperture in the cabinet, and beckoned me to come to him. As on a previous occasion his features strikingly resembled those of the portrait that hangs in the Circle-Room of the Banner of Light Building, with the exception that he now wore a short, trimmed beard, clogging entirely round the lower part of his chin. He spoke to me in distinct whisper.

As usual the Indian maiden "Blue Flower" came out and walked and danced around. Also Mrs. McCarty talked with her usual Irish volubility and brogue within the cabinet, while her protegee, "Billy the boot-black," came out in full form for a short time. Elizabeth du la Rue next walked out of the cabinet, clothed throughout in pure white, but soon returned and reappeared with the medium, Mrs. Bliss, the latter in her usual dark dress. They walked side by side some yards from the cabinet to within a few feet of the first row of the circle. The contrast between the forms and height of the two was very marked, Mrs. Bliss being of much heavier mold and not so tall as the spirit by six or more inches.

This sance was out short by one of those untoward circumstances that are so apt to be used by the enemies of Spiritualism to bring disfavor on the cause. For some time there were indications of trouble within the cabinet, occasioned apparently by a discordant spirit striving to get control of the medium, which it seems under the conditions her spirit guardians were unable to successfully oppose.

On the afternoon of the next day, Thursday, the 8th inst., I attended a private sance in Columbia Avenue, by invitation of a friend, who had shortly before had the cabinet used on the occasion constructed expressly to meet test conditions. The Princess, Blue Flower, and other familiar spirits of the mediums manifested as usual, though not altogether so forcibly. What purported to be the spirit of my recently departed daughter Frances walked out of the cabinet clothed in white. She wore a veil, so that her features could not be distinctly seen. In general resemblance, however, the form looked like hers when on earth. She took first my hand in hers and then my arm, and walked by my side some yards, plainly visible to the whole company present.

Wednesday Afternoon, April 7th. At the Blisses, 1027 Ogden street.—Highly satisfactory evidence was given me this afternoon that spirits have the power to discern the unexpressed thoughts of mortals. I had noticed that when Clara Wolf and Elizabeth du la Rue materialized, the color of their eyes was not as distinctly visible as I could have wished. Also that when I took the Princess's hand in mine it had an unnatural feeling, as if gloved in buff or velvet. I thought a good deal of these circumstances, but never gave utterance to my cogitations in the slightest degree. What follows will show that my secret thoughts were nevertheless divined and commented on by the spirits:

This was a private sance, to which I was invited by the parties who got it up. Clara Wolf was the first spirit that materialized. On two occasions she beckoned me to come to her as she stood near the cabinet. She was beautifully arrayed in purest white, and every feature of her face was as marked and distinct as possible, especially her eyes, which she evidently meant I should particularly take note of, as she turned them to and fro and upward, that I might have a distinct view of their color and expression. Several other spirits came, among them the Princess in her magnificent dress as usual, and danced to the music. She approached me and offered her hand, which I took in mine. Unlike what it seemed on previous occasions, it was now fully and minutely materialized, and felt in my grasp like a soft and delicate female hand, of natural temperature, befitting in every respect the graceful, sylph-like form to which it was attached. The Princess stayed with us full twenty minutes, after which old Mrs. McCarty and Billy the boot-black came together, and remained some thirty minutes. The light was turned up unusually high, so that both the old woman and Billy were distinctly visible all the time to every person in the room. Mr. Bliss left his seat to answer the outside bell, when Billy immediately followed him to the room door and locked it. Mr. Bliss not returning immediately, Billy repeatedly unlocked and opened the door, peering into the entry as naturally as any boy still in the flesh could do. He also wound up a music-box and set it going more than once, in plain view of us all. Lastly Blue Flower came and shook hands with me heartily. I measured her height, and found it to be four feet and six inches. Subsequently I found Mrs. Bliss's height to be five feet and two inches by the tape rule.

Friday evening, April 6th. At 1027 Ogden street.—Manifestations rather weak for a season, on account of several private sances having been recently held by the mediums in unmagnetized rooms outside their own home. The beautiful spirit Clara Wolf came out of the cabinet and called her two brothers to her and conversed with them. Several other spirits materialized, some of whom were recognized by friends in the circle. Agnes, apparently a nun, and a new comer, materialized, and knelt in prayer with clasped hands outside of the curtain of the cabinet.

The silent doctor (as he is called), a sedate and rather sad-looking young man, came out twice and walked about, but did not speak. On the last occasion Billy the boot-black came out with him. After walking round the circle Billy beckoned me to go with him close to the cabinet, where he stood some time before me as plain as any earth boy could have shown himself, every feature being as distinct as if chiseled in stone, as was also his threadbare, dirty dress, and the dingy metal buttons on his closely-buttoned jacket. A lady in beautiful attire, that sparkled with diamonds and precious stones, showed her full form just outside of the cabinet, but seemingly had not power to disclose her mission. Mrs. McCarty came out of the cabinet and bustled round, and talked in her Irish brogue, as usual. Blue Flower also came, and after trotting round and talking in her accustomed amusing style, she ran up to the nurse, who always sits in front of the circle holding Mrs. Bliss's infant, and (as I have seen her repeatedly do) looked inquisitively into its face.

Blue Flower brought me a vase of flowers which she took from a table near by, and then sat down for some time on a sofa by my side.

After the materialization sance closed Billy the boot-black controlled Mr. Bliss, and spoke for some time. His remarks were quite philosophical and interesting, showing that although when he materialized he assumed the appearance and character of the little street boot-black he was whilst in earth-life, that he was in his spirit condition highly progressed.

April 9th.—Attended a large circle at the Blisses', 1027 Ogden street. Clara Wolf was the first spirit that materialized. After conversing a time with her two brothers, she beckoned me to come to her. Her every feature, including the eyes, was as distinct and plain as when she appeared on the last occasion described. A female spirit next came to a gentleman who had never before been present at a materializing sance, and beckoned him to come to her. He stated to the company present that he could not doubt but that it was his mother's

spirit, whom it not only resembled in appearance, but that what we had also witnessed, viz., her raising her hand upward and saying, "Meet me in heaven," were the very motion and words she used when she was leaving the form.

Several other spirits presented themselves, some of whom were recognized by friends present.

Elizabeth du la Rue, the tallest of all the female spirits, came, and beckoned me to come to her. She too, as Clara Wolf had previously done, called my attention to her beautiful eyes, the dark pupils and clear whites of which were strikingly vivid and distinct. Billy the boot-black came as usual, and drank, in plain sight of all present, a tumbler of water that he took from my hand.

The Princess came out of the cabinet several times, and danced and waltzed, as is her wonted custom. She came to where I sat, and presented her hand, which I took in mine, and found it to be perfectly materialized, and of the same delicate texture it was on the last occasion described.

Theodore Parker, after rapping out by alphabet the initials of his name, came to the window of the cabinet and exhibited his full face, neck and shoulders, his expressive eyes being very clear and distinct. He called me to him, and taking me by the hand addressed the words: "Peace on earth and good will to man," in an emphatic whisper to the company present. Mrs. McCarty also came and stayed a few minutes, and Billy the boot-black for quite a length of time.

On Monday evening, the 9th inst., I attended by invitation a private materializing sance on 15th street—Mr. and Mrs. Bliss the mediums—nearly forty persons present. A curtain was arranged across a door as a substitute for a cabinet. The mediums were greatly exhausted by frequent sittings, and the manifestations were not as vivid as usual. What purported to be the spirit of my recently departed daughter came from behind the curtain and sat beside me on the sofa, taking my hand in hers. She wore, as before, a veil, and her features were not distinct enough to be recognized, although in height, form and complexion the apparition resembled her when in earth-life. The glorious little Princess came out and danced as usual, carrying in one hand a national star and striped banner, that had been provided by the hostess for the occasion. She also went through the motions of knitting or weaving a beautiful fine lace veil very graphically and distinctly, and apparently greatly to the satisfaction of all present. I have seen somewhat similar feats as this performed by sleight-of-hand, but never nearly so successfully as it was now done by the alleged spirit.

Tuesday evening, the 10th of April, I attended a sance given by the Blisses for the benefit of a much respected, though not wealthy citizen of Philadelphia. Clara Wolf came, attended by Mercy Winner, a deceased daughter of the Mr. Winner named by me in a former communication. Mercy Winner seemed to possess great materializing power, and was able to hold complete control until (with the spirit's consent) some ten or twelve strangers in the circle had by turn approached and satisfied themselves by close inspection that the apparition was no myth. Before leaving Miss Winner beckoned me to come to her, when she gave me a fresh gathered lily which she said a daughter of mine had asked her to hand to me from her.

As usual Mrs. McCarty and Billy came and staid some twenty minutes or more. During their stay Billy wound up the music box, and out up many other amusing capers, whilst Mrs. McCarty stripped the walls of the room of the faded evergreens with which they had been dressed for Easter. The silent, two-behaved-looking doctor (probably a murderer some allopath) also made his appearance, whilst the little Princess, after dancing and waltzing as usual, wove a very large and fine lace veil in presence and plain sight of the company of about forty persons.

Blue Flower also came, wearing for the first time a new white shawl, which she told me she had especially donned to honor my anticipated early departure from the city.

By actual measurement, I found the point which the Princess, Blue Flower, Billy the boot-black and some other of the spirits walked out to, was exactly fourteen and one-half feet from the cabinet.

On my return I stopped two days at Vineland, and attended a sance held in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, on the evening of the 18th inst. It was the first these well-known mediums had given in some weeks. The company was large, and some present were of an exceedingly skeptical character, which no doubt was injurious to the manifestations. Under the circumstances, however, these were very good. Bishop Folk especially exhibited his full person more than once to great advantage. Among other spirits my wife materialized very plainly and lifelike. I took her by the hand and she addressed me in kind words as usual. Both the Blisses and Holmeses are undoubtedly mediums of most extraordinary powers.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Vineland, N. J., June 6th, 1877.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATION DURING THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY CORTES.—There is a tale that comes from Mexican sources, that Montezuma beheld him now of staying the advance of the Spaniards by means of his wizards and his necromancers. He sent a number of them forth, that by their incantations and their wizardries they might enchant his enemies to their destruction. The story that they told was, that they met a man in the way, "he seemed like an Indian of Chalcó; he seemed like one that is drunk," and that this man threatened and scorned them. "What does Montezuma intend to do?" he exclaimed. "Is it now that he is beginning to fear? But already there is no remedy for him, for he has caused many deaths unjustly. He has committed many injuries, treacheries and follies. Then the soothsayers and enchanters were much afraid, and made a mound of earth as an altar for this man. But he would not sit upon it, and his wrath was only greater, and he spoke again, saying, 'He would never more make account of Mexico, and have charge of that people, nor assist them. And when the soothsayers would answer him they could not do so.' (He, who was a knot in their throats.)" Having uttered these things and other threats, pointing to the destruction of Mexico, the seeming Chalcó vanished from their sight. Then the soothsayers perceived that they had been talking with the God Texcaltitl, and they returned to Montezuma and related all that had happened to them. And when he heard it the king was very sad and crestfallen, and for a time said not a word. At last he broke out into lamentations over Mexico, deploring the fate of their old men and their old women, of their youths and of their maidens, concluding a doleful discourse by words which contain the philosophy of despair. "We are born: let that come which must come." *Nacidos somos: venga lo que viniere.*—*Life of Hernando Cortes, by Arthur Hailey.*

Did you ever see, far, far away from you, the beautiful purple mountains, and set forth to seek them, with a vague feeling that upon them the world must seem more beautiful, more romantic than it does upon the plain? But as you go on, though the roads are hilly and there is some climbing to be done, you discover that you never seem to reach those mountains—those wondrously beautiful mysteries that smile upon you from afar. You tread common earth and clamber over common rocks. The trees and bushes grow even less beautiful; they are stunted and rough; there is much that is troublesome in the path, and you cannot realize that you are higher above the earth than you were. Far away still lies the beauty and the mystery—far away, far away; and about you only mire, and dust, and stones, and common herbage. Even should you mount to some highest peak and look back, you would find the beauty in the valley you left, not on the rugged mountain where you stand. And so in life. Climb where you may, to whatever pinnacle, you never reach your beautiful mountain. Where you stand, another's eyes may be fixed now. To him it has the beauty, the mystery, the charm it once had to you. You have proven to yourself that the beautiful mountains are yet further away.

In this world we have almost a *fac simile* of the one which I left—only one is gross, the other more refined. Our occupations are the outgrowths of our likings. If we desire to be beautiful, we must strive to attain it. If we desire intellectual or spiritual unfoldment, we must seek it, and we will find it. If the door is closed all we have to do is to knock, and it will be opened. There are those who are ready to give us any instruction if we ask in humility. *—Edgar Allan Poe.*

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Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported verbatim, and published each week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSEKIN.

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

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

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings are held at No. 3 Montgomery Block, corner of Broadway and Broadway, at 2 o'clock, and 7 o'clock, P. M. The hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 7 o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

As most of the messages given at the Banner Circle and published on this page are from entire strangers to the medium and ourselves, it is desirable that those who from time to time may recognize the party communicating, should forward such verifications to this office for publication. A few do so, but we verily hear of numerous verifications, yet these must be sent to give in the report. This is the only way to give in the report. This is the only way to give in the report.

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

Donations of flowers solicited.

Lewis H. Wilson, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

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

Invocation.

Our Father, whose divine light shineth through the darkness, whose presence everywhere maketh it a bright, illuminated day, we come to thee, asking that thou wilt give us strength, asking that thou wilt permeate our very souls with love for the children of men, asking that we may gather flowers, bright flowers, beautiful in themselves, spiritual and divine, that we may bring them to earth, and shower them upon mortals. May we bring love and pure principles, making all who listen to our voices to-day feel that they are blessed by angel presences.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will listen to you.

Ques.—[From the audience.] What is the matter with the world? Why this general turmoil, this universal confusion, this inharmonious sentiment, this chilling want of confidence in each other, and in the theology of the time? There is a painful, hungry vacuum in the soul, which is legitimately and earnestly demanding a satisfactory, reliable, durable supply. The storm is all around you, and you lack confidence in each other. It is all clear to us in spirit-life; and it is all for a great and mighty purpose. Redemption can only come through Spiritualism. Devote more attention to the concerns of the higher life, and less to hoarding up the almighty dollar. Live lives of purity and goodness, and prepare yourselves for the real life beyond.

Q.—[By A. F. H.] Do people who are afflicted with poor memory in this life, and consequently cannot obtain as much knowledge as they otherwise would, have their memory fully restored when they leave the body and enter the spirit-world?

A.—If the memory is affected by the body, when that body is laid aside, and the spiritual asserts itself independent of it, then those who were deficient of memory will have it restored to them. But when they return to earth, and take possession of a medium, they find that infirmity there. But in spirit-life they will be able to learn all there is for them to learn.

Q.—[From the audience.] Is it probable that magnetism will eventually supersede ether and chloroform in surgical practice?

A.—We do not see why it should not. We can cite many instances where the most painful operations have been performed under spiritual magnetism. For instance, we know of subjects that have been entranced by spirits—which is simply throwing the magnetic element around the medium and controlling them magnetically. In that condition they have had teeth withdrawn and operations on the jaw performed. They would have had really a sad experience under ordinary conditions; but while under the magnetic power of spirits they have not felt pain at all. We know of a dentist, some two hundred miles from here, who, by the power of magnetism, will so affect his patients that they will have teeth extracted without the slightest feeling of pain. We know some persons who can exercise the greatest magnetic power over others, so that you can puncture them with pins, and pinch them, yet they are unconscious of the fact. The sense of feeling is destroyed by throwing spiritual magnetism over them. We know that the time is coming, and not many years distant, when your hospital managers will be glad to call in magnetic operators to assist in surgical operations, rather than use chloroform or other anesthetics, notwithstanding in one of our colleges a few days ago, when a professor asked one of his students: "What thesis have you brought for us?" and the answer was, "Magnetism," he looked away sternly and said, "Imponderable; I know nothing about it." And passing on to the next student, said: "Hand me yours." We tell you the time is coming when every college and every hospital shall acknowledge the power of Spiritualism. We tell you the time is coming, and is not far distant, when the spirit of medicine, with Hahnemann at its head, and the spirit of spirituality—magnetism—with its great and mighty power, shall be the ruling medicine of the land, and he or she who does not understand it will be considered an ignoramus.

Samuel Woodward.

I come here this afternoon, forced by circumstances. I certainly feel that you have a pleasant room here, surrounded by everything that is beautiful. I enjoy it. I ever believed in progression. I never got so far as Spiritualism. I have not been gone a very long time—about a year. My name is Samuel Woodward. I died in Keene, N. H. I am a Baptist, or was, in faith, but on entering the spirit-life I found that I understood but little of the great Spiritual Philosophy. I felt that it was true, and that I would like to be immersed in the waters of Spiritualism. I trust that my friends, wherever they may be found, will understand that whenever I knew a thing was right I never feared to stand up for it. I know something of the trials of editing a newspaper. I know something of the strength it requires to carry out any doctrine which is acceptable to the people, which is unpopular. I know what they term a "Free-Press" in the early days. I can see, to-day, that what you do here is a very few words to

speaking, provided I was carried into the city of Washington; but that is neither here nor there. I come here to affirm that whatever I might have believed in the past—and every one who ever knew me will admit that whatever I believed I believed with a will—that I was firm in my opinions, that I never deviated from what I believed was right.

But I understand, Mr. Chairman, that you have got a right view of things which few on earth understand. I can see that there are wires here that are going forth to the great spirit-heaven above. I can see a great spiritual railroad that terminates I know not where, but on which the cars of progress come back well laden with individual souls—I among the number.

I come here and say to my friends that Spiritualism is true. Three score years and ten and more passed over my head while on earth.

I tell you, friends, there is a greater truth here than was ever known before. Work for it; strive for it; let the windows of heaven be opened; let the spiritual world come into every home. While there are evangelists preaching of the wrath of God, why do you not, when you understand the love and power of God, open every window and door, and let in the great multitude, that they may understand that we are coming back and that we mean work?

It has been to me a bright and shining light. Why may I not give it to my friends? Tell them we are one united family. I am coming back to earth to make them understand that I still live. Had I a vote to give I would give it to Spiritualism and freedom everywhere.

John Dolan.

Sure, sir, are you willing that everybody should come? I am very much in the same trouble, sir, that "Tray" was. Tray got into bad company, and got a bad name, and that's the trouble with me. My name is John Dolan. It wasn't a very pleasant death I had. I was hanged by the neck, an accused of murder. All I've got to say is, that the spirit-world here is much more charitable to John Dolan than the material world was, and if they think they killed me intirely, they are very much mistaken. I am just as active as I ever was, but I trust to the great and glorious power of the life immortal, and to the teachings of the church to which I belong, and the praise has done much toward aiding me to see a better light. I don't blame any of 'em, for I suppose they thought they did God's duty in shutting me out of life. But provided I had committed the murder, I cannot understand what business the people had to murder me. I was only twenty-two years old. I know I had bad habits, and I had been in bad company, like the old dog Tray, but notwithstanding that, I have a heart, as my friends will ever remember, that has no recollection whatever of having killed anybody, and I want to say this, as I come back, that time will rectify everything, time will determine everything, but that some that condemn me will have a chance to say, "God help me!" before they get through life. Some who are the hardest upon me when they come to spirit-life I will help, if I can. I have no revenge and no hard feelings. I suppose it was the fate of me that I was to go out that way. I trust the one who did the wrong will confess it. And yet I'd cover him up if I thought he had got to come to the same death that I come to. I don't know sure as you allow such beings as me to come, but I won't hurt ye, and if I can I'll help ye. I'm glad to do all the good I can.

Relief Ewell.

I wish you would say, Mr. Chairman, that Relief Ewell comes to her son, and desires to relieve him from the infirmities of the body, and to give him strength to go onward and upward in this world of trial. Please tell him that I have not forgotten him as the little boy that I nurtured and cared for. Say to him that we are one united family now. I will guard and guide him, and soon he will come to us, and I will make ready the chair with a wreath of immortelles for him.

Harvey Field.

I wish you would say that old Harvey Field comes to this Circle-Room and reports. I know everything that has happened in my family—those that have come to me, and those that have not come. A good many have inquired why I did not come and report. Now I have done so. I want them to know that I am just as happy as I know how to be. I've never really left the earth-plane. I know everything that has taken place with my family, everything that has occurred; at the same time I am satisfied; I know "whatever is, is right." I trust when the whole family shall get here in spirit-life we shall enjoy ourselves. I will not say any more. This will be handed to my family.

Edna B. Thayer.

Mr. Chairman, will you please record that Edna B. Thayer calls at your Circle-Room at the request of an old friend, and gives her name. I passed away with consumption some five years ago. I'll not direct my letter, excepting to W. D. M., of Annapolis. I was about twenty-five years old. I have fulfilled my mission. It is well with me. I have met George.

Thomas Gleason.

I want to send word to my folks that I am all right. I got killed by the cars. If I had not climbed on to them I should have been around now. There is a fate, or destiny, that seems to rule us, whatever we may do. I suppose it was for me to come to spirit-life. I was about fourteen years old. I went out from Watertown. My name, Thomas Gleason. I'd like to let my friends know I am not dead. I can come and talk to them just the same as if I was here in the form. I know they can't get at this medium, but they can come to other mediums. I do want to talk with them, and I don't know any other way to reach them, fully, except to come here. I was told this was the general post-office—for everybody.

Jonathan Freeze.

I wish to say to my friends in Orono, Maine, that Jonathan Freeze, who passed out in California, by accident, has returned here. It was no part of my reckoning to get pushed out so easily. Had I known I was going I should have made different arrangements from what I did. It was not a part of my performance, but it was the result of an accident, so far as I can see, and I would like to say to my friends, to do the very best they can, and will aid them all I know how. If I had minded the impressions which came to me on taking hold of the legs, I should probably have been in my body to-day, but not minding the spiritual part of my nature, I got sent out rather suddenly. I don't know as it is any great loss to humanity, and I really believe it is a very great gain to me. I think I know more of the world than I ever did before.

Louisa B. Linthall.

Please say, sir, that Louisa B. Linthall, of New Orleans, called here to-day. I came because certain parties who have been here took me by the hand and led me here, and they tell me that they will reach my mother, Mary, and my sister Sarah. That is all I want—to let them know I've come here, and then they will have undoubted proof that Spiritualism is true.

William Cray.

I wish you would say, sir, that William Cray of New York City has called here, and says to his wife Louisa B. C., "Be of good cheer. Don't fear, for I am with you and watching over you, and on each side of me are our children, our little boy and our little girl. I know all the trouble that has come to you. Had I lived, I would have protected and guided you, and I know how many days of sorrow, how many nights of weeping, how much you have been misunderstood and misrepresented. Also recognize and realize the kind care which you have given to your father and mother. Remember that my friends will yet understand, and will do you justice. Fear not, for I am with you."

John D. Munroe.

You can record in your newspaper, if you like, that John D. Munroe, who passed away from Detroit, Mich., about nine years ago last May, about the 28th, returns here and says to some parties who have made inquiries if he could come, "I am here." I know just what they have been about, every outgoing and incoming, and unless they desire, I shall play the detective and show them up. I was about fifty-five years old. I passed out with pneumonia.

Arthur S. Copeland.

I come here feeling that I would like to understand this philosophy, and would like to realize what I can do in this life. It matters not how I passed out. I will simply say that I know I went before my time; or rather, had not circumstances and individual influences been thrown upon me, I should not have gone as soon as I did. I have not been gone long. I passed on in the summer-time of '76, the old Centennial year, but I find myself full of life, full of strength, and I care not what the world may say. I know that had I lived, I should have been perhaps just the same as I am to-day. I believe I have much to learn, and I believe I have much to gain. I am satisfied that Spiritualism is true.

My name is Arthur S. Copeland. I am a native of England. I might be called an American, as I lived here over twenty years. I was called Doctor, but I was not a physician of mankind. I ever had an interest in horses and cattle, and I studied their diseases, and was anxious to do all I could for them. Now I address my old friends, many of whom will remember me, for I was always with those you call "turfmens," who, by the way, are not half as bad as you think they are, for we, at least, have always good hearts, and will do whatever we can to alleviate those who suffer. I have had a hand in writing for the public, and know something of the trials which editors must have to withstand. I come from no bad motives, but to learn and understand what I can do to gain strength and power, and I feel as if I'd like to continue the employment which was pleasant to me. I may yet find some individual on whom I can throw my mantle. If so, I shall work still, with a will. If not, I find plenty of animals to pet in spirit-life.

Helen M. Brackett.

My name is Helen M. Brackett. I left the form in San Francisco. I would like to say to Henry that I am with him, watching over him and guiding him. I will strengthen him and do all that is possible. Be not discouraged. This spirit-communion is true, and I have been with you night after night from the time I left the form. Be true, and I will guide and help you.

Edward Watson.

Well, sir, [to the Chairman.] I am happy to meet you; glad that I can come here, and glad that I find this spirit-return to be a truth; yet I have had glimmerings of it, and have sometimes secretly within my soul that I would like to know if it were true. I can answer it for myself to-day, because I am demonstrating to myself and to others that if a man die he shall live again. I know that brighter days are in store for me, and that by coming to this place and communicating, the bands that held me will be loosened, and I shall soar onward and upward. I am Edward Watson, of Plymouth. I have not been gone many months. I had a residence on Clarke's Island. I wish to record my name, that my friends may greet me whenever they get the opportunity to do so. You can say I was well pleased with the services by Mr. Briggs. I was present, and heard all that was said.

Albert E. Smith.

Say that Albert E. Smith comes here to-day. I passed out by drowning. I hail from Sharon, Mass. I would like to see some of my insurance friends. If they will meet me at a suitable place I will impart to them information that I think will benefit them. I find myself too weak now to talk much.

John Lewis.

Many times these questions come home to me when on earth: "Shall I find pictures in spirit-life? Shall I find opportunities? Shall I find an atmosphere in which I can build my schemes, where I can bring out my powers, where I can use my easel and paint the pictures which I so long to paint, and which I have never been able yet to bring out to my own satisfaction?" That question is solved with me, and I come here to gather strength that I may be able to portray more forcibly, more pointedly, more objectively the pictures which I feel my inner nature calls upon me to put on the canvas. I have ideas, and I would build upon those ideas. I would place my whole soul in the building of a temple, great and mighty. I shall still work on, and I come here to-day from selfish motives—to gather a power to carry with me back to my spirit-home. John Lewis.

John Mills.

You can say that John Mills, who was crushed out of life at Bel Air, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, called here to-day, and would like to have his friends take some interest in those he has left behind. I think it is due to them. As I cannot work with the material body I will try and work with the spiritual hand, and I want to place it on the heads of some of the men who should take hold of this thing. I will call no names, lest I get you into trouble. There are parties who should do their duty, and if they won't do it I shall have to put my hand on them and compel them to do it. It was not carelessness, it was the result of an accident.

John S. Thomas.

My name is John S. Thomas. I went out with typhoid fever, from Detroit, some four years ago last January—I think it was the fourteenth day, somewhere about twilight. I have a step-brother who looks over these communications, and has been asking for some time that I come. I know I am taking the time assigned a friend, one that wanted to come here now, in coming myself, but I've been waiting more than a week, and I felt I had just as good a right to come as anybody. Yes, it is true. All darkness has disappeared, and the brightness is shining. For all the crosses there is a crown, for all the thorns there are flowers, and I am happy with Maria and Susan, with grandfather and grandmother. It is on gala day to us. As soon as I can comprehend the spiritual world I will come again, and tell more about it.

Joseph Heman.

Please say that Joseph Heman called here, in accordance with an agreement with a friend, who wished me, if spirit-return was true, to come here or at Baltimore and say if it was me who rapped upon the table in New York City. It was. I don't know why, but there seems to be an attraction here. I went out at Pensacola, about two years ago last winter. I went from New York City, hoping to be relieved of a lung difficulty. It was too far advanced, and I got out of my earthly body.

Harmony.

I am a stranger here, yet I feel very much at home, for I see bright flowers blooming. I see pleasant faces, and I know there are many asking if the loved ones can return. I used to ask these questions when I was in the form, and I always received an answer in the affirmative, because the spiritual volume was ever open to my view. I had an idea that I should find a very pleasant home, therefore that which you call death had no terrors for me. I joined the angel band, and I am working with a will, the best I know how, to bring flowers of truth to those who have left behind. I come here to gather new power and strength, that I may work for the friends who are away. I have said (for they never shut you out) in spirit-life, many many

beautiful homes. I do not believe you have a true idea of the spirit-world.

True, there is a country there where it is dark, yet it is not entirely dark, but always sad; the very leaves of the trees are sad; the bushes are sad; the light is sad, and yet people are very happy there, in their way. They return to earth and do the bidding very many times of wisdom circles; hence you have peculiar physical manifestations, and sometimes materializations from that class of spirits. And there is another place where it is very dark; I have peeped in there, too. I guess I must be a curiosity box, anyway, for I always wanted to know what was going on everywhere before I left the form; and now I want to know what is going on in spirit-life. So I've looked round there, and I've also crept away up among the old sages who look so grand and patriarchal, as they give forth the knowledge they gather from the upper circles. I find that they are on and on there is something beyond. They tell you, oftentimes, there are only seven spheres, but I know there must be more than that. They only give you here on earth just as much as you can comprehend. But I know there is something further on.

I want my friends to know I can come back, and that they are still dear to me. I am learning all I know how—not playing eaves-dropper, exactly, but only blowing the horn wherever it is necessary. I'll give the name my spirit guides gave me before I left the earth—"Harmony." I went out from San Francisco. I shall be known there.

Joseph Morris.

Will you please say that Joseph Morris, who left this life at Tallahassee, Florida, returns, to call upon his friends, and to ask them if they will go to the medium Foster and allow him to communicate to them? If not, all right. He has something to say to them, and can identify himself through Mr. Foster; but if they do not care to hear from him he will retire, and not call upon them again.

Emma S. Pond.

I don't know—maybe it will help me. I've scarce got through breathing. As soon as I waked up in spirit-life I thought of this place. I had heard of it, and I thought before they put me away really, I'd come here. I come from Nashua, New Hampshire. I went out with consumption. My name is Emma S. Pond. I want to reach my father in East Boston—his name is Benjamin. I love 'em all. I am too weak to talk any more, but I'll come again after it's all over. I have been gone but a few days, but they haven't quite got my body buried yet. I am seventeen years old, and a little more. They all felt so bad, but I didn't really suffer much toward the last of it. I am all right and cheerful now. I know it's all for the best. I can't speak their names. I want to. Give my love to all. [This message was given Tuesday, June 19th, the spirit appearing very weak.]

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANSEKIN.

Mrs. Danekin's Mediumistic Experiences.
(Part Seventy-One.)

BY WASH. A. DANSEKIN.

After eighteen hundred years of what is called Christian civilization, how crude and imperfect are the conceptions of life in the spirit-world among those who think they have reached the highest order of development in Christian culture.

Some years ago, a gentleman highly esteemed in all the relations of life introduced a friend who had become interested in Spiritualism. After a pleasant conversation of half an hour or so, Mrs. Danekin was suddenly entranced by a spirit who addressed one of the gentlemen as "brother."

He leaned from his chair toward me, and whispered, "I have no brother, Mr. Danekin, in the spirit-world; this must be the spirit of a young preacher with whom I was very intimate in my younger days, who always called me brother." I felt somewhat disconcerted at the positive and abrupt manner with which I replied, "You are mistaken, sir; this is your own brother—your brother by the ties of blood."

I could not at the moment understand what made me, in this imperative manner, assert that of which I knew nothing, and when he again denied having a brother in the spirit-world, made me still more pertinaciously insist that I was right and he was in error.

I felt exceedingly annoyed at the position in which I had placed myself. The gentleman should certainly know whether he had lost a brother by the change mis-called death. Imagine my relief when presently he said, "I had a little baby brother, who died about twenty years ago." Here was a man of considerable culture, looked upon as a model of Christian virtue and grace in the church to which he was attached, who imagined that his little baby brother, who died twenty years before, was still a little baby, and was of course to remain a little baby throughout the endless ages.

He had no idea of spirit-life beyond that rest which comes of inertia. He sang and he prayed and gave glory and praise to him who sat on high, and yet had not received in all the years of his devotion to the church the first or primary lessons in progression in the spirit-world.

How many today are still in the condition of this gentleman, after all the centuries that have passed and all the intellectual and financial expenditure that has been devoted to the establishment of the popular orthodox forms of religious faith.

Is it not true that a new class of spiritual teachers was given to the world? and if those who call themselves Spiritualists do not sustain their press and their rostrum, by what means will the world be drawn from this dense ignorance of spiritual things?

Maria Child.

I give this as a mere test: I mean from one that is dead to those who are living. At Dunellen, New Jersey, Maria was my name. I was the widow of Simon Child, and we were formerly of Boston. My age was about seventy-nine years. Having no personal knowledge of this vast and boundless world, I thought it was no more than my duty to return, and make known in simple language that, though the friends stood around while the breath left the body, still I am not dead; I hold my own individuality, my own faculty of sight-seeing, of hearing, and of the affections of the heart.

I have met Simon, the one to whom I was wedded in my younger days, and it was just as natural as when he and I met at the matrimonial altar.

Now, friends of earth, if this is not glad tidings, I do not know where you will get them. I am plain, practical and unsophisticated. I am doing that which the heart prompts me to do. Condemn me, mortals, or praise me, whichever your own better senses may suggest.

I am told by others in this world of life, that this will reach some of those whom I left when I came to this world. Am I correct? (It will be sent to the Banner of Light for publication, and may reach your friends.) Then I am content; they will know it is I.

Mary Romray.

Who would not pass through the valley and shadow of death? Who would not be resurrected from the grave, and have power invested within them to live forever and forever? Mary Romray was my name. I was the widow of Isaac, and I feel it a great privilege to find my tongue loose, and able to speak without contrivance. You know and I know there are some people in the world who have very hard heads, and I was situated with that kind of people. My life was pleasant enough, but I retired before I did; but, thanks to the author of this

new life, it is mine, and now privileges are accorded me which were inherent in my birthright.

I was made a free agent, but circumstances and conditions overruled it, and made me subservient to the will of others. Freedom now! Freedom now! no pent-up spirit, no tottering steps, no forgetful mind, no sorrowful heart, for all works well. God's universe is a place of happiness.

Now, with this broad view before you, you need not fear to die; for death is only a name, and has no place in the kingdom. Here everything is alive, the birds warble, the waters flow, the sky is clear and blue and beautiful, and all things are made up of the beauty of spirit-life. I cannot do justice to it. I do as far as I am capable, hoping that those who know me once may know me again.

I was from Norwich, Conn., and was about eighty-two years old, or somewhere in that neighborhood. Happy relief! Tears would oftentimes come when no one made them; but that is passed and gone, let it be hushed into silence. Let the present be, and let me tell my story, oh present, from thee!

I was old, but now I am young. I was feeble, but now I am strong. I was homely, but now I am beautiful—beautiful because all things within me, above me, around me and beneath me are beautiful, and I partake of their qualities.

Anonymous.

Because I was a villain, because I was a coward, because I forgot myself, because I forgot my God, is that a reason why men should forget me? Was not I a human being? did I not walk with men and talk with them? They recognized me. A woman once swore to love me to the end, but she, too, turned her back upon me. When trouble came and I looked to her for comfort she shunned me, she scorned me.

I, like other men, was born of a woman; was conceived in iniquity, brought into life, taught to love money, and, after having gained wealth, was it to me? I now find a worse than pauper's grave—one over which a tear was never shed, great God! It is true that those whom I loved for feel grateful in their hearts that I am gone never more to be seen or heard of among men.

Where is that mother who gave me birth? I know she is somewhere in the spirit-world, but she does not know. Why do all things unpleasant flash before me? My garments are black, and those who look upon me say, "I pity you! I pity you!" I scorn their pity and hate myself. I dealt only in the black art. Evil ones worked with me, and bid me do what I did. For many long, long years I never slept as I slept with that which deadens the mind and sears the heart. Why do I come back to earth again? I hate everything upon it.

Now I have told my story no one has sympathy for me—neither the dead nor the living. I wander, and when I wander it is in the graveyards, among the rotten bones of men. There I find companionship. Oh, death! where art thou? I am or soon, or oblivion—anything but life? I am here to tell my story and be an example. Once I was young and full of life. I loved everything, and every one seemed to love me. Now, great God! the very winds howl and hate at me! Turn which way I may, the ghost of some one I murdered rises before me. Shall I never find rest? Is there no pool of oblivion into which I can plunge? What shall I do? where shall I go?

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSEKIN.

MESSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK:

Hiram Holley; DeWay Billings; Henry Bacon; Catharine Hickey; Bridget Murphy. Edward Lucas; Elizabeth Sparhawk; Sally Wiggin; Ellen F. Rogers; Ellen Lusk; John D. Smith; John Sullivan; Dr. Jas. W. Greenwood; Mary D. Ford; Charles William Smith; Ella M. Hildart; Charles W. Foster; John D. W. White. (owing to our limited space, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is necessarily omitted, but will be reprinted at a future day.)

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT: Millie M. Croese; William Sinclair; Alvin Valen; Leslie T. Brown; Lorenzo Dow; Alvin Strickland; Frank Hildart; David Lusk; Sadie D. M. Davis; Mary Louise; Charles P. Hart.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSEKIN.

Thomas Hewitt; Charles Hargrett; Samuel Palmer; Mary Forster; Augustus Oney; Wm. Dunham; Janet Lockwood; Augusta Wolcott; Edith Foster; Coleman; Virginia Hovvata.

[From the Yarmouth Register.]

MUSINGS OF FREE THOUGHT.

In Viewing the Glory and Grandeur of the Stellar Hosts.

BY NATHAN CROSSBY.

Such wondrous glory I behold,
Above, among the stars throng,
I can no longer silent hold,
I rise and burst into a song.

Thou great original First Cause—
Thy motive, oh how grand, sublime—
The sweeping worlds obey thy laws,
Through the unceasing rush of time.

The nebulae, faint and flamy light,
Their distance heaven can only tell;
While hung in their abyssal height,
The billowy worlds among them dwell.

The towering constellations bright—
How wondrous to the vision of man—
In silent watches of the night,
The telescope can brightly scan.

The music of the spheres on high,
Their orbs so nice in wisdom bent,
The sun that burns in yonder sky,
All

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Emma Lazarus, discusses the Mutual Service of the United States, traits of the line and out of life insurance, and gives the excellent offerings from popular writers, among whom may be reckoned Justin McCarthy, Henry James, Jr., Richard Grant White, etc. The number contains two short stories of uncommon excellence, "The Yosemite Hermit," by Miss Clara Doliver, and "Fallen among the Rocks," by the same writer. Also two of the very good poems, and the usual entertaining and valuable departments of science, literature, and current gossip.

The moaning wails
and pain, in life,
Beneath God's benediction,
Be not discouraged! hour by hour
The building of Truth's mighty tower;
With wisdom, grace and beauty's power;
Move grandly to completion.
Each living thought
Is born in wrought,
And every mind
With firmer bond
Each block in strong adhesion.
Be not discouraged! every day
Shall build a better way
To light some dim, untraveled way,
And show unheard of treasures;
The sun of doubt
Are tanneth out,
Where gems - hail shine,
And his divine
Reveal in good new pleasures.
Be not discouraged! week by week
Earth learns new languages to speak;
For lo! the God for whom all seek
Lays down a new cable.
Along the wire
Electric fire
With sacred sound
Bids all be found
At Love's communion-table.
Be not discouraged! months and years
Shall calm the agony of tears,
And conquer in love and fears
By teaching of their mission.
Each lower good
Is understood
By learning well

Are growths that bring fruition,
Be not discouraged ! centuries roll,
And prove that onward to its goal,
Through forms material, moves the soul,
And ripens into glory.
Man learns that death
Is Life's best friend,
And earth's regret
The alphabet
Of Love's eternal story.

Then weary not ! rejoice that creeds
No longer meet man's highest needs,
This couldst thou tramp out the woods
Of Nigeria, or savanah
And in their place
With radiant grace
Bloom flower-bright
Of Truth and Right.

[illegible][illegible]

and succession manner.

Cleveland, O.
 have received from Thomas Lees, the evening
 Conductor of the Lyceum in this city,
 a report of the workings of the school, which
 we will lay before our readers next week.

Are growths that bing fruition,
Be not discouraged! centuries roll,
And prove that onward to its goal,
Through forms that change, moves the soul,
And spens into glory
Man learns that death
Is life's best breath,
And earth's reward,
The alphabet
Of Love's eternal story,
Then weary not! rejoice that creeds
No longer meet man's highest needs,
This crucifix transmits us to woods
Of Rigor's damnation,
And in their place,
With radiant grace,
Bloom flower-bright
Of Faith and Right
The world's true religion

The next feature of the occasion was an unique chorus of the "Children's Song" which were each provided with a small paper banner, and forming a line, they sang in a well-learned and pleasing manner before Mr. and Mrs. Davlins they sat on the platform, and laid the offerings in their feet.

After the offering, a beautiful display of blow-outs had been thought by the school to be the best and most clearly typical gift which they could bestow upon the guests, and the children were given the opportunity to select one for the Children's Friends. Mrs. Davlins - and later in the evening Mr. Davlins - returned thanks in a feeling manner for the offering.

Mr. Hitch expressed his satisfaction to the children for their attendance, and to the audience for the kind attention and interest shown. He then thanked the Spiritualists for their Boston and vicarious support, and thanked the school for what they had afforded him in the support of the school during the past year. He had during that time received and paid for \$100 with which to open the fall term, which would commence on the first Sunday of September next. Due notice had been given, and the school was now in a position to receive the proper time arrived. During the past season the general average of attendance each Sunday on the part of the school was 100.

Miss Lillian Thompson delivered a recitation, Mr. W. Dearborn, Jr. gave a harmonica solo, Florence Thompson sang a solo, and the choir, consisting of Henry O. Lyall, introduced to make the closing prayer, and Mr. Davlins referred to the lateness of the hour, were standing as I did the exercises of brevity on the park, and continued his address to the children, that the children were to be reminded, which he had personally received from Spiritualism, that the importance of the work for its advancement which he and his wife-partners had been privileged to do was complete.

The meeting closed with a song from Miss Jennie Shattuck.

Cleveland, O.
We have received from Thomas Lees, the enterprising Conductor of the Lyceum in this city an account of the workings of the school, which we shall lay before our readers next week.

The services on "Flower Sunday," conducted by the Lyceum at this place (a report of which was received by us just as we were going press), will be adverted to in our next issue.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June—H. O. Houghton & Co., corner Beacon and Summeret streets, Boston, publishers—continues the papers by Edward H. Knight "Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exposition;" and among other good things gives a glimpse "South Carolina Society," part 2 of Charles Francis Adams, Jr.'s sketch "The May Pole of Merry-Mount," a gossipy review of the style of Fitz-Greene Halleck; in addition to its regular departments, it also affords choicest poetry by O. W. Holmes, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard and others.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, issue a second and revised edition of Farrar's guide to "RICHARDSON AND HANCOCK LAKES." Besides the descriptive portions, there is a map of the Lake district, information about reaching same, and numerous wood cuts of various pieces of natural and artificial scenery connected with it. There is no better trout-fishing anywhere than in these lakes and the connecting streams, and this guide will direct the uninformed just how to find it.

THE WIDE AWAKE for June—Miss Farmer, editor, Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston—commences with full page engraving illustrating a story by Mary L. Bond Branch, entitled "Tyant, Tom." Good poetry with fine letter-press. The most noticeable article is No. X, the "Poet's Homes Series," concerning William De Howells, editor of the Atlantic. Four artists illustrate paper with views of the home, exterior and the study in floor, a fine portrait, and a view from a painting by G. Cranch, of the palace homes of Mr. Howells when con- to Venice.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June-S. R. W. Co., publishers, 727 Broadway, New York City—has an article on "Yellow Haired People," gives an illustration of Charles Collins, the late chief engineer of the Lake Shore Railroad; contributes much information in short essay on "National Character in the Face," and throughout a worthy number of valuable periodical.

THE GALAXY for June—Sheldon & Co., New York City—publishers—opens its table of contents with a fine poem

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Emma Lazarus, discusses the Militia Service of the United States, treats of the law and of Life Insurance, gives other excellent offerings from popular writers, and whom may be mentioned Hugh McArthur, Henry James

And with their truths your souls imbue.
Then your lives will be serene,
Garlanded with a golden sheen.

One of the Mrs. Grundys in this city, it is said, telephone leading from her chamber to the kitchen order to hear what the servants say about her. It admirably, she has changed her "help" about a times since it went into operation. She considers it the greatest invention of modern times. Almost no slave has pervaded her establishment of late. *Nuf sed.*

The Bonapartes are to run France for the next years. Mark well the fact that the Napoleonic dynasty need not yet extinct. McMahon is but an instrument in hands of a higher power to actualize this result.

If a "Christian man" sends \$5.00 in aid of the John sufferers, and an unpretentious infidel sends \$5.00 for the same purpose, which do you suppose will receive the most of the same sympathy of mankind? Can the vestigator answer?

People who have a predisposition to discuss the ways of human nature, and who never speak of the good qualities of a person, are the pests of society. No wonder devil" is continually at their elbow. It is all the same in existence; and that is devil enough. There is no folk nor war in the long run, however. Unpleasantness is but a passing show.

rectly. We also appeal to Bro. Spurgeon, of England, on behalf of these specimens of cruel mortality, as there are many such in that "right little tight little Isle of Ocean."

Look out for more fires. They always come in lumps.

THE EASTERN OUTLOOK

Soon the Bull and the Bear,
(It is true, I declare,)
Will jointly gobble her up! [Dial]

The Philadelphia Bulletin is the most maliciously

A PICTURE.
A pale, cold moon was floating by,
In garments of fleecy, through a summer sky,
A smooth black stream was flutted still.

The Springfield Republican tells this as the last story current in Northfield: The Hinsdale Beecher's past last Monday, Moody ran out. "Butcher," "Yes," "When killed?" said the evangelist, approving the cart. "Yesterday," "I don't want any motto on Sunday," Butcher drives on, colloquial sotto voce. Returns Thursday, passing the Moody

There is strength in having a mission on earth—in
called to fulfill the decree of destiny!

JUNE ROSES.

The Summer bright, the Summer fair,
The Summer sweet, serene, disclose,
In all its realm of riches rare,
No other blooms that can compare
With June's delicious roses.

Spring's cloudy days and Summer's heats
Come when life only gropes and probes;
But life is life—

POISONING DOGS, OR OTHER ANIMALS.—The action of those who delight in the destruction of the pets of their neighbors is called to the following, as from chapter 1st of the General statutes of Massachusetts.

Section 6. Whoever willfully and maliciously kills or maims any such dog, cat, horse, cattle or other beast of another person, or willfully and maliciously administers poison to any such beast,

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stance, with the intent that the same shall be taken of
awarded by them, shall be punished by imprisonment in
the State Prison not exceeding five years, or by fine not ex-
ceeding \$1000 and imprisonment in the jail not exceed-
ing one year."

To fasten labels to tin cans put a teaspoonful of brown sugar in a quart of paste, and it will fasten labels as securely to the cans as to wood. Housekeepers may save themselves much annoyance in the loss of labels from their fruit cans when putting up their own fruit, by remembering this.

That pest, the currant worm, has not been as destructive as usual this year. Powdered white hellebore is an almost certain antidote for them.

Georgetown people were terribly excited by fear that the town would be ruined by the late advent of the circus. In that stall and other places. *We are informed, however, that there has been no damage done. They want another one—Haverhill's Major, Publisher.*

We are pleased to learn that J. M. L. Babcock, the proprietor and editor of the New Age, has received a paralytic shock.

AN INSTANT CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—A correspondent of the Queenlander gives the following cure for sore throat: It cannot be too generally known that all forms of sore throat, whether simply ulcerated, quinsy, diphtheria, or any other kind, may be cured almost instantly and completely or greatly alleviated by simply wearing a wet silk kerchief twice around the neck, half up and next the skin, and half down, when the pain is first felt. The remedy only does the silk cure the sore throat, but it prevents a recurrence of it.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a perihemist?" "Mad-

It is interesting to sit in a flour store now as the proprietor receives a despatch, and tells: "They're throwing shells across Grassano's hills in Marina, and some one is going to get hurt. Turn out all hands and mark every damaged barrel up half a dollar."—*Revue Sentinal*.

Y. within forty-eight hours. The first battle on Bulgarian soil has been fought, resulting in a victory for the Russians. Ten thousand of the invaders succeeded in crossing the Danube on Friday, June 22, between Galatz and Matsigha, and on Saturday made an attack on the heights

slans made a second crossing of the river at Hilsrova, on the morning of June 26th, a force 18,000 strong having formed a junction there with the Matchin column. The Turks retreated toward Mladtitz, virtually abandoning the entire northern portion of the Dobrugea, and it is not believed they will make a stand short of Silistria. The Russian headquarters have been established at Alexandria.

In Montenegro it is claimed by the Turks that Suleiman Pasha and Ali Halil have united their forces and are driving the mountaineers before them. The latter evacuated

A severe storm of wind and rain prevailed throughout portions of Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan Monday, June 23th, doing much damage to property.

A Card.

I am told by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen that a man from Brooklyn has been soliciting aid, calling himself John Weatherbee, who writes in the *Maenner*. A similar thing

sumes "virtue" in my name; no lot to tell the truth I am not a tramp yet. There is no danger of my war soul's luxury charity or being hampered. If I want, and I have, and did not need me as they did Killybeg, and the spirits sent to no harm from grief, I would draw into my boy and did so don't give aid to any one calling himself J. Wetherby for the name's sake but never forgive, however, to deny tribute to people who are needy, remembering the unique epitaph of an old English couple, which reads:

"What we spent we had,
What we earned we had,
What we gave we have."
JOHN WETHERBY

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3 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Good mediums and speakers always pre-
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to'clock, sharp. Doors closed at 10 P. M. All are invited.
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